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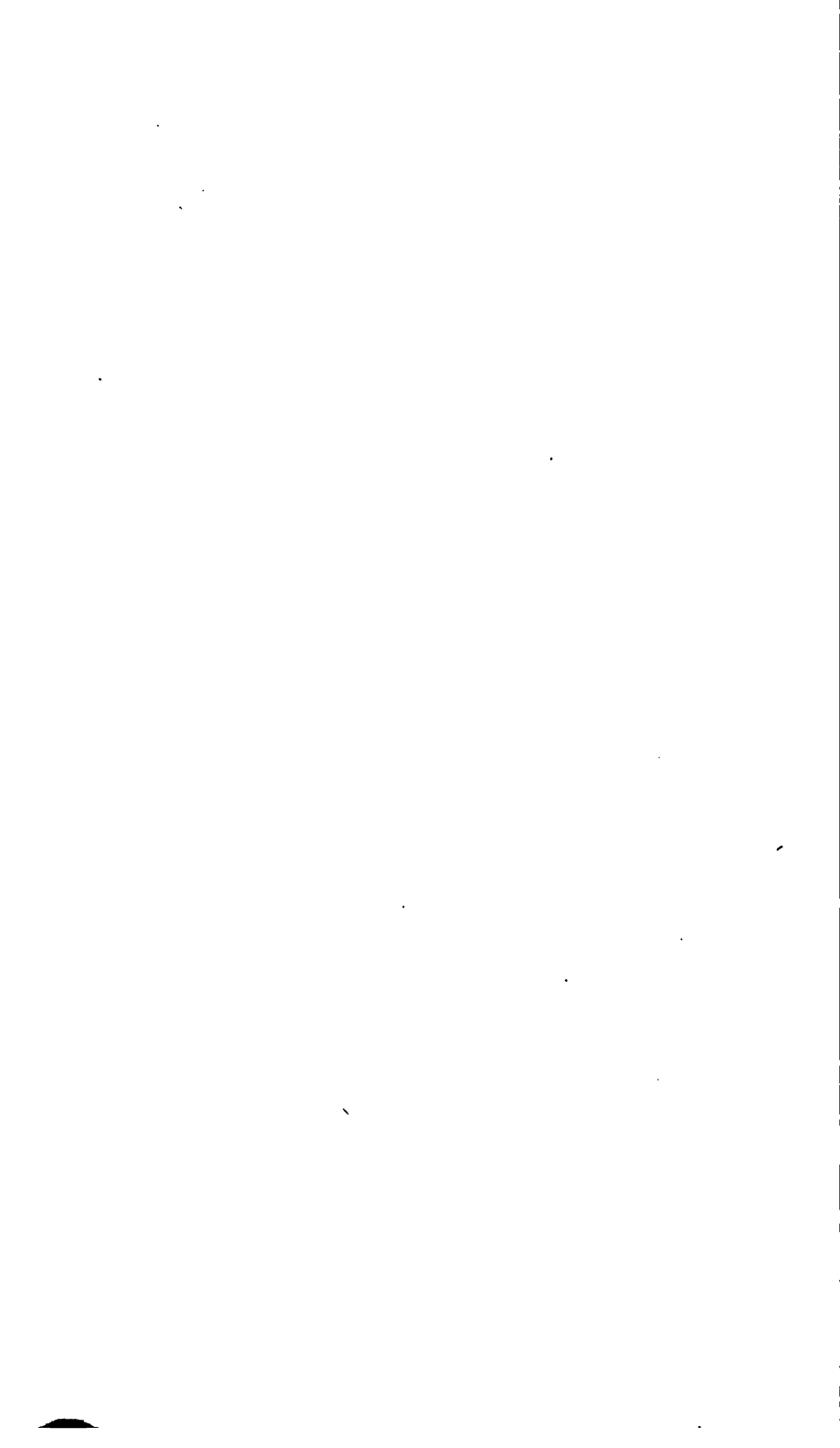


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VOL. LXXV.

A PAINTER IN PERSIA.

THE position of Persia, relatively to other powers, and especially in presence of the complicated and warlike aspect of affairs in the East, gives to that fallen country a degree of interest it would not otherwise possess. The once renowned empire, so long sunk into degradation and decrepitude, has acquired, in recent times, a factitious or reflected importance from the changes that have occurred in other states. Two centuries ago, all that Persia knew of Europe was from the Jesuits and other missionaries who wandered thither in the vain hope of making converts to Christianity, and who, protected and well-treated by Shah Abbas and his successors, but wholly unheeded by their subjects, were frightened out of the country by the usurpation of the fierce Mahmoud Afghan. The rise and consolidation of British power in India, and the commercial enterprise of Englishmen, naturally led to intercourse between England and Persia. By France no attempts were made to establish either diplomatic or trading relations with the Shah and his subjects until early in the present century, when Napoleon's boundless ambition and inveterate animosity to England led him to

project an alliance with Persia, as the means of an attack upon British India. The idea was, perhaps, suggested by a request for assistance against England, made by the Shah to the French emperor in 1805. Desirous to ascertain the military and other resources of the country, Napoleon sent the orientalist Jaubert to procure information. Simultaneously with him, but not in his company, General Romieu was sent on a similar errand. The French Cæsar was a man of foresight; he despatched his emissaries in duplicate, as merchants write letters to the antipodes. In this instance the precaution proved wise: General Romieu had hardly reached his destination when he perished—by poison, as his countrymen affirm, but possibly by one of the malignant maladies common at Téhéran, and due to its unhealthy site. Jaubert was less unfortunate: he escaped with three months' captivity in a well sunk in the rock, into which he was let down with ropes, by order of Mahmoud Pasha, governor of Bayazid. From this damp and dismal cell he was released by the death of the rapacious Kourid chief, whom the plague carried off. The information M. Jaubert sent

Voyage en Perse de Messieurs Eugène Flandin, peintre, et Pascal Coste, architecte, attachés à l'ambassade de France en Perse. (Undertaken and published by order of the French Government. The narrative of the journey by M. Eugène Flandin.) Paris, 1851. 2 volumes.

to Napoleon was doubtless favourable; for in 1807 General Gardanne went ambassador to the court of Teheran. In diplomacy, the General was no match for Sir John Malcolm, whose arguments were doubtless powerfully backed by the strong position Great Britain had assumed in India, and by the naval supremacy which gave her undisputed command of the Persian Gulf; whilst France, then all-conquering on the European continent, had had her maritime pinions clipped close by Nelson, and was far too distant to lend efficacious aid to the Shah. Whatever the cause, the last members of the French embassy left Persia in 1809, their mission having totally failed, and thirty years elapsed before diplomatic relations were renewed. In the interim occurred many changes. A quarter of a century of peace allowed the two great powers whose position and possessions place them amongst Persia's nearest neighbours, time and opportunity to approach, and, in the case of one of them, to overstep her frontier. Russia, forcing her way through the Caucasian tribes, for whose definitive subjection she still strives in vain, had advanced to within less than a week's march of Teheran, and, when she retired, had kept Georgia, thus planting a foot in Persia. In India, England had pushed north and west; the Punjaub was soon to be hers, in Afghanistan her influence was powerfully felt. The trade with Persia was almost wholly in her hands, and thus the French government, ever jealous of our maritime and commercial superiority, beheld with some envy and displeasure. The ingenious and tasteful manufactures of France might, it was thought, find a market in Persia, as well as the more solid products of British industry. The circumstances attending the siege of Herat by the Persians, in 1839, having led to the withdrawal of our ambassador at Teheran, the government of Louis Philippe deemed the moment favourable for resuming diplomatic intercourse with Persia, and negotiating a treaty. And as, in the thirty years during which France had lost sight of Persia, it was reasonable to suppose that changes had taken place, diminishing the value of the

information procured for the Emperor Napoleon, the mission was composed not only of diplomatists, but of military and scientific men. It comprised, besides its chief and his experienced secretaries, two military officers, a geologist, two interpreters, a physician, and two artists, who were also skilled archæologists. It is to these last, the painter and architect attached to the embassy, but who remained in Persia long after its departure, that we owe—and exclusively to the former, as far as relates to the literary execution of the work—the interesting volumes that suggest the present paper. For reasons unassigned, the abundant notes taken during rambles that terminated at the end of 1841, were not cast into the form of a connected narrative until 1850; and it was not until the following year that, upon the highly flattering report of a committee of the French Academy, at whose request the artists had been attached to the embassy, the work was published, under the auspices of the French government.

Visitors to the exhibition of pictures by living artists, held at Paris in the spring of 1853, will remember two paintings, interesting in subject and meritorious in execution—a *View of the Turkish Quarter at Constantinople*, and the *Entrance of the Great Mosque in the Square of Shah Abbas at Ispahan*—by M. Flandin, one of the two gentlemen who enjoyed the distinction of being recommended by the Academy of Fine Arts, and deputed by their government to explore the whole of Persia, note their observations, and sketch antiquities and remarkable objects. Count de Screey's mission met little more success than that of General Gardanne; its stay in Persia was brief; but, after it left, Messieurs Flandin and Coste remained nearly two years in the country, fulfilling, often with great risk and suffering, the task allotted to them. With the exception of the province of Khuzistan (the south-western corner of Persia), into which extraordinary difficulties, and the exhaustion of their funds, prevented their penetrating, they visited every part of the Shah's dominions, and allowed no interesting locality to escape their investigations. The book in which they

give an account of their wanderings and adventures is one of the most amusing we remember to have read relating to Persia. Its thousand close pages comprise an agreeable medley of antiquarian researches, sketches of society and customs, glances at Persian history, both ancient and modern, characteristic traits, and personal incidents. The time that has since elapsed may diminish the interest of some of the notices of political events, and of the sketches of persons now dead, or forgotten, scattered through the book; but these portions derive attraction from M. Flandin's pleasant style, and from the novel details he has collected on the spot. Thus, on his way through Turkey in Asia, he made acquaintance at Erzurum with Hafiz Pacha, the general whom Ibrahim Pacha defeated with such grievous loss at that celebrated battle of Nezib, which gave Syria to Egypt, until British arms and diplomacy dispossessed Mehemet Ali of it in 1840. At half an hour's march from the gates of Erzurum, a company of infantry and a crowd of officers of all ranks met the French embassy, and with them came, as an offering to the ambassador from Hafiz Pacha, a fine grey Arabian horse—the same, it was said, which, by its fleetness, saved his life when he was overcome by the Egyptian. Three or four days passed at Erzurum gave the members of the embassy opportunities of appreciating the fine qualities of the Pacha, whose misfortune at Nezib was owing to the badness of his troops—Turkish recruits, hastily raised and wholly inexperienced. Hafiz himself, a Circassian by birth, displayed the utmost bravery, and left the field only when all was manifestly and irretrievably lost, and when his cavalry's flank was turned by the enemy, to whom his infantry went over. Then he fled, escorted by five or six faithful officers, and threw himself into the mountains of Kourdistan. Attacked by a numerous band of Kourds, he and his little escort defended themselves valiantly, escaping at last with life, but with the loss of all besides. The Pacha's tent, gorgeous with gold and silk, full of rich carpets and objects of great value,

and containing treasures of various kinds, was spoiled by the Egyptians, and his military reputation was gone. He related his misfortunes with great philosophy, except when he spoke of his disgrace as a soldier; then his brow darkened, and the old Circassian spirit flashed in his eye. In the East, men in power quickly retrieve, not always by the most equitable means, loss of fortune; and judging by the splendid hospitality of Hafiz Pacha, he had abundant means at his command. The bill of fare he drew up for the embassy, which proposed passing four or five days at Erzurum, was curious by its prodigality. It consisted of six oxen, a dozen sheep, a thousand eggs, sixty fowls, a hundred pounds of coffee, sundry jars of wine; fruit, butter, honey, and tobacco in a like lavish measure. And on their departure he presented the members of the mission with sixteen horses and sixteen Damascus sabres, and sent twenty thousand piastres (£200) to be distributed amongst their attendants. The money was positively refused; the horses and arms they could not decline without offending the generous and warm-hearted donor.

Having explored, at a recent date, in company with a German traveller, the road from Trebizond to Tabriz,* we will not linger upon that line of country, but plunge at once into the heart of Persia, merely noting an observation made by M. Flandin upon several occasions during his passage through Turkey in Asia, and to which recent discussions concerning the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte give interest. The travellers were struck by the remarkable difference in the aspect of the Mussulman and the Christian villages—the former miserable and dirty, the latter clean and apparently prosperous. At Molah-Suleiman, a village peopled entirely by Armenian Catholics, the party of Frenchmen were received with joyful hospitality, and regaled with the best the place afforded; with cream, honey, and coffee, and the inevitable tchibouk. Whilst thus fostering their guests, the villagers confided to them their troubles and griev-

ances, complained of the Turks, of their avarice, and of the vexations they had to endure from them, and implored the ambassador's protection. "Nevertheless," M. Flandin observes, "and notwithstanding all our goodwill to compassionate their sufferings, we could not help remarking the evidence of easy circumstances everywhere to be observed in this village. The houses were well built, clean, and so divided that men and beasts did not, as with the Kourds, herd together in common. The inference we drew was, that if the Catholics are unhappy under the Turkish yoke, they are certainly not more so than the Mussulmans themselves."

M. Flandin, who had been in Algeria, was reminded of the Arab *fantasias* by the Persian "*istakbals*." This word, which signifies *to go and meet*, has been made into a substantive, expressing the customary ceremony of sending a body of horsemen to meet persons of distinction on their arrival at a town. When the embassy reached Tabriz, five or six hundred officers and public functionaries, foreign consuls and others, rode out to receive them, and the whole population of the place was in the streets to stare at the strangers. After a vast deal of discussion on points of etiquette, whether boots were or were not to be left at the door, and whether secretaries were to sit or to stand in the presence of a prince of the blood, the ambassador and his suite were admitted to the presence of Karaman Mirza, the Shah's brother and governor of the province. The audience was postponed longer than it otherwise would have been, by reason of a fall of snow. To have arrived wet at the prince's *seraglio* would have been offensive to Persian notions. A good Mussulman considers his dwelling defiled by moisture proceeding from the dress of a Christian. A Persian grandee in charge of the embassy, too polite to state this reason plainly, merely said that it would be more proper to wait, for fine weather. Extremely ill at ease upon the Persian saddles of the horses, which, according to etiquette, the prince had sent from his own stables, the members of the embassy reached the palace, where they had small reason to be gratified with their

reception. The Shahzadeh (son of a shah) was seated at the farther end of a magnificent apartment, whose walls were entirely covered with mirrors, arabesque paintings, with pictures of Persian victories, and with portraits of Ghenghis Khan, Nadir Shah, and other Persian heroes. He took no notice of the entrance of the foreigners, and looked extremely sulky—perhaps on account of the tenacity with which the ambassador had protested against separating himself from his boots. The prince, who was gorgeously dressed, with great gold epaulets on his shoulders, the Lion and Sun upon his breast, a gold girdle with diamond clasp round his waist, and Cashmere socks upon his feet, "seemed to be of the middle height, and, notwithstanding his dark complexion and long black mustaches, he was of very effeminate aspect. He doubtless thought it befitted his dignity to carry etiquette to the most complete immobility when the ambassador presented himself, for he did not rise, and made no gesture until the customary salutations had been gone through. Then he deigned to make signs to us to be seated. He received with remarkable coldness the customary compliments addressed to him. Whatever may have been the flowers with which the interpreter embellished his discourse, their perfume seemed little to the prince's taste. He could not avoid saying a few words to the ambassador on the subject of his journey and arrival, but they were as dry as they were laconic. The interview was very brief, and we took away a highly unfavourable opinion of Karaman Mirza." Fortunately for M. Flandin, not all the princes of the blood were equally unamiable, and he soon became on intimate terms with Malek-Khassem-Mirza, an uncle of the uncivil Karaman, a man remarkable for his extensive acquirements, for his interest in European affairs, and for his knowledge of six languages, including French. As to Karaman, he continued to sulk. M. de Sercey had brought a host of presents with him from France—watches and cloaks, arms and jewels, rich stuffs, illustrated works, and Sèvres china. But on the long journey accidents had happened; mules had rolled into ra-

vines, precious packages had been rudely handled, and some slight damage had been done. This was the case with a costly Sèvres tea-service, intended for Karaman Mirza. The injury could not be repaired; and doubtless it was trifling, for the ambassador decided to send the china as it was. It was refused. "A rose-leaf," replied the prince, whose metaphors were decidedly superior to his manners, "sent by a friend, had in his eye the value of the revenue of the universe; but the leaf must not be faded." There was nothing to be made out of so captious a personage, whose uncle did all in his power to atone for his ungraciousness, getting up hunting and hawking parties for the entertainment of the strangers, and showing them much hospitality. And M. Flandin was indebted to him for the most signal and rarest favour a Mussulman can confer upon a Christian—that, namely, of admission into the recesses of his harem—a favour which, had it become known, would have entailed upon Prince Malek-Khassem disgrace at court, and the indignation of the population of Tabriz. But the prince was remarkably free from Oriental prejudices, and a great lover of art, and had conceived a friendship for the French painter, to whom he allotted as a studio the divan in which he gave his daily audiences. M. Flandin had been but a short time amongst the Persians before observing their decided taste for the arts, and especially for painting, contrasting strongly with Turkish contempt for the productions of the pencil. Not only in the palaces of the wealthy but in ordinary private houses he constantly met with pictures, and he declares the Persians to have a strong feeling for art, and the capacity of becoming excellent painters. Their colouring

has singular vigour, but in their perspective they completely break down. Small paintings of flowers or ornaments they execute admirably, but as soon as they attempt subjects on a large scale, their want of study and science becomes manifest, and they produce effects at which a European cannot but smile.* Prince Khassem gave M. Flandin every facility for studying the various costumes of the country, and took great pleasure in being with him when he painted. In the conversations they then held, he displayed such enlightened ideas, and such tolerance in religious matters, and in all that concerned intercourse between Christians and Mussulmans, that the artist was one day emboldened to ask him for an opportunity of painting a woman in the dress of the harem. The prince smiled at the eagerness and confidence with which he made so unheard-of a request, but after a moment's reflection he promised to comply with it. Two or three days passed without M. Flandin's hearing anything more of the matter, or daring to repeat his petition.

"One night I received a message from the prince, who invited me to go and sup with him. His physician, an old white-bearded Frank, whose origin and science were alike unknown to us, but who was a good sort of man, and the Shahzadeh's intimate confidant, came to conduct me to the place of rendezvous. The night was very dark; we were preceded by a *ferrash*, carrying a white linen lantern, in which burned an enormous bougie, whose light denounced us from afar to the fury of the wandering dogs, but enabled us pretty well to avoid the heaps of snow, swept off the roofs of the houses, that encumbered the street. Thus we threaded a number of dark and deserted lanes,

* The late Persian ambassador in London, Shafi Khan, brought with him a portrait of the present Shah, the size of life, representing a handsome young man, excessively bearded, but having much of that effeminate cast of countenance which appears a characteristic of many Persians. In this picture the faulty perspective referred to by M. Flandin was extremely glaring. In the execution of the portrait itself there was considerable merit. It was highly finished, and conveyed the idea of a good likeness. But in the background the artist had displayed a line of troops, intended evidently to be far in the rear of the Shah, but which apparently were but a few yards from him, and looked like a row of uniformed Lilliputians under command of an Oriental Gulliver.

and walked round the walls of the Ark, that part of the town which contains the seraglios of the princes and the barracks of the troops. Then, instead of going to the great gate of the palace, we stooped and passed through a postern opening upon a little back court, dark and silent. Our guide extinguished his lantern, and the doctor, making sign to me to follow, knocked gently at a small door, which was cautiously opened. Here was mystery enough, and perhaps some danger; but the originality of the adventure delighted me, and I did as I was bid, at risk of whatever might happen. We passed through a dark apartment and a long winding corridor, ascended a few steps, crossed a second apartment, imperfectly lighted, but in which I was able to discern a great number of pictures representing women dancing or playing, subjects I had as yet nowhere seen. I concluded I was in the part of the house which is never opened to foreigners—that is to say, in the *zenanah* or women's apartments. I continued to follow the *hakim*, who seemed perfectly to know his way, and soon we reached one of those great door-curtains called *perdehs*, which rose suddenly before me. I was dazzled by the blaze of light that filled a spacious saloon, all glittering with gold, paintings, and mirrors. In the centre of the room a score of women, surprised by my apparition, shrieked with terror and sought to hide their faces. Prince Malek-Khassem, whom I did not at first distinguish, was lying at the farther end of the apartment on carpets and cushions, and burst into a hearty laugh at my stupefaction, which, to say the truth, was not less than that of the ladies. The Shahzadeh invited me to approach him, and said that, desirous of gratifying the wish I had expressed, but unable to dispose of other persons' property, the only thing he could do was to receive me in his own *Anderoûn*."

The hours of this terrestrial paradise soon recovered from their alarm, which was replaced by curiosity. Whilst M. Flandin, his amiable entertainer, another member of the Persian royal family, and the Frank doctor, partook of an elegant supper,

the music and dancing continued. The dancers had little cymbals like castanets, but made of ringing metal, fastened to their fingers, and with them marked the time. They at first appeared to dance out of complaisance for their lord and master, but soon they became heated and animated, their movements increased in vivacity, and the orchestra, which consisted of two tambourines, a mandoline, and of a sort of three-stringed violin played by a blind man, played faster and more vigorously, until excitement and exhaustion threw the dancers into a singular sort of nervous paroxysm. M. Flandin, however, was best pleased when they remained in a state of indolent repose, in which he had better opportunity of observing their dress and appearance, with a view to future artistic delineations. Such opportunities are rare in a country where women walk abroad but little, and when they do, are closely veiled and muffled. It is probable that during his whole residence and wanderings in Persia, he never saw so many women's faces as were upon that evening assembled before him, and submitted to his inquisitive gaze. He made the most of his good fortune, and gives a minute account of the costume and attractions of the inmates of the complaisant Shahzadeh's harem. The cosmetic appliances of the fair Persians appear, from the following passage, to be both numerous and curious:—

"The Persian ladies, judging from those of the *anderoûn* in which I found myself, have very small mouths, beautiful teeth, features generally soft and delicate, and large well-cut eyes. They are accustomed to paint the internal edge of the eyelids black, and to prolong in the corners the black line which they draw, with a very fine brush, along the root of the lashes. The most elegant and refined amongst them wear patches and use rouge. They all dye their hands orange colour with henna, a dye brought on purpose from India, making themselves thus a sort of glove, reaching to the wrist. The soles of the feet are singularly tinted, imitating a shoe, and the nails are painted with carmine. Their hair is naturally very fine, and of a blue black; but in order

to render it yet blacker, as well as to give it gloss, to soften and preserve it, they dye it from time to time with a preparation combining all those effects."

The luxurious practices of the harem are not confined to the Persian women, but are adopted to a large and degrading extent by the men of that country. Of this we glean, from the works of various English travellers, evidence which Mr. Flandin fully confirms. The Persians pass much time and endure some suffering in the adornment of their persons. Like the women, they stain their hands and feet, and paint their nails; but it is the beard, and particularly the mustache, that is the object of their anxious care. Old men never wear their beards white; the lower classes, especially in country places, dye it with henna, which gives it a disagreeable orange tint. But most Persians, even though their beard be naturally black, submit themselves every fortnight to a painful process, performed at the bath, in which henna, pomatum, and indigo-leaf paste successively figure, and during which the beard passes through as many tints as did the beard of the unfortunate and too confiding Mr. Titmouse. First the henna produces a fine red; this the application of the indigo turns to a dark green, which becomes, in the course of twenty-four hours, the much-desired blue black. During two hours that the patient lies motionless upon his back, his beard anointed with the indigo extract, the corrosive acting of the dye is severely felt by the skin; but a Persian's dandyism and vanity brave the small martyrdom. Then away he goes to enjoy his *kief* (*far-niente*) under his tent if the weather be fine; for the Persian, like most Easterns, dearly loves the tent. At Teheran, for six months in the year, the heat is intolerable, spring water there is none, and stagnant pools fill the air with pestilential miasma, engendering fever and other maladies. So, when comes the month of May, all the Teheranese whose daily occupations do not imperatively retain them in the city, betake themselves to the valleys and slopes of the neighbouring mountain of Chimran, where, in delightful gardens, they get under canvass for the

summer. There they do a great deal of *kief*, dabble their hands in water, smoke, and eat innumerable water-melons, and *kriars*—small cucumbers, of which they are very fond, and which constitute their chief food in summer. No unpleasant life for indolent Orientals, in a delightful climate and in gardens full of the most exquisite fruits, and enlivened by the song of countless birds. In a land where people can live upon cucumbers and fruit—rendered by the great heat more grateful than any other nourishment—a bare subsistence cannot be hard to obtain. Mr. Flandin vaunts the glorious bright-red pomegranates of Persia, twelve and fifteen inches in circumference, whose juice afforded him so delightful a beverage; and tells us of his encampments in apricot orchards, where, on payment of a shilling, his whole caravan was allowed an unlimited consumption of the fragrant fruit. But it is not to be inferred from the Persian's addiction to rural life and vegetable diet, that his character is marked by pastoral simplicity. He is the very incarnation of falsehood and duplicity, and the most skillful of mankind in disguising his thoughts. Xenophon might still say of him that he rides well and is dexterous with the bow, for he is a fine horseman, managing his steed adroitly, and using his arms with ease in his saddle—a kind of address he is fond of displaying at *istakbals*—and the men of Khorasan still go to battle armed with the weapons that so greatly excited the risibility of Major Dalgetty; but as regards speaking the truth, the leader of the Ten Thousand would have to retract his good opinion, for the Persian of the present day is the greatest liar under the sun. The innate propensity to falsehood is fostered by education and example, until it becomes so strong that he would rather lie than speak the truth, even though nothing were to be gained by it. Engaging in his manners and profuse of promises, he is full of deceit, and morally corrupt to the core. Intercourse with him is the more dangerous, because his suavity and courtesy render it agreeable, and put the stranger off his guard. He has a proverb which says that 'Politeness is a coin destined to enrich not him

who receives, but him who expends it." Upon this proverb all classes of Persians act, and never smile more amiably than when planning a robbery or fraud. Bad faith is the rule with them, honesty a very rare exception. Nothing in Persia is ever paid when due, or in full. M. de Sercey soon discovered this. At the Shah's request, the French government had sent a dozen non-commissioned officers to drill his army. The embassy found them at Tabriz, in a state of penury and destitution. Various causes had concurred to prevent their employment. The Russians had no wish to see Persia acquire a really effective army. England, too, according to M. Flandin, who has a strong touch of Anglophobia, and everywhere detects the perfidious finger of British influence, secretly set its face against the improvement of Persian troops. But the main cause was the jealousy of the native officers, who feared a diminution of their importance by the introduction of men really acquainted with the profession of which they were totally ignorant. Their whole idea of soldiering consisted in strutting about in uniforms of Russian fashion, covered with ridiculous decorations. The embassy had been received at the frontier by two officers of cavalry, one of whom had the rank of colonel, although neither appeared to be much more than fourteen years old. They were loaded with long sabres and with huge epaulets, out of all proportion to their diminutive stature; and their little legs were lost in wide trousers and Hessian boots. Infant *militaires* of this kind might naturally fear a contrast with the experienced French sergeants, who, had knowledge been the rule for advancement, ought doubtless to have been forthwith made into Persian generals, but who, instead of that, were left unemployed, and of course unpaid. The ambassador exerted himself to obtain them their arrears, and received—unlimited promises, but no cash. He had yet to learn the insolvent practices of the country, and how readily Persians promise that which they never mean to perform. As for paying anything, they appear never to dream of such a thing; they are greedy *takers*, but the worst possible *givers*. Their avidity

for *pichkech* (gifts) is at once disgusting and laughable. At Teheran, the visits of the governor and of the Turkish and Russian ambassadors were followed by those of a crowd of more or less important persons, who all came in hopes of a share in the presents which it was presumed M. de Sercey could not fail to make. Skillfully as they veiled their mercenary aim, they yet could not wholly conceal it. By the most ingenious and circuitous paths they all at last came to the same conclusion—namely, an assertion of pretended services rendered to the French *padishah*, and to his ambassador in particular, and an expression of their conviction that the said ambassador would not fail to testify his gratitude: no; his king and his country were too great and munificent for that. The Frenchmen were too much amused to dwell upon the shameless cupidity thus displayed. "The whole of their manoeuvres," says M. Flandin, "were so garnished with compliments, and mingled with adroit flattery and subtle insinuations, that, although penetrating their object, we could not help finding them very amiable. They did not all lose their time; some received silk stuffs, pieces of cloth, watches; others, arms, porcelain, or jewellery. These presents may be said to have been utterly thrown away, but it is customary in Persia thus to purchase one's welcome. One is bound to arrive there with his hands full, and nothing is changed since the time when Chardin said, that to sell one diamond he gave away two. Nor is there likelihood of change, so rooted in the Persian character is the passion for the *pichkech*—a passion which the increasing poverty of all classes cannot but stimulate."

The stay of the French embassy at Teheran lasted but three weeks, the Shah having gone to Ispahan, whither de Sercey followed him. Teheran, although the habitual residence of the sovereign, and looked upon as the capital, is of less real importance than Ispahan and Tabriz. The only interesting part of the city is the *Ark*, central in position, and surrounded by a fortified wall, and by a ditch crossed by drawbridges. It comprises the Shah's palace, the dwellings of some princes of the blood and great per-

sonages of the court, and quarters for part of the royal guard. Within it is also a large square, called the Meidan-i-Shah or Royal Square, and closed on all sides by walls, flanked by towers provided with artillery. "In the midst of this square is a platform about a yard in height, upon which is an enormous cannon, whose utility in that place it is difficult to understand. Beneath its broken carriage. I one day saw a man who begged and invoked *Ali*. I was told he was a murderer, who had taken refuge there as in a sanctuary. The fugitive who reaches its shelter cannot be touched, however heinous his crime. He there awaits the passage of the king, who cannot refuse his pardon. Thus the impunity of a criminal depends upon his agility. There are other places of asylum, notably the royal mosque." Right of sanctuary, long since abolished in highly-civilised countries as an inconvenient and irrational interference with the proper course of justice, may be indulgently looked upon in a land where, as in Persia, the penal code is a catalogue of the most barbarous tortures man can inflict upon man. Persian perfidy and corruption are only to be equalled by Persian cruelty. To this very day the most atrocious punishments are of common occurrence. It is not two years since the blood of the European public ran cold at the recital contained in every newspaper of that inflicted upon some wretched fanatics charged with high treason. But offences far less grave are almost as severely visited, and of this M. Flandin witnessed numerous examples—as, for instance, a baker thrown into his own oven for dishonest practices with his bread; a butcher nailed by the ear to his own doorpost for a similar offence. Cutting off ears and noses is considered quite a trifling penalty, and in numerous instances the Frenchmen had the greatest difficulty in preventing its application to persons of whose misconduct they had found it necessary to complain to the authorities. But it was at Ispahan that these horrors reached their height. The motive of the Shah's journey thither, or rather of his march at the head of a large body of troops, was to suppress a great insurrection, headed by the chief of the

Mollaha, the Mahometan Primate of Persia, whose ambition, importance, and immense wealth, had inspired him with the idea of emancipating himself from the royal authority. He had enlisted under his banner a legion of robbers, assassins, scamps, and lazzaroni, known in Persia under the generic name of *loutis*. These banditti had driven out the feeble garrison of Ispahan, and had since lived there at free quarters, daily committing every imaginable crime. On the approach of the Shah's army, the greater part of them fled. Some, however, either tardy to escape or bolder than the rest, remained concealed in the city. Search was made for them, they were discovered, and thousands of their victims flocked eagerly to bear witness against them. The women, especially, who had endured outrage at their hands, came in crowds, imploring, with tears in their eyes, permission to cut off the hands and heads of their ravishers. This would have been a mild punishment compared to others that were inflicted on these miserable wretches. Some were thrown upon bayonets, others were buried to the waist, their heads downwards, in a row, their legs in the air, and tied to each other, so as to form what the Persians call *gardens of vines*. Details still more horrible are given by M. Flandin, who reverts to the subject at a much later period of his travels, when visiting the curiosities of Shiraz. Man-outcher Khan, a Georgian eunuch, remarkable for his energy and cruelty, and who was then governor of Ispahan, had been sent, some years ago, to head an expedition against the robber *Mamacenis*, whose haunts were in the mountains between Shiraz and Shuster. Having taken a certain number of them prisoners, he hit upon a plan for striking terror into their comrades still at large. In the plain of Shiraz, near one of the gates of the town, he built a tower, in whose walls he left as many niches as there were captives. These were then placed in the recesses and walled up, an opening being left opposite to their faces, that the sufferings they endured might be visible to all who passed. M. Flandin found some remains of skulls and rags of

some, disposed to play tricks, and, when detected, showed fight. Thus, when exploring the ruins of Persepolis, the ketkhodah of a small hamlet refused lodgings to the travellers, charged them extravagantly for provisions, beat their servants because they purchased them elsewhere, endeavoured to expel them from the garden where they had camped, and was nearly shot in a conflict with one of their couriers. Fortunately a superior functionary happened to visit the village the next day, and on hearing of his conduct, had him at once seized and bastinadoed. Whereupon, the following morning—and this is a characteristic Persian trait—the ketkhodah came humbly to the French tent to implore pardon. They drove him away like a dog, and ever afterwards he was gentle, polite, and eager to render them services. The same treatment had an equally good effect on a different class of public servants—the customhouse officers. At the foot of the mountain of Pyrazan—which name signifies the old woman—upon the way from Shiraz to Bender-bouchir, the travellers encountered a party of these *rahdars* or guardians of the road, who demanded a duty customarily paid by caravans. On M. Flandin's refusal, the chief seized his horse's bridle, a liberty promptly repaid by a cut of a whip, which made the man let go. Up came Ressoulbek, the principal courier, at a gallop, dashed into the midst of the *rahdars*, loading them with abuse, and exhibited his firman. The paper, the volley of epithets, and the vigorous lash, which might have been delivered by the hand of the first noble in Persia, produced their effect, and the soldiers humbly apologised.

Ressoulbek, who was not a bad fellow for a Persian, was in his own person an example of the habitual injustice and insolvency of Persian administration. He had an order on the treasury, payable in Shiraz; and M. Flandin, who was on familiar and friendly terms with the Shahzadeh there commanding, did his utmost to get it paid, but without success. The prince interested himself in the matter, but in vain. Neither his influence, nor the authority of the Shah's seal, attached to the document, could prevail

over the innumerable tricks and devices resorted to by those who should have paid. The prince got quite ashamed. "To-morrow," was his constant answer, but it never came. At last a date of payment was positively fixed; it was subsequent to that of M. Flandin's departure. When Ressoulbek overtook him on the road, it was easy to see by his face that there had been further postponement. Notwithstanding the promises made and the word pledged by the Shahzadeh, the treasurer of the province had again put him off. He had been to the prince, who had taken his order, and promised to have it paid to his cousin, who was at Shiraz. "Poor Ressoulbek was quite out of countenance, and I saw that he blushed for the bad faith of the authorities of his country. He was ashamed of the inexactness or penury of the public exchequer; and finding himself unable to palliate the one or conceal the other, he said, bitterly, 'If I had neither wife nor children, *Sahab*, I would ask you to take me with you to France.' The general consequences of this state of things are deplorable; it is thus that all declines and perishes in Persia. Patriotism is dead; and if a spark of religious fanaticism still burns beneath the ashes that cover this unhappy country, it no longer suffices to warm the heart of the Persian. A few plundering khans remain about the throne so long as they see a little gold to be gathered in its vicinity; but amongst the people there are many who, regarding the king and his vizier with contempt, hesitate, and turn towards the foreigner. There are the uneasy and anxious glances for which the Russians watch in the northern provinces, and to which, in those of the south, the English already actively respond."

It is to be observed, and will hardly escape any intelligent reader of his book, that M. Flandin, a clever painter, an industrious antiquarian, an agreeable and lively narrator, and, as far as his volumes enable us to judge, a generous and kind-hearted man, has but crude and romantic notions on certain political subjects. In observation he is shrewd enough; what he sees he describes well, and there is no reason to doubt the cor-

rectness of his appreciation of Persia's condition, corruption, and decline—confirmed, moreover, by many contemporary writers. But, as we before remarked, in all matters relating to the East he is an Anglophobe (to coin a word for the occasion), and cherishes a sincere conviction that Great Britain is eternally, exclusively, and unscrupulously bent on extending her territory and finding new markets for her manufactures. He belongs to that division of his nation who hold or profess a settled and irrational conviction of the habitual perfidy of this country—a conviction they would be extremely puzzled to justify by the adduction of facts. The English, according to him, have neglected no means, during the last forty years, of weakening and killing Persia, and impoverishing its people. All the influential men in the country are in English pay—rather a heavy pull upon the secret-service money; every Englishman he meets is taken for “one of those agents without any official character, but as enterprising as they are persevering, whom England sends forth whithersoever she has objects to gain and interests to preserve.” We feel quite grateful when we find him, however rarely, departing from his usual strain, and bestowing a word or two of commendation on one of our countrymen—as in the case of Mr. Layard, whom he fell in with during his rambles, and of whom (although far from acquitting him of nefarious designs upon the independence of Persia) he speaks as “the ingenious and learned interpreter of the antiquities of Asia.” At Persepolis, too, he is so generous as to eulogise the man who out-diplomatized Napoleon's ambassador. “Amongst the names,” he says, “that travellers have not feared to engrave upon the palace of Xerxes, very few are those of celebrated men. We read, however, those of two diplomatists who have left more honourable evidence of their passage through Persia than this singular *visa* inscribed between the legs or on the breast of the colossus of Persepolis. One is that of Sir John Malcolm, ambassador to Feth-Ali-Shah in 1807, who has written an excellent history of the country. The other is that of

the charming author of the Persian Gil Blas, of *Hadjî Baba*—Morier, who to his literary talent added that of an observer and painter of manners.” We may content ourselves with these two brief paragraphs of praise, and ransack the volumes in vain for further laudation of Englishmen. In doing so we stumble upon a passage exemplifying the amusing ingenuity with which M. Flandia everywhere detects the mischievous hand of English influence. He is speaking of the narcotic drug *haschis*, extracted from hemp, and principally used in Egypt. “It was imported into Persia; but the accidents that occurred from its use determined the Shah to prohibit it under the severest penalties—amounting, I was assured, to sentence of death—on any who brought it into the country. This solicitude of the king of Persia for his subjects singularly astonished me; but as *haschis* is a dangerous rival to *opium*, I asked myself if it might not be possible to recognise the finger of England in this *relo*. The supposition appeared to me much more natural and probable than the Shah's capricious tenderness for his people.”

In the course of his protracted peregrinations it is not to be supposed that M. Flandia had not numerous encounters with persons more interesting and agreeable to meet than covert English emissaries, truculent village mayors, refractory custom-house officers, and *Kouli* assassins. He came across all sorts of strange characters, such as one scarcely expects to fall in with out of the *Arabian Nights*, although to experienced wanderers in the far East they are doubtless familiar enough. The following is a striking account of one of these meetings:—

“My researches in the hypogæa of Persepolis were interrupted by an incident that merits narrating. I perceived, ascending the path, two individuals whose costumes appeared to me from afar to differ from that of the Persians. They were old men, of low stature, but robust and quick-eyed. Instead of the pointed cap of lambskin, their heads were covered with large turbans, whose points hung down upon their shoulders.

Their beards, instead of being carefully dyed of a fine black, according to Persian custom, were perfectly white. They exchanged a few words in a tongue I had not yet heard spoken in those regions; then they addressed me in Persian. In reply to my questions, they told me they were merchants from Yezd, whither they were returning after a long journey in the north of Persia. They added that, like almost all the inhabitants of Yezd, they were Ghebers; and that, in their quality of fire-worshippers, like Djemshid, the great king who had built the palaces of Persepolis, they had been unwilling to pass near those ruins without turning aside to offer up a pious prayer. They had scarcely spoken, when they set to gathering small wood and dry plants, formed a sort of little pile on the edge of the rock on which we were, and lighted it, murmuring prayers in the same language I had heard them speak upon their arrival, and which must have been *Zend*, the language of *Zoroaster* and of the *Zendavesta*, that whose characters were engraven on the walls of Persepolis. Whilst the two Ghebers thus prayed before their fire, I raised my eye to the upper bas-relief of the façade of the funeral vault before which we were. The scene it represented was exactly similar. This worship still had, after more than two thousand years, votaries whose faith had been preserved notwithstanding the persecutions of the sectaries of Mahomet and of Ali. Long after the departure of the two Ghebers, the little pile still smoked, and its light smoke ascended towards heaven in a thin grey column. I felt the influence of a religious impression on finding myself alone beside these ashes which had received the homage of the two prostrate old men; the vapour of the sacrifice slowly rising above the wild rocks that commanded the silent plain, covered with ruins, amidst which are still to be found the remains of the ancient altars of fire."

During the two months M. Flandin's little party passed amongst these interesting remains of Persia's former greatness, few visitors disturbed their solitude. Now and then a traveller deviated from his road to take a cursory but wondering survey of the

strange bas-relief of *Takht-i-Jemshid* (the throne or palace of *Gemschid*), and wondered even more to find Franks camped amidst the ruins, at great inconvenience and some risk. These visitors generally explained the presence of the strangers in the way most flattering to their national pride. Doubtless they went thither because in their own country they had nothing so great and magnificent as those monuments. Some, however, took a different view of the matter. In Persia and other parts of the East, the idea prevails that all ancient monuments, particularly those bearing inscriptions, indicate the place of hidden treasures. The men from an adjacent village, whom Messrs. Flandin and Coste employed for their archaeological diggings, were, like most Persians, too intelligent not to take an interest in the excavations which brought to light fine sculptures, previously almost buried in the earth; but still they could not believe that the mere love of art was the sole stimulant to these researches; they were fully persuaded that they had to do with treasure-seekers, and countenanced a report that the Franks daily found gold and jewels, and that they had discovered a vase containing sixteen *battemans*, or fifty pounds' weight of gold coin, part of which they had sent to the Shah. In vain did M. Flandin point out the absurdity of these notions, and the impossibility of his finding treasures without the knowledge of the men who did all the digging. It was their belief that he made them dig just to the depth at which he knew the treasure lay, and then took it up in the night. Nocturnal alarms from marauders were the consequence of the reports thus spread. Two soldiers, sent by the governor of Shiraz, stood sentry by turns the night through, masking their fire with a barricade, lest they should be picked off from afar by its light. Another ingenious device of these warriors was to put caps and cloaks on stakes planted in the ground round about the fire, to make the robbers think the guard numerous. They had great confidence in the efficacy of these scarecrows. Amongst other odd visits, M. Flandin one day, when hard at work amongst the ruins, impugning Ker Porter's accuracy con-

cerning the tails of fabulous monsters, and sketching bas-relief combats between old Persian divinities, was intruded upon by a gentleman in a tiger-skin mantle and pointed yellow cap, his arms and legs naked, a large talisman hanging down upon his bare breast, and a cup of Indian nut-shell suspended by a brass chain from his arm. The cup contained some small coins, and a little honey, which he offered to M. Flandin. Under pretence of a gift, he thus asked an alms. This curious-looking stranger, whose skin was blackened by exposure to the sun, and whose long matted hair fell down upon his shoulders, was a dervish or fakir, a sample of one of the greatest nuisances in Persia. These dervishes are generally debauched reprobates and robbers, but are looked upon by the pious as holy men, for whom a snug place is specially reserved amongst the houris of Mahomet's paradise. The vagabonds stroll about the country, installing themselves wherever they please, and remaining as long as they list. None dare refuse them shelter; with their cry of *Ya, Ali!* incessantly repeated, they obtain whatever they desire. They are supposed to have remedies for all ills; barren women consult them, and men dread them on account of their reputed power of casting spells. "I knew one," says M. Flandin, "who was called dervish-Shah, because he had quartered himself upon the king. He never quitted the royal residence, but followed the Shah, wherever he went, and had his tent and his mule or horse to enable him to do so. He was the greatest possible scamp; drunken, a gambler, a debauchee, he combined all imaginable vices in his own person. He was nevertheless esteemed a saint, and some day perhaps a tomb will be raised to him, bearing the name of *iman*, in token of profound veneration." Their vow of poverty imposes no privation upon these gentry, since, they get everything for the asking; and sometimes they renounce it, to become *mirzas* or *khans*, if fortune favours them so far. Some few of them really are austere religious fanatics, who pass whole days in prayer and fasting, and live apart from the world, plunged in a sort of stupid

ecstasy, which the Mussulmans greatly admire. In connection with the popular belief that they possess mysterious cures for the bites of serpents and the sting of scorpions, M. Flandin relates a curious incident which occurred when he was at Ispahan: "The Persian servant of a European had been stung by a scorpion, and his master wished to apply ammonia, the usual remedy in such cases, but the man refused and ran off to the bazaar. When he returned, he said he was cured, and appeared to be so. The European, rather surprised at this almost instantaneous cure, questioned him, and found that he had been to a dervish who enjoyed great reputation in such cases. This dervish, he said, after examining the wound and uttering a few words, had several times lightly touched it with a little iron blade. Still more astonished at the remedy than at the cure, the European desired to see the instrument by which the latter was said to have been effected. At the cost of a small *pickhech* he was allowed to have it for a few minutes in his possession. After careful examination, finding nothing extraordinary in the instrument, he made up his mind that the cure was a mere trick; that the dervish was an impostor, that the scorpion's sting had not penetrated, and that his servant had been more frightened than hurt. He threw the blade contemptuously upon the table, when to his great surprise, he beheld it attach itself strongly to a knife. The quack's instrument was simply a magnet. But what power had the loadstone's attraction over venom? This discovery was very odd; incredulity was at a nonplus; and yet the man stung by the scorpion was cured, and he who had cured him was in great renown at Ispahan for the treatment of that sort of wound. I relate these facts without comment; who knows if science will not one day discover something as yet unknown to it but practised by the Persians? Have not savages remedies composed of the juice of plants, of whose existence our European science is ignorant?"

In Persia there is a legend or tradition for everything, and some of these are as fanciful as they are absurd. When at Teheran, M. Flandin was told various strange stories relat-

ing to the lofty peak of Demawend—that gigantic cone, eternally ice-crowned, which in clear weather is visible, through the transparent atmosphere of Persia, a hundred leagues off, in the city of Ispahan. One of the most generally believed tales relating to the mountain is, that a plant grows upon its slopes, and there alone, which produces gold. The origin of this story is to be traced to the golden colour assumed by the teeth of the sheep that crop the herbage of the Demawend. The phenomenon is easily explained by a colouring property of the grass; but the Persians, constant lovers of the marvellous, prefer to behold in it an indication of the presence of gold. Some of those whose faith is strongest ascend the mountain with great labour, to gather this grass, and extract its precious essence. There are no instances upon record of fortunes having been made in this manner. A more poetical tradition is that preserved with respect to a *mauvais pas* on the mountain of Pyrazan in Fars, at a short distance from the Persian Gulf. When descending the mountain, and soon after quitting a little caravanserai, about half way down, at which they had passed the night, Messrs. Flandin and Coste came to what is called the Cotal-Daukhtar, or the *young girl's staircase*. A stupendous mountain of rock, flanked by a bottomless abyss, has to be descended by a narrow track which zigzags down its almost perpendicular side. The path is worn smooth and slippery, there is no foothold for the horses and mules, and few caravans accomplish the dangerous passage without loss of baggage, and often of beasts. When ascending the muleteers push and support their animals; when descending, they hold them back by the tail. Not unfrequently they are compelled to unload them, and to carry their burthens piecemeal over the worst parts of the path. This was formerly less dangerous; there were steps cut in the rock; crevices were filled up with stones. A parapet diminished at least the appearance of danger; but of the parapet scarcely a vestige remains, and the road is a mere goat-track. The Persians tell of a young princess who once dwelt upon the summit of Pyrazan, and whose lover daily went

to visit her. He arrived so panting and exhausted, that she had a staircase cut in the rock to facilitate his visits. But the lovers are long since dead, and their stairs are broken up and degraded. Again, when scaling some rocks in the neighbourhood of the little town of Hamadan, supposed to stand upon the site of Ecbatana, the ancient capital of Media, the guides pointed out to the travellers, in a tone of great veneration, a huge stone mass split into two. Its division had been effected, they religiously believed and confidently affirmed, by a single blow of the scimitar of their great iman, Ali. A few days previously, a mark upon a rock, having the form of a gigantic horse-shoe, had been shown to M. Flandin as having been left there by the hoof of Ali's horse. A more modern, but hardly a more credible marvel, is pictorially represented amongst the ruins of the town of Rhey, near Teheran. Hard by an abundant spring, known as Ali's fountain, and on the face of a rock chiselled smooth for the purpose, amidst nests of eagles and vultures, a bas-relief represents Feth-Ali-Shah on horseback, striking down a lion by a single thrust of his lance. An old man, who had belonged to that prince's court, assured M. Flandin he had been eyewitness of the feat: To which the painter appends the remark, that the Persians love the marvellous, and have very small regard for truth.

On his entrance into Persia, by the northern frontier, M Flandin received practical proof of Persian dislike to the Russians. Whilst sketching his first halting-place, he was assailed by a shower of stones and abuse, with which was coupled the word *Moscov* (Russian). The notion of there being other Franks than the Czar's subjects had probably never entered these people's heads. The ambassador made his complaint, and the stick, that eternal resource in Persia, to which high and low are alike subject, was applied to improve the geographical knowledge of M. Flandin's assailants. The loss of Georgia, and their defeats on the banks of the Araxes, still rankle in the hearts of the Persians. Their antipathy to the Turks is equally strong, kept up partly by the recollection of former wars

and antagonism, and partly by sectarian differences of creed. From the latter cause arises a bitter hatred. "Turkey," said the old Mollah then prime minister of the Shah, "were it twice as large, would be but a small mouthful for Persia." Carried away by his furious zeal, the old fanatic did not perceive that he talked nonsense. Not that such ridiculous rhodomontade is uncommon in that country, whose inhabitants are the very Gascons of the East, with the difference, that Gascons, though they may talk big, usually fight well; whereas the Persians, dispirited and demoralised, and having small inducement to fight in defence of a fallen nationality, and a government alternately barbarous and pusillanimous, are not likely to display much greater prowess and military skill, when next taken into the field, than they did in their contest with the Russians. Individually they may be brave. M. Flandin somewhere affirms that they are, although such is hardly the opinion that will be formed from any other passages of his book; but it will be hard to make an efficient Persian army, under the present system by which the country is governed, with officers who are either boys, or enervated by the excesses and shameful vices to which Persians are prone, and who look upon the service merely as a means of gratifying their more than womanish vanity, by wearing fancy uniforms, monster epaulets, and diamond decorations, and have less knowledge of their duty than a European corporal. The private soldiers, upon the other hand, have nothing to fight for. Taken, for the most part, by force, and for perpetual service—unless the Shah thinks proper to release them—receiving a little grain for sole rations, they are most irregularly paid, and are often near to starvation. The Shah takes from his coffers the money requisite for the payment of the soldier, and gives it to his prime minister, from whose hand it passes through so many others, that the twelve tomanes (about six pounds), which each man is entitled to annually, dwindle to five or six, before, after long delay, they reach his hands. M. Flandin saw a regiment that had had no pay for two

years. Sometimes their misery drives the poor wretches to mutiny, by which they perhaps obtain a small payment on account; but often it is found more convenient to disband them, and raise a new regiment. Promotion in Persia is obtained neither by merit nor by military knowledge, but solely by birth, caprice, or intrigue. Princes and khans, whatever their age, having never served, totally ignorant of military matters, obtain the most important posts, and are intrusted with commands which they are greatly puzzled how to exercise. The degree of confidence they inspire in their men may be imagined; and the fate of an army thus officered, when opposed to European troops, or even to the more warlike of the Asiatic nations, can hardly be doubtful. M. Flandin gives some diverting but rather highly-coloured sketches of the siege of Herat, and of Hadji Mirza Agassi's (the same fanatical prime minister who was for making a meal of Turkey) celebrated cannon, which he founded in the camp itself, and for which he had but a very limited number of balls. "The artillerymen's practice was so bad that they all flew over the town, and soldiers, enthusiastic admirers of the vizier's ballistic skill, volunteered to make the circuit of the fortress to seek and bring home the precious projectiles. It may be imagined how this formidable besieging artillery diverted General Simonitch, the Russian ambassador, an old officer of Napoleon. He derived great amusement, it appears, from the Mollah-gunner and his innovations: these puerilities, conceived with all the gravity of an Oriental, helped him to pass the time during that tedious siege, to which the Persians had brought not only an army of soldiers, but another of artisans and traders of all kinds. It seemed as if they were about to found a colony in front of the besieged place. The royal camp had itself the appearance of a town. It comprised a bazaar and workshops of all kinds. The Persians, lacking confidence, it would seem, either in their strength or in their strategic knowledge, thought the siege might be a long one, and carried foresight so far as to plough and sow the ground around their camp. Their labour was not

lost; in due time they gathered in the harvest."

Although French and English officers have in turn instructed the Shah's troops, and, for a time, with some show of success, the favourable results they temporarily achieved melted away after their departure. M. Flandin gives a dismal account of the state of the Persian army at the time of his residence in the country, citing, as a specimen—and probably rather a favourable one—of the whole, the six thousand men he saw encamped, under the Shah's immediate command, outside Ispahan. The lines of white tents were most symmetrical; the guns were drawn up in good order, and vigilantly guarded by sentries with bare sabres; the horses were picketed in the rear, at mangers cleverly and cheaply constructed of clay. But on parade, and in the field, the aspect of affairs was far less martial and imposing. Ragged uniforms, dirty belts, wretched muskets, many of them without flints, some without locks, soldiers in a state of misery, and officers who knew but just enough to make their men carry and present arms—such were the elements of the regiments ranged beneath the brilliant banner of the Lion and the Sun. If Russia, as some believe, has designs, resolute, although not yet ripe, on British India, and is bent on discovering a south-east passage to our vast Asiatic possessions, certainly Persia's regular troops would be no serious obstacle to her march. She would have infinitely more to fear from natural difficulties, from the immense tracts of desert her armies must traverse—solitudes where no vegetation or water are found—from disease and climate, and from the harassing attacks of Persia's irregular cavalry, Kourds, Arabs, Turcomans, variously armed and equipped, fighting after the manner of their different tribes,

Parthian-like firing and flying, but individually brave, skilful with their weapons, and generally well-mounted. Led in a body against a disciplined Russian force, they would probably be scattered to the winds; distributed along its line of march, pressing on its rear, cutting off its stragglers, wearying it by night alarms, intercepting its supplies, they would form a heavy addition to the perils and difficulties it must inevitably brave, by whatever route it might attempt to reach our Indian frontier. We have always considered the apprehensions expressed by some few persons, with respect to Russian views on India, to be, if not chimerical, at least much exaggerated, and entirely premature. England could hardly have a better barrier between her Eastern possessions and Russia's ambition than countries constituted and inhabited as are Independent Turkey and Afghanistan, or than Persia, with its barren salt wastes and frequent malaria. Until those countries are swallowed up, or subjugated by the encroaching northern colossus, there is little chance, we think, of Cossacks on our Indian frontier. If Russia had Constantinople, the case would be different. With the Black Sea all her own, with the great naval power her vastly augmented trade would speedily give her, and with the increased weight she would acquire in Asia, she might one day attempt a move eastwards. But these are remote speculations, to be realised, if ever, only in a very distant future. If Russia were allowed to get the Dardanelles, which it is pretty evident she will not be, she would soon find herself in a position to push westwards as well as eastwards, and would be more likely to trench upon Austrian and Prussian provinces which lie at her door, than to traverse half Asia in quest of a distant foe and a doubtful victory.

THE QUIET HEART.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

"JENNY, Jenny, canna ye open the door—it's just me."

"It's just you, mischief and mischief-maker as ye are," muttered Jenny, in answer to Nelly Panton's soft appeal; "and what are you wanting here?"

But Jenny could not be so inhospitable as to shut out with a closed door the applicant for admission, especially as a rapid April shower was just then flashing out of the morning skies. Nelly came in breathless, shaking some bright raindrops off her dingy shawl; but neither the rain upon her cheeks, nor the fresh wind that carried it, nor even the haste of her own errand, sufficed to bring any animating colour to Nelly Panton's face.

"I'm no to stay a minute," she said breathlessly. "No a creature kens I'm here; and you're no to bid me stay, but just gie me your advice and let me rin—I maun be hame before my mother kens."

"I have nae will to keep ye; ye needna be feared," retorted Jenny. "And what's your pleasure now, that you've got so early out to Burnside?"

"Nane of the ladies 'll be stirring yet," said Nelly, looking round cautiously. "It was just a thing I wanted to ask you, Jenny—I ken you're aye a guid friend."

"Sorrow!" muttered Jenny between her teeth—but the end of the sentence died away; and whether the word was used as an epithet, or whether it was "Sorrow take you!" Jenny's favourite ban, Nelly, innocently confiding, did not pause to inquire.

"For I heard in the Brigend that you had been kent to say that you wouldna gang a' the gate to London if the mistress gae you triple your wage," said Nelly, "and that you would recommend her to a younger lass. My auntie, Marget Panton, even gae the length to say that ye had been heard to mention my name;

but I wouldna have the face to believe that, though mony thanks to ye for the thought; and I just ran out whenever I rose this morning to say, do ye think I might put in an application, Jenny, aye counting on you as a guid friend?"

"Wha ever gave ye warrant to believe that I was a guid friend?" exclaimed Jenny. "My patience! you taking upon you to offer yourself for my place. My place! And wha daured to say I wanted to leave the mistress? Do ye think wage, or triple wage, counts with me? Do ye think I'm just like yourself, you pitiful self-seeking creature? Do ye think any mortal would ever be the better of you in any strait, frae a sair finger to a family misfortune? Gae way wi' ye! My place, my certy! Would naething serve ye but that?"

"Ye see I'm no taking weel wi' hame," said the undismayed Nelly. "My mother and me canna put up right, and me being sae lang away before, she's got out of the use of my attentions, and canna understand them. But I'm real attentive for a' that, Jenny, and handy in mony a thing that wouldna be expected frae the like of you; and I could wait on Miss Menie, ye ken, being mair like her ain years, and fleech up the mistress grand. I ken I could—besides greening with the stranger servants, which it's no to be expected you would do, being aye used to your ain way. But for my part, I'm real quiet and inoffensive—folk never ken me in a house; and I have my ain reasons for wanting to gang to London, baith to look after Johnnie, and ither concerns of my ain—and I would aye stand your friend constant, and be thankful to you for recommending me—and I'm sure afore the year was done the mistress would be thankful too for a guid lass—and I could recommend you to a real fine wee cottage atween Kirklands and the Brigend, with a very cheery window looking to the road, that would do grand

for a single woman; or my mother would be blithe to take you in for a lodger, and she's guid company when she's no thrawn—and Jenny, woman——"

"Gang out of this house," said Jenny, with quiet fury, holding the door wide open in her hand, and setting down her right foot upon the floor of her own domain, with a stamp of absolute supremacy. "No anither word—gang out of this door, and let me see your face again if ye daur! Gang to London—fleece up the mistress—wait upon Miss Menie! My patience!—and you'll ca' a decent woman thrawn to me! Gang out of this house, ye shadow! the sight of you's enough to thraw ony mortal temper. Your mother, honest woman!—but I canna forgive her for being art or part in bringing the like of you to this world. Are ye gaun away peaceably—or I'll put ye out by the shouthers with my ain twa hands!"

"Eh, sic a temper!" said Nelly Panton, vanishing from the threshold as Jenny made one rapid step forward. "I'm sure I forgive you, Jenny, though I'm sure as weel, that if the rain hadna laid a' the stour, mony a ane has shaken the dust off their feet for a testimony against less ill usage than you've gien me; but I'm thankful for my guid disposition—I'm thankful that there's nae crook in me, and I leave you to your ain thoughts, Jenny Durward; it's weel kent what a life thae twa puir ladies lead with ye through a' the countryside."

The kitchen door violently shut, by good fortune drowned for Jenny this last vindictive utterance, and Nelly Panton, unexcited, drew her shawl again close over her elbows, and went with her stealthy steps upon her way—a veritable shadow falling dark across the sunshine, and without a spot of brightness in her, within or without, to throw back reflection, or answer to the sunny morning light which flashed upon all the glistening way.

But no such quietness possessed the soul of Jenny of Burnside; over the fresh sanded floor of her bright kitchen her short vigorous steps pattered like hail. Cups and saucers came ringing down from her hands

upon the tray, which she was crowding with breakfast "things." The bread-basket quivered upon the table where her excited hand had set it down. She turned to the hearth, and the poor little copper kettle rang upon the grate—the poker assaulted the startled fire—the very chain quaked and trembled, hanging from the old-fashioned crook far back in the abyss of the chimney. Very conspicuous in this state of the mental atmosphere became Jenny's high shoulder. It seemed to develop and increase with every additional puff, and the most liberal and kindly commentator could not have denied this morning the existence of the "thraw."

And not without audible expression, over and above the hard-drawn breath of the "fuff," was Jenny's indignation. "My place, my certy! less wouldna serve her!"—"Handier than could be expected frae the like of me!"—"Stand my friend constant!"—"A cothouse atween Kirklands and the Brigend!" A snort of rage punctuated and separated every successive quotation, till, as Jenny cooled down a little, there came to her relief a variety of extremely complimentary titles, all very eloquent and expressive, conveying in the clearest language Jenny's opinion of the good qualities of Nelly Panton, which last, by-and-by, however, softened still further into the milder chorus of "a bonnie ane!" with which Jenny's wrath gradually wore itself away.

All this time the sunshine lay silent and unbroken upon the paved passage, with its strip of matting, and the light shone quiet in Mrs. Laurie's parlour. The petulant rain had ceased to ring upon the panes, though some large drops hung there still, clinging to the framework of the window, and gradually shrinking and drying up before the light. The branches without made a sheen through the air almost as dazzling as if every tree were a Highland dancer with a drawn claymore in his right hand, and the larch flung its spray of rain upon Menie Laurie's chamber window, bidding her down to the new life and the new day which brightened all the watching hills.

And now comes Mrs. Laurie standily

down the stairs with her little shawl in her hand, and traces of a mind made up and determined in her face; and now comes Menie, with a half song on her lips, and a little light of amusement and expectation in her eyes, for Menie has heard afar off the sound of Jenny's excitement. But Jenny, too decorous to invade the dignity of the breakfast-table, says nothing when she brings in the kettle, and does not even add to its fuff the sound of her own, and Menie has time to grow composed and grave, and to hear with a more serious emotion Mrs. Laurie's decision. Not without a sigh Mrs. Laurie intimates it, though her daughter knows nothing of the one reason which has overweighed all others. But the ruling mind of the household, having decided, loses no time in secondary hesitations. "We will try to let Burnside as it is, Menie," said Mrs. Laurie, looking round upon the familiar room. "If we can get a careful tenant, it will be far better not to remove the furniture. If we make it known at once, the house may be taken before the term; and I will write to your aunt and say that we accept her offer. It is a long journey by land, and expensive. I think we will go to Edinburgh first, Menie. The weather is settled, and should be fine at Whitsunday; and then to London by sea."

Menie did not trust herself to express in words the excitement of hope and pleasure with which she heard this great and momentous change brought down into a matter of sober everyday arrangement; but it was not difficult to understand and translate the varying colour on her cheek, and the sudden gleam of her sunny eyes. As it happened, however, with a natural caprice, the one objection which her mother's will could not set aside suddenly suggested itself to Menie. She looked up with a slight alarm—"But Jenny, mother?" Menie Laurie could not realise the possibility of leaving Jenny behind.

Mrs. Laurie's hand had not left the bell. Jenny, at the door, caught the words with satisfaction. But Jenny did not choose to acknowledge herself subject to any influence exercised by the "youngest of the house;" and Jenny, moreover, had come prepared,

and had no time to lose in preliminaries.

"There's twa or three things to be done about the house before onybody can stir out of this," said Jenny emphatically, pausing when she had half cleared the breakfast-table. "I want to ken, mem, if it's your pleasure, what time we're to gang away."

"I have just been thinking—about the term, Jenny," said her mistress, accepting Jenny's adhesion quietly and without remark; "if we can get a tenant to Burnside."

"I thought you would be wanting a tenant to Burnside," muttered Jenny, "to make every table and chair in the house a shame to be seen, and the place no fit to live in when we come back; but it's nae o' Jenny's business if the things maun be spoiled. I have had a woman at me this morning with an offer to gang in my place. I've nae business to keep it out of your knowledge, so you may get Nelly Panton yet, if it's your pleasure, instead of me. I'm speaking to your mother, Miss Menie; the like of you has nae call to put in your word. Am I to tell Nelly you would like to speak to her, mem—or what am I to say?"

And Jenny again planted her right foot firmly before her, again expanded her irascible nostril, and, with comic perversity and defiance, stood and waited for her mistress's answer.

"Away you go, Jenny, and put your work in order," said Mrs. Laurie; "get somebody in from the Brigend to help you, and let everything be ready for the flitting—you know I don't want Nelly Panton—no, you need not interrupt me—nor anybody else.—We'll all go to London together, and we'll all come back again some time if we're spared. I don't know how you would manage without us, Jenny; but see, there's Menie with open eyes wondering what we should do without you."

"Na, the bairn has discrimination," said Jenny steadily; "that's just what I say to mysel. Nae doubt it's a great change to a woman at my time of life, but I just say what could the two ladies do, mair especially a young lassie like Miss Menie, and that's enough to reconcile aye to mony a thing. Weel, I'll see the wark

putten in hands; but if you take my advice, mem, ye'll see baith mistress and maid afore ye let fremd folk into Burnside. It's no ilka hand that can keep up a room like this; for I ken mysel the things were nao mair like what they are now, when I came first, than fir wood's like oak; and what's the matter of twa or three pounds, by the month, for rent, in comparison with ruining a hail house of furniture?—though, to be sure it's nae business of mine; and if folk winna take guid counsel when it's offered, naebody can blame Jenny."

So saying, Jenny went briskly to her kitchen, to set on foot immediate

preparations for the removal, leaving her "guid counsel" for Mrs. Laurie's consideration. Mrs. Laurie found little time to deliberate. She had few distant friends, and no great range of correspondents at any time, and another perusal of Miss Annie Laurie's epistle set her down to answer it with a puzzled face. A little amusement, a little impatience, a little annoyance, drew together the incipient curve on Mrs. Laurie's brow, and Jenny's advice got no such justice at her hands as would have satisfied Jenny, and was summarily dismissed when its time of consideration came.

CHAPTER VII.

"Johnnie Lithgow exists no longer." The words chased the colour from Menie Laurie's cheek, and drew a pitying exclamation from her lips. Alas, for Johnnie Lithgow's mourning mother! But Menie read on and laughed, and was consoled. "There is no such person known about the office of the great paper; but Mr. Lythgoe, the rising critic, the leader of popular judgments, and writer of popular articles, is fast growing into fame and notice. The days of the compositor are over, and I fear the author must be a little troubled about the plebeian family who once rejoiced the poor young printer's heart. Yet the heart remains a very good heart, my dear Menie—vain, perhaps, and a little fickle and wavering, not quite knowing its own mind, but a very simple kindly heart in the main, and sure to come back to all the natural duties and loves. I give you full warrant to comfort the mother. Johnnie has been somewhat *fêted* and lionised of late, and is not, perhaps, at present exactly what our sober unexcitable friends call *steady*. His head is turned with the unusual attention he has been receiving, and perhaps a little salutary humiliation may be necessary to bring him down again; but I have no fear of him in the end. He is very clever, writes extremely well, and is one of the most wise and sensible of men—in print. I almost wonder that I have not mentioned him to you sooner, for he and I have seen a good

deal of each other of late, and Johnnie is a very good fellow, I assure you—not without natural refinement, and very fresh, and hearty, and genial; moreover, a rising man, as the common slang goes, and one who has made a wonderful leap in a very short time; so we must pardon him in his first elation if he seems a little negligent of his friends."

A slight flush of colour ran wavering over Menie's cheek as "a little salutary humiliation may be necessary" she repeated under her breath, and, starting at the sound of her own voice, looked round guilty, as if in terror lest she had been overheard. But there was no one to overhear—no one but her own heart, which, suddenly startled out of its quiet, looks round too with a timid, troubled glance, as if a ghost had crossed its line of vision, and hears these words echoing softly among all the trees. Well, there is no harm in the words, but Menie feels as if, in whispering them, she had betrayed some secret of her betrothed, and with an uneasy step and clouded face she turns away.

Why?—or what has Randall done to call this shadow up on Menie Laurie's way? But Menie Laurie neither could nor would tell, and only feels a cloud of vague vexation and unexplainable displeasure rise slowly up upon her heart.

Yet it is no very long time till Mrs. Laurie hears the news, unshadowed by any dissatisfaction, and very soon

after Menie is speeding along the Kirklands road restored to all her usual cloudlessness, though it happens somehow, that, after a second bold plunge at it in the stillness of her own room, which reddened Menie's cheek again with involuntary anger, she skips this objectionable paragraph in Randall's letter, and, asking herself half audibly, what Johnnie Lithgow is to her, solaces herself out of her uneasiness by Randall's exultation over her own last letter. For Randall is most heartily and cordially rejoiced to think of having his betrothed so near him—there can be no doubt of that.

And here upon the hillside path, almost like one of those same delicate beechen boughs which wave over its summit, July Home comes fluttering down before the wind—her soft uncertain feet scarcely touching the ground, as you can think—her brown dress waving—her silky hair betraying itself as usual, astray upon her shoulders. Down comes July, not without a stumble now and then, over boulder or bramble, but looking very much as if she floated on the sweet atmosphere which streams down fresh and full from the top of the hill, and the elastic spring air could bear her well enough upon its sunny current for all the weight she has. Very simple are the girlish salutations exchanged when the friends meet. "Eh, Menie, where are you going?" and "Is that you, July? you can come with me."

And now the road has two shadows upon it instead of one, and a murmur of low-toned voices running like a hidden tinkle of water along the hedgerow's side. "Johnnie Lithgow! eh, I'm glad he's turned clever," said little July; "he used to come up the hill at nights when nobody ever played with me; and I think, Menie—you'll no be angry?—he had more patience than Randall, for I mind him once carrying me, when I was just a little thing, all the way round the wood to the Resting Stane, to see the sunset, and minding what I said too, though I was so wee. I'm glad, Menie—I'm sure I'm very glad; but Randall, being clever himself, might have told us about Johnnie Lithgow before."

"You never can think that Johnnie Lithgow is as clever as Randall," said Menie, indignantly. "That's not what I mean either. Randall's not clever, July. You need not look so strange at me. Clever! Jenny's clever; I'm clever myself at some things; but Randall—I call Randall a genius, July."

And Menie raised loftily the face which was now glowing with a flush of affectionate pride. With a little awe July assented; but July still in her inmost heart asserted Randall to be clever, and rather avoided a discussion of this perplexing word genius, which July did not feel herself quite competent to define or understand.

And now the road begins to slope upwards, the hedgerow breaks and opens upon braes of close grass, marked here and there by bars and streaks of brown, like stationary shadows, and rich with little nests of low-growing heather and hillside flowers. An amphitheatre of low hills opens now from the summit of this one, which the road mounts. Bare unwooded slopes, falling away at their base into cultivated fields, and rising upward in stretches of close-cropped pasture land; soft luxurious grass, sweet with its thyme and heather, with small eyes of flowers piercing up from under its close-woven blades—soft as summer couch need be, and elastic as ever repelled the foot of passing herdsman; but looking somewhat bare in its piebald livery, as it breaks upon the bright spring sky above.

And the road dives down—down into the hollows of the circle, where gleams a winding burn, and rises a village, its roofs of tile and thatch basking serenely in the sun. A little church, holding up a little open belfry against the hillside, as if entreating to be lifted higher, stands at the entrance of the village; and you can already see the little span-broad bridges that cross the burn, and the signboards which hang above the doors of the cottage shops in the main street. Here, too, keeping the road almost like an official of equal authority, the smithy glows with its fiery eye upon the kirk; for the kirk, you will perceive, is almost a new one, and has little pretensions to the hereditary reverence of its small dependency.

standing there bare and alone, without a single grave to keep watch upon; whereas the smiddy's antique roof is heavy with lichens; and ploughs and harrows, resplendent in primitive red and blue, obtrude themselves a little way beyond its door, with the satisfaction of conscious wealth.

And here is a cottage turning its back upon the burn, and modestly setting down its white doorstep upon the rude causeway: the door is open, and some one sits at work by the fire-side within; but in a corner stands a sack of meal, and a little humble counter interposes sideways between the fire and the threshold. Some humble goods lie on the window-shelves, and the counter itself has a small miscellany—dim glasses, full of "sweeties;" dimmer still with balls of cotton, blue and white with stiffly twisted sticks of sampler worsted, and red and yellow stalks of barley-sugar, scarcely to be distinguished from the thread. Altogether the counter, with its dangling scales, the half-filled shelves that break the light from the window, and the few drawers behind, fit out the village shop where Mrs. Lithgow does a little daily business, enough to keep herself, alone and widowed, in daily bread.

For Nelly Panton, sitting behind at the fire, is a mantua-maker, and maintains herself. By good fortune, this maintenance is very cheaply accomplished; and Nelly's "drap parritch" and cup of tea are by much the smallest burden which her society entails upon her mother. Decent lass as Nelly is, she has come through no small number of vicissitudes, and, swayed between household service and this same disconsolate mantua-making of hers, like the discontented pendulum—not to speak of two or three occasions past, when Nelly has been just on the eve of being married, a consummation which even the devout desire of Mrs. Lithgow has not yet succeeded in bringing peacefully to pass—for Nelly and her lovers, as Mrs. Lithgow laments pathetically, "can never gree lang enough," and some kind fairy always interposes in time to prevent any young man of Kirklands from accomplishing to himself such a fate.

Mrs. Lithgow's dress is scarcely less

doleful than her daughter: a petticoat of some dark woollen stuff, and a clean white shortgown, are scarcely enlivened by the check apron, bright blue and white as it is, which girds in the upper garment; but the close cap which marks her second widowhood encloses a face fresh, though careworn, with lines of anxious thought something too clearly defined about the brow and cheeks. A little perplexity adds just now to the care upon the widow's face; for upon her counter stands a square wooden box, strongly corded and sealed, over which, with much bewilderment, the good woman ponders. Very true, it is directed to Mrs. Lithgow, Kirklands, and Kirklands knows no Mrs. Lithgow but herself; but with a knife in her hand to cut the cord, and a little broken hammer beside her on the counter, with which she proposes to "prize" open the securely nailed lid, the widow still hangs marvelling over the address, and the broad red office-seal, and wonders once again who it can be that sends this mystery to her.

"I've heard of folk getting what lookit like a grand present, and it turning out naething but a wisp o' straw, or a weight of stanes," said the perplexed Mrs. Lithgow, as her young visitors saluted her; "but this is neither to ca' very heavy nor very light; and it's no directed in a hand of write that ane might have kenned, but in muckle printed letters like a book; and I'm sure I canna divine, if I was thinking on a'body I ever kent a' my days, wha could send such a thing to me."

"But if you open the box you'll see," cried July Home. "Eh! I wish you would open it the time we're here; for I think I ken it's from Johnnie, and Menie Laurie has grand news of Johnnie in her letter. I was as glad as if it was me. He's turned clever, Mrs. Lithgow; he's growing to be a great man like our Randall. Eh! Menie, what ails her?"

Something ailed her that July did not know;—a trembling thrill of apprehensive joy, an intense realisation for the moment of all her terrors and sorrows suddenly inspired, and flooded over with the light of a new hope. The colour fled from Mrs. Lithgow's very lips; the little broken hammer

fell with a heavy clang upon the floor at her feet. Her eyes turned wistfully, eagerly, upon Menie; the light swam in them, and yet they could read so clearly the expression of this face.

And Menie, conquering her blush and hesitation, took out her letter, and read bravely so much of it as was suitable for the mother's ear. The mother forgot all about the mysterious box, even though it seemed so likely now to come from Johnnie. She sat down abruptly on the wooden chair behind the counter; she lifted up her checked apron, and pressed it with both hands into the corners of her eyes. "My puir laddie! my puir laddie!"—You could almost have fancied it was some misfortune to Johnnie which caused this swelling of his mother's heart.

"And he's in among grand folk, and turning a muckle man himsel," said Mrs. Lithgow softly, after a considerable pause. "Was that what the letter said?—was that what the folk telled me?—and he's my son for a' that—Johnnie Lithgow, my ain little young bairn."

"I think, mother, ye may just as weel let me open the box," said Nelly, coming forward with her noiseless step. "We'll ken by what's in't if he's keeping thought of us; though I'm sure it's no muckle like as if he was, keeping folk anxious so lang, and him prospering. I'll just open the box. I wouldna be aye to hang at his tails if Johnnie thought shame of his poor friends; but still a considerable lad would mind that there's mony a little thing might be useful at Kirklands. I'll open the box and see."

The mother rose to thrust her away angrily. "Is it what he sends I'm heeding about, think ye?" she exclaimed, with momentary passion. "I'm his mother; I'm seeking naething but his ain welfare and well-doing. Was't gifts I wanted, or profit by my son? But aye needna speak to you."

"Eh! but there's maybe a letter," said July Home, with a little natural artifice. "Mrs. Lithgow, I would open it and see."

And Mrs. Lithgow, with this hope, cut the cords vigorously, though with a trembling hand—rejecting, not with-

out anger, the offered assistance of Nelly, who now crossed her hands demurely on her apron, and stood, virtuous and resigned, looking on. Little July, very eager and curious, could not restrain her restless fingers, but helped to loose the knots involuntarily with a zealous aid, which the widow did not refuse; and Menie, not quite sure that it was right to intrude upon the mother's joy, but very certain that she would greatly like to see what Johnnie Lithgow sent home, lingered with shy and less visible curiosity, between the counter and the door.

But Mrs. Lithgow's hands, trembling with anxiety, and the excitement of great joy, and the little thin fingers of July, never very nervous at any time, made but slow progress in their work; and poor July even achieved a scratch here and there from refractory nails before it was concluded. When the lid had been fairly lifted off, a solemn pause ensued. No letter appeared; but a brilliant gown-piece of printed cotton lay uppermost, the cover and wrapper of various grandeurs below. Mrs. Lithgow pulled out these hidden glories hurriedly, laying them aside with only a passing glance; a piece of silk, too grand by far for anybody within a mile of Kirklands; ribbons which even Menie Laurie beheld with a flutter of admiration; and a host of other articles of feminine adornment, so indisputably put together by masculine hands that the more indifferent spectators were tempted to laughter at last. But Mrs. Lithgow had no leisure to laugh—no time to admire the somewhat coarse shawl which she could wear, nor the gay gowns which she could not. Down to the very depths, and, conclusion of all, to the white paper lying in the bottom of the box; but not a scrap of written paper bade his mother receive all these from Johnnie. The gift came unaccompanied by a single word to identify the giver. Mrs. Lithgow sat down again in her chair, subdued and silent, and Menie had discernment enough to see the bitter tears of disappointed hope that gathered in the mother's eyes; but she said nothing, either of comment or complaint, till the slow business-like examination with which

Nelly began to turn over these anonymous gifts, startled into sudden provocation and anger the excitement which, but for pride and jealous regard that no one should have a word to say against her son, would fain have found another channel.

"Eh! Mrs. Lithgow, isn't it bonnie?" cried simple little July Home, as she smoothed down with her hand the glistening folds of silk. Mrs. Lithgow had laid violent hands upon it, to thrust it back into the box out of Nelly's way; but as July spoke, her own womanish interest was roused, and now, when the first shock had passed, the tears in the widow's eyes grew less salt and bitter; she looked at the beautiful fabric glistening in the light—she looked at the little pile of bright ribbons—at the warm comfortable shawl, and her heart returned to its first flush of thankfulness and content.

"It's far owre grand for the like of me," she said at last; "it would be mair becoming some of you young ladies; but a young lad's no to be expected to ken about such things; and he's bought it for the finest he could get, and spent a lock of siller on't to pleasure his mother. I'm no surprised mysel—it's just like his kind heart; but there's few folk fit to judge

my Johnnie; he was never like other callants a' his days."

But still Mrs. Lithgow could not bear Nelly's slow matter-of-fact perusal, and comment on her new treasures. She put them up, one by one, restored them to the box, and carried it away to her own room in her own arms, to be privately wept and rejoiced over there.

"Randall never sent home anything like you," said July softly to herself, as they returned to Burnside, "and Randall was clever before Johnnie Lithgow. I wonder he never had the thought."

"Randall knows better," said Menie. "When Randall sends things, he sends becoming things; it's only you, July, that have not the thought: if Johnnie Lithgow had been wise, he would not have sent such presents to Kirklands."

But just then a line of a certain favourite song crossed Menie's mind against her will—"Wisdom's sae cauld;" and July looked down upon her own printed frock, and thought a silken gown, like Johnnie Lithgow's present, might be a very becoming thing. At seventeen—even at twenty—one appreciates a piece of kindly folly fully better than an act of wisdom.

CHAPTER VIII.

But Menie Laurie was by no means satisfied that even simple little July should make comparison so frequent between Randall, her own hero, and the altogether new and sudden elevation of Johnnie Lithgow. Johnnie Lithgow might be very clever, might be a newspaper conductor, and a rising man; but Randall—Randall, in spite of the little chilliness of that assumed superiority which could think humiliation necessary to bring his youthful countryman down—in spite of Menie's consciousness that there lacked something of the frank and generous tone with which one high spirit should acknowledge the excellence of another—Randall was still the ideal genius, the something so far above "clever," that Menie felt him insulted by praise so mean as this word implied.

There was little time for speculation on the subject, yet many a mood of Menie's was tinged by its passing gleam, for Menie sometimes thought her betrothed unappreciated, and was lofty and scornful, and disposed in his behalf to defy all the world. Sometimes impatient of the estimation, which, great though it was, was not great enough, Menie felt not without a consoling self-satisfaction that she alone did Randall perfect justice. Johnnie Lithgow!—what though he did write articles! Menie was very glad to believe, condescendingly, that he might be clever, but he never could be Randall Home.

"You'll hae heard the news," said Miss Janet, sitting very upright in one of the Burnside easy-chairs, with her hands crossed on her knee; "they say that you and our Randall, Miss

Menie, my dear, were the first, between you, to carry word of it to his mother, and her breaking her heart about her son. But Mrs. Lithgow's gotten a letter from Johnnie noo, a' about how grand he is—and I hear he's paying a hail guinea by the week for his twa rooms, and seeing a' the great folk in the land—no to say that he's writing now the paper he ance printed, and is great friends with our Randy. Randy was aye awfu' particular of his company. I was saying mysel it was the best sign I heard of Johnnie Lithgow that Randall Home was taking him by the hand; I'm no meaning pride, Mrs. Laurie. I'm sure I ken so weel it's a' his ain doing, and the fine nature his Maker gave him, that I aye say we've nae right to be proud; but it would be sinning folks' mercies no to ken—and I never saw a lad like Randall Home a' my days."

Menie said nothing in this presence. Shy at all times to speak of Randall—before her own mother and his aunt—it was a thing impossible, but she glanced up hastily with glowing eyes, and a flush of sudden colour, to meet Miss Janet's look. Miss Janet's face was full of affectionate pride and tenderness, but the good simple features had always a little cloud of humility and deprecation hovering over them. Miss Janet knew herself liable to attack on many points, knew herself very homely, and not at all worthy of the honour of being Randall's aunt, and had been snubbed and put down a great many times in the course of her kindly life—so Miss Janet was wont to deliver her modest sentiments with a little air of half-troubled propitiatory fear.

Mrs. Laurie made little response. She was busy with her work at the moment, and, not without little angles of temper for her own share, did not always quite join in this devout admiration of Randall Home. Menie, "thinking shame," said nothing either, and in the momentary silence which ensued, Miss Janet's heart rose with a flutter of apprehension; she feared she had said something amiss—too much or too little; and Miss Janet's cheeks grew red under the abashed eyes which she bent so anxiously over the well-known pattern of Mrs. Laurie's carpet.

"I'm feared you're thinking it's a' vain glory that gars me speak," said Miss Janet, tracing the outline with her large foot; "and it's very true that ane deceives ane's-ael in a thing like this; but it's no just because he's our Randall, Mrs. Laurie; and it's no that I'm grudging at Johnnie Lithgow for being clever—but I canna think he's like my ain bairn."

"A merry little white-headed fellow, with a wisp of curls," said Mrs. Laurie, good-humouredly—"No, he's not like Randall, Miss Janet—I think I'll answer for that as well as you; but we'll see them both, very likely, when we get to London. Strange things happen in this world," continued Menie's mother, drawing herself up with a little conscious pride and pique, which the accompanying smile showed her own half amusement with. "There's young Walter Wellwood of Kirkland will never be anything but a dull country gentleman, though he comes of a clever family, and has had every advantage; and here is a boy out of Kirklands parish-school taking up literature and learning at his own hand!"

Miss Janet was slightly disturbed, and looked uneasy. Randall too had begun his career in the parish school of Kirklands: there was a suspicion in this speech of something derogatory to him.

"But the maister in Kirklands is very clever, Mrs. Laurie," said Miss Janet anxiously; "he makes grand scholars. When our Randall gaed to the grammar-school in Dumfries, the gentlemen a' made a wonder of him; and for a' his natural parts, he could na have gotten on so fast without a guid teacher; and it's no every man *could* maister Randy. I mind at the time the gentlemen couldna say enough to commend the Dominie. I'll warrant they a' think weel of him still on account of his guid success, and the like of him deserves to get credit with his laddies. I'm sure Johnnie Lithgow, having had nae other instruction, should be very grateful to the maister."

"The maister will be very proud of him," said Menie; "though they say in Kirklands that ever so many ministers have been brought up in the school. But never mind Johnnie

Lithgow—everybody speaks of him now; and, mother, you were to tell Miss Janet about when we are going away."

"I think John will never look out of the end window mair," said Miss Janet. "I can see he's shifting his chair already—him that used to be so fond of the view; and I'm sure I'll be very dreary mysel, thinking there's naeboddy I ken in Burnside; but what if you dinna like London, Mrs. Laurie? It's very grand, I believe, and you've lived in great towns before, and ken the ways of the world better than the like of me; but after a country life, I would think ane would weary of the toun; and if you do, will you come hame?"

Mrs. Laurie shook her head. "I was very well content in Burnside," she said. "With my own will I never would have left it, Miss Janet; but I go for good reasons, and not for pleasure; and my reasons will last, whether I weary or no. There's Menie must get masters, you know, and learn to be accomplished—or Miss Annie Laurie will put her to shame."

"I dinna ken what she could learn, for my part," said Miss Janet affectionately, "nor how she could weel be better or bonnier, for a'boddy can see the genty lady-breeding Miss Menie's got; and there's naeboddy atween this and the hills needs to be telt of the kind heart and the pleasant tongue, and the face that every creature's blithe to see; and I'm sure I never heard a voice like her for singing; and a' the grand tunes she can play, and draw landscapes, and work ony kind of bonnie thing you like to mention. Didna you draw a likeness of Jenny, Miss Menie, my dear? And I'm sure yon view you took from the tap of our hill is just the very place itsel—as natural as can be; and, for my part, Mrs. Laurie, I dinna ken what mortal could desire for her mair."

Mrs. Laurie smiled; but the mother was not displeased, though she did think it possible still to add to Menie's acquirements, if not to her excellence; and Menie herself went off laughing and blushing, fully resolved in her own mind to destroy forthwith that likeness wherein poor Jenny's "high shouter" figured with an emphasis and distinctness extremely annoying

to the baffled artist, whose pencil ran away with her very often in these same much-commended drawings, and who was sadly puzzled in most cases how to make two sides of anything alike. And Menie knew her tunes were anything but grand, her landscapes not at all remarkable for truth—yet Menie was by no means distressed by Miss Janet's simple-hearted praise.

The evening was spent in much talk of the departure. July Home had followed her aunt, and sat in reverential silence listening to the conversation, and making a hundred little confidential communications of her own opinion to Menie, which Menie had some trouble in reporting for the general good. It was nine o'clock of the moonlight April night when the farmer of Croftmill came to escort his "womankind" home. The clear silent radiance darkened the distant hills, even while it lent a silver outline to their wakeful guardian range, and Menie came in a little saddened from the gate, where the father of her betrothed had grasped her hand so closely in his good-night. "No mony mair good-nights now," said John Home. "I'll no get up my heart the morn, though it is the first day of summer. You should have slipped up the hill the night to gather the dew in the morning, May; but I'll learn to think the May mornings darker than they used to be, when your ain month takes my bonnie lassie from Burnside. Weel, weel, ane's loss is another's gain; but I grudge you to London smoke, and London crowds. You must mind, May, my woman, and keep your hame heart."

Your home heart, Menie—your heart of simple trust and untried quiet. Is it a good wish, think you, kind and loving though the wisher be? But Menie looks up at the sky, with something trembling faintly in her mind, like the quiver of this charmed air under the flood of light—and has note of unknown voices, faces, visions, coming in upon the calm of her fair youth, unknown, unfear'd; and so she turns to the home lights again, with nothing but the sweet thrill of innocent expectation to rouse her, secure in the peace and tranquil serenity of this home heart of hers,

which goes away softly, through the moonlight and the shadow, through the familiar gloom of the little hall, and into the comforts of the mother's parlour, singing its song of conscious happiness under its breath.

CHAPTER IX.

Left behind! July Home has dried her eyes at last; and out of many a childish fit of tears and sobbing, suddenly becomes silent like a child, and, standing on the road, looks wistfully after them, with her lips apart, and her breast now and then trembling with the swell of her half-subsided grief. The gentle May wind has taken out of its braid July's brown silky hair, and toys with it upon July's neck with a half derisive sympathy, as a big brother plays with the transitory sorrow of a child. But the faint colour has fled from July's cheek, except just on this one flushed spot where it has been resting on her hand; and with a wistful longing, her young innocent eyes travel along the vacant road. No one is there to catch this lingering look; and even the far-off sound, which she bends forward to hear, has died away in the distance. Another sob comes trembling up—another faint swell of her breast, and quiver of her lip—and July turns sadly away into the forsaken house, to which such a sudden air of emptiness and desolation has come; and, sitting down on the carpet by the window, once more bends down her face into her hands, and cries to her heart's content.

There is no change in the parlour of Burnside—not a little table, not a single chair has been moved out of its place; yet it is strange to see the forlorn deserted look which everything has already learned to wear. Mrs. Laurie's chair gapes with its open empty arms—Menie's stool turns drearily towards the wall—and the centre table stands out chill and prominent, cleared of all kindly litter, idle and presumptuous, the principal object in the room, no longer submitting to be drawn about here and there, to be covered or uncovered for anybody's pleasure. And, seated close into the window which commands the road, very silent and upright, shawled and bonneted, sits Miss Janet Home, who, perchance, since she neither rebukes nor comforts poor little weep-

ing July, may possibly be crying too.

And Jenny's busy feet waken no home-like echoes now in the bright kitchen, where no scrutiny, however keen, could find speck or spot to discredit Jenny. Instead of the usual genius of the place, a "strange woman" rests with some apparent fatigue upon the chair by the wall which flanks Jenny's oaken table, and, wiping her forehead as she takes off her bonnet, eyes at a respectful distance the fire, which is just now making a valorous attempt to keep up some heartiness and spirit in the bereaved domain which misses Jenny. The strange bonnet, with its gay ribbons, makes a dull reflection in the dark polish of the oak, but the warm, moist hand of its owner leaves such a mark as no one ever saw there during the reign of Jenny; and Jenny would know all her forebodings of destruction to the furniture in a fair way for accomplishment, could she see how the new tenant's maid, sent forward before her mistress to take possession, spends her first hour in Burnside.

But Jenny, far off and unwitting, full of a child's simplicity of wonder and admiration—yet sometimes remembering, with her natural impatience, that this delight and interest does not quite become her dignity—travels away—to Dumfries—to Edinburgh—to the new world, of which she knows as little as any child. And Menie Laurie, full of vigorous youthful spirits, and natural excitement, forgets, in half an hour, the heaviness of the leave-taking, and manages, with many a laugh and wreathed smile, to veil much wonder and curiosity of her own, under the unweillable exuberance of Jenny's. Mrs. Laurie herself, clouded and careworn though she looks, and dreary as are her backward glances to the familiar hills of her own country, clears into amusement by-and-by; and the fresh Mayday has done its work upon them all, and brightened the little party into univer-

sal smiles and cheerfulness, before the journey draws towards its end, and weariness comes in to restore the quiet, if not to restore the tears and sadness, with which they took their leave of home.

"And this is the main street, I'll warrant," said Jenny, as Menie led her on the following morning over the bright pavement of Princes Street; "and I would just like to ken, Miss Menie, what a' thae folks doing out-by at this time of the day? Business? havers! I'm no that great a bairn that I dinna ken the odds between a decent woman gaun an errand, and idle folk wandering about the street. Eh! but they are even-down temptations thae windows! The like of that now for a grand gown to gang to parties! And I reckon ye'll be seeing big folk yonder-away—and the Englishers are awfu' hands for grand claes. I dinna think ye've onything noo ye could see great company in, but that blue thing you got a twelvemonth since, and twa-three bits of muslin. Eh! Miss Menie, bairn, just you look at that!"

And Menie paused, well pleased to look, and admired, if not so loudly, at least with admiration quite as genuine as Jenny's own. But as they passed on, Jenny's captivated eyes found every shop more glorious than the other, and Jenny's eager hands had fished out of the narrow little basket she carried, a long narrow purse of chamois leather, in which lay safe a little bundle of one pound notes, prisoned in the extreme corners at either end. Jenny's fingers grew nervous as they fumbled at the strait enclosure wherein her humble treasure was almost too secure, and Jenny was tremulously anxious to ascertain which of all these splendours Menie liked best, a sublime purpose dawning upon her own mind the while. And now it is extremely difficult to draw Jenny up the steep ascent of the Calton Hill, and fix her wandering thoughts upon the scene below. It is very fine, Jenny fancies; but after all, Jenny, who has been on terms of daily intimacy with Criffel, sees nothing startling about Arthur's Seat—which is only, like its southland brother, "a muckle hill"—whereas not even the High Street of Dumfries holds any faintest shadowing of the glory of these Princes Street

shops; and Jenny's mind is absorbed in elaborate calculations, and her lips move in the deep abstraction of mental arithmetic, while still her fingers pinch the straitened corners of the chamois-leather purse.

"I'll can find the house grand mysel. I ken the street, and I ken the stair, as weel as if I had lived in't a' my days," says Jenny eagerly. "Touts, bairn! canna ye let folk abee? I would like to hear wha would fash their heads with Jenny—and I saw a thing I liked grand in ane of thae muckle shops. Just you gang your ways hame to your mamma, Miss Menie; there's nae fears of me."

"But, Jenny, I'll go with you and help you to buy," said Menie. "I would like to see into that great shop mysel."

"Ye'll see't another time," said Jenny, coaxingly. "Just you gang your ain gate, like a good bairn, and let Jenny gang hers ance in her life. I'll let you see what it is after I've bought it—but I'm gaun my lane the now. Now, Miss Menie, I'm just as positive as you. My patience!—as if folk couldna be trusted to ware their ain siller—and the mistress waiting on you, and me kens the house better than you! Now you'll just be a good bairn, and I'll take my ain time, and be in in half an hour."

Thus dismissed, Menie had no resource but to betake herself with some laughing wonder to the lodging where Mrs. Laurie rested after the journey of yesterday; while Jenny, looking jealously behind her to make sure that she was not observed, returned to a long and loving contemplation of the brilliant silk gown which had caught her fancy first.

"I never bought her onything a' her days, if it wasna ance that bit wee coral necklace, that she wore when she was a little bairn—and she aye has it in her drawer yet, for puir auld Jenny's sake," mused Jenny at the shop window, "and I'm no like to need muckle siller mysel, unless there's some sair downcome at hand. I wouldna say but I'll be feared at the price, wi' a' this grand shop to keep up—but I think I never saw onything sae bonnie, and I'll just get up a stout heart, and gang in and try."

But many difficulties beset this

daring enterprise of Jenny's. First, the impossibility of having brought to her the one magnificent gown of gowns—then a fainting of horror at the price—then a sudden bewilderment and wavering, consequent upon the sight of a hundred others as glorious as the first. While Jenny mused and pondered with curved brow and closed lips, two or three very fine gentlemen, looking on with unrestrained amusement, awoke her out of her deliberations, and out of her first awe of themselves, into a very distinct and emphatic puff of resentment, and Jenny's decision was made at last somewhat abruptly, in the midst of a smothered explosion of laughter, which sent her hasty short steps pattering out of the shop in intense wrath. But in spite of Jenny's expanded nostrils, and scarcely restrainable vituperation, Jenny carried off triumphantly, in her arms, the gown of gowns; and Jenny's indignation did not lessen the swell of admiring pride with which she contemplated, pressed to her bosom tenderly, the white paper parcel in which her gift lay hid.

"Ye'll let me ken how you like this, Miss Menie," said Jenny, peremptorily thrusting the parcel into Menie's hand, at the door of her mother's room; "and see if some of your grand London mantua-makers canna make such a gown out of it as you might wear ony place. Take it ben—I'm no wanting ye to look at it here."

"But what is it?" asked Menie, wonderingly.

"You have naething ado but open it and see," was the answer; "and ye can put it on on your birthday if you like—that's the tenth of next month—there's plenty of time to get it made—and I'll gang and ask thae strange folk about the dinner mysel."

But neither message nor voice could reach Jenny for a full hour thereafter. Jenny was a little afraid of thanks, and could not be discovered in parlour or kitchen, though the whole "flat" grew vocal with her name. Penetrating at last into the depths of the dark closet where Jenny slept, Menie found her seated on her trunk, with her fingers in her ears; but this precaution had evidently been quite ineffectual so

far as Jenny's sharp sense of hearing was concerned. Menie Laurie put her own arms within the projected arm of the follower of the family, and drew her away to her mother's room. Like a culprit, faintly resisting, Jenny went.

"I'm sure if I had kent ye would have been as pleased," said Jenny, when she had in some degree recovered herself, "ye might have gotten ane long ago; but ye'll mind Jenny when you put it on, and I'm sure it's my heart's wish baith it and you may be lang to the fore, when Jenny's gane and forgotten out o' mind. 'Deed ay, it is very bonnie. I kent I was a gey guid judge mysel, and it was the first ane I lighted on, afore we had been out of the house ten minutes—it's been rinnin in my head ever since then."

"But, Jennie, it must have been very expensive," said Mrs. Laurie, quickly.

"I warrant it was nae cheaper than they could help," said Jenny. "Eh! mem, the manners of them—and a' dressed out like gentlemen, too. I thought the first ane that came to me was a placed minister, at the very least; and to see the breeding of them, nae better than as many hinds! Na, I would like to see the cottar lad in a' Kirklands that would have daured to make his laugh of me!"

A few days' delay in Edinburgh gave Mrs. Laurie space and opportunity of settling various little matters of business, which were necessary for the comfort of their removal; and then the little family embarked in the new steamer, which had but lately superseded the smack, with some such feelings of forlornness and excitement as Australian emigrants might have in these days. Jenny set herself down firmly in a corner of the deck, with her back against the bulwark of the ship, and her eyes tenaciously fixed upon a coil of rope near at hand. Jenny had a vague idea that this might be something serviceable in case of shipwreck, and with jealous care she watched it; a boat, too, swayed gently in its place above her—there was a certain security in being near it; but Jenny's soul was troubled to see Menie wandering hither and thither upon the sunny deck, and her mother quietly reading by the

cabin door. Jenny thought it something like a tempting of Providence to read a book securely in this frail ark, which a sudden caprice of uncertain wind and sea might throw in a moment into mortal peril.

But calm and fair as over May-day shone, this quiet morning brightened into noon, and their vessel rustled bravely through the Firth, skirting the southern shore. Past every lingering suburban roof—past the sea-bathing houses, quiet on these sands—gliding by the foot of green North-Berwick Law—passing like a shadow across the gloomy Bass, where it broods upon the sea, like a cairn of memorial stones over its martyrs dead—past the mouldering might of old Tantallon, sending a roll of white foam up upon those little coves of Berwickshire, which here and there open up a momentary glimpse of red-roofed fisher-houses, and fisher cobbles resting on the beach under shelter of the high braes and fretted rocks of the coast. Menie Laurie, leaning over the side, looks almost wistfully sometimes at those rude little houses, lying sorene among the rocks like a sea-bird's nest. Many a smuggler's romance—many a story of shipwreck and daring bravery must dwell about this shore; the young traveller only sees how the tiled roof glows against the rock which lends its friendly support behind—how the stony path leads downward to the boat—how the wife at the cottage door looks out, shading her eyes with her hands, and the fisher bairns shout along the sea margin where only feet amphibious could find footing, and clap their hands in honour of the new wonder, still unfamiliar to their coast.

Something chill comes over Menie as her eye lingers on these wild rock-cradled hamlets, so far apart from all the world. Stronger waves of the ocean are breaking here upon the beach, and scarcely a house among them has not lost a father or son at sea; yet there steals a thrill of envy upon the young voyager as one by one they disappear out of her sight. So many homes, rude though their kind is, and wild their place—but as for Menie Laurie, and Menie Laurie's mother, they are leaving home behind.

And now the wide sea sweeps into the sky before them—the northern line of hills receding far away among the clouds, and fishing boats and passing vessels speck the great breadth of water faintly, with long distances between, and an air of forlorn solitude upon the whole. And the day wanes, and darkness steals apace over the sky and sea. Landward born and landward bred, Jenny sets her back more firmly against the bulwark, and will not be persuaded to descend, though the night air is chill upon her face. Jenny feels some security in her own vigilant unwavering watch upon those great folds of sea-water—those dark cliffs of Northumberland—those fierce castles glooming here and there out from the gathering night. If sudden squall or tempest should fall upon this quiet sea, Jenny at least will have the earliest note of it, and with an intense concentration of watchfulness she maintains her outlook; while Mrs. Laurie and Menie, reluctantly leaving her, lie down, not without some kindred misgivings, to their first night's rest at sea.

CHAPTER X.

A second night upon these untrusted waters found the travellers a little less nervous and timid, but the hearts of all lightened when the early sunshine showed them the green flat river banks on either side of their cabin windows. Menie, hurrying on deck, was the first to see over the flat margin and glimmering reach the towers of Greenwich rising against its verdant hill. The sun was dancing on

the busy Thames; wherries, which Menie's eyes followed with wonder—so slight and frail they looked—shot across the river like so many flying arrows; great hay barges, heavy with their fragrant freight, and gay with brilliant colour, blundered up the stream midway, like peasants on a holiday; and high and dark, with their lines of little prison-windows, these great dismasted wooden castles

frowned upon the sunny water, dreary cages of punishment and convict crime. Then came the houses, straggling to the river's edge—then a passing glimpse of the great strong-ribbed bony skeletons which by-and-by should breast the sea-waves proudly, men-o'-war—then the grand placid breadth of the river palace, with the light lying quietly in its green quadrangle, and glimpses of blue sky, relieving its cloistered fair arcade. Further on and further, and Jenny rubs her wide awake but very weary eyes, and shakes her clenched hand at the clumsy colliers and enterprising sloops which begin to shoot across "our boat's encumbered way; and now we strike into the very heart of a maze of ships, built in rank and file against the river's side, and straying about here and there, even in the mid course of the stream: almost impossible, Menie, to catch anything but an uncertain glimpse of these quaint little wharfs, and strange small old-world gables, which grow like so many fungi at the water's edge; but yonder glows the golden ball and cross—yonder rises the world-famed dome, guardian of the world's chiefest city—and there it fumes and frets before us, stretching upward far away—far beyond the baffled horizon line, which fades into the distance all chafed and broken with crowded spires and roofs—London—Babylon—great battleground of vexed humanity—the crisis scene of Menie Laurie's fate.

But without a thought or fear of anything like fate—only with some fluttering expectations, tremors, and hopes, Menie Laurie stood upon the steamer's deck as it came to anchor slowly and cumbrously before the vociferous pier. In presence of all this din and commotion, a silence of abstraction and reverie wrapt her, and Menie looked up unconsciously upon the flitting panorama which moved before her dreamy eyes. Mrs. Laurie's brow had grown into curves of care again, and Jenny, jealous and alert, kept watch over the mountain of luggage which she had piled together by many a strenuous tug and lift—for Jenny already meditated kilt-ing up her best gown round her waist, and throwing off her shawl to leave her sturdy arms unfettered, for the

task of carrying some of these trunks and lighter boxes to the shore.

"Keep me, what's the folk wanting yonder?" said Jenny; "they canna be a' waiting for friends in the boat; and I reckon the captain durstna break the mail-bags open, so it canna be for letters. Eh, Miss Menie, just you look up there at that open in the houses—what an awfu' crowd's up in yon street! What'll be ado? I've heard say there's aye a great fire somegate in London, and folk aye troop to see a fire—but then they never happen but at night. My patience! what can it be?"

Whatever it is, Menie's eye has caught something less distant, which wakes up her dreaming face like a spell. While Jenny gazes and wonders at the thronging passengers of the distant street, Menie's face floods over with a flush of ruddy light like the morning sky. Her shy eyelids droop a moment over the warm glow which sparkles under them—her lips move, breaking into a host of wavering smiles—her very figure, slight and elastic, expands with this thrill of sudden pleasure. Your mother there looks gravely at the shore—a strange, alien, unkindly place to her—and already anticipates, with some care and annoyance, the trouble of landing, and the delay and farther fatigue to be encountered before her little family can reach their new home; and Jenny is uttering a child's wonders and surmises by your side—what is this, Menie Laurie, that makes the vulgar pier a charmed spot to you?

Only another eager face looking down—another alert animated figure pressing to the very edge—impatient hands thrusting interposing porters and cabmen by—and eyes all aglow with loving expectation, searching over all the deck for the little party which they have not yet descried. Involuntarily Menie raises her hand, her breath comes quick over her parted lips, and in her heart she calls to him with shy joy. He must have heard the call, surely, by some art magic, though the common air got no note of it, for see how he bends, with that sudden flush upon his face; and Menie meets the welcoming look, the keen gaze of delight and satisfaction, and lays her hand upon her mother's

arm timidly, to point out where Randall Home waits for them; but he does something more than wait—and there is scarcely possibility of communication with the crowded quay, as these unaccustomed eyes are inclined to fancy, when a quick step rings upon the deck beside them, and he is here.

But Menie does not need to blush for her betrothed—though those shy bright eyes of hers, wavering up and down with such quick unsteady glances, seem to light into richer colour every moment the glow upon her cheeks—for Randall is a true son of John Home of Crofthill, inheriting the stately figure—the high-crested head, with its mass of rich curls—the blue, clear, penetrating eyes. And Randall bears these natural honours with a grace of greater refinement, though a perfectly cool spectator might think, perchance, that even the more conspicuous dignity of the gentleman son did not make up for the kindly gleam which takes from the farmer father's blue eyes all suspicion of coldness. But it is impossible to suspect coldness in Randall's glance now—his whole face sparkles with the glow of true feeling and genuine joy. The one of them did not think the other beautiful a few days—a few hours—ago, even with all the charm of memory and absence to make them fair—and neither are beautiful, nor near it, to everyday eyes; but with this warm light on them—happy, and true, and pure—they are beautiful to each other now.

"Weel, I wadna say there was mony like him, 'specially amang thes English, after a'," said Jenny, under her breath.

"What do you say, Jenny?" Mrs. Laurie, who has already had her share of Randall's greetings, and been satisfied therewith, thinks it is something about the luggage—which luggage, to her careful eyes, comes quite in the way of Randall Home.

"I was saying—well, 'deed its nae matter," said Jenny, hastily recollecting that her advice had not been asked before Menie's engagement, and that she had never deigned to acknowledge any satisfaction with the same, "but ust it's my hope there's to be some safer gate ashore than yon. Eh, my

patience! if it's no like a drove of wild Irish a' pouring down on us? But I would scarce like to cross the burn on that bit plank, and me a' the boxes to carry. I needna speak—the mistress pays nae mair heed to me; but, pity me! we're no out of peril yet—they'll sink the boat!"

And Jenny watched with utter dismay the flood of invading porters and idle loungers from the quay, and with indignation looked up to, and apostrophised, the careless captain on the paddle-box, who could coolly look on and tolerate this last chance of "sinking the boat." From these terrors, however, Jenny was suddenly awakened into more active warfare. A parcel of these same thronging mercenaries assailed her own particular pile of trunks and boxes, and Jenny, furious and alarmed, flew to the defence.

But by-and-by—a tedious time to Mrs. Laurie, though it flew like an arrow over the heads of Randall and Menie, and over Jenny's fierce contention—they were all safely established at last in a London hackney coach, with so much of the lighter luggage as it could or would convey. Randall had permission to come to see them that very night, so nothing farther was possible; he went away after he had lingered till he could linger no longer. Mrs. Laurie leaned back in her corner with a long-drawn sigh—Jenny, on the front seat, muttered out the conclusion of her fuff—while Menie looked out with dazzled eyes, catching every now and then among the stranger passengers a distant figure, quick and graceful; nor till they were miles away did Menie recollect that now this vision of her fancy could not be Randall Home.

Miles away—it was hard to fancy that through these thronged and noisy streets one could travel miles. Always a long array of shops and warehouses and dingy houses—always a pavement full and crowded—always a stream of vehicles beside their own in the centre of the way—now and then a break into some wider space, a square or cross, or junction of streets—here and there a great public building, or an old characteristic house, which Menie feels sure must be something notable, if anybody were by to

point it out. Jenny, interested and curious at first, is by this time quite stanned and dizzy, and now and then cautiously glances from the window, with a strong suspicion that she has been singled out for a mysterious destiny, and that the cab-driver has some desperate intention of maddening his passengers, by driving them round and round in a circle of doom through these bewildering streets. Nothing but the hum of other locomotion, the jolting din of their own, the jar over the stones of the causeway, the stream of passengers left behind, and houses gliding past them, give evidence of progress, till, by-and-by, the stream slackens, the noises decrease—trees break in here and there among the houses—dusty suburban shrubberies—villakins standing apart, planted in bits of garden-ground—and then, at last, the tired horse labours up a steep ascent; long palings, trees, and green slopes of land, reveal themselves to the eyes of the weary travellers, and, under the full forenoon sun, pretty Hampstead, eagerly looked for, appears through the shabby cab-windows, with London in a veil of mist lying far off at its feet.

Instinctively Mrs. Laurie puts up her hands to draw her veil forward, and straighten the edge of her travelling-bonnet—instinctively Menie looses the ribbons of hers, to shed back the hair from her flushed cheek. Jenny, not much caring what the inhabitants of Heathbank Cottage may think of her, only gathers up upon her knee a full armful of bags and baskets, and draws her breath hard—a note of anticipatory disdain and defiance—as she nods her head backward, with a toss of impatience upon the glass behind her. And now the driver looks back to point with his whip to a low house on the ascent before him, and demands if he is right in thinking this 'Eathbank. Nobody can answer; but, after a brief dialogue with the proprietor of a passing donkey, the cabman stirs his horse with a chirrup and a touch of the lash. It is 'Eathbank, and they are at their journey's end.

Home—well, one has seen places that look less like home. You can just see the low roof, the little bits of pointed gable, the small lattice win-

dows of the upper storey, above the thick green hawthorn hedge that closes round. A tall yew-tree looks out inquisitively over the hawthorns, pinched, and meagre, and of vigilant aspect, not quite satisfied, as it would seem, with the calm enjoyment of the cows upon this bank of grass without; but Jenny's heart warms to the familiar kye, which might be in Dumfriesshire—they look so home-like. Jenny's lips form into the involuntary "pruh." Jenny's senses are refreshed by the balmy breath of the milky mothers—and Menie's eyes rejoice over a glorious promise of roses and jasmine on yon sunny wall, and a whole world of clear unclouded sky and sunny air embracing yonder group of elm-trees. Even Mrs. Laurie's curved brow smoothes and softens—there is good promise in the first glance of Heathbank.

At the little gate in the hedge, Miss Annie Laurie's favourite serving-maiden, in a little smart cap, collar, and embroidered apron, which completely overpower and bewilder Jenny, stands waiting to receive them. Everything looks so neat, so fresh, so unsullied, that the travellers grow flushed and heated with a sudden sense of contrast, and remember their own travel-soiled garments and fatigued faces painfully; but Menie has only cast one pleased look upon the smooth green lawn which shrines the yew-tree—made one step upon the we'll-kept gravel path, and still has her hand upon the carriage-door, half turning round to assist her mother, when a sudden voice comes round the projecting bow window of Heathbank Cottage—a footstep rings on the walk, an appearance reveals itself in the bright air. Do you think it is some young companion whom your good aunt's kindness has provided for you, Menie—some one light of heart and young of life, like your own May-time? Look again, as it comes tripping along the path in its flowing muslin and streaming ringlets. Look and cast down your head, shy Menie, abashed you know not why—for what is this?

Something in a very pretty muslin gown, with very delicate lace about its throat and hands, and curls waving out from its cheeks. Look, too,

what a thin slipper—what a dainty silken stocking reveals itself under the half-transparent drapery! Look at these ringing metallic toys suspended from its slender waist, at the laced kerchief in its hand, at its jubilant pace—anywhere—anywhere but at the smile that fain would make sunshine on you—the features which wear their most cordial look of welcome. Menie Laurie's eyes seek the gravel path once more, abashed and irresponsive. Menie Laurie's youthful cheek reddens with a brighter colour; her hand is slow to detach itself from the carriage door—though Menie Laurie's grand-aunt flutters before her with out-stretched arms of gracious hospitality, inviting her embrace.

"My pretty little darling, welcome to Heathbank," says the voice; and the voice is not unpleasant, though it

is pitched somewhat too high. "Kiss me, love—don't let us be strangers. I expect you to make yourself quite at home."

And Menie passively and with humility submits to be kissed—a process of which she has had little experience hitherto—and stands aside, suddenly very much subdued and silent, while the stranger flutters into the carriage window to tender the same sign of regard to Menie's mother. Menie's mother, better prepared, maintains a tolerable equanimity; but Menie herself has been struck dumb, and cannot find a word to say, as she follows with a subdued step into the sacred fastnesses of Heathbank. The muslin floats, the ringlets wave, before the fascinated eyes of Menie, and Menie listens to the voice as if were all a dream.

D I V E S .

The Autumn winds are moaning drear
About the Hall,
The Autumn leaves are falling sere
Beneath the wall.
The rain is stayed, but one dull cloud
Hangs like a pall,
The branches groan, now low, now loud,
Around the Hall.

The Earth is very sad without,
The Heart within;
The cloud is meetly matched with doubt—
The cloud of sin—
Long like the leaves that fall about
Thy hopes have been.

The trees' green hopes may grow again—
What Spring is thine?
Thine cannot be like Nature's pain,
Though now she pine.
'Tis thine own choice thou hast enjoyed,
"Earth be thou mine!"
Earth cries in answer, waste and void,
"No longer thine!"

At length the belt of cloud is riven,
And drowns the fen;
Stretch forth thine hand, take what is given—
The tears of Earth, the frown of Heaven,
The hate of Men.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME—BY A FRENCHMAN ABROAD.

STEAM is working well and working wonders. Greater marvels even than railways at sixty miles an hour, and six-day trips across the Atlantic, are achieved by its agency. It is teaching Frenchmen to appreciate and admire England, and to view their near neighbours otherwise than through a mist of prejudices as dense as the fog in which they have long believed us to live eternally enveloped. They actually admit that the sun occasionally shines on Albion's capital—on Sundays, when the factory chimneys fame not, and, Anglicans eat cold dinners out of respect for the Sabbath. These new convictions are the triumph of steam. Vapour has dispelled fog.

Other facts besides journeys in twelve hours from Paris to London have concurred to enlighten the French. With the solitary exception of the eccentric Col. Sibthorp, nobody in the United Kingdom, we presume, will deny that the Exhibition of 1851 had an important effect in doing away with lingering national antipathies, and in raising this country and its people in the estimation of the whole Continent. With this fact is linked, as regards France, one still more important and influential. The French have lately been afflicted in a manner to them very unusual: they have been suffering from shame. The national *amour propre*, the easy, harmless, self-sufficiency which has carried them self-approvingly through so many trying and disastrous circumstances, has given way within the last half-dozen years. They have felt themselves sunk as a nation in the opinion of Europe. They are ashamed of that paltry juggle known as the February Revolution, when a few greedy and corrupt demagogues, backed by the scum of Paris, and favoured by the feebleness of the authorities and the inertness of the National Guard, ejected a dynasty, subverted the institutions of France, and commenced, by their impure rule, a period of anarchy, misery, and

bloodshed, terminating in despotism. They are ashamed of the saturnalia of the Provisional Government, and of the men they then allowed to lead them; they are bitterly mindful of the bloody massacres of June, whose extent none know or dare attempt to compute; they blush for the bear-garden parliaments of the Presidency, and they bow their heads with a feeling of merited humiliation under the present absolute regime. After thus passing from one evil to another, their latter state even worse than their first, until they at last find themselves stripped of even the shadow of the liberty for which they have so struggled and suffered, and compelled to admit that, for the time at least, despotism is their only salvation, they could hardly, in the respite afforded them from the cares of self-government, help being struck by their own contrast, with the neighbouring nation which had never enjoyed greater prosperity and internal peace than during the period of their lamentable depression. They have had innumerable opportunities of personally noting the difference. Exile for political causes, visits to persons so situated, and the attractions of the year 1851, have brought the French to our shores by tens of thousands. Amongst the multitude there could not fail to be intelligent and candid men, who, casting away stereotyped prejudices, and making use of their own powers of observation, recognised good where it really existed, and admired, above all, the spectacle, almost unknown in their own country, of a free people, flourishing under a constitutional government, obedient to the law, and devoted to the cause of order.

We have been accustomed to take up French books about England with much the same expectation with which we open a portfolio of caricatures and pictorial extravaganzas—looking more for amusement than for truth, for impertinence than for information.

The day will probably come when Frenchmen will be able to form and write as sensible an appreciation of England and the English as Mr. Max Schlesinger or any other soberly-judging intelligent German. Until that time arrives we are quite willing to accept good-humouredly, and to criticise leniently, as a step in the right direction, such volumes as that which has just reached us from Mr. Francis Wey, a French man of letters and a *feuilletoniste*, author of various philological works, narratives of travel, novels and tales. Indulgence should never be withheld from the man who writes frankly and kindly of a country where he has been kindly received, who seems glad to praise when his conscience permits him, and who, when he censures or ridicules, does it wittily and without malignity.

Unlike many of his countrymen, who, for some mysterious reason, visit London in its worst season, the autumn, Mr. Wey came to us in summer, when the town was full, the opera open, the clubs like beehives, the park brilliant. He came with an excursion train—with it, but not of it. His forty travelling-companions were to see London in a week; he proposed devoting seven times seven days to the same occupation. The time was short enough, he thought, to form anything like a settled opinion upon so great a country and a people. But who shall assign limits to human presumption? "I care little about monuments," said one of the hebdomadal tourists to him as they steamed up the Thames (the route that every foreigner coming to London for the first time should take), "one can see them everywhere. My aim, during our week's excursion, is thoroughly to investigate the manners (*les mœurs*) of the English, so as to be able to make up my mind concerning them." Mr. Wey was struck dumb by this astounding announcement. The pretension of acquiring a thorough knowledge of English usages and society during a week passed in a Leicester Square hotel, seemed to him, as well it might, ludicrously monstrous. On the other hand, his companion, whilst miscalculating possibilities, unquestionably started from a just idea; the best way of becoming acquainted with

England was to study the private life of the various classes of the English people and the internal mechanism of their civilisation. But how could the daring adventurer expect to complete such a study in a week, especially when he formed part of a sight-seeing expedition, organised for a gallop through all manner of curiosities, exhibitions, and public buildings? As if he read Mr. Wey's thoughts, the excursionist replied to them. "The time is short," he said; "the opportunities are few, but the object of study is everywhere. To observe, sir, one needs neither leisure, a guide, nor a guide-book. There are persons who would pass twenty years in London, and see less than others in twenty days. To observe requires an observer; just as to paint, you must have a painter; and time has nothing to do with the business. Besides, for him who can understand, everything narrates and describes; edifices explain institutions; the physiognomy of the streets, the gait of the passengers, are like certain effects whose causes one connects: everywhere symbols meet the eye, and the stones themselves have a language." These were old sentiments, but in rather a novel form, and hardly expected from the lips of a Parisian cockney, abroad for a week's holiday. They set Mr. Wey a-thinking, and helped him to a plan. His fellow-voyager's confidence gave him courage, and emboldened him to hope that forty-nine days, judiciously employed, might enable him to form sound notions of men and things English, and to avoid the errors and exaggerations so common amongst his countrymen. He resolved to profit, during the first week, by the rapidity and facilities of the organised excursion, to see sights and buildings; then to take up his quarters in an English family; deliver his letters of recommendation to persons of various classes and professions, and study the people he dwelt amongst. He carried out his plan, and acquired, he tells us, the conviction that England is very ill-appreciated, and very little known in France; a state of things which we are glad to think that every day is altering for the better. Such alterations cannot fail to be promoted by

books so well intended, and upon the whole so sensible as the one before us.

It were flattery to assure Mr. Wey that he has uniformly escaped errors whilst writing about a country in which he has made but one brief sojourn. But, although some of his blunders are laughable enough, not many of them are of the vulgar kind common to most Frenchmen who sketch England, and they are never of the wilful and ill-natured class that have their origin in illiberality and prejudice. The mistakes he falls into are such as a little reading and inquiry would have enabled him to avoid, and some are explained by his slight knowledge of the English language. On social matters, where he had opportunity of judging for himself, his remarks are generally extremely just. At some of his blunders it is impossible to help laughing, whilst wondering how he can have committed them, and suspecting that he must have been the victim of a hoax. Thus, for instance, when in the city of London, after describing corporate magnificence, the splendours of the aldermen and sheriffs, the Gothic and venerable privileges of the lord mayor, the liveries surpassing in gorgeousness those of the Marquis of Carabas, the gilt carriages and other antiquated pomps, now menaced by ruthless foes with speedy abolition, he gravely winds up with the following astounding piece of information:—"The power of the lord mayor is very extensive, and, when the throne is vacant, it is he who presides over the council of state until the proclamation of the new sovereign." Opening the book at random, and chancing upon this huge absurdity, one's first impulse would be either to pitch it into the fire, or to put it carefully by as an antidote to the blue devils, and a source of unextinguishable laughter. It would be wrong to judge it by such passages, which are of rare occurrence, and which the author might easily have avoided by reference to one of his English friends. Neither do we quarrel with the burlesque exaggerations of English foibles, which are more frequent than unintentional misstatements; for Mr. Wey is a decided humourist, unable

always to resist letting fly the shafts of his wit; and, moreover, his French readers would set him down as partial and unworthy of credit, did he not occasionally help them to a smile at Britannic peculiarities. Upon the other hand, he does not spare his own countrymen, to whom, at first starting, he gives a pretty smart lesson, reproaching them with their stay-at-home propensities, and with the disadvantages resulting from them. Thence, he says, proceeds their sole inferiority to other northern races; thence their numerous prejudices, the difficulties of their intercourse with other nations, their in-experthness as colonists, the narrow limits of their historical erudition, and most of the mistakes that embarrass their foreign policy. "English statesmen," he continues, "know the habitable world as well as our police agents know the quarters of Paris. If there be an example suited to inspire us with more adventurous tastes it is that of the people which, almost superstitiously national, has yet taken the entire globe for its country. Our nation, routed, by the railroad invasion, out of its habitual indifference to foreign countries, has invented a means of looking at everything and seeing nothing. Thanks to excursion trains, everybody will soon be able to boast of having been everywhere, and of knowing all that can be learned from *valets de place*, ignorant guides, incapable demonstrators, ever repeating the same tale, taking all persons to the same places, and regulating with absolute authority what is or is not to be seen." In England, Mr. Wey justly maintains, this system is more disadvantageous and objectionable than in any other country for persons desirous of becoming acquainted with its true physiognomy and characteristics. The study of a nation that lives principally at home, whose tastes are domestic, that prefers comfort to pleasure, and the cheerful fireside circle to the glare and excitement of theatres and coffeehouses, is necessarily more difficult than that of a people who are never so little at home as in their own houses, and whose favourite existence is out of doors and in public places.

His exordium concluded, Mr. Wey presents himself to us off Ramsgate—a town surrounded, he poetically informs us, by “villas thrown like flowers amidst tufts of trees. These cottages are called *tea-houses*.” It is twilight, and sunrise is at hand when he reaches “*Herneby*, a bathing town, completely reflected in the blue water, like an oriental city.” Why, Mr. Wey, did you not just now tell us that, “on this classic land of the positive and the real, truth is incompatible with poetical exaggerations and the artifices of composition”? Poor Herne Bay, the rejected of Cockneys, the pasture of Punch, an oriental city! You will next compare Gravesend to Venice. Avoid comparisons, we pray of you, and get us speedily into London streets. Your definition of the Thames is happier, and nearer to the truth. “From London to Gravesend the Thames is a port, in which the ships of all countries are drawn up by hundreds together. Below Gravesend it is an arm of the sea. From its source to London it is an arcadian stream, winding through meadows, and giving grace and freshness to parks. In London it is a quay serving as a warehouse, for the houses on the bank rise out of the mud, and communicate directly with the shipping. Between those quays of mud and water, there is a large street full of omnibusses and people; the omnibusses are steamboats, and the street is still the Thames.” Enraptured with the throng of vessels, masses of warehouses, spacious docks, and wonderful activity he on all sides beholds, our intelligent traveller approaches the end of his voyage. “It is nearly noon,” he says, “the sun silvers the coaly vapours that tarnish the azure of the sky.” This ambitious kind of metaphor is perilous, and apt to lead its perpetrator into incongruities. The balmy exhalations of the Pool have evidently an intoxicating effect upon his brain, and inspire him with preposterous comparisons. But that he seems to have had a quiet passage, we should suspect him to be under the influence of cold “brandies-and-waters,” prescribed by the considerate steward of the “City of Boulogne” as remedial to French stomachs under difficulties. He is obstinate in his orientalism.

Before coming to the Tower he discovers that London has “a sort of look of the East or of India. One thinks vaguely of Tyre, Carthage, the banks of the Ganges, the Dutch towns of the old Flemish painters, of mercantile America, of the fantastical and vaguely-seen cities of the country of the Chinese.” What a jumble of inapt similes. He will frequently take a Newcastle collier for a Maltese galley, or a Scotch steamer for a Spanish galleon. We are quite glad when we get him on *terra firma*, cursing the customhouse, and beg to chime in with his maledictions. “If ever it enters the head of some patient and benevolent tourist to celebrate the charms of the French customhouse, let him seek his inspiration in that of London; he could not do better. In France that institution is armed with the claws of the cat; to these the English customhouse adds the slowness of the boa digesting a meal. The little ceremony lasts but five or six hours, unless one lands on a Sunday, in which case one must wait for one’s baggage until the following day.” It is some years since we landed at London from the Continent, and then Mr. Wey’s complaint would have been perfectly justified by the tedious and unaccommodating arrangements of the customhouse; but there has been we believe, a recent change, and luggage is now examined on board the boats as they ascend the river. At the ports upon the coast, the passing of baggage is usually as rapid as in France. In all other respects there can be no comparison between the customhouses of the two countries. Mr. Wey is far too indulgent to his green-coated *douaniers*, when he ascribes to them the claws of the cat, whereas they are a compound of the lynx, the hyena, and the jackal. For incivility, rapacity, and wilful infliction of annoyance, we will back the French customhouses against any in the world. Complaints of them are so universal that it is surprising the superior authorities do not interfere to modify a system which must tend to make travellers to Germany and Switzerland prefer any route to those through France. The wretched sum annually raised by taxing tourists’ travelling-rugs and half-pounds of

cigars is certainly not for an instant to be weighed against the amount of disgust and annoyance occasioned by the inquisitorial insolence of the harpies of Calais and Boulogne. Upon the other hand, and not to blink our own faults whilst dwelling upon those of our neighbours, nothing can be more barbarous than to condemn travellers arriving in London on a Sunday, after a rough passage from the French or Flemish, Dutch or German coast, to pass four-and-twenty hours deprived of their baggage, and, as often happens in the case of foreigners in England for the first time, without even the change of linen, brush, and razor, which they would be suffered to take ashore in a carpet-bag.

To return, however, to Mr. Wey. On arriving at the Leicester Square caravanserai, where foreigners are accustomed to take refuge from the extravagant charges of native hotels, the excursionists were for sallying forth at once. They took possession of the guides, and rushed into the street in a body, gesticulating, talking loud, and attracting the attention of the passers-by. Deserting for a while their noisy society, Mr. Wey proceeded alone to the National Gallery. He is very severe, but not unjustly so, upon Trafalgar Square, its buildings, arrangements, and monuments. Whilst praising the architecture of London's streets and squares, he is pitiless with respect to that of its public edifices. "The Englishman," he says, with much show of reason, "thoroughly understands only the comfort of his interior. Certain splendid quarters, such as Portland Place and Belgrave Square, inhabited by private persons, are assemblages of palaces. Public buildings are in general less appropriate. Nothing can be more marked than this insufficiency in the case of the National Gallery—a meagre, cramped edifice, out of proportion, badly lighted, and surmounted by a little dome, which looks like a jockey-cap forgotten on a platform. It wants entirely rebuilding; it is not even large enough to accommodate the sculpture—and the two hundred and fourteen pictures it contains are crowded and badly hung." He blames the building and its arrangements, but greatly lauds the

pictures, many of which he names and criticises. Of the English painters whose works are there exhibited, he sets down Angelica Kauffmann, Lawrence, Wilkie, Reynolds, and Wilson, as artists of merit and talent; but in Hogarth he recognizes and admires a great genius, and speaks of him with enthusiasm. "William Hogarth," he says, "is too little known in France. He is a great artist, having a style of his own, and an incomparable art of composition. His touch is bold, significant, and free—his colouring vivid—and his brush as pliant as his wit is subtle and acute. Hogarth is the first of thoughtful and moralising painters. He has no master but Shakespeare. *Wilkie is but the moonlight of William Hogarth.*" The words we have italicised are a happy touch of criticism. When Borrow's Spanish adventures were published, a critic spoke of the book as a *Gil Blas in water-colours*. The figures of speech are of the same family. Hereabouts Mr. Wey was rejoined by the excursionists—an end, for that day, to quiet examination. They had scarcely entered, when they wished to depart. "We have not come to London to see pictures," quoth one, "we have plenty of those at the Louvre." And, whilst tumultuously departing, they said to each other—"These English know nothing of art; it is a pity!—how different from France! There is not a picture worth sixpence in the whole gallery." Mr. Wey amends his countrymen's ignorant verdict: "The National Gallery of London," he says, "is a precious jewel set in copper." A true enough definition, whose giver, faithful to his plan of passing his first week with his countrymen, and rattling through London's sights, allows himself to be dragged, full speed, to an endless variety of places, observing, however, upon the way, various things worth noting which escape his bustling and impatient companions. The beef-eaters at the Tower greatly divert him. "Do you recollect," he says, "the dress of Tyrrel, in *Les Enfants d'Edouard*? It is that of the guardians of the Tower of London: a square hat, adorned with a feather; dagger on hip; scarlet petticoat and jacket, clasping behind, with the arma

of England and Henry VIII.'s device wrought in gold, in the middle of the breast. They carry the Gothic halbert—and their false collars are their only link with the present century. It is Bluebeard turned porter." Proceeding through Wapping, when visiting the docks and the Tunnel, he is particularly shocked by the rags and wretchedness he beholds. "After seeing the rags of London, Callot appears to be the draughtsman of a fashion-book. A man thrusts himself head foremost into a network of tatters, seeks an issue for his four limbs, and considers himself dressed. There sometimes remains, of a pair of trousers, *nothing but a button-hole*; he philosophically puts it on." Pursuing this strain of humorous exaggeration, he returns to Leicester Square, and exhibits the excursionists preparing for the opera. It was a *Great extra night*—so said the four-foot-long placards. A certain number of tickets had been taken; the Frenchmen dined early, and were requested to dress themselves for the solemnity. Of what then took place, Mr. Wey gives the following ludicrous account:—

"When the moment for departure arrived, most of our countrymen, having brushed their left sleeve with their right, and their right with their left, declared themselves satisfied with their toilet. They uttered loud cries when informed that a morning costume was inadmissible, and that dress-coats were indispensable. Many Parisians are persuaded that, outside of Paris, the whole universe is the country. These artless persons had come dressed in a light paletot, with a *wide-awake* beaver for a head-dress. A fowling-piece or a fishing-rod was alone wanting to complete their costume.

"There was a prodigious demand for black trousers. Dark frocks had their skirts doubled and sewn back, so as to imitate dress-coats. The hotel was converted into a dressing-room.

"Is it possible,' a prudent gentleman said to me, 'that people can thus come to London in their dressing-gowns! For my part, I have always wherewith to make myself smart; one never knows what may happen.'

"A quarter of an hour later he

made his appearance shaved, gloved, and superbly attired in a magnificent blue silk waistcoat and a splendid scarf sprinkled with nasturtium-coloured spots.

"*'Ah mon Dieu!'* cried the guide, 'this gentleman will never be admitted. . . .'

"Really, unless I put on a low dress, . . . ?' replied the well-dressed man with much dignity.

"Sir, only black and white are admitted. Your waistcoat is blue, your cravat is shocking.'

"So the waistcoat had to be taken off, and the elegant scarf replaced by a white pocket-handkerchief folded cravat-wise.

"I must look hideous,' cried the patient.

"You look like somebody who has had leeches on his neck; but you are properly dressed.'

"When the caravan had satisfied etiquette, it was found that it had by no means sacrificed to the Graces: its appearance was simply burlesque."

The excursionists fagged through their week of laborious pleasure, and took their departure for that city whence no Frenchman, had he his free choice, would ever be long absent. Mr. Wey found himself alone in the World of London, and set about delivering his credentials. A friend had given him a letter of introduction to an English merchant, Sir William P—, *esquire* (like most of his countrymen, Mr. Wey finds an unaccountable difficulty in mastering the distinctions of English style and title), whose address was at the Reform Club. Two hours after he had left his card in Pall Mall his visit was returned, with an invitation to dine upon the morrow. Mr. Wey renders full justice to English cordiality and hospitality, "Nothing can be more courteous, obliging, and safe, than the social intercourse of the English. Their manner is simple, frank, obliging without obsequiousness, serviceable without pomp, and friendly without protestations." To meet his French guest, Sir William had an officer of the Guards and a literary man. "In England," says Mr. Wey, "one recognises military men by their gentleness of voice and manner, by a certain graceful bearing, and by the care they

take to abstain from any roughness or bluntness that might remind one of the barrack-room. Moreover, as these officers pass their leaves of absence travelling, and do duty in all the five divisions of the globe, they can talk of other things besides equipments, promotion, and forage." The side-blow is evidently for Mr. Wey's military countrymen, who, however gallant and efficient in the field, do not shine either by the elegance of their manners, the gentleness of their tone, or their general accomplishments and information. A graceful guardsman, who had made the tour of Europe, swore not at all, and smelt of *mille-fleurs*, must have struck Mr. Wey as the most extraordinary contrast to the usual run of French officers, loud voiced, untravelled, and usually redolent of the execrable weed dispensed to them by their national *regie de tabac*. The literary guest, happening to be well acquainted with Hungary, had been deputed thither, although not a professional journalist, by an important English newspaper, to watch the progress of the campaign and report upon it. His letters were, of course, to contain his own impressions, and the truth—as far as he could ascertain it—and they would regulate the opinions of the journal to which they were addressed. In this instance, as in many others, Mr. Wey is struck by the vast chasm that separates English and French ideas and usages. "If," he says, "a French newspaper were rich enough to incur such an expense as this, it would say to its correspondent: 'Go, examine, and cut up the Hungarians;' or, 'Observe every thing, and celebrate the heroism of Hungary.' But as for travelling four or five hundred leagues to form an opinion independent of and superior to party feeling—such a thing will never be witnessed in France. And why? Because if the opinion were contrary to that of the subscribers to the paper, they would cease to take it rather than modify their ideas. The Englishman seeks knowledge, we prefer discussion; truth serves him, passion flatters us." During the dinner, the conversation turned on the old animosity between France and England, which the English present spoke of as an antiquated prejudice, extinct

amongst all classes. On this side the Channel we believe it really is extinct; we are more than doubtful of its being equally so upon the other—at least amongst certain classes. Mingled in society, individuals of the two nations harmonise well; they smile at each other's peculiarities, but the smile is good-humoured, and, like many other opposites, they blend cordially enough. But the French have not completely got rid of their dislike to the English as a nation: in the first place, the majority have a sincere conviction, for which they are utterly unable to assign a foundation, of British perfidy; and then there are certain sore places that time as yet has but thinly skinned over, and a touch upon which stirs a Frenchman's bile as surely as a red rag irritates a fierce bull. Mont St. Jean and St. Helena are still ill-sounding names in their ears, notwithstanding England's generous efforts to obliterate their memory by the restoration of the hero's ashes, and by the little prominence she gives to her own glorious reminiscences. The French console themselves as best they may by execration of *Sire Hoodson Loffe*, and by the repetition of the two eternal hypotheses—*If* Grouchy had *but* come up—*if* the Prussians had *not* come up, the day was theirs. The greatest victories ever won might be turned into defeats by a single *if*. In the case of Waterloo the French have two, and are therefore entitled to reckon the battle as a double triumph. Mr. Wey is not a hero-worshipper, and his patriotism sits lightly enough upon him, as becomes his slightly scoffing temper; but even he bristles up at the name of Wellington, upon whose statues he revenges himself and his country, bringing to the task his utmost critical ability—for whose exercise, we regretfully confess, our sculptors and artists have given him but too good an opening. "Not to speak," he says, "of the quantity of streets that bear the name of Waterloo or that of Wellington, it is to be observed that the hero's bust is in every museum, in every library—I found it even in the venerable and Gothic halls of the *Bibliotheca Bodleiana* at Oxford. In front of the Bank of England, Wellington is represented on horseback

neither more nor less than a sovereign. But this is nothing. At the entrance of Hyde Park, at the extremity of a verdant lawn opposite to Lord Wellington's windows, Lord Wellington is represented naked, as Achilles, of colossal proportions. Achilles' legs are apart; with his left arm he presents a round buckler; about to hurl the dart, his formidable glance gives a terrible expression to his Anglo-Lacedemonian head. . . . All this flattery appeared insufficient. An equestrian statue at the bank, an allegorical statue in Hyde Park—busts everywhere—it was pretty well! The victor of Waterloo could see himself from his bedroom as Achilles, but he could not behold himself from the windows looking upon the street. Struck by this great inconvenience, some influential persons, patrons of a statuary in quest of a job, opened a subscription for a new monument to the old duke. A shower of gold was the reply to their appeal, and an equestrian statue was perched upon the triumphal arch in front of Apsley House (the Wellington hotel.). . . . This statue is so ridiculous, that the English themselves cannot look at it without laughing. The worst statue that has been seen in France in our time, that of the late duke of Orleans in the courtyard of the Louvre, was a masterpiece compared to this indecent caricature of the Duke of Wellington. An old French officer, who went with me to Hyde Park, examined the monument with gloom upon his brow; he cannot forget Waterloo. 'We are revenged,' he at last murmured, with a satisfied air. . . . In spite of the exaggerated honours thus clumsily rendered to a living man, ridicule never attained that sacred head. How different from France. . . . The Waterloo flourish of trumpets, sounded in London, everywhere, unremittingly and in every key, for thirty-eight years, diminishes the greatness of the English nation. This intoxication would seem more appropriate in the case of a people who, having never gained but one battle, could not recover from its surprise, or patiently wear a glory of which it had despaired."

We quite agree with Mr. Wey's implied opinion that in his country such

hero-worship as was offered to Wellington would have ended in the degradation of its deity. Raising statues to living men, however great their merits, is a hazardous experiment, apt to be attributed to adulation on the part of the projectors, and to cast ridicule on the person so honoured. And it is doubly hazardous in a country where such a strange fatality attaches to monuments of that kind, where some are perched upon the tops of columns, too high to be seen, and with lightning-conductors running up their backs; and where others, of which a nearer view is permitted us, are of such deplorable execution that we wish them further. To say nothing of minor failures and shortcomings, it may be safely averred that no city in the world, out of China, possesses three such specimens of bad taste in art as the Nelson column, the equestrian statue on Hyde Park arch, and that of George IV. in Trafalgar Square. They are almost enough to make us bow to the opinion somewhere expressed by Mr. Wey, that the English are a people to whom art is foreign. If we remember that designs for such monuments are usually submitted to committees or bodies of men supposed to be eminent for artistic taste and knowledge, we certainly obtain a very low standard for the national feeling and judgment in matters of art. An opportunity now occurs, in the monument to be raised to the memory of the defunct Exhibition, of partly redeeming past blunders. It remains to be seen what profit will be made of it. The safest plan, unquestionably, would have been to have accepted a piece of sculpture which has already gone through the ordeal of public opinion, and come out triumphantly. Nothing could be more suitable, as a record of the crystal glories of 1851, than a statue which was one of the most prominent and admired objects then exhibited. *Cœur-de-Lion* would have been a noble and appropriate memento of a remarkable event and year. It has been objected to, we believe, on account of its militant character, which elashes, it is said, with the eminently pacific nature of the gathering of nations intended to be recorded. The objection is trivial.

Strength and beauty, combined in the image of a king of Norman blood, it is true, but of thoroughly English heart and fame, would constitute no inappropriate emblem of an event of which England's power and the beauties of art were the two most prominent features. That sort of zeal for the fitness of things may be exaggerated, and we greatly doubt whether the projectors of the new monument—headed, we believe, by that distinguished civic functionary whom Mr. Wey has permitted to the occasional presidency of the Privy Council—will mend Marochetti, or get up anything half as fine as his statue of Richard. We sincerely wish they may, for we have plenty of sculptural monstrosities and commonplace statues disfiguring our streets and squares, and need not see another thrust into Hyde Park.

To return, however, to the Wellington worship. Cannot Mr. Wey, whom we do not proclaim a genius, but who is certainly, although sometimes more witty than wise, no fool, read the riddle for himself? We dare say not. His French vision needs the aid of English glasses. Ours are at his service, if he will condescend to avail himself of them. But those of almost any Englishman would do as well, and we are quite sure that his friend "Sir William P—, Esquire," or the fragrant guardsman, or the Hungarian correspondent, would have explained the matter to him, over the sherry cup he so warmly admires, just as we shall. "In France," he observes, "where the fear of ridicule is carried to an excess, no glory could have withstood such a regimen, or have passed with impunity through such deplorable manifestations." *That* we fully believe; and it is precisely because glory, as a Frenchman understands the word, was far from being the sole origin of the homage paid to Wellington, that the ridicule attaching to certain exaggerated manifestations did not touch him, and that he escaped unscathed even from his own statues. The hero-worship of which he was the object, was the expression of two feelings profoundly rooted in the hearts of Englishmen—feelings that, in no small degree have, contributed to England's greatness. It was the expression of gratitude for

services rendered, and of admiration of the steady and unswerving performance of duty. By no adroit flattery or personal fascinations did Wellington win the esteem, respect, and love which his countrymen took every means of testifying during his life, and which, upon his death, burst out in a demonstration such as was never before witnessed in this country. The Duke was unskilled in those arts by which Napoleon so well knew how to fetter a friend or win over an enemy. His nature did not lend itself to them. He was stern, severe, abrupt, laconic; although far from incapable of kind acts, there was no spontaneous flow of generosity in his character, which was essentially hard and rigid. But though he had possessed even fewer of the qualities which in most countries are almost indispensable to great popularity, he would have still attained this in England; for the two excellent reasons that no difficulties, however complicated, ever prevented his discriminating the path of honour and duty, and that no dangers, however great, ever deterred him from following it. More than "empty honours and loud huzzas," more than victories won and cities captured, are such qualities prized by the nation which you, Mr. Wey, flatteringly describe as "a large class of old scholars competing for the prize of good conduct."

After staring at the statues of his country's former antagonist, Mr. Wey felt desirous to see something of the soldiers who had done such great deeds under his command; and one morning, before going to visit Westminster Abbey, he walked down to St. James's Park with two or three friends, to see the guard relieved. He gives a humorous account of the impressions made upon him by the sight.

"It is difficult to believe how different everything is from France, as soon as one has crossed the Channel. In London, which is reached in a few hours, one feels at an enormous distance from Paris. The English regiments are so dissimilar to ours, that the difference strikes you even before you see them. The battalion was still concealed from us by the trees, when our astonishment was excited

by the singular noise that announced its approach. Imagine a sort of bear's dance, monotonous and frisking, played by a score of shrill fifes, the while that, upon the big drum, a man beats the time with the right hand, and, with his left, again decomposes it by whipping the sheepskin with a little broom. These harsh sounds mark the step for companies of infantry, whose scarlet coats, too short in the waist, are surmounted by enormous white epaulets.

"In ranks remarkably serried, these slender and extremely tall foot-soldiers advance, jogging their shoulders, with an undulation of the body which periodically follows the sound of the broom upon the drum. The chain of their schako rests between their lower lip and their chin, which inconveniences them, renders them motionless, and appears as odd as if they marched with a spoon balanced on their nose. Around the platoons are the officers and sergeants, all adorned with epaulets of heavy bullion, and carrying long canes with ivory knobs. The musket is carried conveniently, resting against the left breast, and slanted a little backwards. And so they pass us by, soldiers balancing their bodies, fifes squealing, and big drum playing rub-a-dub, with accompaniment of little broom."

Their first surprise over, the Frenchmen began to laugh and to talk of the African light infantry; and an English friend who accompanied them, and who took their mirth good-humouredly, admitted that he thought the little French infantrymen better for service, capable of enduring greater fatigue, and of putting up with worse rations. There is some truth in this: the English soldier is too much of a belly-god—too dependent upon his beef and beer, and apt to sink in spirits if long deprived of them; whereas the *brio* and natural vivacity of the Frenchman support him under much privation. That the Duke was thoroughly impressed with the importance of feeding his army well, is manifest from the tight hand he kept over the commissariat in the Peninsular War. His despatches show that there was no branch of the service upon which he more severely visited any dereliction of duty. On the other

hand, the Englishman's inconvenient dependence upon his "prog" is at least counterbalanced by the fact that the French soldier, brilliant in the advance, when once baffled, is disheartened and surely defeated, whilst of British troops it has been said, by the highest hostile authority, that "they know not when they are beaten." As to the stature of the Guards (whose thews and sinews, bone and muscle, Mr. Wey underrated if he supposes they are not in full proportion to their inches), we attach no more importance to it than to the additional height given to them by the bearskin that burdens their brows, and which however picturesque it may be considered to look in Birdcage Walk or St. James's Palace Yard, we sincerely trust will be exchanged for some more rational head-dress whenever the Households are again sent upon foreign service. "*C'est le cœur qui fait le grenadier*," Napoleon said, and the little *voltigeurs* whom he formed and favoured, proved, upon many a bloody field the truth of the words. Upon this principle Mr. Wey is perfectly justified, as a Frenchman, in preferring the brisk little Vincennes *chasseur*, as explosive as his own cartridges, and with two or three Bedouins spitted on his sabre-bayonet, to the long-legged, sedate-looking, carefully pipeclayed soldier of the British guards. And we are sure he will not feel annoyed at our expressing, as Englishmen, our perfect conviction that no infantry in Europe, whether its device be the imperial eagle of France, the double eagle of Russia, or any other variety of that military bird, would have the remotest chance of standing their ground, in equal numbers, and on a fair field, against her Majesty's household brigade. Long may it be, say we, ere the experiment be tried.

At Westminster Abbey, two things greatly shocked Mr. Wey—the exclusion of Byron, and the system of intra-mural interments. He was horrified to find the gravedigger at work in a frequented thoroughfare, and almost amongst the legs of the cab-horses. One Sunday afternoon, "on approaching," he says, "the side door of the Abbey, which was not yet open, I saw a labourer digging a trench, such

as one sees dug in the streets of Paris to seek an escape of gas, and I felt rather surprised at such repairs being carried on upon a Sunday. The digging was in a most frequented place, and people passed constantly to and fro, trampling down the fresh earth as fast as it was thrown out of the hole. Three or four persons looked on; the rest went their way. One of the bystanders stepped aside as I approached, and I beheld, with stupefaction, upon the brink of the hole, a coffin, half enveloped with a mortuary cloth, and placed there like a chest waiting for a porter. The labourer—the only one who works upon a Sunday—was the sexton. The relatives of the deceased were elbowed by the passengers; smiling young girls stepped a little aside to avoid stumbling over the dead; for my part I stumbled on a fragment of an ancestral tibia, wandering amongst the legs of posterity. Children were playing and shouting hard by, and, in the heart of the holiday-city, without pomp or solemnity, in a piece of ground strolled over by idlers, and vibrating from the passage of omnibuses, whose conductors were bawling for passengers, a dead man was being buried, just as we might ditch up a dog on the open space of the Carrousel, did the police tolerate in Paris, upon the public highway, such outrageous uncleanness." Slight exaggeration subtracted, and vivid colouring washed off, there still remains enough truth in this sketch, in French chalk, of a Sabbath scene in London, to make us ashamed of our barbarous system of burying the dead in crowded thoroughfares, under the very feet of the living. Fortunately steps are taking towards the abolition of so vile a practice, and we trust they will be energetically followed up, until a burial in London shall seem as strange a sight as it now would in Paris. As yet, however, strangers have us here upon the hip, and any foreign itinerant of literary turn is perfectly justified in filling a chapter, by inveighing at our foul practice in matters of interment. Mr. Wey, who is by no means fond of fault-finding, but, on the contrary, rather kindly disposed and desirous to be pleased, lets us off in a

page or two, and soon afterwards writes down the most indulgent estimate of a Sunday in London we ever met with from a Frenchman's pen. As usual, his sensible observations are mixed up with slight exaggerations and errors of detail:—

"After a whole week of unceasing toil, of sleeplessness, activity, pleasure, and fatigue, London sinks exhausted, and feels the want of four-and-twenty hours' profound repose. From midnight on Saturday, the town assumes quite another aspect; movement ceases, and the next day the sun rises without awakening the city whose usually crowded streets are as solitary as those of Bruges, Pisa, or Aix in Provence. The agitation of the preceding days renders this complete idleness necessary to all. It is the only concession made to nature in a country where life is factitious and harassing. For some it is the time for sleep, for others the sole opportunity of freely enjoying the fresh air. The logical and salutary side of the English Sunday is generally ill appreciated, and, whilst restricting ourselves to the external physiognomy of the institution, we forget to point out its opportuneness. To be alone wakeful, amidst a sleeping world, is to be placed in a situation in which one is sure to *ennuyer* one's self; it is that of a Frenchman on the other side of the Channel. And, as ill-humour has got mixed up in the matter, they have exaggerated the religious severity presiding over that day of compulsory recreation. Many persons believe absurd stories, that they would be fined did they play in their own houses, upon the Sabbath, on the piano, flute, or cornet à piston. Nothing of the sort; the laws of the country are not so benevolent. Everybody has heard that one is compelled to fast, if he has not laid in his provisions the night before. The truth is, that bakers, pork-shops, pastrycooks, &c. &c., are open morning and afternoon Public establishments, museums, galleries, theatres, are closed; it is not customary to pay visits on the day which is devoted to God and to one's family. Accordingly the English go out very little on Sunday; carriages desert the parks; most

rich people go into the country, or to the sea-side, on Saturday night. The origin of all this is equality. Must not servants, guardians of public places, actors, musicians, be allowed to repose themselves, as well as masters, idlers, spectators, and lovers of music? There are houses where the cloth is laid the evening before, to diminish the work of the servants; if shops are closed by a general ordinance, it is that some may not take advantage of the religious scruples of others, to injure these by Sunday competition. Contrary to our countrymen, I enjoy Sunday very much. Weary of running about and remaining awake (during six weeks I never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four), I was delighted to have time to lose, and to be exonerated from all duty, pleasure and study."

There are certain things to which, from the force of habit, we pay no attention, but which really, when we reflect upon them, go far towards justifying the received opinion in France, that the English are a nation of eccentrics—*des originaux*, as the French used to say, *des humoristes*, as they now begin to call us, adopting the word in the sense we least frequently give to it—that of a whimsical odd person. The sort of bird-cage grating enclosing the top of the Monument strikes Mr. Wey with astonishment. "This precaution," he says, "was rendered necessary by the eccentricity of the citizens, who had taken a fancy to throwing themselves from the summit of these glorious columns. We Frenchmen pass in England for crack-brained and fantastical; but, thank God! it has not yet been found necessary to fasten railings (*garde-fous*) above our heads." Then he pauses for a reply, which we regret to say we have not in readiness, and fear that, in this instance, he has us at an advantage. He is prodigiously amused at the style of entertainment found at one of the taverns, to a round of which he devoted an evening. "At the further end of the room, on a platform, was a sort of bureau, furnished with three gentlemen, as serious as money-changers, solemnly attired in black coats, their necks ceremoniously surrounded with white cravats. Sud-

denly one of them knocked the table with a little hammer; there was silence; a piano preluded, and the three gentlemen, grave as Anglican ministers, sang in turn, smiling blandly at each other, indigenous ballads, Anglo-Italian pasticcios, whose words, I suppose, were piquant, judging from the mirth and applause they excited. As the English are capable of amusing themselves for a long time with the same thing, these songs follow each other in quick succession, and last for several hours." Mr. Wey's social sketches are not all equally life-like. Now and then, presuming on the supposed ignorance or credulity of his French readers, careless of the verdict of his English ones, and anxious to give pungency to his book, he draws upon his imagination for a comical sketch. One day he got upon a Pimlico omnibus. Before recording what he saw from his elevated station, we must observe that nothing he met with in England excited his disgust more strongly than those abominable vehicles. Some gay deceiver had vaunted them to him as magnificent carriages, lined with mahogany and cushioned with velvet. Such mahogany!—and such velvet! He was confounded to find himself in a narrow, badly closed, dusty, dirty vehicle, in every respect inferior to the roomy, cleanly, well-organised *Diligentes*, *Favorites*, and *Hirondelles* of his native Paris, whose seats are well-brushed, albeit not of velvet, and divided by little rails, securing to every passenger a due and ample share of room, whose access is easy and floor roomy, and whose conductors (greatest of all differences) are clean, obliging, honest, and respectable—not the compound of pick-pocket, prize-fighter, and dog-stealer, so often found doing duty as "cad" upon the uncomfortable perch in rear of a London 'bus. The public vehicles of London, whether cabs or omnibuses, are in most respects immeasurably inferior to those of Paris. Foreigners soon make that discovery, and Mr. Wey was not an exception. Disliking to sit with his knees jammed against those of his opposite neighbour, to be squeezed flat between corpulent women, and to have his toes trodden on at every entrance or exit of a pas-

senger, he usually performed his omnibus journeys side by side with the driver. In his ascent of the "Pimlico" aforesaid, he was assisted by an obliging gentleman who spoke French, and showed him much attention without any intrusiveness. "When he saw that I was acquainted with the country, and able to find my way about, he appeared satisfied, not being of those officious persons who would gladly see you pummelled, that they might have the pleasure of defending you. We ceased to speak; discretion is a quality all the English possess, and because they are neither inquisitive nor obsequious, we conclude that they have little obligingness. No conclusion can be more unfounded." In another part of his volume, Mr. Wey says that all the English he met appeared to take an interest in knowing the impression made upon him by London and its people. "They attach importance to the opinion of France," he says; "and the impartiality with which they judge themselves is all the more meritorious, that they are evidently pleased at any judgment that is flattering to them." If this be true (and we are unprepared to deny it) gratitude for the many civil things said of England and the English by Mr. Wey, should make us restrict ourselves to exhibiting the best passages of his amusing little octavo, and abstain from showing him up when he romances and deals in inventions, reminding us a little of some of those perpetrated by our old and interesting friend Whaler Melville, when he told of his first voyage to London, and of his visits to imaginary gambling-houses, and visions of enchanting beauties and fantastical patricians—a sort of compound of Tom and Jerry, and Tales by Hoffmann. We must, however, relate the strange sight Mr. Wey beheld from the *imperiale* of the "Pimlico Blue." "In about five minutes, deeming it proper to return my neighbour's colloquial visit, I addressed a few words to him concerning a carriage which just then drove by. It was too fine to be elegant, and was drawn by two magnificent bay horses. On the box, adorned with beautiful fringe, sat a black-coated coachman; there was

not a wrinkle in his white cravat, his snowy gloves were spotless. In the vehicle, on downy cushions, carelessly lounged a man without a coat, his arms bare, his sleeves turned up to the shoulder; an apron, with the corners turned up, served him as a girdle. So that the coachman looked like a gentleman driving a mechanic in his working-dress." Mr. Wey asked his neighbour who and what was the strange-looking occupant of the dashing carriage. "The richest butcher in London," was the reply. "He is returning in his own carriage, from the slaughter-house to his residence. His forefathers were in the same business; his father left him a fortune of more than two millions, and he, out of modesty, follows his father's profession—a very honourable old custom. This gentleman butcher possesses four millions."

"In your country," continued the Englishman, "such patriarchal usages are unknown, and children aspire to raise themselves above their parents' station in life."

Our acquaintance with London does not include that of the millionaire vender of steaks and briskets, who could not find time to put on his coat before entering his chariot, a precipitation which must have been detrimental to the purity of the cushions, and have horribly scandalized the correctly-got-up coachman. Neither do we remember to have heard of certain "great bankers, who out of an affectation of plainness, go every morning to the butcher's to buy chops, which they themselves carry to some tavern in Cheapside or Fleet Street, where they have them broiled in their presence. Then they purchase three pennyworth of rye-bread, and munch their Spartan breakfast in public, giving at the same time their first audiences. And the good shopkeepers admire in them the simplicity of old times. What worthy people!" These apocryphal traits of British butchers and merchants in the second half of the nineteenth century will doubtless be bolted by Mr. Wey's countrymen with the same avidity and ease with which a gander would gulp an oyster, were that agreeable bivalve presented to his bill. Frenchmen who have not been in England

are at all times ready to credit British originality to any extent. "The greatest contrast to an Englishman in his own country," says Mr. Wey, "is an Englishman abroad. From this contrast have arisen prejudices which one gets rid of on the other side of the Channel." Unquestionably Englishmen show to the best advantage in their own country, at least until such time as they have travelled sufficiently to be naturalised cosmopolites, a sort of citizenship to which they are long in acquiring a right. Abroad they exhibit stiffness and angularity of character, slowness to assimilate with the people they live amongst, and frequent taciturnity. They are set down as proud, surly, or mad, according to the mode in which their peculiarity of disposition shows itself, and they neither inspire sympathy nor win friendly attentions. Mr. Wey believes he has found out the reason of their habitual silence and apparent *hauteur* when amongst foreigners. An Englishman asked him why Shakespeare (of whom Mr. Wey has the good taste to be a great admirer—an admiration much less universal in France than in England and Germany) is so badly translated into French. "Because our translators know no language but English," was the witty reply, less paradoxical than it at first sight appears.

"French is difficult," said the Englishman, "and when one speaks it badly, one is ridiculous. Such is our opinion here, and that is why we dare not talk to you in your language, and make believe not to understand you, in order not to have to answer. We are thought proud; we are only intimidated!"

"This explanation of a fact which had struck me as it strikes everybody, was extremely satisfactory to me. To risk making one's-self laughed at is an idea repugnant to Britannic dignity. Let us add the admission, that when we Frenchmen murder their language, not a symptom of railery is ever to be detected upon the lips of Englishmen."

Altogether, and in spite of his undeniable tendency to exaggeration and slight burlesque, Mr. Wey is a sort of traveller in whose company it is not unpleasant to ramble, and

we willingly set out with him for Windsor on his way to Ascot. Like all foreigners, he is delighted with Windsor Castle, the only truly royal residence this country possesses, and bewildered by the scene upon the Heath. There is no such striking and novel sight in England for a Frenchman as one of our great races on a Cup or Derby day. It is true that there are races in France—at Chantilly, in the Champ De Mars, and elsewhere—but who that has seen them would think of naming them in the same day with Ascot or Epsom? It is a puddle to the Pacific. The difference in the running is not more remarkable than that in the whole scene, in the numbers assembled, in the enthusiasm displayed. This last point excited Mr. Wey's unbounded astonishment. He had no notion the phlegmatic English were capable of being so roused. But, to proceed in due order—as he himself says, when he finds himself, to his no small bewilderment, in the midst of the multitude thronging the Heath—we will take his first general impression of the scene.

"Ascot is an uneven heath, hilly, arid, in a desert which is picturesque by reason of its extreme desolation. At the highest point of the badly-levelled plateau stands a house, with benches, galleries, and platforms up to the very top of the roof. This hive, full of the heads of spectators and of women dressed in a thousand bright tints, had from afar the appearance of a gigantic pyramid of animated flowers. At the foot of this human cascade, on both sides of the course, was a throng of fifteen, twenty, thirty, or forty thousand people: it is impossible, without long habit, to estimate such multitudes. On quitting the carriage, we walked through a loose sand sprinkled here and there with stunted broom and tawny weeds. Beyond was a camp of two or three hundred tents—taverns, kitchens, dancing-rooms, and especially stables for the horses of the vehicles assembled there to the number of many thousands.

"Perfectly arranged, these canvass stables, in which sixty to a hundred horses are drawn up in line, give a military air to the festival. It

derives somewhat of a Flemish aspect from the multitude of drinking booths, tipsy men, kitchens in the open air, and girls dancing to the sound of the hurdygurdy, sometimes even of the bagpipe. A few steps farther off, the meeting assumes an aristocratic physiognomy: crowded together, four deep, landaus, calashes, carriages of every kind, emblazoned, elegant, and open, serve as platforms for families, and sustain swarms of pretty women. At certain moments of the day, every vehicle becomes a dining-room, and peerrasses sip their champagne in the open air, at a few paces distance from mechanics, who pour down foaming ale, and gorge themselves with fried fish and grilled beef. . . . Suddenly a bell rings; there is a great and general movement; the crowded course is rapidly cleared; everyone takes up a position, all throng to the barriers; some fight, others are stifled; the occupants of the carriages are on tiptoe; people climb upon each other, and those on foot cling in clusters to every object that gives them a little additional elevation. A race is at hand. . . . As soon as the confused murmur of distant voices announces the approach of the horses, the crowd bends forward and hangs over the solid railings that enclose the course. I saw persons throw themselves forward as if they were swimming, and remain in equilibrium, their feet off the ground, their bodies poised upon the rail, whilst their neighbours climbed upon their backs. The imperturbable policemen easily keep back the heaving crowd; a gesture, a word suffices; if it does not, you receive upon your head a rough tap from a smart black stick, thick and short, upon which are painted in yellow and scarlet the arms of England, with the old device, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. This misfortune was near happening to me; the policeman, with the blindest possible air, was already raising his staff, when a volley of fisticuffs received in rear made me abruptly turn about. It was an elderly lady, with teeth as long as those of the fairy Urgèle, who favoured me with these marks of attention. Her appearance was that of an enraged monkey, and she pinched my arm blue. 'Get out of that,' she

cried: 'go away, you have no business here; you are not an Englishman.' The mob pushed her forward and weighed upon her shoulders; in front I opposed resistance; she bent: I saw her fingers, crooked like a lobster's claw, again approaching my arm, which I raised, and brought down upon her shoulder, pressing upon it a little; she disappeared, and I temporarily imprisoned her head between my knees, where she stretched herself out like a snake. She remained quiet upon her four paws, and, turning towards me a delighted countenance from the depths of a damaged bonnet, she thanked me. For she could see the race!"

Nothing he saw in England surprised Mr. Wey so much as the enthusiasm shown by all classes for horse-racing. English phlegm is generally exaggerated by foreigners, and he little expected such noisy demonstrations, and so outrageous a departure from the habitual staid reserve of Britons. He expresses his astonishment, when describing the close of the race.

"Suddenly the clamour and fever of excitement redoubles; eleven horses, their necks and legs stretched out, their bellies near the ground, pass before us like a flight of arrows, their jockeys' thin jackets converted into balloons by the wind. As they disappear, the crowd again invades the course. In a few seconds, ten thousand madmen throng the space so lately bare; it is a Babel of words, a confusion of questions; English reserve has disappeared, the enthusiasm is at its height; and when, two minutes later, the proclaimed victor walks through the crowd, he is surrounded, admired, caressed, almost carried in triumph. That moment, at the conclusion of the race, is one of delirium, intoxication, frenzy. Hats are tossed into the air, clamours ascend to the clouds; the electrified multitude abandons itself to an insane joy; the clapping of hands, the hurrahs, contribute to the wild and terrifying uproar. A strange spectacle is that of this people run mad. Such is the sole and powerful element of public passions in this flourishing country. At last, I beheld them excited by something, and surpassing in the *furia*

of their demonstrations the most hot-blooded races of the South. . . . Pagan antiquity had its public triumphs and mythological solemnities; the Middle Ages had their religious pomps and popular festivals. England has nothing left but its horse-racing; France is reduced to revolutionary *Kermesses*."

Certainly the worst lot is that of Mr. Wey's native land. His last comparison is not inapt. A Flemish wake or fair is to the full as dignified and elevating a spectacle as many of the political ceremonies witnessed within the last few years in the streets of Paris. We need but refer back to 1848, with its countless, meaningless trees of liberty, its ranting ignorant clubs, the obscene buffoonery of its press, its republican orgies, and its patriotic song, extracted from an extravagant drama by Dumas—fit hymn for the occasion. We should regret to exchange our hippomania for such costly and perilous excitements, and would rather impress upon Mr. Wey's countrymen the propriety of cultivating some harmless enthusiasm as a safety-valve for the national steam, and a preservative from burst boilers and broken heads. Notwithstanding the meritorious efforts of the *Jokai-Clubbe* and the very tolerable attendance at the various races round Paris, the Turf evidently takes little hold of the French. They go to a race as to a review, an imperial marriage, a birthday illumination, or any other sight that pleases the eye, passes the time, and is a pretext for a holiday, but they do not in the least enter into it in the English sporting style. The Chase is equally unsuccessful in fascinating Frenchmen, and is hardly likely to be revived in France even by the brilliant displays in Fontainebleau's glades, where the third Napoleon, in cocked hat à la Louis XV., displays his dexterous horsemanship and winds the sylvan horn. Bull-fighting, now that the French have a Spanish empress, would, it was at one time thought, be introduced—thrown as a tub to the turbulent whale, to prevent his attacking the ship of the State; but although one looks leniently upon the practice in the case of those European Arabs, the Spaniards—an untender race in matters of blood-letting

—it would be a scandal to introduce such barbarous diversions into polished Paris, the civilised centre of Europe, and to have gored horses and crushed *picadors* displaying their entrails and agonies in a modern imperial arena, under the bright eyes of Lutetia's tender daughters. If, however, the introduction of bull-fights could be taken as an insurance against the erection of barricades, the balance would be so largely on the side of humanity that it would be inexcusable to neglect sending immediately for the Chiclanero and a few other renowned *toreros*, for a drove of the fiercest Murcians that ever lifted luckless Rosinante on point of horn, for a due garnishing of *chulos*, *banderillas*, slashed jackets, antique spurs, silk stockings, and straight swords, and for all the rest of the paraphernalia indispensable in the bull-ring, and which have been minutely and pictorially displayed by Richard Ford, Lake Price, and other distinguished *aficionados*. But we fear it would all be of no use. The French despise foreign innovations, and cling to the sort of excitement they have long been accustomed to, derived from the unwholesome practice of subverting governments and fighting in the streets. For our part, we much prefer a day at Ascot to a day behind the barricades; and so, we suspect, does Mr. Wey, who admits that he was astonished by the first race, interested by the second, subjugated by the third; and that he and his two companions, carried away by the torrent of enthusiasm, found themselves shouting and yelling with the rest, joyous without any assignable cause, and radiant with exultation at Lord Eglinton's victory. The absurdity of their excitement and vociferations suddenly striking them, they looked at each other, burst out laughing, and set off upon their pleasant walk back to Windsor.

We have nearly done with Mr. Wey, who ends his book as amusingly as he began it, with anecdotes illustrative of English prudery, which he maintains to exist in words rather than in deeds. Some of these anecdotes are not very credible, others may be true; all are evidently embroidered in the style habitual to this vivacious Frenchman, who declares that he cannot

better mark the moral distance between France and England than by saying that an English writer would scruple to relate them, for fear of being *shocking*, but that French ladies would never have supplied their subject. The only parts of the stories in question that can reasonably be considered *shocking* (a word that Mr. Wey evidently takes to be the root of the English language) are the mischievous touches for which we are manifestly indebted to the narrator's pen, but which may be readily pardoned in consideration of the sense he displays of the humorous—not a common quality in Frenchmen. Instead of dwelling upon his bathing embarrassments at Brighton, we revert by way of finale, to a laughable story in one of his earlier chapters, which struck us as doubly ludicrous by reason of its extreme probability. A Frenchman, newly arrived in London, impatient to see the town, but fearful of not finding his way back to his hotel, carefully copied upon a card the name painted on the wall at the corner of the street in which he was situated. This done, he felt himself safe, and set out for a ramble, much upon the principle vulgarly known as "following one's nose." The whole day long he strolled and stared to his heart's content: wearied at last, he jumped into a cab, and with the easy confident air of a man who feels perfectly at home, he read from the card he had prudently preserved the name of the street he dwelt in. The cabman grinned horribly. "This English pronunciation is sadly difficult," said the Frenchman to himself; "he does not understand me." And he placed the card before the man's eye. Cabby grinned more than ever, gazed in his fare's astonished face, and ended by sticking his hands in his pockets and roaring with laughter. Indignation on the part of the foreigner; he appealed to the passers-by, who gravely listened to him at first, but, upon beholding his card, joined one and all, in chorus with the coachman. The Frenchman now got furious, swore, stamped, gesticulated, like a candidate for Bedlam. He went so far as to threaten the laughers; a crowd assembled, everybody sympathised with him till they learned

the circumstances of the case, when they forthwith joined in the infectious hilarity. Up came the police, those guardian angels of bewildered foreigners in London's labyrinth. The aggrieved Gaul felt sure of sympathy, succour, and revenge. He was never more mistaken. The gentlemen in blue roared like the rest. They evidently could not help it. Compunction mingled with their mirth, but they nevertheless guffawed exceedingly. To what extremities the desperate Frenchman might have proceeded, it is impossible to say, had not a gentleman acquainted with his language appeared upon the scene. He too laughed violently on beholding the card, and when he had spoken a few words to the Frenchman, the Frenchman laughed likewise, which was a signal for a recommencement of the general hilarity. The address so carefully copied by the foreigner at the corner of his street was the following: "Commit no nuisance." We write the words in our minutest crow-quill characters, out of consideration for the national prudery upon which Mr. Wey so strongly insists.

The last few days of Mr. Wey's residence in England were devoted to solitary rambles out of town. He desired to compare London with the provinces, expecting contrasts, which he did not find. So after journeying north and west, to Yorkshire and to Wales, and making up his mind that the Englishman is everywhere the same, and that all vestiges of old customs are rapidly wearing out, he turned his face towards France, previously passing a couple of days at Brighton, where, he says, "one breathes money and ennui," and visiting Hastings, where he met an old acquaintance, then within a few days of his death. "There came along the shore a little carriage drawn by hand, such as is used for children and invalids. It contained an aged man, deplorably emaciated, dressed in a blue greatcoat, buttoned across the breast, and in a black cravat, whose tie surmounted a little faded shirt-frill, and wearing a grey hat, from beneath which a few very white hairs straggled down his temples. The countenance was long and drawn, pallid and composed; but the austere

aspect of those hollow cheeks, of that pale brow, of that pinched, aquiline nose, of that dim and hollow eye, recalled no one to my recollection. If M. de M., with whom I was, had not said in a low voice, 'It is he' . . . I never should have recognised that spectre of royalty, in the livery of death. . . . A few days previously, I had dined in an obscure haunt, side by side with the ephemeral powers who sent the dynasty of July into exile, and so soon followed it thither. A fortnight later, the London newspapers informed France of the death of that king who had cherished the chimera of perpetuating a dynasty, and who, violating in his own family the hereditary principle, had proclaimed, upon the very steps of the throne, the downfall of his race."

We shall not allow Mr. Wey to tempt us into politics, a topic on which he barely touches. He returned to London, found most of his friends departed, and was suddenly attacked by a feeling of solitude amongst millions, and by a craving for Paris.

Home-sickness assailed him, and he pined after the boulevards. He was overjoyed at sight of the little blue soldiers on Calais pier, and the sweetest notes he had heard during his memorable visit to the opera (where he discovered, by the by, that the Haymarket opera-house has an echo) were harsh to his ears as the music of her Majesty's guard, compared with the antiquated air of "*Gentille Annette*," whom the Calais church-bells tenderly reproached with neglecting to repair "*sous la coudrette*." Next day, strolling about Paris, he fancied himself in a quiet provincial town. Compared with St. Paul's, the Pantheon looked to him like "a disagreeable *bombonnière*," and the Seine dwindled into a rivulet. But such comparisons have nothing humiliating to the Frenchman, who far prefers his yellow streamlet to our turbid estuary, and who, whatever justice he may render to the wonders and attractions of London, reserves his highest praise and tenderest affection for the beauties and pleasures of Paris.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF CHINA.

By this time, for ought we know, Peking may be in the hands of the insurgent Chinese—the Emperor and his Tartars in full flight for their native wilds of Mantchooria—and a new leaf turned over in the annals of the Celestial Empire. But whether this climax of the struggle have arrived or not, we know that there is at present a national movement on foot in China which is exciting the interest, and well merits the attention, of the public of Europe. That movement unites the chief features of all the great changes that stand out in the history of the world. It is at once a political revolution, a struggle of races, and a revival of religion. Somnolent China clamours for, and demands by force of arms, a reform of the present abuses of her administrative system; she is carrying on a war of extermination against the Mantchoo race, who, for two centuries have domineered over and given a dynasty to the Flowery Land, while her rivers are floating down her for-

mer idols to the sea, and scattered gleams of Christianity are breaking like an unexpected dawn through the long night of Paganism.

We cannot say that the interest which this revolution has excited in this country has fallen short of its due amount—for we never recollect a subject on which people's minds have been more curious and agog. Unfortunately their anxiety to know has been very much greater than the actual amount of knowledge which has been placed within their reach. Of the making of books on China, indeed—as on other subjects—there has been no end; but how little genuine knowledge is to be extracted from the majority of the works! They are either sketches of individual life and personal adventure at some one of the five sea-ports recently opened to us—books meant to be readable, and nothing more; or if the general character of the people and their history be attempted to be drawn, it is done in such a narrow spirit, and with such

a bold defiance of facts, as seriously to mislead the unwary, and wholly dissatisfy the reflecting.

The points affected by the present revolution are precisely those of which the European public has least correct notions. And so little is really known of the political state and religious beliefs of the Chinese, that the best-informed of our journals hardly ever diverge from the routine of retailing news without stumbling into misstatements or erroneous theories, which show how imperfectly our many book-writers on China have as yet done their work. One of the most common of these errors of the day is, that the rebellion is something unique and unparalleled in the history of China. A rebellion in China! Such an event seems to our press and public the most extraordinary thing in the world. And they stand in natural amazement at the supposed spectacle of the "immobile" empire of China now, for the first time for four thousand years, starting from its fancied quiescence, and inaugurating all at once so stupendous a change. It takes a little of the *couleur de rose* off the affair, however, to learn, what is the fact, that a score of such dynastic revolutions have already taken place in China, and that some of these present features in essence the same as those displayed in the rebellion which now seems to us so extraordinary. The Chinese Empire, in fact, existing throughout four thousand years, has purged and repurged itself again and again; dynasty after dynasty has grown effete and fallen; and both in its religion and in its general history, the empire presents a more remarkable (because more long-continued) series of changes than is anywhere else to be met with in the world.

Let us glance, then, at the grand leading features of this empire and its people. Let us look at it in its history, its politics, its religion, and its remarkable system of national education—doing this not superficially, but searching out the *true spirit* of each. And then, casting the eye forward, let us endeavour to discern the issue of the present struggle, and its bearings upon the rest of the world. We shall, as in duty bound, "begin at the beginning;" but we may ap-

prise our readers that we shall soon be into the thick of events, as we have no intention of wasting time upon those fabulous tales and cosmogonies which some European writers so carefully commence with, but which are utterly repudiated by the majority of the Chinese themselves.

The limits of China Proper are nearly as marked as those of India, and the country seems to have been destined by nature for the development of an isolated and continuous civilisation. Bounded on the south and east by a tempestuous sea, on the north by vast and herbless deserts, on the west by lofty mountain-chains, this empire forms a nearly circular area of from five to six hundred leagues in diameter, shut in from the rest of the world. Rising in terraces as it recedes from the sea, watered from west to east by two great navigable rivers, traversed longitudinally by their tributaries, dotted with lakes, and intersected by numerous mountain-ranges, this immense region embraces the climates and productions of nearly all latitudes, as well as the inestimable riches of the mineral kingdom. Hence this old empire of China, as large as all Europe exclusive of Turkey, has always sufficed for itself, and developed its power in itself and by itself. It is true that since the European nations became great consumers of tea, they have imported into it in return foreign products unknown to the ancient inhabitants, and which have become "necessary luxuries" to the present population; yet, notwithstanding, the interchange of products between its different provinces (some of them as large as kingdoms of Europe) might suffice for the industrial and commercial wants of the people,—and hence, among other reasons, the great indifference shown by the Chinese Government of the country for foreign commerce.

The Mongolian tribe, who in remote ages wandered into this country, differ now from the rest of their race in having countenances less flattened and more expressive, and in general are as superior in physical as in intellectual qualities to the population of the adjoining regions;—a proof, on the largest scale, of the elevating influences of civilisation upon both the

body and mind of man. They have black, strong, lank hair,—that of the females being often very beautiful; a flat nose, small oblique eyes and thin eyelids, round and prominent cheeks, a pointed chin, and little beard. Their constitution is of a coarse grain; consequently they are much less sensitive than Europeans, and also less subject to diseases. At what period they first broke off from the great central mass of mankind, it is impossible to say with accuracy; but, entering their future empire from the north-west, their earliest seat was the provinces now called Shensay (anciently Tsin) and Honan, which constituted the realm of their first king, Fohi. At this early period they seem to have been a pastoral people, living on the produce of their flocks and herds; but Fohi's successor taught them the art of agriculture, and induced them to cultivate and settle upon the land. Spreading southwards, they next occupied all the country to the north of the Yang-tse-keang, but suffered dreadfully, and for many years, from a great inundation; and thence gradually penetrated to the full limits of the present empire,—the southern provinces not being wholly subdued and civilised until subsequent to the Christian era. Everywhere—Egypt perhaps excepted—we find that vast forests have preceded the reign of civilised man on earth. Every one has heard of the ancient forests of Europe and of the New World; the old Hindoo poems are full of descriptions of the primeval woods which overspread the Indian Peninsula; and in the early history of China, also, we find that the new-comers from the north-west were forced to level before them vast forests, in order to reclaim the soil from the dominion of nature. Still more remarkable, we find that before the Chinese (as in India before the Hindoos) there existed an aboriginal race, which the "sons of Han"* had to drive before them in their progress southwards. These the new-comers styled "Sons of the Wilderness" and "Bearers of great bows;" and under the first of these titles (in Chinese, Meao-tse) they still exist, in an almost savage state, in the high and inaccessi-

ble mountains of Western China; having thus lived for four thousand years in contact with Chinese civilisation, yet refusing all amalgamation; and illustrating the extraordinary historical fact, that there are certain tribes of men against whom the waves of civilisation break for ever in vain, and whose destiny it seems to be only to tenant the earth till a superior race arrive to dispossess them.

Nothing is more perplexing to the historian, or more monstrous to the eye of modern science, than the chronology of the Hindoos, with its kalpas, its divine ages, its reigns of Menou, and its nights of Brahma, and, finally, its astounding assertion that this present world has existed for five and a half millions of years, and has yet to exist for upwards of four billions more. In Chinese history this difficulty is little felt. Some otherwise very sensible native historians, indeed, think they can trace back the course of events for six thousand years before our era: but the "Men of Letters," comprising the great bulk of the educated classes of the nation, either reject these traditions or refuse to pronounce upon them. Like their great master, Confucius, they abstain from all speculative questions, and content themselves with rigorously establishing the authentic history of their nation, which, they are agreed, goes back with perfect certainty to the sixty-first year of the reign of Hoang-te, 2637 years before the birth of Christ. We have not space to detail the chronological elements which serve as a base for Chinese history; but all writers concur with M. Pauthier in asserting that "no nation possesses, or ever possessed, a body of history so complete and authentic as the people of China." And this will not appear surprising when it is understood that the intelligent registration of events has in all ages been honoured and favoured in that country, and that since the reign of Hoang-te there has existed in the capital of the empire a Tribunal for the writing of History, whose members, chosen from the most distinguished of the Men of Letters, enjoy several prerogatives, as well as im-

* The favourite self-appellative of the Chinese.

movability from office, and other wise precautions against the menaces or seductions of power. In most of the provincial capitals there are kept *Ephemerides*, which go back to upwards of two centuries before our era (at which time, as we shall afterwards see, the existing records were destroyed), and which offer, says M. Panthier, "the same exactness in regard to the observations then possible as those of our Bureau of Longitudes." In cities even of the third order, a daily register is kept of all meteorological events, as well as a separate one for the troubles, sieges, revolts, fires, and other calamities "which flesh is heir to." In fine, to quote the words of Father Amiot, one of the most laborious and most learned of the French missionaries,— "The Chinese annals are preferable to the historical monuments of all other nations, because they are the most free from fables, the most ancient, the most generally received, the most abundant in facts. They are worthy of all confidence, for they have epochs fixed by astronomical observations," and every other means of insuring accuracy. And lastly, "these annals are themselves the most authentic literary work in the world, because there is not in the world one which has been worked at for the space of eighteen centuries,—which has been revised, corrected, augmented, in proportion as new discoveries were made, by so great a number of learned men, acting in concert, authorised by royalty, and provided with every possible assistance." The whole period embraced by these annals is upwards of four thousand years,—an immense time for the life of an empire, during which there has been a succession of twenty-two dynasties, and consequently as many great revolutions.

The prejudices of country are often serious impediments to the right perception of the truths of history; and we are so deeply impressed with the pre-eminence of Europe in civilisation, that, like the Greeks, we are prone, in our comprehensive contempt, to characterise all extra-European nations as "barbarians." In all things relating to political government, especially, we have been taught to regard

Asia as essentially despotic, and the centralized government of China as synonymous with the most grinding oppression. But the fact is not so; and however the opinions of most writers support this notion, the facts which they publish are quite inconsistent with it. When the full light of history first breaks upon the Chinese empire, we find the form of government not hereditary, but elective. The sovereign aided by the advice of his grantees, nominated a successor to the throne; and no humbleness of parentage or occupation was allowed to hinder the choice from falling on the person most distinguished for his wisdom and goodness. Thus the Emperor Yao rejects his own son, because "deficient in rectitude, and fond of disputing," and, after consulting with his ministers, selects Shun, "born of an obscure family," but who, under trying domestic circumstances, had comported himself with uniform excellence,—gives him his two daughters in marriage, and after a season of probation in this elevated station, appoints him his associate and successor in the empire. Shun also, in like manner, selects Yu, a man of humble station, to be his prime minister, and afterwards raises him to the throne as a reward for his great ability and energy in draining off, by means of canals and other works, the waters of an immense inundation.

In default of those institutions which we call *constitutional* to limit the imperial authority in China, there exist in the canonical books of that ancient monarchy,—that is to say, in the revered writings of its sages, which have had the force of laws since the earliest times,—a vast number of passages thoroughly popular in spirit and most menacing to tyrants. Thus, after the empire became hereditary,—which change was affected, not in consequence of the ambition of any sovereign, but by the grantees, in order to avoid the practical inconveniences of the system of election,—we read of several monarchs being deposed on account of their crimes, sometimes with and sometimes without a change of dynasty. Such examples have received the express sanction of the sages of China; the people of old were imbued with the same spirit:

and in the "Book of Verses" we find some most patriotic invectives against the tyrant Li-wang, written before the sentence of deposition ultimately overtook him. This is as it ought to be. Disgraceful excess of power may occur under any system,—it is the deportment of the people in the circumstances which reflects credit or discredit on a country. When Nero set fire to Rome, for his own amusement, his conduct was indeed odious and contemptible; but what is to be thought of the people of the Eternal City, who allowed the tyrant to put the torch to their dwellings with impunity? The tyranny of Nero was an accidental phenomenon of the imperial regime of Rome, but this instance of his subjects' servility was a type, a proof for all time, of the national degradation. All history, when read aright, shows that there is an intimate relation between the conduct of governments and that of their people; that if the latter discharge their duty, the former seldom transgress theirs; and, in fine, that there are no tyrants where there are no slaves.

Under their early monarchs the Chinese were a united people, living quietly upon the patriarchal principle of filial obedience to the sovereign. As population increased, however, and the limits of the empire extended, the more distant or more vigorous of the provincial rulers became virtually independent. As in most other countries, the feudal regime came to supplant the patriarchal; and under the three dynasties that followed the great Yu (for after him the crown became hereditary) the extent of the imperial dominions depended upon the talent of individual rulers and the fortune of war. The last monarch of each of the two first dynasties was dethroned by the people, whom their crimes or oppression had roused into rebellion—one of them perishing, like Sardanapalus, amidst the flames of his palace. In the days of Confucius—who lived during the third of these dynasties (that of Chow), between five and six hundred years before our era—China was divided into a number of little kingdoms or feudal states dependent, or which ought to have been dependent, upon a sove-

reign kingdom situated in the middle of them; and hence the title Kingdom of the Middle has continued to be given to the empire down to the present day. China at this time was in great danger of being permanently split up into a number of small kingdoms, which, instead of pouring down its civilisation in one grand stream, would have scattered it into puny rills, liable to be arrested or turned aside by the least obstacle. Instead of a Mongolian giant, remaining immovable against all attack, there would have been a series of active dwarfs, more potent to harass one another than to preserve themselves. In short, there can be little doubt that had China then (or even five centuries afterwards, when again threatened with a similar calamity) separated into a number of independent states, the country would have been wholly overrun and subdued by the roving hordes of Central Asia, and, like the Empires of the West, have had its ancient civilisation submerged by a flood of barbarism.

From this danger China was saved by one of those extraordinary men whom Providence raises up at distant intervals to accomplish its designs. During the last reigns of the Chow dynasty, the Tsin state had been gradually overshadowing its neighbours; and at length, having defeated the hereditary monarch, its prince assumed the imperial title in 249 B.C. He seems to have survived his triumph only a few months, but his exploits were speedily eclipsed by those of his son, who assumed the title of Tsin-Che-Hoang-te, or "the first grand Emperor of the Tsin dynasty." Inspired by the loftiest daring and ambition, he resolved to subjugate all the other states; and after astute preparation and a series of as bloody wars as ever deluged Europe, this *Napoleon* of China at length ruled supreme over the whole empire. But his designs were as vast as his ambition was boundless; and no sooner had he restored to his nation its grand and puissant unity, and subdued with frightful slaughter the nomadic tribes of the north and south, than he resolved to give full employment to the millions of men whom the cessation of warfare had thrown

idle on the country. It was with this object, not less than as a defence against the Tartars, that he set four or five millions of men (a third of the able-bodied population) to work in constructing the Great Wall, and shut up five hundred thousand soldiers in fortresses, where they were employed in works of utility. He visited all parts of the empire—caused great roads to be made through the most impassable districts—ordered a universal disarmament of the people—drew up a statistical account of all the provinces—again and again went to war, each time extending the limits of the empire, and devoted large sums to the embellishment of his capital. We question if Europe, or the whole rest of the world, can show a *Grand Monarque* like this. Strong in the consciousness of his own genius, he condemned the precepts of antiquity which have always been so highly venerated by the Chinese; and to the remonstrances of the men of letters replied, that the old precedents were inapplicable to the new times. Unquestionably he was right in the main,—nothing but an unflinching hand and indomitable will could then have rescued the empire from falling to pieces; but, incensed by his tyranny no less than by his innovations, the whole body of the Men of Letters ranged themselves in opposition to him. For long the Emperor temporised with them; but at length, feeling his power fairly established, and fearing lest his opponents should by-and-by inoculate the people with their sentiments, he resolved to cut up their power by the roots, by commanding, under the penalty of death, that (with a few exceptions) the whole books in the empire should be burnt. The conduct of the Men of Letters, throughout this trying struggle, was in the highest degree patriotic, and several hundreds suffered death rather than acquiesce in the tyranny of the Emperor. The destruction of the books, and most of the other monuments of the past, shows the imminence of the conflict in which Che-Hoang-te found himself involved. He triumphed for the time; but it is always vain for a single man to contend with the natural predilections of a whole nation, and in sixty years afterwards the

interdict against the books was removed, and the people engaged with enthusiasm in the task of recovering their old literature, by carefully searching out all the fragments which had escaped the flames, as well as the many volumes, vases, etc., buried in tombs. The dynasty of the First Great Emperor was even shorter-lived than his political system: his son was dethroned while still a youth, and his crown, contended for by his generals, at length fell to the lot of Leou-pang, who founded the celebrated dynasty of Han. In the case of this great Chinese monarch, as in the case of Alexander, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, we see how difficult it is for a great conqueror to transmit his sword-won empire to his descendants—and how expedient it may be in autocratic states, where the empire rests wholly on the shoulders of one person, that the law of primogeniture (so beneficial in its operation in constitutional states) should be dispensed with in order to secure a succession of able sovereigns.

The system of standing armies, which had been introduced by Che-Hoang-te, was continued by the new dynasty, asserting the supremacy of the throne, and extending its sway over the Mongolian tribes to the shores of the Caspian. As early as this dynasty, political and commercial relations existed with Western Asia; and the emperors having discovered the channel by which silks were exported, it was resolved to send an ambassador to Rome. But the pusillanimity of the Chinese general to whom this mission was intrusted, marred the whole plan; and thus the mightiest empires of the East and West existed simultaneously without becoming acquainted. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, indeed, sent an embassy to the country from which the silks came, and these envoys reached their destination, A.D. 166, but returned without having effected anything. This is not surprising; for the celebrated entrepot where the Chinese and Western merchants met, seems to have been in the narrow pass of Belurtag, in the neighbourhood of the Gihon and Yerglien; and the deserts on the frontiers of China, with their roving robber-tribes, presented almost insur-

mountable obstacles to an embassy advancing from the West.

The marriage-rite is said to have been introduced among the Chinese by their first king, Fohi, and polygamy with its dangerous seductions was adopted so early as by the immediate successors of Hoang-te. The evils of polygamy, however, were aggravated by the monarchs of the Han dynasty raising eunuchs of the Court to important offices in the State. In China, as elsewhere, these men, emasculated in everything save craftiness and ambition, came to exercise a pernicious influence on the government; but forming an association for mutual aid among themselves, they were the means of ruining many successive dynasties without themselves being displaced. This happened with the line of Han. Feudality lifted up its head again as the government became weak; the empire was sundered into three principalities; and at length the prince of one of them obtained the sovereignty, commencing the dynasty called Ts'in*—A. D. 260-416; on the extinction of which China once more became divided into two kingdoms, separated by the broad stream of the Yang-tse-keang. For nearly two centuries afterwards, five families rapidly followed each other on the throne: and, the salutary rule of hereditary succession being constantly violated by the strongest, the whole history of the period is a mere record of contests and crimes. At length, in A. D. 585, the north and south were reunited in one empire; and soon after, Ly-yuen, a celebrated general and statesman, usurped the throne, and founded the martial dynasty of Tang.

Those who open their eyes in wonderment at the idea of a rebellion in China will do well to consider this period. The whole history of the country, from A. D. 262 to 905, is one of anarchy and internal convulsions, while the empire narrowly escaped dismemberment or extinction from the countless hordes of Central Asia, who pressed upon the woe-stricken country much about the same time as they began to hurtle against the

Roman frontiers in the West. But in the midst of all this misery, when almost every man had to lay down the ploughshare, and take up the sword, the money-making spirit of the people still urged on the enterprises of foreign commerce. When the wars between Persia and Rome rendered impracticable the commercial road by Samarkand and Bokhara, the Chinese merchants travelled over Tibet and the Himalaya mountains, and, dropping down the Indus or Ganges, awaited the arrival of the Red Sea fleet, which annually repaired to Guzerat. By-and-by, however, finding a sea-voyage more advantageous, they journeyed in their huge junks round the Malayan Peninsula to Ceylon, which then became the principal emporium between the East and West. Such were the commercial relations, when a monk, in the reign of Justinian (circ. 650), penetrated into China, carried away the eggs of the silkworm in a hollow cane, with the seeds of the mulberry-tree, and thus transferred the manufacture of silk to the Western world. Soon afterwards the Arabs, animated by a proselytising spirit, and fond of adventure, sent in 708 an embassy with valuable presents to China by way of Kashgar. Moreover, following in the wake of the junks, the Arabian navigators reached the Chinese seas; but little success at first attended them, and the exactions upon them became so heavy that most of the Arabs returned to their own country. In spite of all obstacles, however, the trade lingered on, till their fellow-Mahomedans, the Mongols, seized upon China; and thenceforward it was carried on with tolerable briskness, till the arrival of the Portuguese in 1516, and of the Dutch and English about a century later, threw the commerce into more enterprising hands.

After five ephemeral dynasties, whose unfortunate reigns occupied the half-century following the fall of the Tangs, the celebrated Soong dynasty mounted the throne. Printing, or rather xylography, is said to have been invented about the begin-

* Although the name of this dynasty is pronounced in the same way as that founded by Che-hoang-te, it is expressed by a totally different Chinese character.

ning of the tenth century; but it does not seem to have been brought into much use until this period. Literature, which had been greatly neglected during the five or six centuries preceding, flourished again abundantly,—even as the Augustan and Elizabethan ages of literature followed similar periods of convulsion in the history of Rome and England;—and the national philosophy assumed that materialistic form which it still retains. But China, which had flourished in its own might for nearly four thousand years, was now about to pass under the yoke of a foreign conqueror. The incursions of the Nomades of the Steppes had been growing more and more formidable; and at length seeing a child on the Chinese throne, the Mongols under Kublai Khan,—one of the wisest as well as most warlike princes that ever swayed an Eastern sceptre,—dashed into the empire, took the capital, and sent the young emperor a prisoner into the Shamo desert (A.D. 1276). Great patriotism was exhibited by the vanquished, great severity by the conquerors, and it is recorded that “the blood of the people flowed in sounding torrents.” The institutions of the empire were maintained, and Chinese manners adopted by the Mongols—a thing unparalleled in the annals of conquest, and showing at once the excellence of those institutions, and the firm hold which they had on the affections of the people. In order to remedy the infertility of the soil in the vicinity of Peking, Kublai completed the stupendous undertaking of the Grand Canal, which had been commenced under the preceding dynasty; and under him and his successors the Arab merchants enjoyed many privileges, because holding the same creed as the Mongols. But the race of Kublai rapidly degenerated, and before they had reigned in China for a century, the people, under the ancestor of the Ming dynasty, rose in rebellion, and expelled the Mongols, just as they are now doing the Mantchoos. For nearly three centuries afterwards, the Chinese enjoyed peace under a native dynasty; toleration was proclaimed for all sects alike, and the arrival of the Portuguese introduced some knowledge

of the religion and sciences of Europe. The nation, however—like most long-established and highly-civilised states, seems to have been gradually declining in military spirit; so that in 1643 the Mantchoo Tartars, though a mere handful compared to the myriads of China, overran the empire and seized upon the throne. In order to conceal this disparity of numbers, the conquered people were commanded to shave the thick hair, which they had been wont to wear from the earliest times (and which they are now, thanks to the Rebellion, resuming) and to betake themselves to the Tartar fashion of a long plaited tress or tail. In other respects, also, they were compelled to adopt the Tartar habit, but so great was the aversion of the Chinese, that a general revolt broke out, and many preferred death to submission. From that time until now, the government has continued in the hands of the Mantchoos.

Our limits do not permit us to do more than trace the bare outlines of the history of China; but an adequate survey of it would amply refute the common but preposterous notion, that this most ancient of empires has undergone no changes since its first establishment. It has beheld its monarchy pass from elective to hereditary—its government from patriarchal to feudal, from feudal to imperial, finally settling into the immovable form of a centralised bureaucracy. It has beheld the unity of the empire broken again and again,—two conquests of the country,—and altogether two-and-twenty dynastic changes, involving, of course, as many warlike revolutions. It has beheld its religion change from an earnest acknowledgment of the Most High to Indifferentism, and finally to Materialism. In all these respects time has done its work of change, and Chinese civilisation will never be properly understood unless these changes are borne in mind. But after all, Time, the destroyer, has been lenient in his dealings with China, and all those revolutions which she has witnessed are nothing to the stupendous overthrows and regenerations of the kingdoms of the West. What has become of the old “universal empires” of Egypt and Assyria, of

Persia and Greece, and Rome,—not one of which ever exceeded in extent that of China eighteen hundred years ago? Have they not perished utterly? and are not even the very inhabitants of those regions now totally different in blood from those of the elder time? Nineveh and Babylon, Balbek and Palmyra, Susa and Persepolis, the Hundred-gated Thebes, and Memphis, and Petra, once the seats of unrivalled opulence and populousness, have vanished, hardly leaving ruins. The wide plains of Syria and Mesopotamia are strewn with crumbling but gigantic mounds, attesting their former greatness, and the old cities of the Levant have shared in the overwhelming ruin. Tyre is a wretched village; Famia, once the royal nursery of the Seleucidian cavalry, and rearing on its marshes upwards of thirty thousand horses and elephants, now barely supports a few sheep and buffaloes; and not a wall remains of republican Aradus,—of all that multitude of houses, which, says Strabo, had more storeys than those of Rome. They perished all,—and why? Because they were unable to stem the invasions of the Northern hordes. And they perished utterly,—because they could not protect Civilisation against the assaults of the Desert.

Now, the trials which those empires sank under, China withstood. The same assaults were made upon her as upon them; the same hordes of Central Asia which overran the empires of the West and South, had previously been repelled from her frontiers. This may be a humiliating fact for the Caucasian race, but it is not the less a true one; and the explanation of this remarkable circumstance is perhaps more humiliating still. We say truly that the kingdoms of Western Asia and Southern Europe fell in consequence of the corruption natural to long-established civilisation,—but was not the civilisation of China of a still older date? The real and startling explanation is, that *freedom and social vitality then existed in China to a greater extent than elsewhere in the world*. The bold and brilliant freemen of Greece and Rome were counted by tens, but

their slaves by hundreds. Freedom and energy did not penetrate below the upper classes of society, and all below was slavery and stagnation; and instead of the evil diminishing as time rolled on, the reverse was the case,—the bondmen multiplying while the freemen diminished. Thus there was no strength or vitality left in the people to withstand the rude energy of the Northern hordes, and the invading tribes which they used at one time to repel with immense slaughter, triumphed at last, because no soldiers could be raised to oppose them. Such was the fate of the classic empires—but it was not so in China. There freedom was equally diffused. There were no castes, and no class-privileges; the whole people stood equal in the eye of the law; slavery was almost unknown, and each man plied the loom or tilled the ground, not for a liege-lord but for himself. The consequence of this happy condition of affairs was, that industry and patriotism were developed to some extent in all classes of the community; and every man, having a stake in the country, was proportionally willing to sacrifice something for the safety of the empire.

We naturally regard with contempt the military power of the modern Chinese, but we would commit a most grievous mistake were we to suppose that this inaptitude for war characterised all periods of their history. There is a period, or periods, in the history of all States at which the military spirit declines, and this declension may be said to have begun in China some six or seven centuries ago. Consequently, while other nations have been going on inventing new engines and modes of war, the Chinese have not only remained content with their old weapons and methods, but have forgotten much of their former knowledge of the art, and neglected still more of it. Their ancient books on war and strategy, as well as their old songs of the country, attest a most martial spirit in the people of former times, as well as great proficiency in the military art. Their very history, indeed, presents indubitable evidence on this point; for, on any other supposition,

It is utterly impossible to account for their continued and remarkable successes against the ever-aggressive hordes of the Steppes. In fact, it is all but established that the Mongolian people who overthrew the old Persian empire and established that of the redoubtable Parthians, was a tribe which the Chinese had previously expelled from their own frontiers; and Gibbon assigns to a similar cause the first heave of the mighty wave of invasion which, rolling westwards from the borders of China, finally submerged with its flood the mighty empire of Rome. One by one the tribes of Central Asia dashed against the frontiers of the tempting "Flowery Land," but one by one they were routed; and, driven before the triumphant armies and increasing population of China, horde was rolled back upon horde in dire confusion till at length the East, in successive swarms threw itself *en masse* upon the West. So far from the Chinese having been at all times an unwarlike race, we believe that the military spirit flourished for a longer period among them than perhaps among any other nation. Besides the necessity for its exercise, occasioned by the constant assaults from without, the numerous petty strifes between the feudal princes before our era, and the far more dreadful civil contests which ensued during the centuries when the country was severed into rival kingdoms, infused or revived a warlike temper in the people. These intestine conflicts were, on a grand scale to China what the wars of the Heptarchy, of the Roscs, of the Rebellion, &c. were to England,—namely a means devised by Providence for the regeneration of the people without the interference of any foreign element, which latter would have done its work rather by destroying than by purifying. They constituted an antiseptic—an antidote to lethargy and corruption; and without some such process as this, kingdoms cannot long exist in their integrity and strength. The purifying fires of affliction are as needful for nations as for individuals; and if War is a desolator, it is also a purifier; and it is a narrow mind indeed which can see in this agent

of Providence, which has been at work upon the earth from the first birth of the nations, nothing but a child of Chaos and avatar of barbarism.

Many changes as we have seen, have come over the external aspect of the Chinese government, but, strange to say, the theory of government and the social civilisation of the people have continued unaltered since the earliest times. Twenty-four centuries have elapsed since the principles upon which these are based became stereotyped in the works of Confucius (which for the most part were compilations from works still more ancient), but they had been taught and practically acknowledged for long centuries before that period. The remarkable permanence of these principles in the national mind is to be accounted for, first of all, by their abstract excellence,—secondly, by their being in unison with the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the people,—and, thirdly, by their forming the staple of an education which was most widely diffused throughout the empire. From the earliest times,—remarkable and instructive circumstance!—the education of the people was under the special care of the state; and a work written before the Christian era, says Mr. Davis, speaks of "the ancient system of instruction," which required that every town and village, down to only a few families, should have a common school. Education is not only inculcated by positive precepts, but, as we shall see by-and-by, is encouraged by a competition for the highest honours; and among the countless millions of the empire there are very few indeed who cannot read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purpose of life. The great regard which the Chinese entertain for age, is even secondary to their respect for learning. "In learning," says one of their maxims, "age and youth go for nothing: the best-informed takes the precedence." And wealth itself (though abundantly coveted by the Chinese for the gratifications it supplies) is looked upon with perhaps less respect than in any other country, in consequence of rank and distinction arising almost exclusively from educated talent.

On this all-important matter of Education, the Chinese have followed a course different from all other nations,—(and this is another point which we, with our Education Bills may do well to consider.) We need hardly say how little the Chinese sympathised with the spirit of mystical speculation, so prevalent in the west of Asia, and which peculiarly characterised the intellectual development of the old empires of the Orient,—but they would even hold in contempt the comparatively practical systems of Europe. From the classic ages to the present time, the great aim of education in Europe, and now also in America, has been to enlarge the *intellect* of man,—to impart to him a knowledge of the physical and metaphysical worlds,—and, as he advances, to enable him to peer into “all mysteries,” and scrutinise the workings of nature without and of his spirit within. From the days of Thales, and Pythagoras to those of Spinoza and Lamarck, the crowning point of science and philosophy has been the formation of systems more or less speculative, concerning the worlds of matter or of spirit,—and the effect chiefly aimed at was to exalt the human intellect by developing its varied powers. No such educational system found favor with the practical mind of China. The system which has there existed, has been eminently utilitarian, but it is utilitarianism in its best form. It is not of that sort which exhibits itself in those schools among ourselves which style themselves “commercial,” whose object is to impart merely those branches of knowledge which are calculated to advance one’s material interests, and which may be used against one’s fellows as much as for them. On the contrary, Chinese education contemplates man even less as an individual than as a member of society, and enjoins upon him, by line upon line and precept upon precept, the manifold duties of humanity and courtesy which he owes to his fellow-men. The object of all European systems is to enlarge man’s intellect, but that of the Chinese is to mould his habits and affections. “To investigate the principles of things which are hidden from human intelligence,” says Confucius,—“to do

extraordinary actions which appear above the nature of man,—in fine, to work prodigies in order to procure admirers and followers in the ages to come, that is what I would not do.” He reserved all his time and talents for the discovery of moral truth, and spent his life in teaching it to others. In brief, to use the words of one of his disciples, the sum and substance of his doctrine is, “to possess rectitude of heart, and love one’s neighbour as one’s self.”

A volume of such like excellent doctrines and precepts might be extracted from the canonical books of the Chinese, the chief of which are the *Shoo-king* (or Book of Books), and the Four Classics composed by Confucius and his disciples. These works, which are regarded by the Chinese with almost as much reverence as the Bible is by Christians, and which have received the sanction of generations of an immense population, form the basis of the public law; they have been explained and commented on by the most celebrated moralists and philosophers; and they are continually in the hands of all those who, while they wish to cultivate their intellect, desire also to possess a knowledge of those grand moral truths which make the prosperity and happiness of human societies. No one can peruse those monuments of Chinese antiquity without being profoundly astonished at the lofty reason and eminently pure morality which breathe throughout them; and if we turn from the rules of social to the precepts of political morality therein enshrined, we will find equal cause for admiration. The exercise of sovereignty is regarded solely as the religious fulfilment of a heavenly mission for the benefit of all. Moral limits are set to this power; and should the sovereign transgress them, then (as the celebrated philosopher Tshoo-hee, who lived in the twelfth century of our era, says in his commentary, which is taught in all the schools and colleges of the empire) the people would be disengaged from their allegiance, would overturn his power, and replace him by one who would rule legitimately,—that is to say, solely for the good of all.

Its elaborate enforcement of eti-

quente is another point, also, in which the educational system of the Chinese presents a peculiarity well worthy of attention. From the earliest times, the great aim of their rulers and sages was, to govern the mind through the body,—to regulate the internal emotions of the people by the gentle influence of external habits. They observed that the tempers and dispositions of all being different, something was requisite to harmonise such opposite characters, and with this view they instituted the *Le*, or rules of propriety in relation to external conduct. Confucius, a perfect sublimation of the national character, perfected the system thus commenced; and the Book of Rites, compiled by him, is commonly said to prescribe about three thousand ceremonial usages, and furnishes a most complete and rigid manual of national etiquette.

It will thus be seen that the people and statesmen of China are trained on a plan unlike any pursued in Europe. With us, the great subject of education is knowledge, with the Chinese it is morality. The moral and social lessons, which, with us, are left to be taught in private, or to be acquired by experience of actual life, are made the first step, and fundamental principle of training in China. They prepare the youth for being a good man and good member of society, and place science only in a secondary rank. So also in regard to statesmen. Those of China are doubtless very much behind the better class of European statesmen in general knowledge, but we question if they are not superior to most of them in the practical management of men; and certainly no officials in the world are better trained in the principles, though not in the forms, of what we call constitutional government. There is an engaging simplicity in the Chinese theory of government. Still adhering to the patriarchal principle (which has so long ago given way to the feudal, monarchical, or republican in other quarters), they regard the whole nation as one family, of which the sovereign is the responsible head. If the people are happy, it is attributed to his wisdom and goodness,—if they are discontented or in want, it is held owing to his incapacity or oppression; and

the same principles apply to every subordinate ruler in regard to the population over which he is placed. In accordance with that thoroughly practical cast of mind which characterises the natives of China, their government judges of the merit of its officials by the success which attends their administration. It knows that a man of ability can almost always put things to rights in his district, and a sentence of removal or degradation of the governor is certain to follow continued discontent or disaster in any part of the empire.

It will naturally be asked, what was the religious system which gave birth to a morality so pure?—and this brings us at once to the knottiest point of all connected with Chinese civilisation, and one of peculiar interest at the present moment, in consequence of the religious innovations promulgated by the leaders of the Rebellion. Some writers deny that China has a religion of its own at all,—others assert that it is a mere political fiction, invented for the better government of the people. Some affirm the Chinese to be Deists, others Atheists,—some Materialists, others Idolators and superstitious. These extraordinarily diverse statements are susceptible of a much more perfect fusion than it is possible at first to imagine; and their diversity is very much owing to inaccurate information and inadequate reflection. In order to fully apprehend the religious system of China, we must ascend the stream to its source,—scan carefully the moral aspect of the nation,—and then, retracing our steps, watch the various modifications which have, more or less perceptibly, supervened. Unless we do this, we shall not only fail in obtaining a satisfactory view of our subject, but shall probably find ourselves committing as great a mistake as if we were to judge of the religion of France in the days of Clovis by what it had become in the middle of last century.

Turning back, then, to the reigns of Yao and Shun, by which time Chinese history had assumed an authentic form, we find the people acknowledging and reverencing the true God under the title of the "Supreme Ruler." According to the patriarchal

principle, the worship of this exalted Being was confined to the Emperor, as the head of the nation; and the high sacrifices were performed on the summits of certain mountains, such places being probably selected as the natural altars of the earth. The offerings seem to have been, not expiatory, but of the thanksgiving kind, consisting chiefly of the fruits of the earth; and the whole worship resembled in many points, and especially in its absence of idols, that of the ancient Persians, as described by Herodotus. Their ideas of God did not possess that individualism and personality which so remarkably characterised those of the Hebrews; yet their "Supreme Ruler" was no mere abstraction like the Deity of Buddhism, seated on his passionless throne of the Void, and far above all interest in sublunary things. On the contrary, the early Chinese most properly regarded God as regulating by his Providence all the affairs of earth and men,—raising up and pulling down dynasties, and sending blessings and calamities upon individuals according to their rectitude or viciousness of their lives. "Although the Shoo family," says the *Tu-Hio*, "long possessed a royal principality, it obtained from Heaven a new investiture. . . . The mandate of Heaven which gives the sovereignty to a man, does not always confer it on him for life. . . . Before the princes of the dynasty of Chang lost the affection of the people, they might have been compared to the Most High; and we may consider, from their case, that the mandate of Heaven is not easy to preserve." The *Book of Verses* says,—“Respect the majesty of Heaven, and you will conserve the mandate it has delegated to you.” The *Shoo-king* says,—“Heaven, in creating mankind, has set over them princes, and given them institutions.” Confucius says,—“There are three things which the superior man reveres,—the decrees of Heaven, great men, and the words of saints. Common men do not know the decrees of Heaven, and consequently do not revere them.” “If I have acted wrong,” said the same sage on one occasion, “may Heaven reject me.” “The superior man,” says Mencius, “does not murmur at Heaven, nor complain

of men. . . . If a prince abandon his time to vicious pleasures, he will inevitably draw down upon himself great calamities; but, as the *Book of Verses* says, ‘If the prince thinks constantly of conforming himself to the mandate he has received from Heaven, he will obtain for himself many happinesses.’” No unprejudiced reader can peruse such passages (and hundreds more might be given) without acknowledging that they contain a distinct recognition of a Supreme Ruler and a Divine Providence.

The immortality of the soul, however denied at times by the Men of Letters, is a principle in all ages practically recognised by the Chinese nation; and along with the Supreme Ruler they have always worshipped genii of the elements and the spirits of departed men. With these spirits it was anciently believed that a communication could be kept up; and in the dawn of their history, the son of the Emperor Hoang-to is said to have founded a system of magic. Among the earliest written characters invented by the Chinese, for this purpose, is one representing, not a priest, but a magician, whose self-assumed office it probably was to carry on this spiritual intercourse, and by incantations and suchlike processes to bend these genii to his service; and we are informed that there used to be persons who lived apart in mountains, in order that, by means of undisturbed contemplation, they might attain to the power of holding free converse with these shadowy beings. We make a present of these facts to our “spirit-rapping” friends on the other side of the Atlantic,—and briefly commend them to the notice of the general public as a curious instance of how epochs the most apart, and civilisations the most dissimilar, often concur in producing the same remarkable phenomena. In truth, alike in science, politics, and philosophy, the deep student of history ever finds more and more how much truth there is in the saying of the Hebrew Sage,—that “there is nothing new under the sun.”

Mysticism, in fact, has prevailed even among the unimaginative Chinese, and from its ranks proceeded the lesser of the two great master-spirits

whom the nation has produced. This is Lao-keun, — called also Lao-tse, or, the “old infant,” from a legend which says he was born with white hair,—who in the character of his intellect, belongs rather to the mysticism of India than to the rationalistic spirit of the race of Han. The God invoked by the ancient Chinese is, as we have seen, the Supreme Ruler (Shang-te) or Heaven (Tien); but the Deity described by Lao-tse is the Supreme universal Reason (Tao), and the attributes he assigns to Him are identical with those assigned to the Supreme Being by all the spiritualist *doctrinaires* of the East, as well as in many respects by Spinoza and the Pantheists. His doctrines, however, never took hold of the mind of the nation, and have now degenerated into a system of magic professed by the Taoists, or “disciples of Reason.” Very different from the mystical abstractions of this sage were the eminently practical ethics of his well-known rival Confucius,—born about 550 B.C., fifty years later than Lao-keun, and nearly contemporary with Pythagoras. His doctrines constitute a system of morals and politics rather than any particular religious creed. He said little about the being and attributes of the Deity, as he found reason a very inadequate guide on this subject; and although some expressions in his sayings show that he believed in the existence of genii and *manes*, he may be rather said not to have interfered with the common belief and worship than to have expressly adopted them. However interesting it might be to give a synopsis of the teaching of this eminent sage, whose writings we have most carefully studied, our limits will not permit of the attempt. We must content ourselves with calling the attention of our readers to this remarkable fact, that unlike any other civilised people in the world, the religion (or rather the moral system) of the Chinese is not based upon a real or feigned Divine Revelation, but deduced from human reason itself. No Divine Revelation was ever granted to them, and no fanatic or impostor ever arose to feign one. But if God did not speak from without, he spoke from within; they took close counsel with his vicegerent

Conscience in the human soul, and to the deep attention with which they listened to its warning whispers, is to be attributed the marvellous purity of their moral code, which approaches far more nearly than that of other nations the Divine precepts of the New Testament. The Revelation from *without* is only meant as a supplement to the Revelation which God has given of himself *within*, and to all mankind, in the soul; and of this latter guide the Chinese have probably made as good use as frail human nature is capable of doing.

Thus no distinct form of religion was indigenous to China; but a foreign faith, in the shape of Buddhism, made its way into the country about sixty years after the birth of our Saviour. In consequence of a dream of the Emperor Ming-te that the Holy One was born in the West, ambassadors were dispatched in that direction; and these envoys having encountered the priests of Buddhism coming from India, and proclaiming an incarnate God, took them to be the disciples of the true Christ, and presented them as such to their countrymen. Although the majority of the Chinese profess no religion—never say, “I am a Buddhist, or Taoist,” and mark their predilections by donations only, it is evident that Buddhism has proved a greater favorite with the nation than the doctrines of Lao-keun, and is almost as prevalent among the lower orders as Confucianism among the higher. Its leading features are, a total subjection of all passions by means of a contemplative life—and the metempsychosis, of which the wished for end is absorption into or reunion with the Divine Essence. But in China the creed lost some of its stupendous absurdities, and had to accommodate itself in many things to the business-like character of the people. It seems to have adopted some things from the Nestorian Christians, who at an early period gained a transient footing in China, but at the same time it easily lent itself to encourage the popular superstitions which seem in all ages to have abounded among the inhabitants. In truth, of all pagans the Buddhists are the least bigoted,—neither among their myriad idols are there any ob-

scene representations, nor do they celebrate any kind of orgies. In allowing Chinese Buddhism these negative merits, we have pronounced all the praise that is due to it. The generality of the priests wear an expression approaching to idiocy, and their indolence (they do little but beg) and their celibacy are totally opposed to the industrious spirit and philoprogenitive tendencies of the Chinese. An endless repetition of prayers in the Fan or Pali language (for the most part unintelligible even to the priests) is accounted their most powerful talisman in life, and their best preparation for futurity; and so indistinct are their ideas of divine things, and so little care they what their followers worship, that on one occasion, says Mr. Gutzlaff, "Napoleon's marble bust enjoyed the honor of being placed as an idol" in one of their temples.

In the reign of Che hoang-te, Confucianism, as we have seen, received a check which threatened at the time to prove fatal. The ambitious and gigantic schemes of the "first grand Emperor," as well as the exigencies of his times, rendered him inflexibly hostile to so influential a rival power in the State as the Men of Letters, and to so unaccommodating and constitutional a system of government as that which they inculcated; and on this account, more than from any one individual predilection, he proscribed Confucianism, and set up Taoism in its place. In the following century, however, the old State-creed regained its influence; but in the long intestine wars which followed the fall of the Han dynasty, and the sundering of the Empire into rival States, its humane and patriotic precepts were but little attended to. At the close of this long period of tumult and retrogression, the Soong dynasty mounted the throne, in somewhat similar circumstances to the Tudor family in England; and under them as in the Elizabethan epoch, literature attained its golden age in China. The old educational institutions of the empire were revived, knowledge once more became the sole pathway to eminence and power; and the national philosophy, so far as China can be said to have one, became fixed in that ma-

terialistic form which it has ever since retained. All things in the universe, said these philosophers, have one and the same kind of existence. The clod of the valley, and the ox and man who till it, are in being and essence the same. An object exhibiting extension, colour, and form, is in common parlance called body or matter; when we perceive it in a power of motion, we call it an animal or living being; and when we think we see in it feeling, will, thought, and perception, we call it man, and ascribe to it a soul or spirit. But between these, said they, there is no real and essential difference: they all participate equally in one and the same existence. And this existence, they add, is infinite and unchangeable. Everything is eternal. What we call production and destruction is nothing more than the change which happens to an object when we turn our eyes upon it or look away: in the former case it certainly produces a new impression on our mind, but no real change takes place in the object itself,—only from being unperceived, it becomes perceived. Some of these philosophers likened the relation between man and universal matter to that existing between statues and the metal out of which they are cast. These statues, they said, so lifelike, and so unlike that shapeless mass of ore, are yet portions of it, were made out of it, and will be melted into it again. Even so is it, they add, with Man. He is just a certain form of matter, differing from it in nothing, and returning to the universal mass again.

These doctrines exactly correspond with the pernicious system of materialism so beautifully developed a century ago by Helvetius in his *Système de la Nature*. Both deny the existence of spirit, and consequently deny that there either is or can be a God, and impute the formation of the universe and all that it contains, from a sun to a grain of sand, from inanimate dust to breathing man, to the wonderfully working powers of self-existent matter. Indeed the new school of philosophy which sprang into existence during the Soong dynasty corresponds most closely with the infidel school of the Encyclopedists in France; and it would doubtless have

wounded the Diderots and D'Alemberts in their tenderest part—namely, in their vain pride of intellect—to have known that their boasted scepticism and pseudo-discoveries in philosophy had been all anticipated eight centuries before by the despised Chinese! It is also remarkable that as, in both these countries, the promulgation of such doctrines was too sure an indication of a lamentable “falling away” in respect to religious faith and moral practice, so in both a terrible retribution followed,—China being bathed in blood by the conquest of the Mongol invaders, and France by the furious excesses of her own children.

It must not be supposed, however, that this atheistic materialism ever took root among the lower orders, who in China constitute the great mass of its people. It is only the seductions of a vain knowledge that can thus blind men to the existence of other powers superior to himself. Ignorance errs less grievously because it leaves the natural instincts of the soul in darkness indeed, but not eradicated. A nation must worship something; and so the great mass of the Chinese went on sacrificing as before to the genii and the souls of the departed. But, although perfect believers in the immortality of the soul, they neither pray to the spirits of the departed for aid like the Roman Catholics, nor stand in awe of their maleficent powers, like the Hindoos. Their ideas of the state of the departed resemble more nearly those of the ancient Greeks. They look upon Hades as a joyless world, and they talk of a man “going to wander among the genii” (*i. e.*, dying) in the same desponding way as a Greek would have done of some unseparated one, who had departed to join the troop of shivering ghosts on the banks of Styx. They believe that the ghosts are still subject, or fancy themselves so, to the feelings of want and hunger, and the friends or relatives of the departed are in the habit of burning pieces of gilt paper in the shape of coin, with a view of transmitting money to supply their wants in the world of shadows. They make sacrifices to the genii, but they do not venerate them very highly,—for cases

are said to be not unfrequent where the statues of the genii have been “publicly whipped, and their names erased from the list” of those to be worshipped, when they did not faithfully and loyally fulfil the duties of their station! Nevertheless the poor genii have at times their reward; and during a recent war with the Borderers in the south, the Emperor, upon the report of the general in command, decreed a votive tablet of brass to two genii who, it was supposed, had made themselves of service to the imperial troops.

A monarchical spirit has from the earliest times pervaded the Government of China; but after the destruction of the feudal princes and nobles in the long civil wars that intervened between the fall of the Han dynasty and the rise of the Soongs, a further development of the Executive took place, and a centralised bureaucracy established itself upon the ruins of all local authority. The Emperor is styled the “Son of Heaven,” and is worshipped with divine honours, in virtue of his office. By immemorial custom, he has absolute control over the succession to the throne, and can select an heir, if he pleases, from beyond the circle of his own family. As the “father of the nation,” he is sole proprietor of the soil. He has a Privy Council, composed of two Chinese and two Tartars, and a number of Boards, preside over the various branches of administration, and consult with him on all points of difficulty or importance. A remarkable feature in the Government is the Office of Censors, the members of which are despatched to various parts of the empire as Imperial inspectors. By the ancient custom of the country, these censors are privileged to present any advice or remonstrance to the sovereign without losing their lives; nevertheless, they are sometimes degraded and punished when their addresses are more than usually unpalatable. From the Emperor downwards, a strictly-defined gradation of offices extends, passing through ministers of state, governors of provinces, of districts, of towns, down to the head of a family, who is the absolute and irresponsible ruler of his own household, and who is in some

degree liable to punishment for their crimes, at any period of their lives, as well as to reward for their merits. The Mandarins are never permitted to gather around them the affections of their districts. They are never allowed to hold office in their native locality; and the short time they remain in any one place sufficiently guards the Emperor against the growth of any rival power.

The system of Centralisation is the only form of Government possible in a country where no municipal institutions exist, and where the people are ignorant or apathetic in political matters,—where, in short, they have not attained that crowning point of social life, the art of managing themselves; and (as in every other form of Government) its evils are aggravated when it is applied to a vast extent of territory, and when no landed nobility exists to form a check upon the conduct of the Government officials. The latter of these evils is felt in France, the former in the vast territories of Russia, but both are experienced in the still larger dominions of China. There the multitude of officials, and the distance at which many of them are placed from the central power, renders anything like adequate supervision impossible. The power of the officials is practically almost unlimited over those below them; and fraud, tyranny, and extortion find vent despite the highly just and constitutional principles of Chinese government. These are not so much defects of the system as of the individuals who work it; and this truth is by no means overlooked by the people. Local *émeutes* against the authorities are not unfrequent in China; but it is the abuses of power only against which the people protest on such occasions, not its form. They admire and venerate with their whole heart the governmental system of their country, which is not only an elaborate machine associated with their entire past history, but which adapts itself admirably to the national spirit. It is no mere

theoretical constitution, struck off at a blow, such as have lately been so much in vogue in Europe; it is a perfect embodiment of the Chinese predilections in government, and has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the people. "A revolution," says Mr. Wade, "would but transfer the present form of government to other hands, as the Chinese are unacquainted with the nature and merits of any other, and complain neither of the present mode of government, nor of the laws, in which they are not stated to discern any defects, but simply of the abuse of them."

Eighteen months ago,* we exposed in detail the then state of the Chinese Empire—the decaying vigour of the reigning Mantchoo dynasty—the enormous corruption existing in the administration—the consequent falling off in the revenue, and the suicidal attempt to repair this deficiency by sales of rank—the recent appalling inundations, which had reduced several millions of the population to absolute starvation—the extraordinary emigration which had begun to flow from the country, and its probable results upon the labour-market of the islands and shores of the Pacific—the rise of discontent and a turbulent democratic spirit—and the effects of the late war with Great Britain in shaking the prestige of the Tartar government. More recently,† we gave a narrative of the events of the present rebellion, and glanced at the *quasi* Christian character of the insurgents' creed. What we have to do now is to extend our views to the future, and from the events therein discernible to gather a few hints for the guidance of our present policy.

But first let the character of the present rebellion be distinctly understood; and after what we have already said, a few words should suffice. Be it understood, then, that there are no hereditary nobles or privileged classes in China. All are equal. The path to distinction is open to all, and is often trod by the

* *The Celestials at Home and Abroad.* July, 1852.

† *L'Insurrection en Chine, depuis son Origine jusqu'à la Prise de Nankin.* Par MM. CALLERY et YVAN. Avec une Carte topographique, et le Portrait du Prétendant. Paris. 1853.

humblest cottar's son. Rank can only be attained in the service of the State; and the whole *employés* of Government are selected from the State-endowed schools and colleges of the Empire—from those who, whether poor or rich, distinguish themselves most at the triennial and other examinations. Such are the class of *Lettres*, or men of letters, from whose ranks the myriad government appointments are filled; and these offices, as we have said, form one vast system of centralised bureaucracy, extending from Peking to furthest Cashgar and Thibet. "Every one of my prefects," said Napoleon I., "is a little Emperor;" and even in France at the present day, with all our appliances of railroads and telegraphs, the central Executive finds it impossible to prevent many abuses of power on the part of its provincial representatives. But France is little bigger than a single province of China—which latter empire embraces an extent of territory nearly equal to the whole of Europe, and includes no less than 360,000,000 souls, or more than a third of the whole human race! Imagine, then, the difficulty of governing such a country, and supervising so many myriads of mandarins (as the officials are called), many of whom are distant from the seat of government by thousands of miles.

To rule such an empire, of course, requires a singularly able and energetic man. And the first Emperors of each dynasty are generally men of this kind. Prowess and worth have raised them to the throne, and they put forth their whole abilities in a resolute discharge of their office. Dynasties, however, grow old, as well as individuals, and become effete under the enervating influences of wealth and power. Long experience has shown, in China as in other empires, that the energetic founders of a dynasty are by-and-by succeeded by men who give themselves up to pleasure—betaking themselves to the harem, and resigning the reins of government in many cases to crafty and ambitious eunuchs—a class of men who, as we have seen, have proved the bane of almost every dynasty for the last sixteen centuries. No sooner does incompet-

ency or corruption begin at Court, than its effects are immediately apparent in a general dissolution of government throughout the Empire. Once remove the firm check of despotic supervision from a Chinese official, and in nineteen cases out of twenty he instantly commences a system of extortion. He wrings fines and takes bribes from all and sundry, and, to prevent appeal, he bribes also the mandains immediately above him (just as is done in the dominions of the Czar.) In this way the minds of the people (who are never to be compared with the unreflecting *myiiks* of Russia) become wholly estranged from the Government. Industry is checked, and corruption embezzles the revenue. The imperial exchequer becomes empty; and in order to replenish it, instead of curing the evil by reforming the abuses, the easier plan is generally had recourse to of instituting *sales of rank*—which is synonymous, also, with sales of office. This only aggravates the evil. First of all, the people are justly incensed by seeing what ought to be the rewards of worth and learning only, taken from open competition and given to mere wealth; and secondly, the men thus unjustly placed in rank and office are in general incompetent to the discharge of their duties; and moreover, having paid for their appointments, they naturally seek to get a good return for their money, and look upon those under them rarely in any other light than as so many sheep to be fleeced. Thus the evil goes from bad to worse. Industry is checked, Government paralysed, the executive powerless. As a natural consequence of the misery of the country, bands of robbers arise in the provinces, which the imperialist forces are unable to put down. By-and-by these robber-bands attain consistency: some able chief puts himself at their head, and, encouraged by the feebleness and contempt into which the Government has fallen; hoists the standard of rebellion—issues proclamations denouncing the Emperor as having violated the "decrees of Heaven," and inflicted misery upon the people, and declaring him unfit any longer to reign. A reform of the existing abuses is at the same time made

by the rebel chief, and the necessity is inculcated of a return to the ancient morals and principles of Government, as laid down in the canonical books, and exemplified in the reigns of many of their earlier sovereigns.

The present rebellion is following the same course. The effete-ness of this Mantchoo dynasty is rendered more than usually intolerable by the fact that they are of foreign extraction, and everything conspires to show that they will be ejected from the throne, and their whole race expelled from the country, precisely as their Tartar predecessors were by the rebellion four centuries ago, headed by the founder of the native dynasty of Ming,—of which the present aspirant to the throne claims to be a lineal descendant. Whether the country is to emerge from the struggle a still united empire,—or to resolve itself into two great kingdoms, as it did for several centuries once before, with the broad stream of the Yangtsekeang for their boundary, and with Nanking (the old and natural capital of the empire, from whence the seat of government was transferred to Peking by Kublai Khan, in order to be nearer to his Tartar allies) as the metropolis of the southern kingdom,—or finally, whether it is to be for a time split up into a number of separate states, as it was in the days of Confucius, only with municipal and democratic institutions in place of the now wholly obsolete ones of feudalism,—will depend entirely upon the amount of power possessed by the chief of the insurgents. But whether the empire continue united or not, the Chinese are so thoroughly homogeneous and *clannish* a race that they will ever hold together in bonds of the strongest national sympathy.

The exultation that will ensue among this strange people on once more becoming the lords of their own soil, is likely, in conjunction with the influence of new ideas pressing upon them from without, to inaugurate a stirring and revival of the national intellect, and the development of practical abilities amongst them which will astonish the self-complacent critics of the West. A new religion and civilisation now stand at the door and knock. And, be it said, we know no country in the world where the peo-

ple are so well fitted by their own native training to appreciate them. Religion, like everything else, must to some extent be coloured by the peculiar temperament and associations of the people who adopt it; and hence the sanguine hope that the Chinese will forthwith become Christians in all respects like unto ourselves, is hardly destined to be realised. Nevertheless, Christianity never had a fairer field. Three hundred and sixty millions of the human race here lie open to its influence,—whose moral doctrines are almost identical with those of the New Testament,—who are singularly tolerant, inquisitive, and anxious to learn,—and who (greatest and most remarkable help of all) have no definite creed of their own, no positive form of religious belief, in fact, no counter revelation with which to oppose the entrance of a purer faith. For four thousand years they have been waiting for a divinely-sent religion—wisely making the most, in the interim, of that natural religion of the soul which God gives to all mankind alike. Now, at length, that religion comes unto them, and finds them better prepared for its reception than any other pagan nation whom the blessed light from on high has visited. Let, then, our missionaries take courage, and our Bible societies redouble their efforts; for the good work has already received a beginning, and the results will amply repay their most generous efforts.

But Christianity does not come alone. The stores of European knowledge come along with it, and (although a closer acquaintance with the Chinese will show that we have much to learn as well as to impart) will confer upon them inestimable advantages, of which they will not be slow to avail themselves. The late war, and increased communication with the "Barbarians," is fast converting their old contempt for us into an undisguised acknowledgment of our superiority;—the accession of a native dynasty will throw down the barriers behind which China has for long secluded herself from the world;—a third part of the species will be brought into the comity of nations, and China at last will be *opened*.

It is impossible but that this result

must come. For the first time in its history, while a mighty revolution is stirring and shaking the empire within, foreign powers stand at its gates, watching the progress of events, deeply interested in the issue, and ready, if necessary, to take a decisive part in the struggle. Of these powers, three stand forth as the leading empires of the world. Russia, the great nascent power of the Old World, already stretches her giant arms from the Baltic Sea to the distant shores of the Pacific, and despite the deserts and mountain-chains of Central Asia, is steadily working her way southwards. As if at once to invite and facilitate her advance, settled habits, the first forerunners of civilisation, are spreading among the Nomades of the Steppes; and according to Gutzlaff, they were never so easily ruled as at the present day. It is as certain as anything yet future can be, that the sway over the greater part of these tribes will soon pass from the Chinese Emperor to the Russian Czar,—and by means of them he will act directly and powerfully upon China. This much he will assuredly succeed in; but there is a further and definite enterprise which he will attempt, of which the success is much more doubtful. Siberia is not all ice and wilderness. One half of it lies south of the latitude of St. Petersburg, and its southern limits reach the latitude of Paris. In its southern portion—as, for instance, around Lake Baikal—exist tracts at once fertile and beautiful; and in the mountain-ranges which separate it from the Chinese territory, gold and other minerals have of late years been discovered, and worked with great profit. It is a region, therefore, whose resources are worth developing; but at present it is only by a tedious land journey to Europe that its products can find an outlet. In Asia there is none. Southwards, the way is barred by immense mountain-chains, and the deserts of Central Asia; on the north stretches the Frozen Ocean, into which all its great rivers hopelessly fall,—save one, the Amour or Sagalien, which flows westwards into the Sea of Japan. This is the only proper outlet for Siberia; but at present, the whole lower part of its course lies within the dominions of

China. We know that the possession of the mouths of this great river is already a coveted object of Russian policy; and, at this moment, there is a capital move on the cards by which the enterprising Czar may reasonably calculate to win his point. The part of the Celestial Empire traversed by the Amour is Mantchooria,—in other words, that northern portion of the empire, which is the native province of the dynasty and race whose supremacy is at present on the point of being overthrown by the Chinese. Is it not very probable, therefore, that the Czar will espouse the cause of the unpopular Mantchoos, on the simple condition, thus placed in *extremis* (which they will be ready to grant), that, if he succeed in keeping them on the throne, they shall cede to him the lower course of the coveted river;—or foreseeing that, even in the event of their expulsion, he shall be able with their help to take possession of the Mantchoorian provinces? Nor are the movements of Russia, carefully shrouded as they ever are, in discordance with this supposition. For, in autumn last, two ships of war sailed from Cronstadt to Canton, raising the Russian naval force in the Chinese seas to five vessels; during summer, a force of six or seven thousand regulars was despatched to Irkutsk, close to the Chinese frontiers, and the *entrepôt* of Russian commerce with China by Kiachta; while, recently, General de Brankberg, after being summoned to St. Petersburg to receive instructions, was despatched to take command of the Russian troops, regular and irregular, along the Chinese frontiers.

Whatever may be the designs of the Czar in that quarter, however, he is likely to encounter an antagonist of superior strength in the rival power of the Anglo-Saxons. Russia is ever for despotism and exclusion,—Britain and America for freedom and toleration; and the latter powers will carry their point so far as China is concerned. America is approaching in great strength direct from California; and another twelvemonth will probably witness the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, and the establishment of a settlement in Japan, as firm stepping-stones by which the

Pacific may be crossed, and the enterprising Anglo-Americans brought into direct contact with the now awakened land of the Celestials. Not less steadily are we advancing overland through the territories of Burmah; and the new struggle commencing there will probably soon extend our dominion still farther up the noble stream of the Irrawaddy. Ava is within a hundred and ninety miles of the Chinese frontier, and from Bhamo—the *entrepôt* between the two nations—a highway leads north-eastwards through the southern provinces of the Celestial Empire, along which a commerce is conducted by each nation to the value of more than half-a-million sterling. But it is by sea that, whether peacefully or otherwise, the enterprise of England will most seriously infringe upon the seclusion of China; and, if we are wise, we will direct our advance-

ing steps not by Hong-Kong and Canton into the mountainous provinces of the south-eastern coast, but by Chusan and Shang-hae, up the magnificent artery of the Yang-tse-Keang, into the great valley-region of China, fertile beyond measure, containing Nanking and some of the wealthiest cities of the empire, intersected by a network of canals, and so vast and populous that a hundred and seventy millions of inhabitants are supported on its surface. Six hundred miles from the sea this immense river is nearly a league in width, and of depth sufficient to bear junks of considerable tonnage; and up its broad stream and countless tributaries, and along the canals communicating with all parts of the interior, the powers of steam-navigation will ere long convey the religion and science, the arts, produce, and arms of the Christian world.

THE LAST FRUIT OFF AN OLD TREE.

THIS title, "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree," cannot be read here with indifference—cannot certainly be read by us without grateful retrospect of the ampler store of still riper fruit we have gathered from the same branches. If there is such a thing in botany as a cedar bearing fruit, or if it is permissible to imagine such a creation in the vegetable world, it is under some such tree that we remember to have reclined of old—less majestic than the oak, more graceful, and dropping ripest dates from branches of cool, impenetrable shade.

The reputation, we believe, of Mr. Landor's writings has been of slow growth. The form of dialogue which he chiefly affected had lost its popularity amongst us, and from this and other causes, which it is not difficult to divine, there was a less hearty and general recognition of his merits than of any of the distinguished contemporaries amongst whom he lived and wrote. This, we believe, is matter of literary history. But, speaking personally, and from our own experience, we look back upon the *Imaginary Conversations* as amongst the earliest of

our favourites and of our treasures. The English language appeared to us never to have assumed its complete and most classical type till the happy idea occurred to Landor of so refining without impoverishing, so harmonising and modulating without inflating or enfeebling, as to give it an almost ideal grace and strength, and thus fit it for the dialect of those Greek orators and poets to whom we are accustomed to ascribe a quite imaginary perfection of speech. Landor succeeded in his enterprise. He formed a style of that almost ideal purity which takes it from the accidents of time and of country, and adapts it to all ages and all thinkers; and we feel that every man of genius, whether Greek or Roman, English or Italian, is speaking in his own language, because he speaks in what is not unworthy to be the universal language of men of genius, of power, and of reflection. It follows, as an understood corollary, that he who framed such a style had answerable thoughts to express in it; for a style grows from within, and forms only round a nucleus of thought. It is

not, however, in the writings of Mr. Landor (and this may have occasioned disappointment to some) that the student ever arrives at the first elements of the subject treated of, whether moral or political philosophy, or whatever that subject may be. His writings bear much the same relation to severe didactic exposition, as a beautiful statue to an anatomical drawing. Those who would see or feel the truth of the anatomy in the marble, must bring their knowledge with them.

We must confess, for our own part, that special studies, and a ruder inquest into truth, have withdrawn us much from books in which the æsthetic element may be said to prevail: we have become chiefly solicitous for some contribution to our stock of knowledge and of ideas, let the matter be rough-hewn as it may; and we must conjure up the feelings of the past if we would do full justice to the author before us. We must recall the days when we read for the fifth time the dialogue of *Epicurus*, *Leontine*, and *Pernissa*—when we lived under the roof of Pericles, and in correspondence with Aspasia and Cleone and Anaxagoras—when we listened to the genial talk of Boccaccio and Petrarch, and, though we had known the one in his hundred tales, and the other in his more than hundred sonnets, confessed that we liked them both far better speaking English in the *Pentameron*.

Most men of original genius are liable to sink at times even below mediocrity. It is not the highest path that preserves the truest level. Perhaps this is owing to the simple reason that self-confidence survives though the hour and the theme be not propitious; or it may be that exuberance is one quality of genius,—and it lies not in the Fates themselves to grant that a tropical luxuriance of vegetation, where every slender plant and every towering tree are climbing into the air together, should be combined with the selectness of the trim garden or the plot of orchard-ground. Chaucer and Spencer and Shakespeare, amongst our own ancients, show the greatest inequality in their production; and it would not be difficult, amongst

modern authors, to point to some who have had failures almost as signal as their successes. This inequality is conspicuous in Landor. He who wrote *Æschines* and *Phocion* wrote the *Citation of William Shakespeare*. Unhappily in the last, as in some few other dialogues, he has attempted the humorous. Now, Mr. Landor has wit and sarcasm at command, and of the severest and the keenest order, but to be humorous the gods have positively denied. Not his the wit that raises mirth or laughter. When he thinks to pelt us with snowballs, he is throwing things about him heavy as lead. There is nothing comic in his genius. Punchinello is the last character for whom he could find fitting speech. He should have had nothing to do with such people as Sir Silas. The folds of his drapery fall gracefully and somewhat heavily to the ground: it will not do to tuck them round the haunches of any fat and stupid knight. He could drape a goddess perfectly—an Ariel not so well; but amongst all his *properties* he has not a single suit of motley that would become a fool of any species whatever. Those who most admire the gallery of statues into which he admits the reader, would be most pleased if they could eject certain uncouth figures grinning from the obscurer parts of the room, or rather distorting their features into what is to pass for a grin.

It is, however, by his best that every author should finally be judged; and we hold that criticism has for its ultimate end to detect everywhere the best and the good, and present them for the admiration, and it may be, for the grateful admiration of the reader. If it looks for faults and blemishes, and holds these also up for notice and reprehension, it is because we can only learn to admire what is good by comparison with what is less good, or by distinguishing from what is absolutely bad. Were we, on the present occasion, engaged in a general review of the whole writings of Mr. Landor, we should feel ourselves compelled to enter more fully than we are disposed or intend to do, into certain defects both of manner and of matter which detract from their excellence; but we should

only perform the less grateful portion of our task, for the ultimate purpose of fixing attention on the high qualities which really constitute their excellence.

Speaking of the public at large, we have said that the works of Landon have been slowly growing into popularity, or rather into general circulation and esteem. Popular, in one sense of the word, they are not likely to become. The *Paradise Lost* can never be half so popular as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, although the very persons who often open their Bunyan, and rarely or never their Milton, would not venture, in defiance of the opinion of their more intellectual countrymen, to prefer their favorite allegory to our great national epic. It is probable that the causes which at first retarded the general reception of our author's works, may always continue to limit the number of those who read them with genuine pleasure. Let us look at some of these causes.

The dialogue, as we have intimated, has lost ground amongst us as a form of composition, and there are other reasons than the caprice of fashion or the love of change for this general distaste towards it. In an age when many books are to be read, we like to come at once and rapidly to the gist of the matter; we wish to be led straightway to the conclusion we are finally to rest in. We have little time to spare, and cannot afford to be bandied about from one speaker to another. Why this circuitous path, when we might have gone in a direct road from one point to the other? Why this zigzag, this tacking about, as if we were for ever under contrary winds? Or, let it be the line of beauty itself that we are illustrating, why these undulations *here*, when we have our wicket-gate before us, and might reach it by a straight and level path? It is still worse when there is no wicket-gate to enter, no final conclusion to rest in; and a dialogue, replete with thought and discussion, proves to be written with a dramatic rather than a didactic purpose. Art for the sake of art, where the province is speculative truth, becomes a rather questionable matter. Earnest-minded men like to see clearly where it is that the author himself is earnest

and sincere—where it is that he really intends to work upon their conviction, and where he is merely exercising his ingenuity to give pleasure or create surprise.

We note these objections to the dialogue, without, however, entirely acquiescing in them. If this form of composition may be sometimes wearisome or vexatious to the reader, it may be all but necessary to the writer. That very incertitude and fluctuation which it admits of may be inseparable from minds whose thoughts and reflections we would nevertheless willingly listen to. Men of this temper could not write at all if they might not draw something of a mask or a veil between themselves and the public. If it is troublesome to the active impatient man to be handled about, or partially mystified by dramatic inventions, it may be infinitely to the ease of the writer to adopt some form of composition which does not rigidly compromise him, which gives a certain scope for oscillation, which permits him to say what seemed truth yesterday, though he already suspects that it will not wear exactly the same appearance to-morrow. There are men who grow bold only when they speak in the name or the person of another; they could not utter the "last word" of the problem, if in their own persons they must pledge themselves for ever to their own solution. They see much of the subject, much of its difficulties; they have something withal to say which is worth our hearing; but they doubt if they are in possession of the whole of the truth. Well, we must permit them some device, some fiction, some dramatic form which will give them liberty of speech, which will sanction half-truths and partial contradictions. We must not tender the book and the oath to all our witnesses. We shall get more truth from some by diminishing the weight of responsibility. Not to add to all this, that there are readers also of kindred minds, who more frequently find themselves in the attitude of implicated contemplation than of direct search for truth or strenuous advocacy of opinions.

But if the dramatic or conversational form of Mr. Landon's writings renders many thinking men impatient

of their perusal, the substantial matter in them is still such as only men of thought and reflection can at all appreciate. There is no catering to the prejudice or ignorance of any sort of mob, political or religious. As little at the hustings as at Exeter Hall are the readers to be found whom Landor addresses. He never descends from his own intellectual level to court the suffrages of the multitude. This is almost the highest praise we can bestow on any man; and it is so high a praise, because it almost invariably incurs the forfeiture of that general good-will and loud applausive acclamation which must be grateful to all men, and which very moderate abilities, with a thorough devotion of them to the popular service, may always command.

Neither must it be forgotten that the style and manner of our author, admirable as they are, and almost perfect on certain themes and occasions, with which they thoroughly harmonise, do, at other times, afflict us with a sense of constraint, of effort, of monotony. When a narrative, for instance, of any length is attempted, we seem to move along with leaden weights on either ankle. There is scarcely a redundant word, you say, how then can we be moving slowly? It is precisely because there is never a word too many that we do move so slowly. Mr. Landor has never understood this paradox, that with more words he would move more rapidly; or his readers would. They miss those little stones and pebbles in the way that break the step, and make them trip and dance as they go. There is also one peculiarity in his style which in a critical estimate of his writings would deserve a distinct and separate notice. No man, in his happier moods, deals more admirably with metaphorical language; but he also

deals, somewhat more than occasionally, in a class of metaphors which have nothing to commend them beyond a certain ingenuity in detecting or shaping the resemblance on which they are founded. They do not illustrate the meaning; they do not deepen the impressions; they merely detain us by drawing our attention to a cold unaffecting parallelism. This habit of catching at images which reflect neither light nor heat upon the composition will be found, we suspect, to be the chief source of what there is of weariness and fatigue in the style Mr. Landor.*

But we have not imposed upon ourselves here so large and onerous a task as a critical survey of the whole of Mr. Landor's works, and we ought before this to have proceeded to the special object in hand—some notice of his latest, and, as the title would signify, his last production. But we hold no author to any pledge or resolution of this description. Whilst the brain thinks (and may it still continue here to exercise its functions), the hand will write; and what the hand writes, when once the habit has set in, will be sure to be transcribed in printer's ink. These last fruits show no decay of the thinking faculty. Occasional and miscellaneous, no one will expect to find the contents of this volume equal to the *Imaginary Conversations* of the first and second series. But many will be, perhaps agreeably surprised to detect so little falling off, to meet with so much that is worthy of the author of *Pericles* and *Aspasia*. Amongst the poems (although we confess there are many trifles we should have hardly thought it worth while to collect and print) there is perhaps as large a proportion of what is really excellent, as in those already printed as miscellaneous poems in his collected works.

* It seems a slight thing to notice, but the manner in which the *Imaginary Conversations* have been hitherto published to the world has not been such as to give a fair trial how far they would engage general attention. They were first printed in large octavo volumes, necessarily of a costly price; and they have been lately republished, in a form the most incommodious imaginable, in two bulky volumes, which comprise the whole of the author's works. Now, if Mr. Moxon would publish the more select of the *Imaginary Conversations* and *Pericles and Aspasia* in small and cheap volumes, we are at least persuaded there would be no commercial risk in the undertaking, and a large part of the public would for the first time be introduced to these works.

The first words which catch the eye on opening the volume are characteristic enough, both of the temper and the genius of the author. We say the temper of the author, for whether the irate mood, the pride bordering upon arrogance, which breaks out in his writings, enters at large into the composition of the man, is a matter of which we know nothing. These lines stand printed by themselves, in capital letters, on the first leaf, as on a memorial tablet—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my
strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of
life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

The verse is good; but if this is a farewell to the world, it is not a graceful leave-taking.

"I strove with none, for none was worth my
strife."

He had contemporaries whom posterity will think to have been quite worthy of his strife, if to strive with contemporaries be worthy of any man who has truth, or even art, for his object. We wish the sentiment expressed had been, that he strove with none because the love of truth, of nature, and of art bore him up, as on eagles' wings, above the region of all strife. The line as it stands is not graceful; nor is it consistent with the generous praise he himself in this very volume bestows on some of those with whom the emulous strife (if any) would have been carried on. What can be more elegant than the following eulogium on Shelley? It occurs in some lines "To the Nightingale," and he modestly supposes his own song, as well as the nightingale's, to become inaudible in the superior melody of the poet—

"Melodious Shelley caught thy softest song,
And they who heard his music heard
not thine;
Gentle and joyous, delicate and strong,
From the far tomb his voice shall silence
mine."

Perhaps this ungracious line refers only to a strife for power. If so, it is ambiguous; and the interpretation first put upon it is justified or excused by other passages in plain

prose, where he expresses the altogether vain and absurd desire to stand aloof, unassociated in our minds with other men of letters. "I claim," he says, (p. 320)—"I claim no place in the world of letters. I am alone; and will be alone, as long as I live, and after." Idle enough. He might as well have said, It is true, I have the lineaments, and bear the faculties, and have lived the life of this creature *homo*; but let none call me man; I will stand alone, as long as I live, and after!

There is much of this morbid temper displayed in a dialogue between himself and Archdeacon Hare; but we will not go further into the subject. We touch upon it here to note and to dismiss it. It is an old story, and a sad one. A proud man, conscious of merits ill appreciated, begins to talk of himself, of his detractors, of his compeers. He has no sooner closed his lips than he is offended at himself for having spoken. Silence would have been so much better. He is now as angry with himself as he was before with others; he speaks again, and still louder, to assert his contempt of the whole business: thus repeating the first blunder, adding to his own exasperation, and rendering it still more difficult to get back to that silence which alone comported with his dignity. It is a sad spectacle—angry with others, then at himself for having been stirred to anger: the exacerbation, in such a case, grows perpetually, and there is no hope of a genuine calm being ever established.

The first conversation in the new series leads us amongst the painters. We have some fine eulogium on Titian, and Raffael, and Correggio.

"*Cornaro*.—Yet how wonderful is the Saint Peter Martyr! In both pictures you have proved yourself the best adapter of external nature to human and superhuman action. The majestic trees, at the stroke of your pencil, rise up worthy to shade the angels in their walks on earth. Many of your subjects were the production of your hand after the meridian of life.

"*Tiziano*.—Long after; my fancy flies often from our sea-girt city to my native hills of Cadara, and over the intermediate plains, and vineyards, and olive-plate,

and chestnut-groves, and forests, and inhales the sharp sunniness of the Alpine air: it invigorates me afresh.

"*Cornario*.—Yes, Tiziano! Age never droops into decrepitude while Fancy stands at his side. To how many have you given an existence for centuries! . . . The time will come when the chief glory of a Venetian noble will be the possession of an ancestor by the hand of Tiziano

"*Tiziano*.—You greatly overvalue me. There are many in our city who deserve to partake in these eulogies; and many others who followed my steps, and have preceded me to the tomb.

"*Cornario*.—It belongs to a generous mind to be well pleased with its likeness in its inferiors; you can bear it even in a rival; you waft away your own praises, and often point towards Urbino.

"*Tiziano*.—Urbino is richer than Tyre and Sidon ever were; Urbino is more glorified than Troy and Rome. There is only one to whom the Virgin has confided her infant; one only to whom the Infant hath manifested his mother: he leans on her bosom; but she hath not all his love. Nearer to us, while we are conversing on this favourite of Heaven, on this purifier of the human heart, on this inspirer of the most tender and most true religion, is Antonio Allegri of Correggio. Angels play with his pencil; and he catches them by the wing, and will not let them go. What a canopy hath he raised to himself in the dome at Parma! The highest of the departed and of the immortal are guardians of his sepulchre: he deserved it."

In the second conversation we are still in Italy, and the subject—so great a favourite with all our poets—of the cruel fate of Tasso and the love of Leonora—is tenderly touched. Leonora is on the point of death, and is conversing with her confessor, Father Panigarola.

"*Leonora*.—He said so? could he say it? . . . Perhaps, too, he feared to awaken in me the sentiments he once excited. However it may be, already I feel the chilliness of the grave; his words breathe it over me. I would have entreated him to forget me; but to be forgotten before I had entreated it!—O father, father!

"*Panigarola*.—Human vanity still is lingering in the precincts of the tomb. Is it criminal, is it censurable, in him to anticipate your wishes?

"*Leonora*.—Knowing the certainty and the nearness of my departure, he might at least have told me, through you, that he lamented to lose me.

"*Panigarola*.—Is there no voice within your heart that clearly tells you so?

"*Leonora*.—That voice is too indistinct, too troubled with the throbbings round about it. We women want sometimes to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.

"*Panigarola*.—Madonna! this is too passionate for the hour. But the tears you are shedding are a proof of your compunction. May the Virgin, and the saints around her throne, accept and ratify it.

"*Leonora*.—Father! what were you saying? what were you asking me? whether no voice whispered to me, assured me? I know not. I am weary of thinking. He must love me. It is not in the nature of such men ever to cease from loving. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tost up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies in the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

"*Panigarola*.—Be composed, be calm, be resigned to the will of Heaven; be ready for that journey's end, where the happier who have gone before, and the enduring who soon must follow, will meet.

"*Leonora*.—I am prepared to depart. . . Pray, father, for my deliverance: pray also for poor Torquato's; do not separate us in your prayers. O! could he leave his prison as surely or as speedily as I shall mine! it would not be more thankfully! O! that bars of iron were as fragile as bars of clay! O that princes were as merciful as Death! But tell him, tell Torquato. . . . Go again; entreat, persuade, command him to *forge* me.

"*Panigarola*.—Alas! even the command, even the command from you and from above might not avail, perhaps. You smile, Madonna!

"*Leonora*.—I die happy."

These quotations are sufficient to show that the old fire is burning still. With *Louis Philippe* and *M. Guizot* we do not feel disposed to linger. In *Nicholas* and *Nesselrode* the emperor appears to us to be somewhat traves-tied; the minister talks well.

"*Nicholas*.—Yes, yes; whether we take the field or sit here in the cabinet, God fights for us visibly. You look grave Nesselrode! Is it not so? Speak, and plainly.

"*Nesselrode*.—Sire, in my humble opinion, God never fights at all.

"*Nicholas*.—Surely he fought for Israel when he was invoked by prayer?

"*Nesselrode*.—Sire, I am no theologian; and I fancy I must be a bad geographer, since I never knew of a nation which was Israel when it had a mind to shed blood and to pray. To fight is an exertion—is violence: the Deity in his omnipotence needs none. He has devils and men always in readiness for fighting; and they are the instruments of their own punishment for their past misdeeds."

Whether the Emperor Nicholas is the sort of theologian he is represented here to be, we should doubt.

"*Nesselrode*.—Some among the Italians, and chiefly among the Romans, are venturing to express an opinion that there would be less of false religion, and more of true, if no priest of any description were left upon earth.

"*Nicholas*.—Horrible!—unless are exempted those of the venerable Greek church. All others worship graven images: we stick to pictures.

"*Nesselrode*.—One scholar mentioned, not without an air of derision, that a picture had descended from heaven recently on the coast of Italy.

"*Nicholas*.—Framed? varnished? under glass? on pencil? on canvass? What like?

"*Nesselrode*.—The Virgin Mary, whatever made of.

"*Nicholas*.—She must be ours then. She missed her road. . . . But I hope I am guilty of no profaneness or infidelity, when I express a doubt if every picture of the blessed Virgin is sentient: most are; perhaps not every one. If they want her in England, as they seem to do, let them have her—unless it is the one that rolls the eyes: in that case I must claim her; she is too precious by half for Papist or Tractarian. I must order immediately these matters. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that I am the visible head of Christ's church."

We made an observation just now on a certain class of metaphors which intrude upon us in the composition of Mr. Landor. Here is an exaggerated example of them. In the following passage there are some half-dozen metaphors, only one of which (that about the snuff, which is very witty) gives any point or illustration to the subject. All the rest merely bewilder us with far-fetched resemblances. Nicholas is discoursing on some of the inconsistencies of England:—

"*Nicholas*.—It is amusing to look at a playground of striped tops, humming, whirring, wavering, now dipping to this

side, now to that, whipt from the centre to the circumference of the courtyard, and losing all distinctness of colour by the rapidity of their motion. We are consistent, *Nesselrode*; we can sit quiet and look on. I am fortunate, another may say judicious, in my choice of instruments. The English care more about the organ-loft than the organ, in the construction of which they employ stout bellows, but look little to the keys or stops. Mr. Pitt could speak fluently for hours together, and that was enough; he was permitted to spend a million a-week in expeditions. Canning issued state-papers of such elaborate lace-work, that ladies might make shrouds of them for their dead canaries. Of Castlereagh you know as much as I do. *We blew softly the snuff into his eyes, and gave him the boxes to carry home.* He has the glory of being the third founder of the French monarchy. Pitt sharpened the sword of Buonaparte, and placed the iron crown upon his head. He was the cooper who drew together and compacted the barrel, by setting on fire the chips and shavings, and putting them in the centre."

We say nothing of the opinions expressed here, whether by the Emperor Nicholas, or by Mr. Landor in his name. We quote the passage only as an example of a certain mannerism which we had occasion to notice. That "snuff" is excellent. But the tops and the organ-loft, the lace-work, the shrouds for dead canaries, the cooper and his barrel, are all just so much needless confusion. We might as well have spread out before us the contents of a broker's shop.

No small portion of the volume is devoted to theological matters, or exposures of the errors of the Church of Rome. A few years ago nothing could have been more needless, and therefore more wearisome, than an attack upon the superstition of what to us was the church of the middle ages. An attack upon heathen gods and goddesses would have been almost as appropriate. Now the church of the middle ages rears itself up even in England as the church of the nineteenth century. There is no help for it. The same controversy must be gone over again. Again must be refuted and repelled the same miracles and mysteries, and the same flagrant usurpation on the rights of the Christian laity that Knox and Luther contended against. Tolerant men and

men of taste dislike these discussions; but the man of taste must forego his fastidious refinement, and he who loves toleration must buckle on his armour here, or the old Despotism will be down upon them both, and leave them no opportunity to practise or to enjoy their much-loved toleration.

We doubt if Mr. Landor is exactly the champion his Protestant countrymen would select to place in the van of the battle: he lacks in reverence to the chiefs of their own party; but he is a bold knight, who deals hard blows, and they will not refuse the service of his sword. In the *Letters to Cardinal Wiseman, by a True Believer*, in the piece entitled *Papery, British and Foreign*, he makes some home-thrusts which it would be very difficult for any honest reasoner to parry. For the crafty Romanist there is always an escape, because he has two creeds, one for the populace and one for his educated disciple. Thus the efficacy of masses said and purchased for the dead is a doctrine which, we suppose, he can upon occasion modify and explain so as to reconcile men of intelligence to its apparent absurdity. Yet those who buy the masses must have very gross definite ideas of their absolute value, or they would not lay out their money in this direction. And if the prayers of the priest really have the power to draw souls out of purgatory, it is very well suggested in these *Letters of a True Believer*, that it manifests great want of charity in the possessor of such a power to wait till they receive money before they exercise it. The *True Believer* says—

“Would any rational man, any man within the pale of humanity, raise objections against the usefulness and beneficence of masses for souls desunct? He (the unbeliever) asks whether it be seemly or just to charge money for liberating a fellow-Christian (if such a place exist, and such a feat be possible) from the fires of purgatory? He asks whether the poorest of the poor is not often known to hazard his life in extinguishing the conflagration of a cottage, and without the slightest hope, or the most transient desire, of reward. He asks whether no schoolboy has himself been drowned in attempting to rescue another from drowning.

“‘I am firmly of opinion,’ says the unbeliever, ‘that a mass can no more affect a dead Christian than a dead rat: no more save the one from perdition than the other from putrefaction. If you believe I can, you ought to offer it gratuitously. Did not your Saviour give gratuitously that for which you demand a price? Nowhere in the church of the apostles do I find a tariff, for sins of all dimensions, pasted on the wall. Indulgence there was, indeed, for offences; and the cost was the same for each—namely, the cost of repentance. He who offered any other was guilty of worse than sinning; he who received any other, sinned against the Holy Ghost; he violated that Divine Spirit; he arrogated to himself the functions of the Father and of the Son; he sold his Saviour for less than thirty pieces of silver, when by no trickery he could obtain so much.’”

But the priest may reply that the pious gift of the layman has its share in the efficacy of the mass: if so, the ability of the layman to make this gift, to perform this act of self-denial, becomes the condition on which the speedy rescue of a soul in purgatory must depend. Wealth, directly or indirectly, lays out the punishment. And, accordingly, when Columbus was seeking patrons and assistance for his great enterprise, he argued that the golden treasures of India, to which he expected to find a direct passage, would enable the good Spaniards to liberate innumerable souls of Christians out of purgatory. We have often thought that a more complete *redut o ad absurdum* was never set forth than was here unconsciously perpetrated by the devout Columbus. We wonder, if the treasures of California had been discovered by a Catholic population, whether they would have been regarded as a providential gift from heaven for the relief of souls under punishment. Perhaps the idea would seriously have occurred to no one; for, happily, even in the Catholic Church, the *degree* to which an absurdity can be carried becomes limited. Time, or rather the slow percolation of thought, affects insensibly even the lowest stratum of the public opinion. Even a Spanish peasant does not think in the nineteenth century exactly as he did in the fifteenth.

Whilst touching on this theme, we

may as well make a quotation here from one of the poems at the close of the volume, which shows how a mind *might* reason, on the supposition that sins, whether of the living or the dead, can be commuted for by payments to the church. The *Five Scenes* is a dramatic sketch, founded upon the same terrible story that Shelley has unhappily immortalised amongst us in his play of the *Cenci*. It is designed only for what it is—a mere sketch; but it is a most masterly one. Our quotation must be abbreviated, and we must take the liberty of omitting lines without always marking the omission.

"*Confessor*.—Our thoughts, my lord, are not entirely ours;
The Tempter hath much influence over them,
And aways them to and fro.

Cenci.—More often to
Than fro, methinks.

Confessor.—Prayer can do much, and more
Confession, most good will toward the church.
Great the good
Arising from the wealth men thus disburse.
The church, thus aiding and thus aided,
throws
Her sackcloth from her, and sits up elate,
Triumphant, glorified, the spouse of Christ,
Born in the manger but to mount the throne.
None but the fool and the ungodly doubt
These saying truths.

Cenci.—None but the fool, most surely;
About the ungodly you know more than I,
Who never have held converse with the
knaves;
For, to my mind, they must be fools as well.

Confessor.—They dare not meet confession
face to face,
As honest and braver sinners do,
Like you, my lord, who ask before you take,
Ready to pay the penalty of guilt.
And weighing both in steady even scales.
Your lordship has paid dearly for some
sins!

Cenci.—Churchmen may get them cheaper;
they can whirl
The incense round, and sweeten one another.

Confessor.—Count! we are friends; but this
sounds rather free.

Cenci.—My speech is free, and free too is my
hand.
Three paoli is the price of masses now
To the poor man; the citizens pay five;
The noble seven, but often bargaining
For thirteen to the dozen; I meanwhile
Reckon but twelve, and pay my crown apiece,
Ay, for a thousand, father, for a thousand—
If this won't save me, what the devil can?

Confessor.—Do not be angry; let us hope it
will.
Three hundred thousand crowns have over-
laid
Some gross enormities: stified they lie,

No whisper over them: the Pope's right hand
Hath wiped the Record from the Book of
Life.

Cenci.—Are you quite sure?

Confessor.—Infallibility
Declares it.

Cenci.—Bless infallibility!

Confessor.—Sin not, my son! but sinning,
stright confess,
And stand absolved.

Cenci.—Plague me no more. I have
Confest. The wish—again I swear—is
odious.

Confessor.—The very thought confounds and
petrifies me.
(After a pause.) If you will have the peach—
why, have the peach;
But pay for it: 'tis better to abstain.

(*Confessor goes out—the Count remains.*)

Cenci (alone).—There must be (since all
fear it) pains below.
But how another's back can pass for mine,
Or how the scourge be softened into down
By holy water, puzzles me.
Now, can these fellows in their hearts believe
What they would teach us? Yes; they must.
Methinks
I have some courage: I dare many things.
Most things; yet were I certain I should fall
Into a lion's jaws at close of day
If I went on, I should be loth to go.
Theirs is the look-out.
They toss my sins on shoulder readily;
Are they quite sure they can as readily
Shuffle them off again? They catch our
pouch.
The price, the stipulated price, I pay;
Will the receiver be as prompt to them?
May not he question them? Well! there are
gone
Three hundred thousand crowns, and more
must go;
I shall cry *quite*—but what will their cry be?
When time is over, none can ask for time;
Payment must come—and these must pay,
not I.
'Three hundred thousand crowns' runs my
receipt,
Holiness and Infallibility
At bottom. I am safe; the firm is good.
If the wax burn their fingers, let them blow
And cool it: there it sticks: my part is done."

We quote these passages chiefly for
the power they display. We do not
suppose that many men have reasoned
in the distinct definite manner of
Count Cenci. There is generally a
certain salutary vagueness as to what
an indulgence or a mass can do for
them in this life or the next.

To return to the prose. Here is an
account of a miracle or of a *modus
operandi*, which was new to us, and
may be so to our readers.

"The bodies of St Simon and St Jude
are deposited in the Church of St. Peter's
at Rome: the same bodies are likewise

deposited in the church at St. John's at Verona. Heretics may hereupon be captious and incredulous; true believers can entertain no doubt. Fra Filippo Ferraris tells us expressly that these same bodies may exist contemporaneously in separate places and Cardinal Valerio explains most satisfactorily how it may be so: it is by a *pia estensione*."

We are delighted with this *pia estensione*—it will help us through a host of difficulties. If two and two make five, it will be but a *pia estensione*.

Mr. Landor has been censured, in olden times, for not having given the due meed of praise to his distinguished contemporaries. In this volume he appears to have travelled to the opposite extreme, and to shower down his eulogiurns with a too indiscriminate liberality. This amiable failing, if such it be, we feel no disposition to quarrel with. At all times towards the great dead he has felt and expressed an enthusiastic and noble admiration. A reverence for the highest genius in philosophy, in eloquence, in art, in poetry, is amongst the most estimable characteristics of this author. One is sometimes tempted to say, not that he estimates the man of *thoughts* too highly, but that the man of *action*, the great minister, and the great captain, is not sufficiently appreciated. But as the world at large are quite ready enough to applaud those who possess power or who win victories, this partiality to the intellectually great can produce no mischief. On the contrary, an excessive admiration for warlike heroes—for those who have been more celebrated for the talent and bravery by which they won power, than for the beneficence with which they have used it—can only be counteracted by bringing prominently forward the peaceful heroes of art and meditation, the Newtons, the Shakespeares, the Miltons of the world.

Of Milton, viewed as well in his prose and his poetry, we have here some eloquent eulogiurns:—

"He indulges in no vagaries to captivate the vulgar mind; he leads by the light of his countenance, never stooping to grasp a coarse hand to obtain its suffrages. In his language he neither had nor ever can have an imitator. Such an

attempt would display at once the boldest presumption and the weakest affectation. His gravity is unsuitable to the age we live in. The cedars and palms of his paradise have disappeared: we see the earth before us in an altered form: we see dense and dwarf plants upon it everywhere; we see it scratched by a succession of squatters, who rear a thin crop and leave the place dry and barren. Constancy and perseverance are amongst Milton's characteristics, with contempt of everything mean and sordid. . . . Milton stood conspicuous over the mines of fuel he accumulated for that vast light-house, founded on a solitary rock, which threw forth its radiance to Europe from amid the darkness and storminess of the British sea."

We have not vexed our readers with any discussions upon the political opinions of Mr. Landor. It is hardly necessary to say that they are very much opposed to those which have been uniformly advocated in this Magazine. But there is one passage—or rather two passages which may be read in connection—on which a word of comment can scarcely be avoided. We think the error contained in them is mischievous, in an ethical as well as political point of view. At p. 353 we read the following on the subject of capital punishment:—

"I deprecate the punishment of death for every crime, excepting one; namely, the crime of a prince who wages war against his people. And this also is to be deprecated; for it must be, in most cases, inflicted without mature deliberation, and extra-judicially. *It is, however, a case of necessity, and ought never to be remitted.*"

Now, a prince can hardly wage war against his own subjects without having a large portion of those subjects on his own side in the contest. Some cases may have occurred in history where the prince or tyrant had in his favour only the army—which he used as the instrument of his own personal ambition—and in these cases he may be justly burdened with the sole responsibility of the war. But our author is now laying down a law or rule for our present European governments, and of these it may be safely said that no sovereign could use or maintain an army, if he had not a large party in the nation at large in favour of his pretensions. To decide, there-

fore, that the conquered prince should be brought to death for waging war against his people, is merely to sanction and perpetuate that revenge which the victors in a civil contest are apt enough to feel.

In connection with the above passage read the following, which occurs just two pages before :—

"The Americans have declared their sentiments freely, loudly, widely, consistently, against the violence and perfidy of Russia and Austria. They must do greatly more : they must offer an asylum to whoever, rising up against oppression and indignity, shall, in the absence of law and equity, *have slain those who caused it*. For it is impossible that such iniquities as certain men in high places have perpetrated should be unavenged. Conspiracies will never more exist : two persons (but preferably one) *will undertake the glorious task*, which not only antiquity applauded, but which has been applauded year after year, generation after generation, century after century, in the seclusion of colleges, and raised the first tumult in the boyish heart."

We ask any temperate man, of any shade of politics, whether a more dangerous doctrine could be taught than this, which would allow the solitary fanatic to be himself judge and executioner—to determine *who had caused* the evils under which his country was suffering, to sentence and to slay. Strange ! The prince at the head of his army is concluded at once to be the enemy of his country—the brooding assassin is the undoubted patriot. In spite of what has stirred our boyish hearts in Greek or Roman annals, is there one case where the circumstance can be thoroughly investigated, in which a people has really benefited by an act of assassination ? The instances are numerous enough where assassination has added to the anarchy or despotism by which a country has been afflicted. Where force must be repelled by force—where there is no other help—where free speech and free communication of thought, by means of the press, are absolutely interdicted—why, as a fatal necessity, we must have the conspiracy and the insurrection. But there is no conceivable case in European politics, where the assassination of a king or a minister can produce any other than the

most lamentable results. Mr. Lander's political ethics will not here bear examination—must be most decidedly denounced. Their whole tendency is to perpetuate the bitterness of political strife. If the conquered prince is to be brought to the scaffold, what chance can there be for the conquered rebel ? And what sort of men would you have for patriots, or for ministers, in a country where assassinations were frequent ?

We turn from this dark and turbid subject (to which, however, we felt ourselves compelled to allude), to a far more agreeable portion of the volume before us : we shall take our leave with a few quotations from the poetical fragments that are clustered together at the close of it. Many of these we certainly cannot commend ; but there is that intermixture of the very good amongst them, which will reward a patient scrutiny. We can only select two or three of the more excellent. Few verses have been given to the unhappy Sappho more beautiful than these :—

SAPPHO'S EXPOSTULATION.

"Forget thee ? When ? *Thou* biddest me ?
dost thou
Bid me, what men alone can, break my vow ?
O, my too well beloved ! is there aught
I ever have forgot which thou hast taught ?
And shall the lesson first by thee impre-t
Drop, chapter after chapter, from my breast ?
Since love's last flickering flame from thine is
gone,
Leave me, O leave me still, at least *my own*.
Let it burn on, if only to consume,
And light me though it light me to the
tomb.
False are our dreams, or there are fields
below
To which the *weariest* feet the swiftest go ;
And there are bitter streams the wretched
bless,
Before whose thirst they lose their bitterness.
'Tis hard to love !—to unlove harder yet !
Not so to die, and then, perhaps, forget."

And these, on music, close with some lines to which many a reader will respond.

ON MUSIC.

"Many love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast, half
dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone
by !—
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye !
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices
play,
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away—

Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone."

Here is a fragment full of painting
as of poetry :—

JEALOUSY ACKNOWLEDGED.

' Too happy poet ! true it is, indeed,
Thy I am jealous of thee. Bright blue eyes
(Half eye, half-heaven) look up into thy face,
From Tuscan bonnet of such sunny straw,
In wonderment. Glorious is poetry,
But give me pretty girls, give youth, give joy,
If not *my* youth, another's ; not *my* joy,
Then another's."

We will not carry our quotation
any further. The rest does not cor-
respond with this happy commence-
ment. The lines, *To a Lady Archer*,
end prettily. It will be easily per-
ceived what young god is speaking,
and to what goddess :—

"Mother ! we may as well be gone ;
No shaft of mine can strike
That figure there, so like thy own—
That heart there, so unlike."

We could select many other frag-
ments distinguishable for their ele-
gance or their power, but the reader
would probably prefer to make the
search for himself. We will transcribe
one more which has pleased us :—

TO AN INNOCENT GIRL.

"Maid ! who canst hardly yet believe
The Tempter could have tempted Eve,

And wonderest, with religious doubt,
What the good angels were about,
To let that horrid creature in,
And try to teach her what is sin.
Trust me, my little girl, although,
Strange is the story, it was so.
Her whom the hollow world applauds
Where'er she moves, whate'er the gauds
Of wit and beauty she may wear,
One evil action strips her bare ;
One grovelling and seductive vice
Tempt's her—and farewell Paradise !"

Apropos of the present volume,
we have expressed in general terms
the sort of estimation we have formed
of Mr Landor's writings, but to go fully
into their merits, and what they have
of demerits, was not our intention ; it
would be a labour of considerable
time, and would require that we
should have "ample space and verge
enough." The critic who should
undertake this task must approach it
with severe examination into the na-
ture of the dialogue and the fictitious
epistles, and note the peculiar use
which our author has made of these
forms of composition ; for his imagi-
nary conversations are often as pecu-
liar as works of art as they are rich in
individual passages of eloquence.
The future literary historian of our
age will devote a chapter apart, and
not the least interesting one, to the
works of Walter Savage Landor.

THE BEVERAGES WE INFUSE.

THE love of warm drinks is not less universal than the desire for narcotic indulgences. In frozen Labrador and snowy Russia the climate might account for this predilection, but the craving is deeper seated. In tropical as well as in Arctic regions the practice equally prevails. In Central America the Indian of native blood and the Creole of mixed European race equally affect their ancient chocolate. In Southern America the tea of Paraguay is an almost universal beverage. The native North American tribes have their Apalachian tea, their Oswego tea, their Labrador tea, and a host of others. The imported races sip their coffee from Florida to Georgia and round by the West Indian Islands, while over the Northern States and the British Provinces they indulge in the more favourite tea of China.

All Europe, too, has chosen its prevailing beverage. Spain and Italy delight in chocolate; France and Germany, and Sweden and Turkey, in coffee; Russia, Holland, and England in tea,—while poor Ireland makes its warm drink of the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain.

All Asia feels the same want, and in different ways has long gratified it. Coffee, indigenous in Arabia or the adjoining countries, has followed the banner of the Prophet, wherever in Asia or Africa his false faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread spontaneously over the hill country of the Himalayas, the tablelands of Tartary and Thibet, and the plains of Siberia, has climbed the Altai, overspread all Russia, and is equally despotic in Moscow as in St. Petersburg. In Sumatra, the coffee leaf yields the favourite tea of the dark-skinned population, while Central Africa boasts of the Abyssinian *chaat* as the indigenous warm drink of its Ethiopian peoples. Everywhere unintoxicating and non-narcotic beverages are in general use,—among tribes of every colour, beneath

every sun, and in every condition of life. The custom, therefore, must meet some universal want of our poor human nature.

It may appear to some that there is a fashion in the use of these things, and no doubt fashion has much influence in first introducing articles of food or drink to general notice; but fashion is only a fleeting superficial thing, and rarely leaves a fixed impression on the dress, manners, or modes of living of a whole people. The thing introduced must be found by experience to be better in form or kind than that in ancient use, before fashion can hope permanently to establish it. It was not fashion which led the Spaniards to adopt as a national beverage the chocolate of conquered Mexico, or Linnæus to name it the "food of the gods." Fashion has not prevented the wide use of the *maté* in South America, it does not now determine the choice between tea, coffee, and chocolate among the Continental nations, nor does it influence the consumption of the cocoa husk in Ireland.

But the history of infused beverages, while it shows how commerce spreads better things and better practices among the nations of the earth—interfusing all economical experience into a common stock from which each can take at will—proves also that the practice we now speak of really has its origin in a most natural to, and more or less felt by us all. Who has not seen in his youthful days—when business or pleasure happened in the early morning to bring him to the old London bridges, while the smoky mist still dimmed the lamps on the river, and no rising streak yet showed itself in the East—who has not seen the simmering kettle already steaming, and the hot saloop swallowed greedily by hurried boatmen, or hungry street-walkers, or shivering sweep-boys waiting for sleepy maids, to admit them to their early labour, or, mayhap, by some ill-clad female whom the long night has chilled, and the cold

payement almost turned to stone. The root of the orchis, the well-known salep, ages ago yielded to southern England its native and nutritious saloop which, persecuted by the more fashionable tea and coffee, found a last lingering refuge near the main London thoroughfares. Thence, alas! roguery first expelled it, by selling in its stead a cheaper decoction of Sassafras wood, and now the much cheapened tea and coffee have usefully taken the place of both. And so sage tea was an old English beverage, which some of our seniors have not yet forgotten. It was in frequent use till after the middle of the last century. In the life of Whitfield, as described by himself, we find the zealous and conscientious student while at Oxford in 1730, and in his fasting intervals, living much on this beverage, "He ate nothing but sage tea without sugar, and coarse bread." And upwards of a hundred years earlier, the dried sage leaf was an article of export which was carried by the Dutch merchants even into the far East. The warm beverages of modern Europe have not created a new taste introduced by fashion. They have only superseded older native beverages, by more fully or more agreeably gratifying the universally felt desire than the other vegetable productions did for which they have been substituted.

The beverages of which we now speak fall naturally into three classes. First, the teas or infusions of leaves. Second, the coffees or infusions of seeds. And third, the cocoas, which are soups or gruels made of entire seeds ground into a paste, and not simple infusions as all the others are. We shall consider each of these in their order:—

I. THE TEAS.—Of teas, as we have already said, there are many varieties in use in different parts of the world. China tea, however, Maté or Paraguay tea, and perhaps coffee tea, are the most extensively consumed as national beverages. There are some others in constant, though much less general employment, to which it will be proper briefly to advert.

1. *China tea*.—Were it not that as a beverage this vegetable production is of far more interest and importance to a British or North American reader

than any other, the circumstance that Mr. Fortune's excellent book is before us would naturally incline us to commence with the tea of China. But it deserves this precedence, besides, from the circumstance that it forms the daily drink of a larger number of people than all the others put together. Among the three hundred millions of China, and among the inhabitants of Japan, Thibet, and Nepal, it is an article of consumption with all classes three or four times a-day. In Asiatic Russia also, in a large portion of Europe, in North America, and in Australasia, it is, or is coming into almost equally extensive use. It is consumed at the present moment by probably not less than five hundred millions, or one-half of the whole human race!

How does the wide prevalence of a national usage like this provoke us to broad reflections! Is man really so unlike as a whole, so necessarily subdivided and sectionalised as we usually suppose, when so general an agreement as this can spontaneously establish itself among races so remote, and living under influences so wondrously varied? Are the internal men less like each other than the outer men are—the shape and fashion of the intellectual than that of the nervous existences to which this common beverage so widely ministers? Is it utopian to believe that half the world may come to an accord on matters of thought as well as on matters of sentient feeling? May not benevolent men hold as a reasonable faith, that there are in all minds the elements of an agreement as wide in things which pertain to reason as there are in things which only affect the general feelings of bodily and mental comfort—that were all placed on the same vantage-ground of general instruction, all might come finally to the adoption of principles of action in some degree consentaneous; and that good philanthropists are only following their vocation when they strive, each in his own line and sphere, and with his own means, earnestly to send this instruction abroad over the whole earth.

The tea-plant (*Thea sinensis*.) has much resemblance to the *Camellia Japonica*. Many of our readers have

seen it in their own conservatories or in those of others, and are familiar with its general appearance. There are several varieties of it, formerly classed by botanists into three species,—the *Thea viridis*, *T. bohea*, and *T. stricta*. All are now recognised, however, as belonging to one species, altered somewhat in habit and appearance by cultivation and climate. In the account of his first visit to China, Mr. Fortune thus describes his experience upon this point. He is on a tour to the black-tea country of the Bohea Hills in Fokien.

"Having been in several green-tea countries farther north, I was desirous to ascertain clearly whether the plant was the same species in both places, or whether, as generally believed, they were different. I was now fortunate enough not only to find an extensive tea district, but also to be present when the natives were picking and preparing the leaves; and I not only procured specimens for my herbarium, but also a living plant, which I afterwards took to the green-tea hills of the north, and found, on minute comparison, that it was identical with the *Thea viridis*. In other words, the black and green teas which generally come to England from the northern provinces of China are made from the same species, and the difference of colour, flavour, &c.; is solely the result of the different modes of preparation."—Vol. i. p. 291.

And, after his second visit, he thus sums up the results of all his observations:—

"Two tea plants, considered to be distinct varieties, are met with in China, both of which have been imported into Europe. One, the Canton variety, is called *Thea bohea*; the other, the northern variety, is called *Thea viridis*. The former produces the inferior green and black teas which are made about Canton, and from the latter are made all the fine green teas in the great Hwuy-chow country and in the adjoining provinces. Until a few years back it was generally supposed that the fine black teas of the Bohea hills were also made from the Canton variety, and hence its name. Such, however, is not the case.

"When I visited Foo-chow-foo for the first time, in 1845, I observed that the tea-plant in cultivation in that neighbourhood was very different from the Canton variety, and apparently identical with the *Thea viridis* of Chekiang. Foo-chow-foo was not a very great distance from the

Bohea hills, and I had good reasons for believing that the Bohea plant was the same as the Foo-chow one; but still I had no positive proof. Now, however, having been on Woo-e-shan itself, and over a great deal of the surrounding country, and having dried specimens of all these plants before me, I am better able to give an opinion upon this long-disputed subject.

"I believe that the Woo-e-shan plant is closely allied to the *Thea viridis*, and originally identical with that species, but slightly altered by climate. On the closest examination, I was only able to detect very slight differences, not sufficient to constitute a distinct variety, far less a species, and in many of the plants these differences were not even visible. The differences alluded to were these—the Woo-e plant showed less inclination to throw out branches than the Hwuy-chow one, and its leaves were sometimes rather darker and more finely serrated.

"But it is possible to go into a tea plantation in any part of China, and to find more marked distinctions amongst its plants than these I have noticed. The reason of this is obvious. The tea plant is multiplied by seed like our hawthorns, and it is perfectly impossible that the produce can be identical in every respect with the parent. Instead, therefore, of having one or two varieties of tea-plant in China, we have, in fact, many kinds, although the difference between them may be slight. Add to this, that the seeds of this plant are raised year after year in different climates, and we shall no longer wonder that, in the course of time, the plants in one district appear slightly different from those of another, although they may have been originally produced from the same stock.

"For these reasons, I am of opinion that the plants of Hwuy-chow and Woo-e are the same species, and that the slight differences observed are the results of reproduction and difference of climate.

"With regard to the Canton plant—that called *Thea bohea* by botanists—different as it appears to be, both in constitution and habit, it too may have originally sprung from one and the same species."—Vol. ii. p. 243.

The plant is believed to be a native of China, and it still grows wild in the hilly districts of this country and of Japan. It thrives best in the cooler parts of the tropical zone, but grows in the temperate zone, even as far north as the 40th degree of north latitude. The districts of China which supply the greater portion of the teas

exported to Europe and America, lie between the 25th and the 31st degrees of north latitude, and the best districts are those between the 27th and the 31st.

The shrub is usually multiplied by seeds which are ripe in October, and which to secure their germination, are kept over winter in moist earth and sand to be planted in March. When the young plants are a year old, they are ready for transplanting. They are arranged in rows about four feet apart, with cross alleys at every five or six plants; and as they have their leading shoots cropped to make them bushy, a tea plantation has some resemblance to a garden of gooseberry bushes. Or, when looking at Mr. Fortune's frontispiece, where he represents the appearance of the tea-clad hills among the Bohea mountains of the black-tea district, we could fancy we had before us the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. The same tiny bushes are sprinkled, in carefully tended rows, over similar steeply sloping hills, often rounded and rising one above the other, with scattered trees here and there, and patches of wood upon the uneven ground between; and, as Mr. Fortune represents it, the entire scenery of this part of China would bear comparison with the finest mountain scenery of the countries on the Rhine.

The cropping of the leaves begins in the fourth and fifth years, and is seldom continued beyond the tenth or twelfth, when the bushes are usually taken up and renewed. They thrive best on dry sunny slopes, where occasional showers fall, and frequent springs appear, and where an open, somewhat strong, but rich soil prevents the water from lingering about their roots. The seasons for gathering vary in different districts, but the principal leaf-harvest ends in May or June. They are plucked by the hand, and chiefly by the Chinese women. There are three successive seasons of leaf-harvest. The youngest and earliest leaves are the most tender and delicate, and give the highest flavoured tea. The second and third gatherings are more bitter and woody, and yield less soluble matter to water. The refuse and the decayed leaves and twigs, are pressed into moulds, and sold under the name of brick tea.

These bricks are often made harder, by mixing the leaves with the serum of sheep and ox blood. This inferior variety is chiefly consumed in Northern China and Thibet. Immense quantities of it are yearly sent into the northern provinces by the Chinese government as a kind of compulsory pay to the imperial soldiery.

The first in order, and not the least interesting point in the chemical history of the tea we use, is the mode in which it is prepared for the market. The leaves, when freshly plucked, have neither a decidedly astringent, an aromatic, nor a bitter taste. They possess nothing, in fact, either of the odour or of the flavour of the dried leaves. The pleasant taste and delightful scent for which they are afterwards so highly prized, are all developed by the roasting and other treatment which they undergo in the process of drying. It is of consequence, therefore to understand the way in which this drying is effected, and of this we have the detailed particulars fully set forth, we believe for the first time, in the work of Mr. Fortune. The second chemical fact is, that different qualities often are prepared from the same leaves, according to the way in which they are treated in the drying. This we should to a certain extent expect, but the inquiries of Mr. Fortune have shown that samples, so very different as the green and black teas, are prepared at will, from the same leaves gathered at the same time, and under the same circumstances. The mode of drying the leaves generally, and the specific processes by which the green and the black teas are severally obtained, are thus described by Mr. Fortune:—

"First, for *Green Tea*.—When the leaves are brought in from the plantations they are spread out thinly on flat bamboo trays, in order to dry off any superfluous moisture. They remain for a very short time exposed in this manner, generally from one to two hours; this, however, depends much upon the state of the weather.

"In the mean time, the roasting-pans have been heated with a brisk wood fire. A portion of leaves are now thrown into each pan, and rapidly moved about and shaken up with both hands. They are immediately affected by the heat, begin to make a crackling noise, and become quite

moist and flaccid, while at the same time they give out a considerable portion of vapour. They remain in this state for four or five minutes, and are then drawn quickly out, and placed upon the rolling table, and rolled with the hands.

"Having been thrown again into the pan, a slow and steady charcoal fire is kept up, and the leaves are kept in rapid motion by the hands of workmen. Sometimes they are thrown upon the rattan-table and rolled a second time. In about an hour, or an hour and a half, the leaves are well dried, and their colour has become *fixed*,—that is, there is no longer any danger of them becoming black. They are of a dullish green colour, but become brighter afterwards.

"The most particular part of the operation has now been finished, and the tea may be put aside until a larger quantity has been made. The second part of the process consists in winnowing and passing the tea through sieves of different sizes, in order to get rid of the dust and other impurities, and to divide the tea into the different kinds known as Twankay, Hyson-skin, Hyson, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, &c. During this process it is refired, the coarse kinds once, and the finer sorts three or four times. By this time the colour has come out more fully, and the leaves of the finer kinds are of a dull bluish green.

"Second, for *Black Tea*.—When the leaves are brought in from the plantations they are spread out upon large bamboo mats or trays, and are allowed to lie in this state for a considerable time. If they are brought in at night they lie until next morning.

"The leaves are next gathered up by the workmen with both hands, thrown into the air, and allowed to separate and fall down again. They are tossed about in this manner, and slightly beat or patted with the hands for a considerable space of time. At length, when they become soft and flaccid, they are thrown in heaps, and allowed to lie in this state for about an hour, or perhaps a little longer. When examined at the end of this time, they appear to have undergone a slight change in colour, are soft and moist, and emit a fragrant smell.

"The rolling process now commences. Several men take their stations at the rolling-table, and divide the leaves amongst them. Each takes as many as he can press with his hands and makes them up in the form of a ball. This is rolled upon the rattan-worked table, and greatly compressed, the object being to get rid of a portion of the sap and moisture, and at the same time to twist the leaves. These

balls of leaves are frequently shaken out, and passed from hand to hand until they reach the head workman, who examines them carefully to see if they have taken the requisite twist. When he is satisfied of this, the leaves are removed from the rolling-table and shaken out upon flat trays until the remaining portions have undergone the same process. In no case are they allowed to lie long in this state; and sometimes they are taken at once to the roasting-pan.

"The next part of the process is exactly the same as in the manipulation of green tea. The leaves are thrown into an iron pan, where they are roasted for about five minutes, and then rolled upon the rattan-table.

"After being rolled, the leaves are shaken out thinly on sieves, and exposed to the air out of doors. A framework for this purpose, made of bamboo, is generally seen in front of all the cottages among the tea-hills. The leaves are allowed to remain in this condition for about three hours. During this time the workmen are employed in going over the sieves in rotation, turning the leaves and separating them from each other: a fine dry day, when the sun is not too bright, seems to be preferred for this part of the operation.

"The leaves having now lost a large portion of their moisture, and having become considerably reduced in size, are removed into the factory. They are put a second time into the roasting-pan for three or four minutes, and taken out and rolled as before.

"The charcoal fires are now got ready: a tubular basket, narrow at the middle and wide at both ends is placed over the fire, a sieve is dropped into this tube, and covered with leaves, which are shaken on it to about an inch in thickness. After five or six minutes, during which time they are carefully watched, they are removed from the fire and rolled a third time. As the balls of leaves come from the hands of the roller, they are placed in a heap until the whole have been rolled. They are again shaken on the sieves, as before, and set over the fire for a little while longer. Sometimes the last operation, namely, heating and rolling, is repeated a fourth time; the leaves have now assumed a dark colour.

"When the whole has been gone over in this manner, it is placed thickly in the baskets, which are again set over the charcoal fire. The workman now makes a hole with his hand through the centre of the leaves, to allow vent to any smoke or vapour which may rise from the charcoal, as well as to let up the heat, which has

been greatly reduced by covering up the fires. The tea now remains over the slow charcoal fire covered with a flat basket until it is perfectly dry,—carefully watched, however, by the manufacturer, who every now and then stirs it up with his hands, so that the whole may be equally heated. The black colour is now fairly brought out, but afterwards improves in appearance; the after processes, such as sifting, picking, and refining, are carried on at the convenience of the workmen.”—Vol. ii. p. 236.

We see, from the above description, first, that in the process of drying, the leaves are roasted and scorched in such a way as necessarily to bring about many chemical changes within the substance of the leaves themselves. The result of these changes is to produce the varied flavours, odours, and tastes by which the different varieties of tea are more or less distinguished. In the second place, if we compare the modes of handling, by which the leaves are converted respectively into green and black teas, the cause of the difference of colour of the two main varieties becomes very manifest. Thus—

For Green Tea.

1. The leaves are roasted almost immediately after they are gathered.

2. They are dried off quickly after the rolling process.

For Black Tea.

1. They are allowed to lie spread out in the air for some time after they are gathered.

2. They are then further tossed about till they become soft and flaccid.

3. They are now roasted for a few minutes and rolled, after which they are exposed to the air for some hours in a soft and moist state.

4. Lastly, they are dried slowly over charcoal fires.

It is by lengthened exposure to the air, therefore, in the process of drying, that the dark colour and distinguishing flavour are given to the black teas of commerce. Every peripatetic botanist, indeed, who, with vasculum on shoulder and spade in hand, roams through bosky dell, by chattering brook, and over sunlit mountain, gathering earth's floral treasures to enrich his home col-

lections—every such practical plant-dryer knows how the fair, pleasing green clings fixedly to the leaf, which he can transfer quickly from the soil to his paper, while dingy brown and dirty black too often discolour the plants which he has been forced to leave long in his vasculum, or has been unable often enough to change while the natural moisture was leaving them. The same operation of the external air that thus disappoints the botanical collector, gives the leaf-roaster in China the means of altering at will the colour of his tea through various shades, from green to brown and black. The oxygen of the atmosphere acts rapidly upon the juices of the leaf, and so changes chemically the peculiar substances they contain, as to impart to the entire leaf the dark hue it finally acquires. The precise nature of these changes, however, has not as yet been chemically investigated. This action of the air does not appear sensibly to affect the weight of the tea obtained, as three pounds of the fresh leaves produce on an average about one pound of marketable tea of either kind.

The produce of different districts varies in quality and flavour with the climate, the soil, and the variety of plant cultivated, as well as with the period at which the leaves are gathered, and with the mode of drying them. The finest tea of China grows, as we have said, between the 27th and 31st degrees of north latitude, on a low range of hills which is an offshoot of the great chain of Pe-ling. The principal varieties of black tea are known by the names of Bohea, Congou, Campoi, Souchong, Caper, and Pekoe. Of these the Bohea grows in the province of Fukien (Fokien.) Pekoe or Pak-ho means “white down” in Chinese, and consists of the first downy sprouts or leaf-buds of three-year-old plants. A very costly tea of this kind, known as the “Tea of the well of the Dragon,” is used only by persons of the highest rank in China, and is never brought to Europe. The green teas are known as Twankay, Hyson skin, Hyson, Imperial, and Gunpowder. The Hyson is grown in the province of Seng-lo.* The true

* In this geography we follow Mrs. Somerville (*Phys. Geog.*), though it does not agree with Mr. Fortune's map, and this again differs much from what we suppose

Imperial, known also because of its excellence as the *flos theæ*, seldom comes to Europe—that which is usually sold under this name being really Chusan tea flavoured with blossoms of *Olea fragrans*. The practice of scenting teas is very common, and various odoriferous plants are employed for the purpose in different parts of China. It is remarked, however, by the dealers in tea that the plantations which naturally yield a produce of a particularly esteemed flavour are as limited in extent as the vineyards in Europe which are celebrated for particular kinds of wine. The price varies, of course, with the variation in natural quality, being for some samples double or treble of what is asked for others. But the average price at Canton is about 8½d. a pound, so that the grower must sell it at 5d. or 6d.—(MEYER).

Tea leaves, prepared as above described have been in use as a beverage in China from very remote periods. Tradition speaks of it as early as the third century. The legend relates “that a pious hermit who in his watchings and prayers had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eyelids closed, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, cut them off and threw them on the ground. But a god caused a tea shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes, and possess the gift of hindering sleep.” A similar story is related regarding the introduction of coffee into Arabia. Both legends were probably invented long after the qualities of tea and coffee were known.

It was after the year 600 that the use of tea became general in China, and early in the ninth century (810) it was introduced into Japan. To Europe it was not brought till about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Hot infusions of leaves, as we have remarked, had been already long familiar as beverages in European countries. The dried sage leaves, we

have spoken of, are said about this period to have been carried as an article of trade to China by the Dutch, and to have been exchanged for the Chinese leaf which has now almost entirely superseded them. A Russian embassy to China also brought back to Moscow some carefully-packed green tea, which was there received with great acceptance. And in the same century (1664) the English East India Company considered it as a rare gift to present the Queen of England with two pounds of tea!*

The growth and consumption of tea is now something enormous. Mr. Ingham Travers estimates the total produce of the dried leaf in China alone at a million of tons, or 2240 millions of pounds.† To this is to be added the tea of Japan, Corea, Assam, and Java. This latter island already in a great degree supplies the markets of Holland; and the introduction of the tea plant into the hill country of India, under the auspices of Mr. Fortune, promises to add largely to its future growth. The quantity of marketable tea yielded by an acre of land is not stated in any books to which we have access; but, if we take it at 600 pounds, which is probably a full estimate, the extent of land devoted to this branch of rural industry in China alone must be nearly 3½ millions of acres.

The consumption of tea in the United Kingdom in 1852 amounted to 55,000,000 lb. (24,000 tons), about one fortieth part of the estimated produce of China. This is at the rate of 1 lb. 9 oz. per head of the population, and the consumption is rapidly on the increase. Among European nations, tea is pre-eminently a British, Dutch, and Russian drink. Among the other nations of Europe, coffee and cocoa are more usual beverages than tea. This is strikingly illustrated by the fact that, while in 1835 about thirty-six millions of pounds of tea were consumed in the United Kingdom, only two hundred thousand pounds were consumed in the kingdom of

the more correct map of Johnston's *National Atlas*. We do not find a province of Song-lo in either map, but the best green-tea district Mr. Fortune places in the province of Kiang-nan.

* *The Plant*, by Schleiden. Second edit., p. 142.

† *A Few Words on the Tea Duties*. London, 1853.

Prussia. The population of Prussia was then upwards of thirteen millions. It would be curious to compare the relative consumption per head of the population, of the three main beverages, tea, coffee, and cocoa, among the several nations of Europe in 1854. We scarcely know at present from what sources all the necessary information could be derived.

The sensible effects of tea, as it is used in China, are thus spoken of by Chinese writers, as quoted by Mr. Fortune—

“Tea is of a cooling nature, and, if drunk too freely, will produce exhaustion and lassitude; country people, before drinking it, add ginger and salt to counteract this cooling property. It is an exceedingly useful plant; cultivate it, and the benefit will be widely spread; drink it, and the animal spirits will be lively and clear. The chief rulers, dukes, and nobility, esteem it; the lower people, the poor and beggarly, will not be destitute of it; all use it daily, and like it.” Another writer upon tea says, that ‘drinking it tends to clear away all impurities, drives off drowsiness, removes or prevents headache, and it is universally in high esteem.’”—Vol. ii. p. 231.

The mode of using it in China is to put the tea into a cup, pour hot water upon it, and then drink the infusion off the leaves, and without admixture. Only once, when he was among the Bohea mountains, did Mr. Fortune meet with sugar and a teaspoon.

“The landlord paid me the most marked attention. When I entered the hall tea was set before me as usual, but in this instance a curiously shaped teaspoon was in the cup, and the tea was sweetened with sugar. I had never seen the Chinese use either sugar or teaspoons before, and was rather surprised; and it is still a question with me whether we are not indebted to them for our mode of making tea, as well for the tea itself. It was only on our first entering that this was done; for, when tea was brought afterwards, it was always made in the usual way, that is, the leaves were put into a cup, and boiling water poured over them.”—Vol. ii. p. 180.

The mode of making and drinking the infusion of tea probably does not alter its general effects on the system. In China, cold water is disliked, and considered unwholesome, and there-

fore tea is taken to quench the thirst, which it probably does best when drunk unmixed. The universal use, on the other hand, of sugar and cream or milk, among us, probably arose from the bitter infusion when first imported, being introduced as a beverage among grown up people, whose tastes were formed, and who required something to make it palatable. The practice thus begun has ever since continued, and physiologically considered, is on the whole, we believe, an improvement upon the Eastern fashion.

As obtained and drunk in this country, the effects of tea are too familiarly known to require any detailed explanation. It exhilarates, without sensibly intoxicating. It excites the brain to increased activity, and produces wakefulness. Hence its use to hard students, to those who have vigils to keep, and to persons who labour much with the head. It soothes, on the contrary, and stills the vascular system, and hence its use in inflammatory diseases, and as a cure for headache. Green tea, when taken strong, acts very powerfully upon some constitutions, producing nervous tremblings, and other distressing symptoms, acting as a narcotic—and in inferior animals even producing paralysis. New tea is said in China to exhibit this narcotic quality in a high degree, and hence the Chinese rarely use tea before it is a year old. Its exciting effect upon the nerves, as we obtain it in Europe, makes it useful in counteracting the effects of opium and of fermented liquors, and in abating the stupor sometimes induced by fever. It is the unconscious perception of this useful influence, which makes the cup of strong coffee grateful when leaving the dinner-table, or of ardent green tea in the drawing-room.

Manufactured tea contains at least three active chemical substances, by the conjoined influence of which these effects are produced. These are—

First, *The volatile oil*.—When commercial tea is distilled with water, there passes over a small quantity of a volatile oil, which possesses the aroma and flavour of tea in a high degree. A hundred pounds of tea yield about one pound of this oil, and to this minute quantity of its volatile

ingredient, the value of tea in general estimation is in a great measure due. Its special action upon the system has not yet, we believe, been scientifically investigated. But that it does exercise a powerful, and most probably a narcotic influence, is rendered probable by many known facts. Among these we mention the headaches and giddiness to which tea tasters are subject; the attacks of paralysis to which after a few years, those who are employed in packing and unpacking chests of tea are found to be liable; and the circumstances already alluded to, that in China tea is rarely used till it is a year old because of the peculiar intoxicating property which new tea exhibits. The effect of keeping upon tea, must be chiefly to allow a portion of the volatile ingredients of the leaf to escape. Those odoriferous volatile ingredients do not exist in the natural leaf, but as we have already explained, are produced during the process of drying and roasting. We request the special attention of our readers to this fact, not only because of its interesting chemical nature, but because it is the first of a series of chemical facts which are true in regard to all the vegetable substances which are legitimately employed in the manufacture of the beverages we infuse.

The teas, the coffees, and the cocoas, are all nearly void of smell and taste in their natural state. All derive their esteemed and peculiar flavour and aroma from chemical substances produced within them during the processes of drying and roasting.

Second, *The Theine*.—When dry, finely powdered tea-leaves are put upon a watch-glass, covered over with a conical cap of paper, and then placed upon a hot plate, a white vapour gradually rises from the leaves, and condenses on the inner side of the paper in the form of minute colourless crystals. If, instead of the leaves, a dried watery extract be treated in this way, the crystals will be obtained in greater abundance. These crystals consist of the substance known to chemists by the name of theine or caffeine. They exist in different proportions in different kinds of tea. Those in common use yield from one to one and a half pounds; but some

green teas, it is said, yield as much as six pounds from every hundred of the dried leaves.

This theine has no smell, and only a slightly bitter taste. It has little to do therefore, either with the taste or the flavour of the tea from which it is extracted. It is a remarkable substance, however, in at least three respects. First, in containing a very large per-centage of an elementary body called nitrogen, which in the state of gas forms four-fifths of the air we breathe. About twenty-nine per cent of the theine consists of this nitrogen. Now, it is an interesting circumstance, that nearly all vegetable substances which contain nitrogen in large proportion, exercise a powerful influence upon the human system when introduced into the stomach. Prussic acid, morphia, quinine, the poisons of hemlock, and tobacco, and many others are distinguished by the quantity of nitrogen they contain. Theine belongs, therefore, to what may be called a powerful class of bodies, and may be expected also to have some striking effect upon the animal economy.

Theine is remarkable as being present not only in Chinese tea, but also in Maté or Paraguay tea, in the coffee bean, the coffee leaf, and in guarana, a substance prepared and used in Brazil in the same way as coffee or cocoa. This is the second general fact we commend to the special attention of our readers.

All the genuine and generally received beverages which we infuse, contain a peculiar slightly bitter principle which is very rich in nitrogen.

It is a very curious circumstance, and one very rich in materials for reflection, that in countries so remote from each other, plants so very unlike—as all those we have just named are to each other—should have been, by a kind of instinct, as it were, selected for the same purpose of yielding infusions capable of being employed as gently exciting, exhilarating, and refreshing beverages;—that this should have been done by nations possessed of no chemical knowledge, and of no means of communication with each other;—and yet that all these plants, when examined, should be found to agree in containing the remarkable

compound body which we now call theine or caffeine. The selection must have been made in consequence of the independent discovery in each country and by each people, that these several plants were capable of gratifying a natural constitutional craving, or of supplying a want equally felt by all.

The observed effects of this substance, when introduced into the system, justify this conclusion, and form the third point which is worthy of remark regarding it. It is an established fact in physiology, that the animal body, while living, undergoes constant decay and renovation. The labours of life waste it; the food introduced into the stomach renews and restores it. That which is wasted or rubbed off by this natural wear and tear of the system, passes off through the lungs and the kidneys, and is rejected from the body of the animal; and the quantity of the solid matters contained at different periods in the fluids which the body excretes, is supposed to measure the comparative waste of the tissues at these different times. Now, the introduction into the stomach of even a minute proportion of theine—three or four grains a day—has the remarkable effect of sensibly diminishing the absolute quantity of these solid matters which is rejected in a day by a healthy man, living on the same kind of food, and engaged in the same occupation, under the same circumstances. This fact argues that the natural wear and tear of the body is lessened by the introduction of theine into the stomach—that is, by the use of tea. And, if the waste be lessened, the necessity for food to repair it will be lessened in an equal degree. In other words, by the consumption of a certain quantity of tea, the health and strength of the body will be maintained to an equal extent upon a smaller supply of ordinary food. Tea, therefore, saves food—stands to a certain extent in the place of food—while, at the same time, it soothes the body and enlivens the mind.

In the old and infirm it serves also another purpose. In the life of most persons who live to advanced years, a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary elements of food, to make up for the

natural daily waste of the bodily substance. The size and weight of the body, therefore, begin to diminish more or less perceptibly. The limbs shrink in size, and the skin hangs loose on the softer and fatter parts of the person. At this period tea comes in as a medicine to arrest the waste, to keep the body from falling away so fast, and thus to enable the less energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues.

No wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favourite on the one hand with the poor, whose supplies of substantial food are scanty, and on the other with the aged and infirm, especially of the feebler sex, whose powers of digestion, and whose bodily substance have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female who has barely enough of weekly income to buy what are called the common necessities of life, should yet spend a portion of her small gains in purchasing her cherished ounce of tea. She can live quite as well on less common food when she takes her tea along with it, and she feels lighter at the same time happier, more cheerful, and fitter for her work, because of the indulgence.

The quantity of three or four grains of theine mentioned above, is contained in little more than half an ounce of good tea, and may be taken in a day by most full-grown persons without unpleasant effects. But if twice this quantity, or eight grains a-day, be taken, the pulse becomes more frequent, the heart beats stronger, trembling comes on, and other unpleasant bodily symptoms. At the same time the imagination is excited, after a while the thoughts wander, visions begin to be seen, and a peculiar state of intoxication comes on—all which effects are followed by and pass off in a deep sleep. The influence exercised by strong tea upon the system, and especially by old tea, and those which are peculiarly rich in theine, is to be ascribed in great part to the overdose of this substance which has been introduced into the stomach.

This third general fact, therefore, the reader will bear in mind, as being true of all our usual infused beverages—

and as explaining in part both their observed effects and the high popular estimation in which they are held—that the peculiar nitrogen-containing principle which they hold in solution, lessens the natural wear and tear of the body, and this to a certain extent saves food.

We humbly petition the inquiring young physiologist who has followed us thus far to stay his curiosity at this point—not to ask us how this singular waste-staying effect is produced upon the living animal system. Were he to push us to explain how a grain of theine can produce such a wonderful smoothness among the parts that the loss by friction should become thus greatly diminished—we should be compelled to acknowledge our inability as yet to fathom the mystery in anything like a satisfactory manner.

Third, *The tannin or tannic acid*.—If tea be infused in hot water in the usual manner, and the infusion be poured into a solution of common green copperas (sulphate of iron), the mixture will become black; or if it be poured into a solution of glue or isinglass (gelatine) it will render it turbid or muddy, and cause a greyish sediment to fall. These appearances show that the tea contains a substance known to chemists by the name of tannin or tannic acid - and which has been so called because it is the ingredient which in oak bark is so generally employed for the tanning of leather. To this tannic acid tea owes its astringent taste, a portion at least of its constipating effect upon the bowels, and its property of giving an *inky* infusion with water which contains iron. It forms from 13 to 18 per cent of the whole weight of the dried tea-leaf, and is the more completely extracted the longer the tea is infused. The tannic acids, of which many varieties are known to chemists, are all naturally colourless, yet all have a tendency to become dark coloured more or less rapidly when exposed to the air. This is one reason why the same leaves when dried quickly will give a *green*, and when dried more slowly will yield a *black* tea, as has been described by Mr. Fortune.

What is the full and precise action of this tannic acid upon the system, as we drink it in our tea, or whether it contributes in any degree to the exhilarating, satisfying, and narcotic action of this beverage, is as yet only a matter of conjecture. That it does aid even in the exhilarating effect, is rendered very probable by the fact—which we have brought prominently forward in one of our recent articles on the *Narcotics we indulge in**—that a species of tannin is the principal ingredient in the Indian betel-nut and in the Gambir extract which are so much chewed and prized in the East, and which are said to produce a species of mild and agreeable intoxication.

The three substances above described may be considered as the really active ingredients of the tea leaf, as it is usually employed. But it is an interesting fact, that the leaf contains also a large proportion of that nutritive ingredient of plants, to the many varieties of which the general name of gluten is given. This substance forms as much as one-fourth of the weight of the dry leaves; so that, if it were agreeable to us, or if it were the fashion to eat them in mass, as we do cocoa beans, we should find them weight for weight, more strength-sustaining than wheat, and nearly as nutritious as beans and peas.

But of this large proportion of gluten, the water in which we usually infuse our tea extracts very little, and hence we throw away in the waste leaves a large proportion of the common nutrition they contain. It has been recommended, therefore, as an improved method of infusing tea, that a pinch of soda should be put into the boiling water along with it. The effect of this would be, that a portion at least of the gluten of the leaf would be dissolved, and the beverage in consequence made more nutritious. The methods of preparing the brick tea, adopted among the Mongols and other Tartar tribes, are believed to extract the greater part of the nutriment they contain. One of these methods is to rub the tea to fine powder, to boil it with the alkaline steppe water, to which salt and fat have been added,

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1853, p. 680.

and to pour off the decoction from the sediment. Of this beverage they drink from twenty to forty cups a-day, mixing it first with milk, butter, and a little roasted meal. But even without meal, and mixed only with a little milk, they can subsist upon it for weeks in succession. Other modes of preparing the tea leaves are described as practised among these tribes, in which they are churned with milk in different ways, and are altogether eaten up as part of their common food.

The effect of tea consumed in these ways must be twofold. It directly nourishes by the gluten and other immediately nutritive matters natural to the leaf, and by the milk and meal with which it is mixed. And secondly, it makes this food go farther, through the waste-retarding effects of the theine which the boiling thoroughly extracts. It is possible, that during the boiling a portion of the volatile oil may be dissipated, along with the steam which must rise, and that the influence of this ingredient upon the system may be so far lost.

It is Captain Basil Hall, if we recollect right, who mentions among his South American experiences, what appears to us to be the most perfect way of using tea. After the leaves were exhausted by boiling water and the beverage drunk, the moist leaves were handed round the company on a silver salver, and partaken of by each guest in succession. The exhilarating effects of the warm liquid were here followed by the nutritive effects of the solid leaf. It is possible that the practice he describes may refer to the *Maté* or Paraguay tea so extensively used in South America; but in either case the merit of the method is the same.

We do not dwell on the fact that the tea-leaf contains, besides, a third of its weight of starch, gum, and fat, a large proportion of which will be extracted by boiling water, and will thus impart a certain nutritive value to the infusion. It is of interest, however, that the proportions in which all the ingredients we have mentioned exist in the tea we use vary very much. The variety of shrub from which it is plucked, the age of the plant and of the leaf, the season of the year in which it is gathered, and

even the mode of drying, all affect the regular quantities of the above substances in manufactured tea. Hence, not only the proportion of the whole leaf which is taken up by boiling water varies with almost every sample, but the kind of ingredients which the water extracts varies also very much.

Thus genuine green tea—which is usually prepared from the young leaves—yields more of the lighter coloured, black tea of the darker coloured ingredients. And even of teas of the same colour and name in the market, different samples yield to water very different proportions of soluble matter. Two samples of Souchong, for example, examined and described by two distinguished chemists, yielded the one about a *third* of its weight, the other only a *sixth* of its weight to boiling water. The infusion in the one case, therefore, must have contained twice as much solid matter as in the other; and, in so far as their value depended upon the proportion of this solid matter the worth of the two infusions must have been very different. We are not in the habit of judging of the value of the teas we use by the quantity of soluble matter they contain. We judge of them chiefly by the colour, flavour, and aroma of the infusions they yield, and to a great extent we are right in doing so, inasmuch as neither starch, gum, gluten, nor fat, have anything to do with the peculiar effects for which tea is chiefly remarkable. At the same time, the tea which, in addition to the really active ingredients, contains also a larger quantity of soluble matter, should be also of somewhat higher value because of its greater nutritive capabilities.

We conclude our remarks upon the tea of China by adverting to certain forms of adulteration in which the taste and demands of Europeans have led the Chinese manufacturers to indulge. In reference to these, we have from Mr. Fortune the (in this case) sure testimony of ocular observation.

“As many persons in Europe and in America have a peculiar taste for *coloured* green teas, I will now give a ‘full and particular account’ of the colouring process as practised in the Hwuy-chow green tea country upon those teas which are destined for the foreign market. Having noted down the process

carefully at the time, I will extract verbatim from my note-book:—

"The superintendent of the workmen managed the colouring part of the process himself. Having procured a portion of Prussian blue, he threw it into a porcelain bowl, not unlike a chemist's mortar, and crushed into a very fine powder. At the same time a quantity of gypsum was produced and burned in the charcoal fires which were then roasting the teas. The object of this was to soften it in order that it might be readily pounded into a very fine powder, in the same manner as the Prussian blue had been. The gypsum, having been taken out of the fire after a certain time had elapsed, readily crumbled down and was reduced to powder in the mortar. These two substances, having been thus prepared, were then mixed together in the proportion of four parts of gypsum to three parts of Prussian blue, and formed a light blue powder, which was then ready for use.

"This colouring matter was applied to the teas during the last process of roasting. About five minutes before the tea was removed from the pans—the time being regulated by the burning of a joss-stick—the superintendent took a small porcelain spoon, and with it he scattered a portion of the colouring matter over the leaves in each pan. The workmen then turned the leaves rapidly round with both hands, in order that the colour might be equally diffused.

"During this part of the operation, the hands of the workmen were quite blue. I could not help thinking that, if any green-tea drinkers had been present during the operation, their taste would have been corrected, and, I may be allowed to add, improved. It seems perfectly ridiculous that a civilised people should prefer these dyed teas to those of a natural green. No wonder that the Chinese consider the natives of the west to be a race of 'barbarians.'

"One day, an English gentleman in Shanghai, being in conversation with some Chinese from the green-tea country, asked them what reasons they had for dyeing the tea, and whether it would not be better without undergoing this process. They acknowledged that tea was much better when prepared without having any such ingredients mixed with it, and that they never drank dyed teas themselves; but justly remarked that, as foreigners seemed to prefer having a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum with their tea, to make it look uniform and pretty, and as these ingredients were cheap enough, the Chinese had no objection to supply them, espe-

cially as such teas always fetched a higher price.

"I took some trouble to ascertain precisely the quantity of colouring matter used in the process of dyeing green teas, not certainly with the view of assisting others, either at home or abroad, in the art of colouring, but simply to show green-tea drinkers in England, and more particularly in the United States of America, what quantity of Prussian blue and gypsum they imbibe in the course of one year. To 14½ lb. of tea were applied 8 mace 2½ candareens of colouring matter, or rather more than an ounce. In every hundred pounds of coloured green tea consumed in England or America, the consumer actually drinks more than half a pound of Prussian blue and gypsum! And yet, tell the drinkers of this coloured tea that the Chinese eat cats, dogs, and rats, and they will hold up their hands in amazement, and pity the poor Celestials!

"Two kinds of Prussian blue are used by the tea-manufacturers: one is the kind commonly met with; the other I have seen only in the north of China. It is less heavy than the common Prussian blue—of a bright pale tint, and very beautiful. Turmeric-root is frequently employed in Canton, but I did not observe it in use in Hwuy-chow."—Vol. ii. p. 69.

The above admixture is equal to about a grain of Prussian blue to the ounce of tea, or one five-hundredth part of the whole weight. What the effect of this small quantity daily repeated would at length be upon the constitution of the dyed-tea drinker, we cannot say. It may be altogether insensible, and it may also be serious and important; and, therefore, being an adulteration, it ought to be avoided. Because the Prussian blue, when introduced into the stomach, may produce an equivalent proportion of the very poisonous prussic acid, it has been supposed by many that the colouring matter of the dyed tea must also be poisonous; but it is, notwithstanding, open to question whether the small proportion of it which we drink in our tea infusions can do any serious harm even to the inveterate tea-drinker.

2. *Maté, or Paraguay Tea*, though not used over so large an area as the tea-leaf of China, is as much the passion of the Brazilians, and their neighbours in South America, as the China tea is of the nations of North Eastern Asia. It is prepared from the leaves

of the Brazilian holly (*Ilex Paraguayensis*); is said to have been in use among the Indian nations of South America from time immemorial; has been drunk by all classes in Paraguay since the beginning of the seventeenth century; and is now consumed by "almost the whole population of South America." The leaf of this tree is four or five inches long; and after being dyed, is rubbed to powder before being infused. The dried tea has much of the aroma of some varieties of Chinese tea, and the infusion has a pleasant odour, and an agreeable, bitter taste. It is more exciting than Chinese tea as we receive and use it, producing a kind of intoxication; and after excessive indulgence, leading even to *delirium tremens*. In this respect it appears to resemble new tea, as its effects are sometimes experienced in China. And as the people of Paraguay say that the Maté loses much by keeping and by carriage, and that its true effects are only experienced where it can be obtained quite new, it is probable that the more powerful effects produced by the Paraguay tea are, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the custom of using it sooner after it is dried and manufactured than is the case anywhere with the Chinese tea.

The tree which yields the *Yerba*, or plant *par excellence*, as this tea is called, does not appear to be an object of culture. It grows spontaneously in extensive natural plantations amid the forests of Paraguay. The principal yerbals, or woods of this tree, are situated in the neighbourhood of a small town called Villa Real, about fifteen hundred miles above Assumption, on the Paraguay river. They are scattered about, however, in various other localities upon the rich tract of country which extends between the rivers Parana and Uruguay. Permission to gather the leaves is granted by the government to certain merchants, on the payment of a stipulated sum. These merchants fit out parties of men, chiefly Indians, for the purpose of collecting the yerba, and at the proper season proceed to the forests. When, in the course of their journey, they come to a yerbal, or growth of maté trees, sufficiently ex-

tensive to make it worth their while to halt and collect the leaves, they begin by constructing a long line of wigwams, which they cover with the broad leaves of the banana and palm. Under these they expect to pass nearly six months. An open space is then prepared, of which the soil is beaten with heavy mallets until it becomes hard and smooth. Over this is erected a kind of arch made of hurdles, called a *Barbaguay*, upon which the yerba branches are placed. Beneath these a large fire is kept up till the foliage is thoroughly dried and roasted, without being scorched or suffered to ignite. The hard floor is then swept clean, the dried branches laid upon it, and the now brittle leaves beaten off with sticks, which partly reduce them to powder. They are then crammed and beaten into sacks made of damp hides, which, when sewed up, and left to dry, become in a few days as hard as stone. In these sacks, weighing about two hundred pounds, the maté is well preserved. The labour of collecting the yerba, in the midst of these tropical forests, is very severe, and is said to have been very fatal to Indian life. Many of the Creoles and Mestizos even assert that the Paraguayans have exterminated the poor Indians, by compelling them to the labour of collecting this plant.

From the smallest shrubs the finest tea is obtained; but from the same kind of leaves different qualities are procured, according to the mode of preparation, and the kind of weather which prevails. Three principal kinds, however, are prepared and sold in South America, under the names of *caa-cuys*, *caa-miri*, and *caa-guaza*—the prefix *caa* signifying the leaf itself. The *first* is prepared from the half-expanded buds. It will not keep, and its consumption is entirely confined to Paraguay; the *second*, from the leaf carefully picked and stripped from the nerves before roasting, as was done by the Jesuits; and the *third*, from the entire foliage, roasted as above described, without any preparation. The two latter varieties are not only used largely in the country of Paraguay, but are exported as far as Lima and Quito.*

We have no data from which we can calculate the total amount of this tea which is consumed either in the whole of South America, or in the country of Paraguay alone. It must, however, be very large, since the quantity exported from Paraguay is about 50,000 quintals, or 5,600,000 pounds a-year. It loses in virtue and flavour, and its aromatic bitterness diminishes by exportation and keeping; and hence, as we have already remarked, the infusion is drunk in perfection only on the spot where the leaves are gathered and newly dried.

In Brazil, a variety of maté, called gongonhia, is in use. It is prepared from the leaves of two other species of holly, the *Ilex gongonhia*, and the *Ilex theezans*; but we are not aware to what extent it is manufactured and consumed. In Chili also, a tea called Paraguay tea, but different from the maté, is prepared from the leaves of the *Psoralea glandulosa*, and in Central America from those of the *Capraria bifolia*.

The use of the maté is very frequent, as well as very universal, in South America. At every meal and at every hour of the day it is drunk. It has acquired the name of maté from that of the vessel or cup in which it is infused, and from which it is drunk. Hot water is poured upon the powdered leaf, and then a lump of burned sugar, and sometimes a few drops of lemon juice added. The infusion is sucked through a tube (*bombilla*), often made of silver, which is open at one end, and has a perforated bulb or strainer at the other. The cup (maté) is passed from hand to hand—the same cup and often the same tube, serving a whole party. The leaves will bear to be infused or watered three times, and the infusion is drunk off quickly, as it soon becomes black if allowed to stand.

“Persons who are fond of maté consume about an ounce a-day. In the mining districts it is most universally taken, experience having shown that fermented liquors are there prejudicial to health.* The Creoles in South America are passionately fond of the beverage,

and never travel without a supply of the leaf, which they infuse before every meal, and sometimes much oftener, never tasting food unless they have first drunk their maté.”†

Many virtues are ascribed by the native population to this their favourite beverage. It certainly possesses many of the good qualities of our Chinese tea. Like opium, also, it is said to calm the restless, and to rouse the torpid. It differs from both of these, however, in possessing a moving rather than an astringent effect upon the system. But, as is the case with opium, the habit of using it becomes a kind of second nature, so that to give it up, or sensibly to diminish the customary allowance, is almost impossible. And further, long indulgence, or an immoderate consumption of it, is apt to induce diseases similar to those which follow the excessive use of ardent spirits. These extreme effects, which follow so rarely from the use of our imported China tea, are, we believe, seen only in the native country of the plant, and among those who have long subjected themselves to those narcotic influences which newly manufactured maté, in common with newly-dried green tea, exercises upon the system even of the healthiest and the strongest.

The chemistry of the maté leaf is not much understood. From being rarely met with in Europe, it has not been much examined by chemists; yet we are sufficiently acquainted with the nature of its constituents to be able to account for its most striking effects. Thus—*First*, Like Chinese tea, it contains a volatile oil, which is formed during the drying of the leaf, which gives it a peculiarly agreeable aroma, which gradually escapes from it by keeping, and upon which a considerable portion of its narcotic virtue depends. This latter fact is shown by the circumstances already stated, that the tea becomes less valuable when long kept, or when carried to great distances, and that the infusion is only drunk in perfection near the yerbals where it is collected and prepared.

* A maxim of the Jesuits was, “En pais caliente, aguardiente; en pais frio agua frio”—In the warm country, brandy; in the cold country, water.

† HOOKER'S *London Journal of Botany*, vol. i. p. 39.

Second, It has been shown by Dr. Stenhouse, that this leaf also contains *theine*, the vegetable principle already described as existing in Chinese tea, and as producing remarkable effects when introduced into the stomach. The proportion in which this substance usually exists in the maté, however, has not yet been determined.

Third, Paraguay tea contains also a large proportion of a peculiar tannin, or tannic acid. For this reason the fresh leaves are used in Brazil by the dyers. It is the presence of this substance in the infusion which causes it to blacken so rapidly when exposed to the air, and makes it necessary to drink it off as soon as it is prepared. Were it poured out into cups, as we do with our China tea, the liquid would blacken before the eyes of the drinker, and become repulsive to his sight. Hence the reason for the peculiar mode of sucking it through a tube, which is practised in South America, and which to Europeans appears at first not only singular, but in some degree disgusting. And lastly, like the China leaf, it contains nutritious gluten, of which only a small proportion dissolves when the tea is infused. The benefit of this ingredient, therefore, is experienced only when the infused leaf is subsequently eaten, as is the case, it is said, in some parts of South America.

It is both interesting and remarkable to find so great a similarity between the Chinese and the South American leaf. Both contain the same active ingredients, and both, though belonging to very different tribes of plants, have been selected, without any natural concert, to serve the same physiological purposes. How came tribes so remote and so little civilised to stumble upon such happy selections? Impelled by a common craving, they have experimented, unconsciously perhaps, and without method, till each race found, among the natural products within their reach, a substance by which the craving was allayed. What is least to be accounted for in this way, perhaps, is, that the leaf is dried and scorched in a similar way among the Bohea hills, and on the plains of Paraguay; and that by this scorching, one of the most active ingredients is in both cases de-

veloped. Are we, in this circumstance, to detect another trace of ancient communication between the inhabitants of the Eastern Asiatic, and those of the American continents?

3. *Coffee-tree*.—Attention has lately been drawn to the leaf of the coffee-tree as a substitute for that of the tea-tree of China. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, Dr. Gardner exhibited specimens of prepared coffee leaves, announced at the same time that they contained *theine*, and proposed that they should be employed in England as a cheap and efficient substitute for our ordinary tea. We believe he has since secured his property in this suggestion by a patent.

Advertisements, which have recently appeared in the Ceylon and other newspapers, soliciting tenders for the supply of coffee-leaves by the ton, have drawn the attention of Eastern merchants to the subject; and it appears, from various communications which have been made public, that the use of coffee-leaves in this way is far from being new. On the contrary, it is an old practice in the Eastern Archipelago. In the Dutch island of Sumatra especially, prepared coffee-leaves form "the only beverage of the whole population; and, from their nutritive qualities, have become an important necessary of life." Nor is the fact now made known in Europe for the first time. On the contrary, it has been frequently alluded to in the writings of the Dutch naturalists who have visited the Eastern Islands, and it was especially recommended to public notice in 1845 by Professor Blume, of Leyden, well known by his travels in Java. It is one of the anticipated results of the Great Exhibition, however, that it has brought this, with many other interesting economical facts, prominently before the public eye, and will lead to an early testing of the merits of the suggestions to which they have severally given rise. The following extract of a letter from Mr. Ward, a gentleman who has been long settled at Padang, in the island of Sumatra, and which was written in May last, contains the latest and fullest information we possess upon the subject:—

"Although long aware of the coffee leaf as an article of diet among the natives here, it never occurred to me that

it might be introduced successfully as such at home, until I learnt that a patent had been taken out by Dr. Gardner. It then struck me that, as its adoption in Europe would unquestionably be attended with important advantages to the labouring classes, a knowledge of the fact of its general use here might be of service, by giving that confidence in it which must necessarily be wanting to a new and untried article. The fact of it being the only beverage of a whole population, and of its having, from its nutritive qualities, become an important necessary of life, will be a sufficient guarantee of its safety as an article of diet, and of its freedom from deleterious effects.

"The natives have a prejudice against the use of water as a beverage, asserting that it does not quench thirst, or afford the strength and support the coffee leaf does. With a little boiled rice and infusion of the coffee leaf, a man will support the labours of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drenching rains, which he could not do by the use of simple water, or by the aid of spirituous or fermented liquors. I have had opportunity of observing for twenty years the comparative use of the coffee leaf in one class of natives, and of spirituous liquors in another, the native Sumatrans using the former, and the natives of British India, settled here, the latter; and I find that while the former expose themselves with impunity for any period to every degree of heat, cold, and wet, the latter can endure neither wet nor cold, not even a short period, without danger to their health.

"Engaged myself in agriculture, and being in consequence much exposed to the weather, I was induced several years ago, from an occasional use of the coffee leaf, to adopt it as a daily beverage, and my constant practice has been to take a couple of cups of strong infusion with milk in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue, the bodily strength increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of all its faculties. On its first use, and when the leaf has not been sufficiently roasted, it is said to produce *vigilance*; but I am inclined to think that where this is the case, it is rather by adding strength and activity to the mental faculties, than by inducing nervous excitement. I do not recollect this effect on myself except once, and that was when the leaf was insufficiently roasted.

"As a beverage, the natives universally

prefer the leaf to the berry, giving as a reason that it contains more of the bitter principle, and is more nutritious. They are not unacquainted with the extract in a half-solid form obtained by decoction; but in the lowlands I am not aware that they apply it to any particular purpose. The roasted leaf used to form an article of trade betwixt the coffee districts of the interior and the lowlands of the coast; but since the government monopolised the produce, this trade has in a great measure ceased, the natives believing the sale of the leaf, as well as that of the berry, forbidden. In the lowlands, coffee is not planted for the berry, being not sufficiently productive; but the people plant about their houses for the leaf for their own use, not, however, to the extent of the demand; so that in the settlement of Padang they are obliged to have recourse to the berry mixed with a portion of burnt rice, without which the beverage would be too dear for them. It is an undoubted fact, however, that everywhere they prefer the leaf to the berry.

"The sample I send you is the produce of my own ground, properly prepared by a native well acquainted with the process. The best mode of roasting, he says, is by holding the leaves over the clear flame of a fire made of dry bamboo. The fireplace should be circular, of brick or other material, two feet deep, two feet in diameter at bottom inside, and one and a half at top, with a small door-place on one side for introducing the fuel. The reason for using bamboo as a fuel is, that it produces but little smoke; and *that* little, containing no creosote, does not adhere to the leaf. When sufficiently roasted, the leaves have a brownish buff colour, and are then separated from the stalks, which are arranged in the slit of a stick afresh, and roasted by themselves. The natives pound the whole of these roasted stalks in a mortar, and mix them with the leaf for sale; but as the bark only contains extract, it is better to rub off this betwixt the hands, and to reject the wood.

"I have already remarked, that *while the culture of the coffee-plant for its fruit is limited to particular soils and elevated climates, it may be grown for the leaf, wherever within the tropics the soil is sufficiently fertile*. This extensive habitat, if I may so term it, added to its nutritive qualities, and freedom from deleterious principles, points it out as the best adapted of all the productions affording caffeine for general consumption; and if it should turn out that the article can be sent to distant countries without deteri-

oration, I shall have every confidence in its ultimate adoption for general use.

"The price here of the leaves prepared for use is generally about 1½d. a pound; and I suppose it may be prepared and packed for the European market of good quality for 2d., affording sufficient profit to the planter, and bringing it within reach of the poorest classes of Europe."*

Among all the facts contained in this letter, none is more interesting than that which is contained in the few lines we have put in italics. The plant can be grown for the leaf anywhere within the tropics where the soil is fertile, and the climate, of course, moist enough to promote the rapid growth of green vegetation. Should the leaf thereof prove grateful to European palates, we may hope to see the coffee plant cultivated for this new use in many parts of the world from which it has hitherto been excluded. The Brazilian government is said to be already directing its attention to the subject, and shipments of dried coffee leaves are spoken of as having been made from that country to Europe. The dried leaves are described as possessing an extremely fragrant odour, resembling that of a mixture of tea and coffee. When immersed in boiling water, they yield a clear brown infusion, which, with sugar and cream, forms an agreeable beverage. As to the constituents of the leaves, their aroma shows that they contain a volatile oil which, like that of tea, has been produced during the roasting. It has been shown that they contain theine, tannic acid, gum, and gluten, as tea leaves do; and the so-called bitterness for which they are preferred to the coffee bean by the natives of Sumatra, renders it probable that they contain the tannic acid in very considerable proportion. In so far as their composition is concerned, therefore, there is reason to believe that they may successfully compete with Chinese tea in its action on the system. And this inference is supported by the properties which, according to Mr. Ward, they have actually been observed to possess—by the wakefulness they are said to produce—by the refreshment which

the drinking of them imparts—by the actual nutritive power they are believed to exhibit, and by the general favour they have found in the estimation of the people of Sumatra.

One other remark suggests itself. Were we, who are altogether unacquainted with Dr. Gardner, entitled to assume that he was unaware of the use of the coffee-leaf in the Eastern Archipelago, when he suggested the substitution of it in this country for the leaf of China, we might quote this suggestion as an instance of the valuable practical results to which chemical analysis so often leads. But we have seen that the fact was well known in other countries, and may therefore have been also heard of by chemists in England. Yet this more general suggestion the discussion throws out, that any leaf in which chemistry may hereafter detect theine, may with much hope of success be recommended for trial as a substitute for Chinese tea.

Our limits do not permit us to treat of the Labrador tea, the Abyssinian tea, the Mauritius tea, the Tasmanian teas, and the various other substitutes which in so many parts of the world have been employed in the form of infusions for the same purposes for which Chinese tea is usually drunk. We must hasten to our other classes of infused beverages.

II. THE COFFEES.—Besides the real *Coffea Arabica*, other species of the coffee-plant are cultivated in different countries, and yield a useful marketable bean. In Silhet and Nepal the *Coffea Bengalensis* is cultivated,—on the coast of Mosambique, the *C. Mosambicana*,—on the coast of Zanguebar, the *C. Zanguebaria*,—and in the Mauritius the *C. Mauritian*. The seed of the last of these tastes disagreeably sharp and bitter, and sometimes causes vomiting; yet it is in some places cultivated instead of the *C. Arabica*. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the botanical history of these different plants to venture an opinion on the subject; but it is possible that these so-called different species may, like the varie-

ties of the tea-plant, be all only different, somewhat modified, forms of the same original species.

1. *Arabian Coffee* is said to be indigenous in the countries of Enárea and Caffa in southern Abyssinia. In these districts the coffee-tree still grows like a wild weed over the rich surface of the country. The roasted seed or bean has also been in use as a beverage in Abyssinia generally, from time immemorial, and is at the present day extensively cultivated in that country. From Abyssinia it was introduced into Arabia in the beginning of the 15th century, when it partly superseded the more ancient Abyssinian tea. About the middle of the 16th century it began to be used in Constantinople, and, in spite of the violent opposition of the priests, became an article of general consumption. In the middle of the 17th century (1652) the first coffee-house was opened in London by a Greek named Pasqua, and twenty years after, the first was established at Marseilles. Since that time, both the culture and consumption of coffee have continually extended. It has become the staple produce of important colonies, and the daily and most cherished drink of probably more than a hundred millions of men!

The consumption in the United Kingdom in 1852 amounted to thirty-five millions of pounds, of which upwards of twenty millions were imported from our own colony of Ceylon, four millions from Jamaica, and eight millions from Costa Rica and Brazil. On the continent of Europe it is much more generally used than among ourselves. The total European consumption was estimated a few years ago at seventy-five thousand tons, or one hundred and sixty-eight millions of pounds, valued at four and a half millions sterling. It probably approaches now to two hundred millions of pounds. The entire weight of coffee produced in the whole world is *guessed* at about six hundred millions of pounds.

The quality of raw coffee does not appear to depend so much on the mode of collecting and drying as that of tea does. Soil and climate are the circumstances which chiefly affect its commercial value. The flavour and

quality of the beverage prepared from it depend very much, however, upon the manner of roasting the bean, and of subsequently preparing the infusion.

The coffee tree, when full grown, and in good health, attains a height of eight or ten feet, and is covered with a dark and shining foliage. It is sown in nurseries, transplanted when about six months old, in three years comes into full bearing, and, in favourable circumstances, will continue to bear for twenty years. It delights in a dry soil and a warm situation. On dry and elevated spots the berries are smaller, and have a better flavour. But berries of all sizes improve in flavour or *ripen* by keeping. The small berries of Arabia will ripen in three years, but the worst coffee produced in America will, in from ten to fourteen years, become "as good, and acquire as high a flavour, as the best we now have from Turkey."—(ELLIS.)

The sensible properties and general effects of coffee, like those of tea, are too well known to require to be stated in detail. It exhilarates, arouses, and keeps awake. It allays hunger to a certain extent, gives to the weary increased strength and vigour, and imparts a feeling of comfort and repose. Its physiological effects upon the system, so far as they have been scientifically investigated, appear to be, that while it makes the brain more active, it soothes the body generally, makes the change and waste of matter much slower than usual, and the demand for food, in consequence, proportionately less. All these effects are produced by the conjoined action of three ingredients, either identical with, or similar to, those contained in tea. These are a volatile oil produced during the roasting—a variety of tannic acid, which is also altered in some degree during the roasting—and the substance called theine or caffeine, which is common to both tea and coffee.

First, the Volatile Oil. When the coffee-bean is gathered and dried in the air, it has comparatively little smell, and only a slight bitter and astringent taste. As with the tea-leaf, it is during the roasting of the coffee that the much-prized aroma and the greater part of the taste and flavour

are brought out or produced. In teas, as we have seen, the proportion of volatile oil amounts to about one pound in a hundred of the dried leaf, but in roasted coffee it rarely amounts to more than one in fifty to a hundred thousand! And yet, on the different proportions of this oil which they severally contain, the aroma, and the consequent estimation in the market of the different varieties of coffee, in a great measure depend. A higher aroma would make the inferior Ceylon, Jamaica, and East India coffees, nearly equal in value to the finest Mocha; and if the oil could be bought for the purpose of imparting this flavour, it would be worth in the market as much as one hundred pounds sterling an ounce!—(PAYEN.) How it comes—by what slow chemical change within the bean—that coffee of the most inferior quality so ripens by keeping, as at length to yield, on roasting, a coffee equal to the finest Mocha, we do not as yet know. The oil is formed during the roasting by the action of the heat on some substance present in the natural bean, probably in small quantity only. It is possible that, by prolonged keeping, this substance is itself formed in the inferior qualities of coffee; so that when roasted after the keeping, a larger quantity of the valuable aromatic oil is produced in the bean.

The effect of the volatile oil of coffee upon the system has been made the subject of direct experiment. When roasted coffee is distilled with water, this oil passes over, and by drinking the distilled water and oil together, its effects may be ascertained. In this way it has been found to have an effect in retarding the waste and loss of the tissues, quite equal to that of the theine of which we have already spoken. It produces also an agreeable excitement, and a gentle perspiration, and dispels the sensation of hunger. In its exhilarating action upon the brain, it affects the imagination less than the reasoning powers. When taken in large quantity, it causes sleeplessness and symptoms of congestion. It appears, therefore, that the volatile empyreumatic oily constituents of roasted coffee, though present only in minute quantity, exercise a powerful influence upon the animal economy, exciting to greater activity both the vascular and

nervous systems, and yet retarding the waste of the tissues equally with the theine which the infusion of coffee usually contains.

This activity of the volatile oil of coffee justifies us in concluding that the similar oils which are formed in tea and maté, by the drying and roasting of the leaves, exercise a similar effect upon the system, and have a considerable share in producing the effects for which the beverages prepared from these leaves are distinguished.

Second. The tannic acid of coffee is somewhat different from that of tea, making a solution of iron green instead of black, as that of tea does. It is also less in quantity in coffee than in tea; but it is the presence of this substance in the infusion of coffee which enables us to clarify it, and often improve its flavour, by putting into the coffee-pot a bit of fish-skin, or a morsel of isinglass.

Third. The theine or caffeine exists in different proportions in different varieties of coffee. It varies from half a pound to as much, according to some experiments, as three or four pounds in the hundred pounds of coffee. Weight for weight, therefore, it is probable that the average qualities of tea and coffee we usually consume, yield nearly equal quantities of theine to the water in which they are infused. But as we generally use a greater weight of coffee than of tea in preparing our infusions, a cup of coffee of ordinary strength will contain more theine than a cup of ordinary tea.

But the coffee-bean contains also about thirteen per cent of a nutritious gluten, which, as in the case of tea, is very sparingly dissolved by boiling water, and is usually thrown away in the insoluble dregs of the coffee. Among some of the Eastern nations, the custom prevails of drinking the *grounds* along with the infusion of the coffee. By this practice no waste takes place of any of the nutritive matter which the roasted coffee contains.

Coffee loses about one-fifth of its weight by roasting, but increases nearly one-half in bulk. The quality of the aroma varies very much with the heat at which the bean is roasted, and the length to which the roasting

is carried. It is most agreeable when the heat has not been greater than is sufficient to impart to it a light brown colour. The farther it is carried beyond this point, the more of a disagreeable secondary smell mingles with the esteemed aroma, and lessens the value of the product.

The way in which the roasting is conducted, affects also the proportion of the ground coffee which dissolves in, or is taken up by the water in which it is infused. And yet different coffees, apparently roasted to the same extent, often yield infusions which contain very different proportions of solid matter. Of some coffees, water takes up more than a third, of others as little as an eighth of the whole weight. Beverages so different must act very differently upon the system; but we have no accurate experiments as yet to show what these differences are. A more uniformly strong, and a more agreeable infusion of coffee, is said to be obtained by adding a little soda to the water in which the coffee is infused. The proportion recommended is about forty grains of dry, or twice as much of crystallised carbonate of soda, to the pound of coffee.

The chemical changes caused by the roasting are the production of the active empyreumatic oil, and of a brown bitter substance, the chemical properties of which, and its action upon the system, still remain to be investigated. They are produced from the soluble part of the raw bean, but by what chemical changes is not yet known.

In some countries it is the custom to disguise and heighten the natural flavour of the roasted coffee by the addition of spices. Thus M. de Sauley, in his recent tour round the Dead Sea, found the Bedouins, in the country of ancient Moab, drinking coffee, of which he says that it was "an absolute decoction of cloves!"* Of course, this large addition of spices must modify considerably the action of the coffee upon the system; but of the nature of this modification we can as yet only guess.

2 *Chicory Coffee*.—Chicory or wild endive (*Cichoreum intybus*) is a native weed which, with its large pale blue

flowers, is seen scattered about in numerous places. It has a large, white, parsnip-like tap-root, which increases in size when the plant is subjected to cultivation. This root abounds in a bitter juice, which has led to its use as a substitute for coffee. The plant is now extensively cultivated for the sake of its root, which is taken up, washed, sliced, dried, and then roasted till it acquires a chocolate colour. When ground like coffee, it is ready for use. Infused even in cold water, it gives a dark-coloured infusion, possessed of a sweetish bitter taste. By many persons the addition of a little of this liquid to the infusion of genuine coffee is regarded as an improvement. The bitter substance itself is not considered unwholesome. On the contrary, as vegetable bitters very generally possess a tonic quality, it is not unlikely that the bitter of chicory may be among the number.

But the use of chicory appears to have originated from other causes than the discovery, or even the supposed presence, of a tonic property in its bitter ingredient. A little of the roasted chicory gives as dark a colour to water, and as bitter a taste, as a great deal of coffee; and hence it was originally introduced into the coffee houses for a purpose akin to that which takes *Cocculus indicus* into the premises of the fraudulent brewer. It gave colour and taste to the beverage of the drinker, while at the same time, it saved the expensive coffee of the seller. The public taste gradually accommodated itself to the fraudulent mixture; it became by-and-by even grateful to the accustomed palate, and finally a kind of favourite necessity to the lovers of bitter coffee. How far circumstances are gradually giving to the infusion of chicory, in some countries, the character of a national beverage, may be judged of from the facts that the quantity of the dried root consumed in France amounts already to twelve millions of pounds a-year; and that in some parts of Germany, the women are becoming regular chicory-toppers (*Cichorien-Kaffee Schwelgerinnen*), and are making of it an important part of their ordinary sustenance.

* *Journey round the Dead Sea*, vol. i. p. 313.

The active ingredients in roasted chicory are, *first*, the empyreumatic volatile oil produced during the roasting. Though not so fragrant, this oil probably exercises upon the system some of the gently exciting nerve-soothing and hunger-staying influence of the similar oils contained in tea and coffee; and, *second*, the bitter principle. To many persons, while unaccustomed to it, this bitter substance is not only disagreeable, but nauseous in a high degree. Custom, however, reconciles most persons to its taste; and, as we have said, it may possess a tonic or strengthening property. Taken in moderate quantities, these ingredients of chicory are probably not injurious to health; but by prolonged and frequent use, they produce heartburn, cramp in the stomach, loss of appetite, acidity, weakness of the limbs, sleeplessness, a drunken cloudiness of the senses, &c., &c. At the best, therefore, it is a substitute for coffee, to which only those to whom the price is an object ought to have recourse.

Another reason why the use of chicory should be avoided by those who can afford to buy pure coffee, is found in the fact, that pure chicory is as difficult to be met with in the market as unadulterated coffee. Venetian red is very commonly employed to impart to the chicory a true coffee colour; and it is curious to observe how the practice of adulteration extends itself from trade to trade. The coffee dealer adulterates with chicory; the chicory-roaster adulterates his chicory with Venetian red, to please the eye of the fraudulent coffee-dealer; and, lastly, the Venetian-red manufacturer grinds up his colour with brick-dust, that, by his greater cheapness, and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the fraudulent traders in chicory!

III. THE COCOAS, as we have said, are gruels rather than infusions. They are formed from oily seeds, which are ground to pulp between hot rollers, and are then diffused through boiling water.

1. *The Mexican Cocoa* is the seed of the *Theobroma cacao*. This is a small but beautiful tree, with bright, dark-green leaves, which is a native of the

West Indies and of the central regions of America. It grows spontaneously in Mexico and on the coast of Caracas, and forms whole forests in Demerara.

When the Spaniards first established themselves in Mexico, they found a beverage prepared from this seed in common use among the native inhabitants. It was known by the Mexican name of Chocollatl, and was said to have been in use from time immemorial. It was brought thence to Europe by the Spaniards in 1520, and has since been introduced more or less extensively as a beverage into every civilized country. Linnæus was so fond of it that he gave to the tree the generic name of *theobroma*—food of the goods.

The fruit of the tree, which, like the fig, grows directly from the stem and principal branches, is of the form and size of a small oblong melon or thick cucumber. It contains from six to thirty beans or seeds, imbedded in rows in a spongy substance, like that of the water-melon. When ripe, the fruit is plucked, opened, the seeds cleaned from the marrowy substance, and dried. In the West Indies they are immediately picked for market; but, in the Caraccas, they are first put in heaps, and covered over, or sometimes buried in the earth till they undergo a slight fermentation before they are finally dried and picked for market. By this treatment they lose a portion of their natural bitterness and acrimony of taste, which is greater in the beans of the mainland than in those of the American islands. The cocoa of Central America is, however, of superior quality, or at least is more generally esteemed in the European markets than that which is grown in the West Indies. It still retains a greater degree of bitterness, and this may be one reason for the preference given to it.

The cocoa of Trinidad is the variety chiefly consumed in this country. The quality of the mainland cocoas which come to the English market, from Bahia and Guayaquil for example, has hitherto been always inferior. The reason of this has been, that until the recent alteration of the Tariff the duty on British province cocoa was 1d. a pound, and five per cent. add^d

tional; while on foreign cocoa it was 2d. a pound, and five per cent. This difference was equal to one fourth or one fifth of the whole price of the cocoa; and, therefore, while it brought to our market the best qualities produced in Trinidad and our other colonies, it excluded all but the inferior qualities of foreign cocoa, which, after paying this heavy duty, could still be sold as low as the produce of our own plantations. The more choice varieties were sent to the markets of Mexico, Spain, France, and Italy, in which countries also the beverages prepared from it are more popular, and in more general use than among ourselves. Indeed, they have never been favourites among us, nor has the consumption of cocoa kept pace even with the increase of the population. Thus the importation in

1840 was . . .	3,499,746 lb.
1842 " . . .	3,172,255
1852 " . . .	3,400,000

So that for twenty years the quantity imported yearly into the United Kingdom has been nearly stationary. By the recent alteration of the Tariff, however, the duty on foreign cocoa has been reduced to a penny a-pound, the same as on British plantation cocoa. All qualities, therefore, will now come to us under equal advantages, and we may expect both that the article will be cheapened in the market, and that the consumption of it will largely increase.

The cocoa bean of commerce is brittle, of a dark-brown colour internally, eats like a rich nut, and has a slightly astringent but distinctly bitter taste. This bitterness, as we have said, is more decided in the South American varieties. In preparing it for use, it is gently roasted in an iron cylinder—in the same way as coffee is roasted—till the aroma appears to be fully developed, when it is allowed to cool. The bean is now more brittle, lighter brown in colour, and both the natural astringency and the bitterness are less perceptible than before. It is manufactured for the market in one or other of three principal ways. *First*, the whole bean, after roasting, is beat into a paste in a hot mortar, or is ground between hot rollers adjusted for the purpose. This, mixed with

starch, sugar, and other similar ingredients in various proportions, forms the common cocoa, the rock cocoa, the soluble cocoa, &c., of the shops. These are often gritty from the admixture of earthy and other matters, which adhere to the husk of the bean. *Second*, the bean is deprived of its husk, which forms about eleven per cent. of its weight, and is then crushed into fragments. These form the cocoa nibs of the shops, and are the purest state in which cocoa can usually be obtained from the retail dealer. Or, *third*, the bean when shelled is ground at once into a paste by means of hot rollers; this paste, mixed with sugar, and seasoned with vanilla, and sometimes with cinnamon and cloves, forms the long-known chocolate.

When prepared, it is also used in three different ways. The chocolate is made up into sweet cakes and *bonbons*, and is eaten in the solid state as a nutritive article of diet, containing in a small compass much strength-sustaining capability. *Second*, the chocolate or cocoa is scraped into powder, and mixed with boiling water, or boiling milk, when it makes a beverage, often somewhat thick, but agreeable to the palate, refreshing to the spirits, and highly nutritious. *Third*, the nibs are boiled in water, with which they form a dark brown decoction, which, like coffee, is poured off the insoluble part of the bean. With sugar and milk this forms an agreeable beverage, better adapted for persons of weak digestion than the consumption of the entire bean. Another form of what may be called chocolate tea, is prepared by boiling the husks of the bean in water, with which they also form a brown decoction. This husk is usually ground up with the ordinary cocoas, but it is always separated in the manufacture of the purer chocolates. Hence, in the chocolate manufactories, large quantities of this husk accumulate; and from Trieste and other Italian ports it is imported into this country under the name of "miserable." Here it is partly ground up in the inferior cocoas, and is partly despatched to Ireland, where it is said to yield a wholesome and agreeable beverage to the poorer classes!

Besides the exhilarating and sus-

taining properties which it possesses in common with tea and coffee, cocoa in its more common forms is eminently nutritious. Its active or useful ingredients are—*first*, the volatile oil to which its aroma is due, and which, as in tea and coffee, is produced during the roasting. The proportion of this oil, which is contained in the roasted bean, has not been determined, but it is no doubt very small. Its action on the system is probably the same as that of the odoriferous oils, produced by the same process in tea and coffee.

Second. A peculiar principle resembling the theine of tea and coffee, though not identical with it. Like theine it is a white crystalline substance, which has a slightly bitter taste, and contains a large per-centage (36 per cent.) of nitrogen. It is called by chemists *theobromine*, from the generic name of the cocoa tree. The proportion in which it exists in the bean has not been exactly determined. In its action upon the system, it is believed to resemble theine—exhilarating and soothing, stilling hunger, and retarding bodily waste. The benefits experienced from the use of cocoa are due, in part, at least, therefore, to the theobromine it contains. The husk of the bean also contains this substance, and therefore the decoction obtained from it by boiling in water will be not altogether valueless, or void of good effect.

Third. But the predominating ingredient in cocoa, and the one by which it is most remarkably distinguished from tea and coffee, is the large proportion of fatty matter, known as cocoa butter, which it contains. This amounts to upwards of one-half the weight of the shelled or husked bean. Consumed in either of its more usual forms, therefore, cocoa is a very rich article of food, and for this reason it not unfrequently disagrees with delicate stomachs. It is in some measure to lessen the sense of this richness that sugar, starch, and fragrant seasonings are so frequently ground up with the roasted bean in the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate.

Besides these substances, however,

cocoa contains a large proportion both of starch and gluten, the main useful constituents of all our nutritious and more valuable forms of vegetable food. On the whole, therefore, the composition of the cocoa bean reminds us of that of the most fattening varieties of vegetable diet, and especially of the oily seeds and nuts upon which cattle are so economically fed. Of all the varieties of ordinary human food, however, it has the closest remembrance to milk. As this is really both interesting and curious, we make no apology for asking the attention of our readers to the numbers subjoined, which represent the proportions of the several nutritious ingredients contained in dried milk, and in the dried kernel of the cocoa bean:—

	Cocoa beans.	Dried milk.
Gluten or casein,*	18	35
Starch or sugar,	23	37
Fat,	55	24
Mineral matter,	4	4
	100	100

These numbers show that the bean is rich in all the important nutritious principles which are found to coexist in our most valued forms of ordinary food. It differs from milk chiefly by the larger proportion of fat it contains, and hence it cannot be used so largely without admixture as the more familiar milk. When mixed with water, however, it is more properly compared with milk than with thin infusions, of little direct nutritive value, like those of tea and coffee; and, on the other hand it has the great advantage over milk, over beef-tea and other similar beverages, that it contains the substance theobromine, and the volatile empyreumatic oil—both possessed of most valuable properties. Thus it unites in itself the exhilarating and other special qualities which distinguish tea with the strengthening and ordinary body-supporting qualities of milk.

The cocoa, as shown by the above numbers, is richer in fat, the milk in casein. Hence, probably, has arisen the practice of making milk cocoa, in which the constituents of the one ingredient dovetail into, and assuage the

* Casein is the name given by chemists to the *curd* of milk. It is, chemically, nearly the same thing as the gluten of plants.

influence of, those of the other. The large proportion of fat which cocoa contains, justifies also, as fitting it better for most stomachs, the practice of mixing or grinding it up with sugar, flour, or starch, in the preparation of cocoa-paste or chocolate. Both practices are indeed skilful chemical adjustments, made without chemical knowledge, as the results of long and wide experience. And, lastly, the general composition of the bean shows that, in chocolate cakes and comfits, when faithfully prepared, there should reside (as experience has also shown to be the case) much nutritive virtue—the means both of supporting the bodily strength, and of at the same time sustaining the nervous energy—reduced into comparatively small compass.

2°. *Brazilian Cocoa or Guarana*.—In Brazil the seeds of the *Paullinia sorbilis* are collected, prepared, and used in the same way as those of the *theobroma cacao*. It is usually described by travellers as a variety of coffee; but the seeds, like the cocoa bean, are pounded and made into cakes, which are known as guarana bread. When used, these are mixed with water—as cakes of cocoa or chocolate are—sweetened and drunk. To what extent this article is prepared and consumed in Brazil we have not been able to ascertain. It is a fact of great interest in regard to this substance, and one which shows it to have a true place among the beverages of which we are now treating, that, like tea and coffee, it has been found to contain theine, and is therefore capable of exercising upon the system an influence similar to that which is experienced by those who use these two favourite beverages.

3°. *Other Cocoas*.—The substances as yet known, which can be employed in the place of, or as substitutes for, Mexican cocoa, are comparatively few in number. To fit them for this purpose, they must contain an odoriferous principle of some degree of fragrance, abundance of fat, and a considerable amount of ordinary nutriment. Oily seeds and nuts are almost the only vegetable productions from which beverages resembling cocoa have any where been manufactured. Among these the earth-nut (*Arachis hypogea*),

a kind of oily underground pea, is roasted in South Carolina, prepared and used in the same way as chocolate. In Spain the root of the *Cyperus esculentus*, or earth-chestnut, is roasted and used as a substitute for coffee and chocolate, but especially for the latter, which is much consumed in Spain.

These are all the professed substitutes for the cocoa bean with which we are acquainted. Neither of them, however, contains a bitter principle rich in nitrogen, of the nature of the theobromine of the true cocoa, or of the theine contained in guarana. They can never, therefore, be employed effectively to replace the Mexican cocoa.

As adulterating materials, the substances chiefly employed by fraudulent manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate, are the husks of the bean, starch, sugar, fat, ground roots, and red ochre.

By way of conclusion, it may interest the reader if we briefly sum up what appears to be the actual state of our knowledge regarding the chemistry and physiology of the beverages we infuse.

First, As to the chemistry of the various seeds and leaves we have mentioned, it appears that, when roasted and ready for use, they all contain—

a. A volatile odoriferous aromatic oil, which does not exist in the fresh leaf or seed, but is produced or developed during the roasting. In tea this oil is most abundant, in coffee probably next, and in cocoa least in quantity.

In the teas (Chinese and Paraguay) and in roasted coffee the quantity and activity of this oil appear to diminish by keeping. In raw coffee, on the other hand, the power of developing this oil by roasting is greater the longer the bean is kept or allowed to ripen.

b. A peculiar bitter crystallisable principle, containing much nitrogen, and exerting a specific action on the system. In the teas, in coffee, and in guarana, this principle is theine, which contains 29 per cent. of nitrogen; in cocoa it is theobromine, which contains 36 per cent. of nitrogen. Weight for weight, average coffee contains a little more theine than the average qualities of tea, but in both it varies

between 1 and 5 per cent as extremes. In cocoa the proportion of theobromine has not been determined. In well-roasted coffee, and in chicory, another bitter principle, brown, soluble, uncrystallisable, and containing no nitrogen, is produced during the roasting. The quantity and properties of this bitter substance have not been determined.

c. A variety of tannin or tannic acid, which gives their astringency to the infusions prepared from all these substances. Of this ingredient the teas contain most, coffee next, and cocoa the least. The tannin of tea gives a black, that of coffee a green, with solutions containing iron.

d. A nutritious substance, resembling the gluten of wheat, or the fibrin of beef. In the tea-leaf this ingredient is most abundant, in cocoa next, and least in coffee. It dissolves but sparingly in water, and is therefore generally lost to the consumer when only the infusion is drunk. The full benefit of this ingredient is obtained only when the tea-leaves are eaten, when the coffee grounds are taken along with the infusion, or when the whole material is made into a beverage, as in the usual way of preparing cocoa and chocolate.

e. A quantity of fat, which in cocoa forms more than half the whole weight of the bean, in coffee one-eighth, and in tea only three or four per cent. The presence of so large a proportion of fat gives a peculiar character to cocoa, rendering it most nutritious—especially when made with milk—to those whose stomachs will bear it, but making it less suitable, at the same time, to persons of weak digestive powers.

Of the infusions themselves which are yielded by the different varieties of tea, maté, and coffee, it is to be observed that they vary in strength with the sample employed. Of some teas and coffees, boiling water will extract and dissolve as much as one-third of the whole substance; of others, not more than one-sixth. The proportion of the several ingredients above mentioned, which the infusions we prepare are likely to contain, must therefore be very variable and uncertain.

Second.—As to the physiology of these beverages, or their action on the system, it appears—

a. Generally, that they all exert a remarkable influence on the activity of the brain, exalting, so to speak, the nervous life.

b. They all soothe the vascular or corporeal system, allay hunger, retard the change of matter, and diminish the amount of bodily waste in a given time. And if this waste must in the healthy body be constantly restored in the form of ordinary food, this diminution of the waste is equivalent to a lessening of the amount of food which is necessary to sustain the body. Hence their value to the poor. They are indirectly nutritious.

c. Specially, they diminish the quantity of carbonic acid given off from the lungs in a given time, and that also of urea, phosphoric acid, and common salt in the liquid excretions. These are the chemical forms in which the lessening of the change of matter manifests itself. In the case of coffee, it has been ascertained by experiments that this lessening of the waste is due more to the empyreumatic oil than to the caffeine. The same is probably true also of tea.

d. The increased action of the heart, the trembling, the headache, and the peculiar intoxication and delirium which extreme indulgence in coffee sometimes produces, are mostly caused by the caffeine. On the other hand, the increased action of the kidneys, of the perspiring vessels, and generally of the whole system, are ascribed to the action of the oil. That Chinese tea has an astringent effect upon the system, may arise either from the empyreumatic oil of tea not acting in the same way as that of coffee, or from the larger proportion of tannic acid which tea contains being able to counteract the effect of the oil. That there is a specific difference in the action of the empyreumatic oils of tea and maté compared with that of coffee, is further probable from the remarkably intoxicating effect which both the Chinese and the Paraguay leaves possess when newly gathered and roasted for use.

Of course the general effect of these beverages upon the system is the combined result of the simultaneous action of all the substances they contain. But possessing the two characteristic influences upon the system—

of retarding the change of matter, and of increasing at the same time the activity of the nervous life—they can never be replaced by the strongest soups or flesh teas, or by any other infusions or decoctions which merely supply the ordinary kinds of nourishment in more or less diluted and digestible forms.

A perusal of the history of these beverages leaves lingering in our minds two interesting facts suggestive of many thoughts.

The first is, that tea and coffee have come more and more into use in Europe and America as the intellectual activity which distinguishes the leading nations of modern times has developed itself. Their influence is no doubt modified by the kind of ordinary food upon which the consumers of these two beverages usually live; and the nature of this food may be one of the causes which determines the preference of the one or the other (of tea or of coffee for example) by different European nations. And reasoning from this probability, we might say that there is too much of mere vulgar nutrition in cocoa to allow it to influence the nervous or intellectual life to an equal degree with tea and coffee. And in this we might find a reason for the less prominent intellectual position which has been occupied by Spain and Italy since cocoa has become an article of such universal consumption amongst them!

The second fact is, that the poorest and humblest who has his own little earnings to spend, devotes a small part of it to the purchase of tea or coffee. He can barely buy bread and milk, or potatoes and salt, yet the cup of tea or coffee is preferred to the extra potato or the somewhat larger loaf. And if thereby his stomach is less filled, his hunger is equally stayed, and his comfort, both bodily and mental, wonderfully increased. He will probably live as long under the one regimen as the other; and while he does live he will both be less miserable in mind, and will show more blood and spirit in the face of difficulties, than if he had denied himself his trifling indulgence. Besides the

mere brickwork and marble, so to speak, by which the human body is built up and sustained, there are rarer forms of matter, it now appears, upon which the life of the body and the comfort of animal existence most essentially depend. This truth is not unworthy the consideration of those to whom the arrangement of the dietaries of our prisons and other public institutions has been intrusted. So many ounces of gluten, and so many of starch and fat, are assigned by these food-providers as an ample allowance for everyday use. From these dietaries, except for the infirm and the invalid, tea and coffee are for the most part excluded; and in this they follow the counsel of those who have hitherto been regarded as chief authorities on the chemistry of nutrition. But it is worthy of trial whether the lessening of the general bodily waste, which would follow the consumption of a daily allowance of coffee, would not cause a saving of gluten and starch equal to the cost of the coffee; and should this not prove the case, whether the increased comfort and happiness of the inmates and the greater consequent facility of management, would not make up for the difference, if any. The inquiry is an interesting one in physiological economics; and it is not undeserving of the serious attention of those benevolent minds which, in so many parts of our islands, have found in the prisons and houses of correction their most favourite fields of exertion.

We might add, as a stimulus to such experiments, the evident craving for some such indulgence, as a kind of natural necessity, which is manifested in the almost universal practice among every people, not absolutely savage, of preparing and drinking beverages of this sort. If there be in the human constitution this innocent craving, it cannot be misplaced humanity to minister to it even in the case of the depraved and convicted. Where reformation is aimed at, the moral sense will be found most accessible where the mind is maintained in most healthy activity, and the general comfort of the whole system is most effectually promoted.

THE ABERDEEN CABINET.

If, in the course of the bygone year, we have devoted a lesser portion of our space than usual to the consideration of political matters, that circumstance has not arisen either from indifference to the events which have taken place, or from acquiescence in the course and general policy of the present Ministry. We were too well acquainted with the nature of the machination and intrigue by means of which the Government of Lord Derby was overthrown, to repose much faith in the sincerity or public principle of those who were parties to that disgraceful plot. So far from regarding the Coalition as an auspicious event for the interests of the country, we looked upon it as likely to degrade the position and lessen the influence of Great Britain abroad, and to lead to a new series of political experiments at home. Whatever might have been the Conservative antecedents of some members of the Cabinet, we could not forget that these were the men who, in almost every instance, had adopted expediency as their guide, instead of following the straight and undeviating path of honour. We knew that some of them were no sure friends to Protestantism and Protestant institutions, and that they regarded, if not with favour, at least with singular apathy, the covert and insidious aggressions of the Church of Rome. Obviously, therefore, we could have no confidence in their determination to resist either democratic or sectarian influences, which were the more likely to be energetically exerted, because some other members of the Government were avowedly hostile in opinion to the existing institutions of the land. It appeared to us evident that the Radical section could not, supposing its component members to be honest and earnest in their views, avoid the opportunity of pressing their peculiar tenets upon the consideration of their colleagues; and, believing in the thorough elasticity of consciences which have once submitted to the doctrines of expediency, it seemed to us exceedingly probable that the for-

mer maintainers of a Conservative policy would become as supple in the hands of their new allies as the heart of a democrat could desire. Besides all this, it was evident to us that the head of the Administration, Lord Aberdeen, was unfitted to deal with the new complications which the altered state of European affairs has introduced. At no one period of his life did the Premier ever occupy a place in the foremost rank of statesmen. He was neither acute enough in his intellect, nor adroit enough in his management of affairs, to entitle him to such a position. He might be a useful colleague, but he never was qualified to be a leader. In prescience, the most valuable attribute of a diplomatist, he has always shown himself to be defective. Cold and unsympathising in his nature, he is not able to keep pace with the events which have crowded so thickly upon us; hence he is rather to be regarded as a Minister of the past than of the present. Obstinacy, which he mistakes for firmness, and craft, which he conceives to be wisdom, have made him the unconscious tool of far superior men, who, in the palmy days of European congresses, were his associates. Strange as it may appear, Lord Aberdeen, who at home is confederated in council with Sir James Graham and Sir William Molesworth, is universally regarded abroad as the last prop in Britain of the absolutist policy and dominion. Russia is delighted to see him Prime Minister of this country, because, so long as that arrangement lasts, she anticipates no active check to her designs. Austria, while acting the hypocritical part of mediator, and keeping up the farce of negotiation after the hour for action has arrived, chuckles at the credence which is given to the sincerity of her concocted notes, and forwards, at proper intervals, fresh projects for the maintenance of peace to Downing Street, in order to divert attention from the boom of the Russian cannon. With regard to France, Lord Aberdeen has not cultivated those friendly relations

which were established by Lord Malmesbury, and which, especially at the present time, are so important for maintaining the influence of the two great western powers. Forgetting the adage, that nations have no cousins, and the maxim against foreign cabals in behalf of rejected dynasties, he is well known to regard with favour the pretensions of the House of Orleans, which has not even the abstract merit of legitimacy to recommend it; and not only that portion of the press which is under Ministerial control, but even members of the Cabinet, were allowed, without contradiction or reproof, to indulge in unmeasured obloquy and invective directed against the present Emperor of the French. Knowing these things, and being aware at the same time that the peace of Europe rested upon a very insecure foundation, it would have been strange indeed had we reposed much confidence in such a Cabinet, or believed that it was likely to act with vigour and determination abroad, or pursue an upright, moderate, and satisfactory course in the administration of our domestic affairs.

Still, while we entertained those impressions, we could not forget that some degree of forbearance was due to a Ministry which had declared itself able and willing to undertake the task of government. We remembered that Lord Derby, when the Premiership was forced upon him, made a manly and noble appeal to the honour of his political opponents, acknowledging the difficulties of his position, admitting the want of official experience on the part of some of his colleagues, but requesting, for the sake of the country, a fair consideration of his measures. It is true that such consideration was not granted—true, that his opponents were too eager for office to listen to the voice of duty—true, that they caballed and coalesced to unseat him before the details of his policy were more than partially disclosed. No one section of the opposition being strong enough to effect this object, it was brought about by a common union in attack, on the express understanding of a common sharing of the spoils. Men whose lives had been passed in mutual suspicion and antagonism, suddenly, and without any union of

principle, found themselves associated in the onslaught, and, that over, grimly proceeded to the apportionment of office without regard to general agreement. Notwithstanding all this, and the subsequent virulence which clearly demonstrated the secret consciousness of the confederates as to the unworthy nature of their conquest, we were resolved not to incur that reproach which must remain with them long after their coalition shall be numbered with the things that were. We could not forget that, of whatever material composed, the Queen's Government was entitled to a fair and impartial consideration—that, having accepted a distinct responsibility, Ministers should be allowed, at any rate, the full opportunity of developing their measures without encountering at the outset that active opposition, which, however, becomes a duty so soon as it is evident that they are pursuing a false or hurtful course to the internal interests of the empire, or one which is likely to lower its name and repute in the estimation of the world. We might, with more sincerity than he himself displayed, have attacked Mr. Gladstone on the subject of his budget, as violently as he attacked Mr. Disraeli. We might have pointed, with justifiable derision, to his unhappy experiment on the Funds; and have calculated to a nicety the ultimate cost to the country arising from the efforts of that high-vaulting but inexperienced financier. The opportunity, it will be allowed, was tempting; but we forbore—not, as we are aware, without incurring the censure of some of our more zealous friends, who accused us of lukewarmness, whereas, in fact, we were not only performing a duty, but exercising a sound discretion. Our impression, from the very first, was, that the present Ministry could only thrive through opposition. They were, like the garrison of the Garde Doloureuse, an exceedingly motley group. Trimmer, Whig, and Radical, corresponded to the Norman, Saxon, and Fleming of the romance; who, so long as the hordes of the insurgent Welsh were battering at their gates, were held together by the tie of common interest, and the dread of common danger; but who, if left

to themselves, would instantly have fallen into feud. The result, we submit, has entirely justified our anticipations. During the long recess, there is, usually, a slack in politics—the forces of the opposition are withdrawn—the garrison is left to pursue its deliberations and to make its arrangements unmolested—and lo! before the year is out, the public is made aware that there has been a desperate intestine quarrel; and Lord Palmerston, the ablest member of the Cabinet—with the entire approbation, as we are given to understand, of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is the oldest and most sagacious—has deemed it necessary to tender his resignation!

The political world is presently full of rumours and speculation regarding this event, and the actual cause of disagreement, some regarding it as the precursor of a speedy dissolution of the Ministry, and the retirement of Lord Aberdeen from office, while others believe, and we think with more reason, that the breach is not yet irreparable. But whatever may be the immediate consequences, the fact of such a breach having occurred, more especially at the moment when union of sentiment among the Ministry was of deep importance to the country, is of itself most significant, and must be held as indicative of a much more serious difference than the ministerial organs will allow. It is all very well to point to the new measure of reform which Lord John Russell, to the great annoyance of many of his political friends, has been preparing, as the cause of Lord Palmerston's secession; but no one will accept that explanation. The cause and the effect have no adequate relation. Indeed, it is rather surprising to us that such a statement should have been hazarded; for although it may not always be convenient to assign the true reason for ministerial quarrels, some regard at least ought to be shown to the maintenance of probability. The real cause of the late difference is to be found in our foreign, not in our domestic relations.

There is always a vast distinction to be drawn between questions of mere domestic policy, such as occu-

pled the attention of Parliament during the last session, and those which vitally concern the honour and destinies of the British empire. In regard to the former class, we have been anxious to avoid criticism which might have been considered captious; for errors of that kind, when committed, as they often are by new administrations, may be repaired, with more or less exertion, according to their comparative magnitude. But the case is widely different with questions of the other class. A single false move, a vacillating policy, a dishonest attitude, may not only entail upon Europe the miseries of a general war, but may cover the name of this renowned country with disgrace, and obliterate the memory of former contests, which have rendered Great Britain honourable and famous throughout the world. We cannot remain dumb witnesses of an act of national dishonour. There is no consideration on earth which can or ought to deter us from entering our vehement protest against faint conduct or culpable inaction which reflect permanent discredit on the country. In such a case as that, it is no sufficient answer to say that the responsibility rests with Ministers. In this lax age of ours, when the standard of public morality has fallen to a low ebb, such responsibility is, in point of fact, little more than nominal. Popular representation and a perfectly unfettered press have put an end to impeachments in so far as statesmen are concerned. We do not now bring Ministers to trial for their obnoxious acts—we summarily eject them from office. During the holidays, however, that process is impossible. The representation lies dormant, with frequent prorogations of its slumber. But the press does not sleep; and it is its duty, either on the approach of danger, or in the event of abuse of trust, to sound a warning note, so that the nation may be made aware of what is being perpetrated in its name.

Our readers will at once understand that these remarks are directed to the policy and conduct of Ministers in regard to the Eastern question. When it first became evident that the designs of Russia were serious, and that the tranquillity of Europe was endan-

gered by the ambitious projects of the Czar—that territorial acquisition, not the establishment of a religious protectorate, was his real object, and that he was determined to force a quarrel on Turkey in order to invade her dominions—we did expect that her Majesty's advisers would have shown themselves equal to the crisis. It was at the request of Ministers themselves that these matters were not formally discussed in the last session of Parliament—and the request had this of reason in it, that popular debate does not always tend to the success of diplomatic negotiation. Much harm has resulted at different times from popular ebullitions, and from the silly extravagance of men who, though holding seats in Parliament, are no better than the orators of the mob. None of our readers can have forgotten the language of Cobden applied to Russia, which power, he asserted, could be crumpled up as easily as a sheet of waste-paper! Cobden does not think so now. During the recess he has been piteously howling for peace, apparently forgetful that he had done everything in his power, by invective and insult, to excite a hostile feeling against Britain and her interests. Nor are we yet convinced that, pending negotiations in which every great European power was supposed to be actively engaged, any Ministry could have been expected to invite a formal discussion, which, necessitating premature disclosures, and provoking an echo beyond the walls of Parliament, might have had the effect of rendering British intervention less powerful than it ought to be at a highly critical period. We, therefore, do not blame Ministers for maintaining a certain degree of reserve during the earlier part of this unhappy affair.

— We have never been able to discover any real benefit which has arisen from sympathising meetings and demonstrations in favour of oppressed foreign nationalities, such as have taken place of late years in many of the larger towns of England. Whatever our impressions may be as to the abstract rights or purity of motive of the Hungarian or Italian insurgents, this at all events is plain, that the noisy sympathy of English mobs has not bettered their position, whilst it has materially lessened the influence of Britain with

the established governments on the Continent. We can respect the spirit which dictates such displays, even while we deprecate their exhibition. For instance, there can be no doubt that two ebullitions of popular feeling in England have had the effect of alienating from us one European power which was very long our ally. We allude to Austria, which country, in the campaign of 1794, when Prussia was miserably grasping, as was the practice of the minor German powers whenever an opportunity was afforded them, after British gold, showed nothing of the like spirit. Austria may be despotic—whether from inclination or necessity it is beyond our purpose here to inquire—but, in her relations with Great Britain, she has heretofore acted with fairness. She may be deceitful—that is too often the characteristic of despotisms—and truth compels us to admit that Austrian statesmen have never been remarkable for sincerity. That virtue is no part of their system; perhaps it cannot co-exist with institutions such as theirs. But in dealing with states, as with individuals, we must take them with their faults as well as their virtues. We do not inquire too closely into the character of the man who is punctual in his payments, and regular in redeeming his engagements. We do not think it necessary to inquire whether his family are altogether happy and well used, before we embark with him in a common speculation. He may treat them harshly; they may be very wilful and rebellious—we have no concern with that. We acknowledge the *patria potestas*, and leave him to regulate his family as he best may. Now, apply that principle—universally observed in so far as individuals are concerned—to Austria, and mark what we have done. Our old relations are undoubted, and there was at all events amity between us. Years roll on, and at last there occurs a rebellion in the hereditary states of the house of Hapsburg. The infection spreads from the provinces to the mother state. The capital, Vienna, is taken, pillaged, and subjected to the usual ordeal of democratic libertinism. The army remains true to the Emperor—retakes the capital—puts down the insurgents, and restores tranquillity to Austria. Does England—a country which ab-

hors, or ought to abhor, revolutions, and which, but five years ago, was threatened with a like visitation from Chartism, besides Irish outbreaks—does England, we say, exhibit any symptoms of rejoicing at that event? Quite the contrary. Marshal Haynau visits London, and he is immediately made the object of a brutal personal attack, such as would disgrace the Coromantees, or any other heathen tribe of Africa. Next comes Kossuth, the leader and instigator of the Hungarian rebellion; and he is received with almost superhuman honours by mayors, and aldermen, and other civic idiots, none of whom could, even if threatened with the penalty of instant death, tell you where Hungary is situated on the map of Europe. No wonder if Austria, thus insulted in the person of one of her chief commanders, takes umbrage,—no wonder if she interprets the ovations lavished upon a rebel—it matters not how gallant or how pure—into distinct proofs of the entire sympathy of the British people with the cause of insurrection and democracy. And the result is that Austria, thus repulsed, turns away from us, and lends her influence, whenever that is required, to forward and assist the ambitious projects of the Czar.

It is desirable that the men who, in spite of reiterated warning, took such immense pains to testify their sympathy with insurgents, should be made aware that they have materially, though of course unconsciously, assisted in bringing on the present crisis. Unless Russia had been able to count with perfect certainty upon the co-operation of Austria, it is impossible to believe that she would have taken the decisive, and, as we think, irretrievable step of occupying the Danubian Principalities. That she has that co-operation now, no sane man can doubt. We by no means intend to hold up Austria as a pattern, or to maintain that she is sincere in the diplomatic attitude which she now assumes, which we believe to be a purely feigned one. She is acting now for Russia, and if our self-imposed Ministers are not by this time thoroughly aware of the fact, they must be labouring under an extraordinary attack of political ophthalmia. The question is not now as to the actual interests

of Austria as a separate and isolated empire. Independent of other considerations, she would not be inclined to lend her support, in such a matter as this, to Russian aggression. We are very far indeed from thinking that such a glaring violation of solemn treaties had the cordial sanction of the Cabinet of Vienna. Austria is perfectly well aware that, in the event of a general war, she is in imminent risk of losing much which she presently possesses, without the chance, in any contingency, of being a considerable gainer. No state in Europe has a more natural interest in the maintenance of peace. But neutrality seems to be, and in reality is, almost impossible for a power in the situation of Austria. She must take a decided part on the one side or the other, if the east of Europe is, unfortunately, to be arrayed against the west; and as she has met with no sympathy or support, in the hour of her own embarrassment, from Britain or France, it is natural that she should adopt the other alternative, and become the confederate, and, we fear, the active tool of Russia. In a political point of view, we have gained nothing by adopting the senseless Yankee practice of popular sympathising meetings—the value, justice, and discrimination of which demonstrative assemblies may be gathered from the fact, that, on the other side of the Atlantic, Ireland is considered as by far the choicest topic for sympathising oratory, as it affords a wide scope for vehement denunciation of the tyranny and oppression of England.

We have indicated that we felt very reluctant, during the earlier stages of diplomatic negotiation, to make any strictures upon the attitude assumed by the Ministry. We felt, moreover, that it would have been wrong and ungenerous to do so, because the position of Lord Aberdeen, considering his antecedents and old Continental relationships, was in reality one of more than common difficulty. Still, as the head of the British Cabinet, he was bound to act with energy and promptitude, and whether by counsel, warning, or menace, to use every means in his power to induce the Czar to recede from his unjustifiable demands.

There can be no doubt that we have

had enough, and more than enough, of negotiation. Even now, when blood has been freely shed in land battles, both in Europe and in Asia, and when a great sea combat, with disastrous sacrifice of life, has taken place in the Euxine, we hear of fresh notes, and proposals, and projects, and are informed that it is extremely probable that the matters in dispute may yet be settled by the aid of diplomacy! Such miserable babble as that can impose upon none. It is a device on the part of the aggressor to gain time, which time has been employed not only in fixing himself securely in his new conquest, but in dealing effective blows at other points of the Ottoman empire. When the forces of Russia crossed the Pruth, it was with the deliberate purpose of holding Wallachia and Moldavia, never again to be surrendered into the hands of Turkey. The Emperor Nicholas is neither an idle boaster nor a braggart. He knows the value of provinces which on one side bring him into direct contiguity with Austria, and which on the south are bounded by the Danube; and all the diplomacy in the world will never make him evacuate these. The quarrel was notoriously of his own seeking. Turkey had done nothing whatever to provoke an offensive attitude—there were absolutely no tangible grounds of complaint against her. We are as firmly convinced as we are of our own existence that Prince Menschikoff was sent to Constantinople purposely to make a quarrel, and to afford something like a pretext for the occupation which had long been elaborately planned. When Russia once takes a territorial step, she does not intend to recede from it, and never will recede, unless driven back by absolute force. That is her traditional policy, and also her invariable practice. In the north of Europe she has absorbed Finland; she has advanced her frontier towards western Europe, in consequence of her seizure of Poland, by nearly seven hundred miles; she has lessened her distance from Constantinople by about five hundred miles; and her Asiatic acquisitions extend to the southern point of the Caspian Sea, in the immediate vicinity of Teheran. The extent of her influence with Persia may be gathered from the announcement, recently

made, that that country has declared war with Turkey, and that the British envoy has found it his duty to retire. Such is the intelligence, correct or not, which has just reached this country from the East, and that it is of an alarming kind, no one who has directed his attention to the gradual progress and policy of Russia can deny. Now that Moldavia and Wallachia are in her grasp, they will not be surrendered at all events by means of diplomatic representation. The Emperor of Russia, as his whole history proves, is eminently clear-sighted and sagacious. He knew from the very first that the occupation of the Danubian provinces was an act of aggression that must call forth the remonstrance of the Western powers; and we may rely upon it that he did not put his army into motion without having thoroughly weighed the consequences. He must have calculated what effect such a step would have upon the different Cabinets—how far they would be inclined to go in the way of remonstrance, and how far in the way of resistance. Of the German powers he considers himself at this moment perfectly sure. Neither Austria nor Prussia, though they may be ready enough with notes to swell the vast bulk of waste-paper which has been expended on this occasion, will move a finger or contribute a florin to the aid of Turkey. He is sure of them as neutrals, and we venture to think, tolerably sure of them as allies, if he shall hereafter find it necessary to invoke their active assistance. The only two important powers that stand at all in his way—that can check, or, at all events, embarrass his career—are Great Britain and France, and they, when cordially combined, are such powerful opponents, that we do not believe even Nicholas, audacious as he is, would have ventured to make this aggression, but for the peculiar political circumstances of either country which seemed likely to prevent the possibility of a cordial understanding and co-operation.

We have already alluded to the language used by some members of the present Government in regard to the Emperor of the French. Both Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood expressed themselves in terms

which ought to have led to their exclusion from the Council of the State; for whatever might have been the private opinion of these right honourable gentlemen—one of them not considered as peculiarly scrupulous, or the other as remarkably sapient—they were bound, in common decency, to have observed the courtesies of speech towards a sovereign Prince whose position as such had been formally recognised by their Sovereign. The Premier, Lord Aberdeen, either had not the power, the ability, or the wish to restrain his imprudent colleagues; and that portion of the press which was understood to be ministerial in its views, exerted itself most vigorously in abusing Napoleon III. Such things do not pass unnoticed. Even the most intelligent foreigners attribute far more weight to such diatribes than they really deserve; but in this instance it is no wonder if they conceived that no cordiality could exist between Britain and France, when they saw that the State Ministers of the one power were virulently attacking the elected Sovereign of the other. Besides this, it is rather generally believed on the Continent that the Orleanists have fast and powerful friends in England; and even at home there is a growing impression that the King of the Belgians has made himself unnecessarily busy in matters with which he ought not to have more than a remote connection. This is a delicate subject, and as such we have approached it. We are never willing to attach much importance to rumours, and do not so now; at the same time, we may remark this, that, in Britain, family considerations ought to have no weight in comparison with those that are national; and that interference in the affairs of State, by those who are not responsible statesmen, is what no wise man would counsel, but which all would deeply deplore.

The accession of Lord Aberdeen to the Premiership of Great Britain appeared to the Emperor of Russia one of those fortunate accidents which a skilful, darling, and unscrupulous potentate can turn to his own advantage. The new Premier was known to have no sympathy with the Emperor of the French, who, moreover, had just obtained the Imperial dignity. Lord

Aberdeen had connections of old standing with the despotic courts, and his character, strength, and weakness were perfectly well known to the veteran diplomatists of Europe. Some of his colleagues had committed themselves by openly attacking the new Emperor. Lord Palmerston, whose tact and determination were well known, and who was the only man in the Cabinet capable of conducting foreign affairs, had been removed to another office, and a mere tyro was intrusted with the charge of our European policy. The Court of St. James's, as a Court, was not supposed to be very favourable to that of the Tuileries, occupied by a man who, whatever might be his talent and abilities, had certainly appeared during the greater part of his life as an adventurer. There had been, undoubtedly, some symptoms of alarm exhibited in Great Britain regarding the defenceless state of her shores, which hardly could be attributed to anything else than a mistrust of our nearest neighbour. All these circumstances combined led the Czar to the conclusion that no more favourable opportunity could occur for commencing his aggression upon Turkey, with less risk of drawing upon himself the combined hostility of the two great Western powers.

We say of *commencing* his aggression, because we do not believe that Nicholas had the deliberate and settled intention, when he began to advance, of pushing forwards at this time so far as Constantinople. The military moves of Russia are made with the precision and deliberation of a game of chess. The Emperor, for the time being, identifies himself with the state, and does not seek the dazzling personal honours of a rapid conqueror. Theirs is the kind of ambition, though, of course, upon a much larger scale, which we sometimes see exhibited by private families in our own country. In each successive generation, estates are added by purchase to the hereditary property, perhaps already too large for enjoyment, until a whole county passes into the proprietary of the existing representative of the race. All this is gradual, but the design is made traditional. This progressive method of acquisition which Russia pursues,

unquestionably the most likely in the long run to prove successful. If she had announced broadly that her intentions were to drive the Turks out of Europe, and to take possession of Constantinople—if it had been even supposed probable that such would be the speedy result of her late aggression—she would certainly have been compelled to encounter Great Britain and France in open arms; and the conflict would not have been postponed. But that is not, by any means, the game of Russia. Give her what she wants—or, as in the present instance, what she has occupied—and she will become wonderfully complaisant and tractable. Let her keep an army in Moldavia and Wallachia, and a dozen years, or even more, may elapse, before the Sultan receives another visit from a diplomatist of the stamp of Meneschikoff. When that ill-omened event happens—as happen it assuredly will, unless the only capable powers of Europe are resolute to send her back to her boundaries, and unless the affair of Sinope becomes the prelude to serious hostilities—Russia will cross the Balkan as readily and as easily as she has crossed the Pruth, and her ensign at last will wave over the dome of St. Sophia.

Russia, when necessary, can wait. She never takes a step without mature consideration, but, having taken it, she never recedes. It is most important that this should be understood, because in this country, owing to our peculiar constitution and perpetual political changes, we know nothing of the traditionary policy, which in other lands is a motive as powerful as religion. Such a despotism as is that of Russia is not to be confounded with a mere tyranny where the ruler is absolute, and may be wanton in the exercise of his power. That is a most erroneous idea. The Czar concentrates in his person the whole power of Russia, not by divine right, or on the ground of legitimate succession, but because the state wills that it shall have only one ruler, and submit to one dictation. There are no such things as parties or party rivalry in Russia. The Czar rules, directs, dictates—but he is not altogether irresponsible. The son of and brother of Alexander knows

that there are many thousands of eyes in his own dominions bent upon him. He may take the law into his own hands, and punish with extreme severity any abuse which he can detect in the subordinates of administration, or exhibit a fearful example in the case of attempted treason. To him implicitly are left the regulations of internal administration—but, woe to the Czar who shall dare to deviate from the traditional policy of the nation! It is a trust of which we in this country can form no adequate conception; but, at the same time, it is a trust which every Emperor of Russia knows that he must observe and fulfil. Russia does not seek enlightenment, and has no tolerance of innovation. She will accept no lessons in civilisation from surrounding countries, and she discourages familiarity with their customs. Mr. Oliphant, in his recent work upon Russia, tells us that “it is with the greatest difficulty that a permission to travel, or leave of absence for two years, is obtained by a Russian, however high his rank; and then it is only granted upon payment of a sum amounting to eighty pounds a-head for each member of the family.” It is from deliberate purpose that Russia remains socially isolated from the rest of Europe. She has but one thought, one policy, one aim—and that is territorial aggrandisement.

All this must be perfectly well known to the diplomatists of the other states, and we presume Lord Clarendon is aware of it. If not, he is certainly a most unfit person to occupy the situation of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at the present juncture. Now, what amazes us is, that the farce of diplomatic negotiation should have been allowed to go on so long. It has been continued not only after occupation, but after repeated battles; and, what is worst of all, after Great Britain and France have despatched their fleets, we presume for some purpose, to the Bosphorus. And what is it they are now negotiating about? If on the subject of the religious protectorate claimed by Russia, they are simply wasting their time, and making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Our decided impression is, that the present crisis has arisen from the vacillating

and undecided attitude of the Aberdeen Government at the time when the aggression could have been prevented by a prompt and energetic course of action.

The Emperor of Russia, as we have hinted, is both clear-sighted and sagacious. In spite of his avidity for conquest, and resolute determination to push forward, he is thoroughly alive to the disastrous consequences that might result from a violent check; and if he really had been convinced that Britain and France were determined, by force of arms and at every hazard, to maintain the integrity of the Turkish territory, we do not believe that a single Russian soldier would have been ordered to cross the Pruth. It was the duty of the Ministry, immediately on the rupture occurring between Russia and the Porte, to have decided what line of conduct they would pursue in the event of actual aggression; and, if their decision had been to support Turkey, to have warned the Czar that if, on any pretext whatever, he should invade the Turkish territory, that step would be considered by Great Britain as tantamount to a declaration of hostilities. And further, in order to show that this was no empty threat, the British squadron ought to have been ordered to pass the Dardanelles, or even to enter the Black Sea, the moment that authentic intelligence was received of an aggressive Russian movement. Such a line of conduct would have met with the cordial assent and co-operation of the French Government—would probably have stayed the Czar before he had seriously committed himself, and have prevented the effusion of blood. Had that been done, and done promptly, the other matters in dispute might safely have been turned over to the diplomatists to lick them into shape. Of course if it was not intended that Britain should support Turkey—if Lord Aberdeen was contented to see that country dismembered, as Poland formerly was, without more than the mockery of a protest—the case is widely different. *That* is altogether another view, and the people of England will so consider it. *They* at all events, whatever Lord Aberdeen may think, are not indifferent to the violent occupation of the Danubian provinces,

and are not disposed to sit by as idle spectators, whilst Russia is extending her frontier towards the coveted Dardanelles. They will ask, and that as soon as the shrinking and irresolute Ministry are compelled to face Parliament, *why* it was that a British fleet was sent to the waters of the Bosphorus—was it to support Turkey?—and if so, what support was given? Does Lord Aberdeen suppose for one moment that the British people will stand the reproach of having arrayed a gallant armament, and sent out so many of our seamen, simply for the purpose of drinking success to the cause of Turkey, and remaining stationary, like automaton or pasteboard-men, while the Russian fleet was destroying Turkish vessels in the harbour of Sinope? *Why* was the fleet there if not to protect the Turks? Will not other nations be apt to conclude that it was there purposely to deceive them?

That is not our conclusion, nor our belief. We believe, at all events we hope, that it was sent there for ultimate action, and we shall not be surprised to learn that it has avenged the slaughter at Sinope. But it ought not to have been there at all, unless for immediate action. What is the point at which negotiation properly ends, and war, if war is intended, properly begins? Clearly, in this instance, when the Russians took forcible possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. Were we to abstain from making up our minds as to the proper course which Britain should pursue, until the Russians had crossed the Danube? As we have already said, it is quite possible that the Czar did not contemplate the passage of the Danube for many years to come. It may, however, be otherwise, for no man understands opportunity better; and the recent news from Persia gives colour to the idea that he is prepared, in certain contingencies, to push his advantage to the utmost. But whether he advances further or not, the offence is the same. He has violated the peace of Europe by forcible occupation of a territory which is not his own, and he has no intention of surrendering it. That, at least, is perfectly obvious. Are we to believe that he was merely jesting when he announced that all further negotiation

was useless, and that "*La guerre*" was his determination? Are we to be blind to the enormous preparations which are being made throughout Russia for military action—the levies, the enrolments, the subsidies? Such preparations are not undertaken without a commensurate object—certainly they do not point to a pacific termination of the quarrel.

What has been done is now irrevocable. We cannot make up for squandered time or for lost opportunities—we cannot take up the question as it stood before the Russians occupied Moldavia. But we have sufficient materials before us in the shape of events, to enable us to form a judgment upon the conduct of Ministers during the time when activity might have been useful in preventing actual collision. What then did the Aberdeen Cabinet? It issued a plurality of notes, for it is by no means destitute of activity upon paper; and it sent instructions and counter-instructions to all its diplomatic agents, and put itself in official correspondence with all the courts in Europe. And that they call action, alacrity, and decision! Why, they could not by any possibility have adopted a course more consonant with the views of the Czar than to enter into protracted negotiation; because during the whole time these protocols and notes were being whisked through Europe by couriers, and the electrical wires kept in constant employment, he was settling himself down in the occupied provinces, and making preparation for the future conduct of the war. In real action, however, they showed themselves lamentably deficient. First of all, they directed the fleet to be moved from Malta to the Bay of Besika, where it lay inactive and useless during the time when the Russians were establishing themselves in the provinces. The absurdity of this half-measure, if it even deserves that name, assumes a darker complexion when we remember that Russia, observing the timidity of our rulers, was audacious enough to vindicate her continued occupation on the ground of the proximity of the British and French fleets. One would have thought that such an intimation might have roused the dormant spirit of our statesmen, or at

all events shown them how determined Russia was in the maintenance of her attitude. But it produced no visible effect beyond a fresh flight of protocols; and it was not until the Turkish and Russian armies were engaged in actual conflict on the Danube that the fleet passed the Dardanelles. Now, why did it pass the Dardanelles, and proceed to the Bosphorus? Was it for the protection of Constantinople? Why protect Constantinople more than any other portion of the Turkish territory? What was, really and truly, the meaning of that move? It appears to have had no meaning. We do not know what instructions were given to Admiral Dundas; but if they were to the effect that he was to remain passive off Constantinople, then we must needs say that our Ministry has subjected the flag of Great Britain to contumely and disgrace. Meanwhile the Black Sea is being scoured by Russian vessels. We are told that Admiral Slade intended to carry his fleet thither, for the purpose of protecting the Turkish shores, and that he was dissuaded by the British admiral and by the British ambassador from doing so—on this ground, among others, that he, being English born, though in the service of Turkey, might endanger the progress of amicable arrangements (!) by adopting such a course. It is added, with what truth we know not, that in order to deter him from entering the Black Sea, it was stated that, if he did so, the British squadron would withdraw from the Bosphorus. Is this—can this be true? If it is, Lord Aberdeen has undoubtedly much to answer for. If it is not, the sooner such a calumny is refuted the better. The state of the facts, however, looks very awkward, and appears to confirm the story. Slade did not sail as he intended. There was, however, a Turkish squadron under the command of Osman Pasha, lying at the same time within the roadstead of Sinope, under orders, as it is said, to return to the Bosphorus. The following is the account of what ensued:—

"On the 30th of November, during the prevalence of a thick fog, a host of armed launches from the Russian squadron, which hove-to outside, composed of no less than seven sail

of the line (of which three were three-deckers), several frigates, and some steamers, entered the harbour and summoned the Turkish Commodore to surrender, never supposing that he would venture to offer resistance to so superior and overwhelming a force; but he nevertheless refused, resisting their boarding, and drove them off. At this time the wind sprung up, blowing right in, when the enemy set all sail, entered the port, and opened a fire upon the Turks, who most nobly returned the same. It was in the midst of the action that the commander of the little Taif got up steam, and in the smoke and confusion that prevailed, cut away for the capital with the intelligence. It appears that no less than 4000 Turks perished in the battle; they fired first, and are said to have behaved with great bravery—the Russians, who were the real aggressors, with great cruelty. Three Ottoman frigates (two of them first class) were sunk in the action; five other vessels got so much riddled and injured as to render it impossible for them to put to sea; and two other smaller craft had got away, but so very much mauled that their reaching Constantinople was very doubtful. On the other hand, the Turks sank one Russian line-of-battle ship and two frigates, and drove a corvette on shore;—notwithstanding their inferior strength, they made a most heroic resistance. The town and fort of Sinope were nearly destroyed.”

Such are the fruits of protracted negotiation, and of hesitating policy. Had Britain assumed in time her proper attitude—had she spoken and acted as she ought to have done, all this slaughter might have been spared; and, more than that, the tremendous evils of a general war, which now appears inevitable, would have been prevented. Let us see how the news of this affair were received at St. Petersburg.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* says:—“In consequence of the victory, the Czar ordered that those who had admission at Court should repair to the Winter Palace for a general thanksgiving. The ladies appeared in the Russian national dress, and the gentlemen in grand gala. In all other churches of the capital public prayers of thanksgiving were offered, and the

population came in crowds to join the service. The most pious Czar thanked the Lord of Lords for the success of the victorious Russian arms, which triumphed in the sacred combat for the orthodox faith.”

After this, we presume it is hardly necessary to remark that further negotiation is out of the question. If the Aberdeen Cabinet has not determined upon a decided course, it must do so immediately. This naval engagement at Sinope, occurring within two days' sail of the place where the British and French war-ships were riding at anchor, cannot be construed into anything else than a formal defiance to them to do their worst. It is said that orders have been sent to the admirals to enter the Black Sea immediately. It is deeply to be regretted that such orders had not been issued at an earlier period, as in all probability would have been the case, but for the absurd and overstrained deference shown by some of his colleagues to the opinion of Lord Aberdeen. Assuming that they have been issued now, it remains to be seen in what way the fleets are intended to operate in the Euxine. If, as we are told by a correspondent of the *Times*, “the first object of the combined fleets, once in the Black Sea, will be to protect the coasts of European and Asiatic Turkey from outrage, and render impossible another collision between the Ottoman and Russian squadrons,” it would appear that, even now, Ministers are hesitating to take a step which may bring Britain and Russia into actual collision. We do not understand the arrangement which would transmute our seamen into a sort of naval police, stationed in the Black Sea, for the purpose of desiring Russian and Turkish ships to “push on, keep moving,” and forbidding them to interfere with each other. The efficiency of a policeman depends upon his possession of an authoritative right to take offenders to the station-house, and we should like to know whether *that* power has been intrusted to the British admiral. Further, the police must be impartial; so that, if Admiral Slade, who commands the fleet of Turkey, and who, no doubt, is burning with desire to avenge the late disaster, should happen to fall in with a Russian vessel,

within sight of the squadron commanded by Admiral Dundas, he must necessarily forbear hostilities, under the penalty of undergoing a broadside from the British guns! If the course hitherto pursued by Lord Aberdeen's Government, in regard to the Eastern question, had not in all respects been characterised by utter imbecility, we should be loth, even for a moment, to suppose such an arrangement possible; and yet there is no denying this, that it would be in perfect accordance with what has hitherto been done. That a fleet should be sent to the neighbourhood of the seat of war was an evident necessity; for no ministry which did not take that step, after the occupation of the provinces, could possibly have remained in power. We have already expressed our opinion that the step ought to have been taken earlier. But the fleet, whether in Besika Bay or in the Bosphorus, has been of no manner of use to Turkey, and that because, as we are told, the Admiral had no authority to move. Nay, if it be true that Slade was prevented by British official remonstrance, from pushing into the Black Sea before the disaster of Sinope, it is manifest that it would have been far better for Turkey if the fleet had remained at Malta. Therefore, judging from the past, it appears not impossible that even now directions may have been sent to the British admiral, requiring him at all hazards, to avoid a direct collision with Russia.

If this should be the case—though we hope it is not so—war may indeed be avoided, but only at the sacrifice of honour. If Lord Aberdeen was determined that in no event whatever this country should go to war with Russia, in defence of the integrity of Turkey, his course was a clear one. The fleet ought to have been withdrawn, with a proper apology to the Czar for having pushed it so far as the Bosphorus; and we do not doubt that the Premier has influence enough to insure the gracious acceptance of such an apology. This would not have involved the necessity of discontinuing the parturition of protocols and proposals. That might have gone on quite as briskly as before—each new success of Nicholas being followed by an issue of several reams, until the final capture of Constantinople (of which city, by the way,

it is said that plans have already been prepared, showing its division into districts for the convenience of the Russian police) should allow the wearied *employés* a temporary holiday.

Let it not be supposed that we underrate the terrible consequences of a war with Russia as our foe, joined, as we believe she would be, by the despotic states of the Continent. No matter what might be our ultimate success, such an event could not take place without entailing immense misery even upon the people of this country. It would augment our debt, the burden of which is already so great; it might interfere with our trade; it possibly might have an injurious effect upon our commerce. It might even entail consequences of a more serious kind, arising from continued distress in the manufacturing districts. No wise man will shut his eyes to these things, still less will he wantonly provoke them. But, on the other hand, there are considerations which must weigh with us in this matter. In the first place, we are not able to see a way in which we can recede without the loss of honour. We have gone so far that, if we were to desert Turkey now, irretrievable ignominy would be thrown upon the British name. We are no more bound in the abstract, and from pure considerations of duty, to protect Turkey than are the United States of America; but, then, America has not sent a fleet to the Bosphorus, or mixed herself up inextricably with the affair. The fault lay in the timidity of Ministers, who ought either at the first to have adopted strong measures or to have kept back the fleet altogether from Constantinople. We have no doubt that Lord Aberdeen now sees the monstrous blunder he has committed; but the mere consciousness of that will not serve to suggest a remedy. Next, it must be remembered that, apart altogether from generous or honourable feelings, Britain has a strong interest to prevent Russia from succeeding in the accomplishment of her designs. We are not prepared to see Russia in possession of the keys of the Dardanelles, and exercising a protectorate over Greece. We are not prepared to see her extend her power to the limit of the Indus; and yet that is what Russia proposes to do, and will inevitably

do, unless she is prevented by force of arms. She has already found means to persuade Persia to adopt her views, to place an army under her control, and to declare war upon Turkey. That may not be a very important accession in point of strength, for the armies of Persia are only less contemptible than its court; but it serves to show how far Russian intrigue has been pushed, and to indicate ominously the direction in which it meditates hereafter to advance. In fine, after giving to the circumstances of the case as fair and candid a consideration as we can bestow, we have arrived at the conclusion that it is necessary, both for our honour and our interest, that the aggressive career of Russia should at once be checked, no matter what be the sacrifice.

If instructions have been issued to the admiral of our fleet to act decisively along with that of France and Turkey in the Black Sea, it is extremely probable that Nicholas will at once consider that as a declaration of war. It can hardly be otherwise. Relying, as we believe him to have done, upon the antecedents and favourable impressions of Lord Aberdeen, and calculating upon the improbability of a cordial union between France and Britain, the Czar also has gone too far to recede. The Russian people, persuaded from the first that they were engaged in a holy war, are now flushed and excited by conquest; and in such circumstances we doubt very much whether Nicholas, if he had the will, could venture to attempt to restrain them. Reactions in Russia are dangerous, and peculiarly so to the reigning emperor. The present Czar knows that full well, and is not likely to provoke a conspiracy. He has still, as he believes, a great deal of work before him, and will not put himself within the danger either of the cord or the poniard.

It is lamentable to think that all this should have occurred—that so perilous a prospect for the future should have arisen, from the irresolute and dilatory tone of the present British Cabinet, and the obstinacy and credulity of its chief. That war might have been averted by prompt action, months ago, we have no manner of doubt. We do not see how it can be avoided now, without positive ignominy and dis-

grace; and even if the people of this country were so craven-hearted as to be inclined to submit to that, Russia would thereby acquire such enormous advantages as would enable her, in a short time, to dictate to the rest of the world.

While this thunder-cloud is hanging directly above us—and a heavier one has not been seen by the men of the present generation—we receive the intelligence that there have been dissensions in the Cabinet, and that Lord Palmerston, the Home Secretary, has resigned. That circumstance ought not to excite any great degree of surprise. As a diplomatist Lord Palmerston has always shown himself the very reverse of Lord Aberdeen:—he is as prompt in action as the other is slow—as vigorous as the other is hesitating. We never have been, and are not now, the panegyrists of Lord Palmerston, but we believe him to be actuated by a sincere regard for the interest and honour of Britain, and moreover to possess, in a far greater measure than his colleagues, that acuteness of vision and power of calculating consequences which are the leading qualities of a diplomatic statesman. Immeasurably the most able member of the Cabinet, but excluded from that sphere of action for which he is peculiarly fitted, it is no wonder if his disgust at the blind and stupid policy of his colleagues has increased to such a degree, that he cannot, for his own sake and reputation, continue to give countenance to their acts. We have reason to believe that he has disapproved from the very first of the course which the Cabinet has adopted with regard to the Eastern question—that he has been most anxious to draw as close as possible the ties between Britain and France—and that he has exerted himself to the utmost in advocating an active and decided policy. But, unfortunately, the chief of the Cabinet was an old diplomatic rival; and such being the case, personal dignity interfered to prevent the adoption of sound advice. And so, in the mean time at least, Lord Palmerston has resigned—not, however, until the news of the disaster at Sinope had justified his warnings, and demonstrated the soundness of his judgment. The Ministerial organs have asserted, with

a degree of vehemence which in itself is suspicious, that his resignation took place in consequence of a decided objection both to the principle and the details of the new Reform Bill prepared by Lord John Russell. We cannot altogether accept that statement. We have no doubt that Lord Palmerston, in common with the great majority of thinking men throughout the country, whatever their nominal politics may be, regards this proposed measure of Lord John Russell's as entirely uncalled for at the present time. Experiments on the constitution are always dangerous—but they are utterly unjustifiable when the proposed patient is neither complaining of suffering, nor anxious to have relief. In the Session of 1852, Lord John Russell brought in a Reform Bill which died with the Whig Ministry, neither of them being deeply regretted by any sort of men; and now, it would appear, he is about to inaugurate 1854 with a measure of the same kind. It is certainly remarkable that the resignation of Lord Palmerston should immediately have preceded each of these events; but as, in 1852, we were not led to believe that Lord Palmerston resigned on account of the reforming tendencies of Lord John Russell, so neither do we believe that his resignation in 1853 is attributable to any reason of this nature. In fact, when we weigh the two men deliberately against each other, it is too laughable to suppose that Lord Palmerston would consider it his duty to resign on account of any conceivable crotchet with which Lord John might happen to be possessed. The latter is politically effete. His influence in Parliament has been yearly lessening, until it may be said almost to have died away; and from a Premier he has dwindled down to a mere subordinate. On the contrary, Lord Palmerston is, by the acknowledgment of all parties, one of the most remarkable and distinguished men of the age; and to suppose that he would voluntarily abandon office, and leave his colleagues in a crisis like the present, because the biographer of Tommy Moore insists upon redeeming some silly pledge which he made for the purpose of immediate popularity, is an extravaganza utterly

too absurd to be credited. We do not doubt that Lord Palmerston, having seen the sketch of Lord John Russell's intended measure, considers it a remarkably bad one—that opinion we understand to be shared by the chiefs of the Whig party who have been permitted to peruse that invaluable document—but that he resigned on account of it, or anything it contained, we do not believe. We can, however, understand his holding this language to Lord Aberdeen:—"If you, as Premier—knowing that we are on the eve of a great conflict, brought on because you obstinately refused to act, as you ought to have done, with proper spirit and promptitude at the first—think it advisable, in addition to that struggle with the colossal power of Russia, to introduce elements of dissension and civil strife at home, on your head be the double responsibility." Such language we can conceive Lord Palmerston using, and most justly; because it is rather too much for the patience of any man to contemplate the prospect of a serious internal contest evoked upon a home question, unnecessarily pushed by a member of the Cabinet, for the sole purpose of vindicating his own consistency (about which nobody cares a farthing), at the very moment when the country is threatened with a war, of which no one can foresee either the consequences or the conclusion. Lord John Russell, we must presume, has not been altogether so entirely occupied during the last six months—between explaining the bad *bon-mots* in his biography for the necessary comprehension of the public, and the preparation of his schedules for the disfranchisement of boroughs—as not to be aware that a more than common crisis was impending, and that our peaceful relations with Eastern Europe were in danger. It is not difficult to understand why Lord Palmerston should be unwilling to remain in a Cabinet, which, instead of concentrating its whole energies upon the grand question before it, involving the integrity of the British empire, should propose to introduce, in Parliament, elements of discord which are likely to be felt through the three united kingdoms. And why? Because Lord John Rus-

self, and another member of the cabinet, Sir James Graham, who has run through the whole of the political gamut, have absurdly pledged themselves on the hustings to introduce certain measures! We should be sorry to use language unnecessarily harsh or derogatory, but it does appear to us, after serious consideration, that neither the pledges of the one, nor the consistency of the other, are of such vital importance as to outweigh the immediate interests of the empire. When the proper time arrives for discussing the subject of further Parliamentary reform, or rather adjustment—when the nation, through its representatives, has leisure to address itself to that task—we shall be ready to aid, according to the best of our judgment, any well-advised scheme for securing equal representation, according to the balance of interests, and for giving each of the three kingdoms its just and equitable share. But we cannot help remarking—and we do this in all seriousness—that Nero fiddling when Rome was burning, was not a more untimely concert than that at which Lord John Russell proposes to be the leader. Our authority is derived from the ministerial prints, which, one and all of them, persist in stating, that the only member of the Cabinet who represents public opinion on the Eastern question (or, at all events, the most distinguished member who does so) has been forced to give in his resignation because Lord John Russell obstinately persists in bringing forward a new Reform Bill which the country has not called for, and of which many of his friends disapprove. We state the authority and the reason assigned—which, we beg leave to say, we do not believe. Lord Palmerston has now been associated in public life for a considerable number of years with Lord John Russell. He knows his ways and his method of thought perfectly; and represents infinitely too large a section of influential opinion, to allow us to suppose that he has withdrawn from the Cabinet simply because the other has a crotchet of his own to carry. Lord Palmerston stands at the present time so high, that he would be as likely to resign on account of the opposition of Sir

Charles Wood, as on account of that of Lord John Russell.

There is, just now, but one great subject which engrosses the public mind—that is, the impending war, which, before this sheet issues from the press, may have begun. Certainly it has not been provoked by us—and to that admission Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet is entitled to the full benefit. But that it has arisen—for we speak of it almost as a fact, despairing of any other issue—must, as we think, be laid to the charge of the present Ministry. They have, indeed, a heavy moral responsibility upon them. They were not, like the last Government, forced to assume office, in respect of circumstances over which they had no control, and which they had not attempted to sway. They deliberately displaced that Government, which, in foreign policy, had presented a firm front to the foes of Britain, and which had cultivated and succeeded in effecting a cordial understanding with France; and the immediate consequence was, that the Emperor of Russia, seeing his old friend, Lord Aberdeen, at the head of the British Government, thought, not unnaturally, that no better opportunity could present itself for the development of his cherished schemes. An old man, with ancient impressions, is very liable to be deceived. In regard to the French alliance, it was supposed that Belgian influence, and other considerations, would interfere to render that abortive. In the first instance, Russia began by feeling the pulse of this country. It had appeared to beat quick at the time when she was forcing a quarrel upon Turkey, and had there been *then* an appearance of active and decided opposition, the question of the protectorate might have been dropped, or settled after some harmless negotiation. But the British Cabinet did not appear to care very much about the matter. Of course, it protested, and sent notes about the *status quo*, and other things which diplomatists are bound, in point of form, to attend to; but no real alarm was taken, and Russia was allowed to proceed, without check, in her occupation of the Danubian provinces. That, as we have already

said, decided the whole matter; and, whatever may be the consequences to this country and to Europe, we must hold the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen responsible for having allowed actual aggression to take place, and for having consented to negotiate, without the indispensable preliminary of the evacuation of the territory. No negotiation was required. The presence of the British fleet in the Black Sea—much more effective if combined with that of France—would have settled the question at once; and Nicholas would have been compelled to seek some other outlet for his ambition. But no fleet was forthcoming; and the Czar, believing that none would come, even though there should be a pretext of showing one, marched into Moldavia and Wallachia with the confidence of an unopposed conqueror. When the combined fleets of Britain and France went into Besika Bay, he appears to have looked upon that as a mere farce for the occasion, or to have considered that his position was now so powerfully established against Turkey, that he could afford to throw off the mask, leaving, however, his satellite, Austria, to prolong negotiations to the utmost. Austria has done so with untiring fidelity, and the result is, that we stand not only outwitted, but defied in the eyes of Europe.

This is, indeed, a miserable business. We hope for the credit of our country, to receive, ere long, accounts that the fleet which we have despatched to the East has done its duty, and

so far redeemed the extreme apathy of the past. We have no fear whatever of the result, when the British arm is let loose. With or without France, we can annihilate Russia as a naval power, and prevent her from prosecuting her designs upon the East. A great deal more than this may be done. If our rulers are but commonly wise, we may, from this occasion, deprive Russia of the power of future mischief. Sweden is panting for the restoration of Finland—the kingdom of Poland can be again established. Russia may find that her traditional policy—after all, inaugurated by no higher an authority than Peter the shipwright—is, like many other notions, better on paper than reality; and that she cannot give to a nation of serfs that power and energy which freemen inherit as their birth-right. But, situated as we are, speculation as to the future is absolutely vain. We can only look to the past. Regard that, and what do we find? A solemn and apparently unimpressible Premier, labouring under foreign influences—a dull and irresolute Cabinet—measures leading to a division of opinion proposed in it, without any corresponding necessity—and, finally, the resignation of the only man in the Cabinet capable of grappling with the difficulty. Ought that to be the position of Britain—ought her counsels to be such at a crisis like the present? In the name of the country at large, we emphatically answer, No!

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LXXV.

ABYSSINIAN ABERRATIONS.

LOCOMOTION, profitless and often aimless, is, in the opinion of Continentals, a condition of an Englishman's existence. Provided with a dressing-case that would contain a Frenchman's entire wardrobe, and with a hat-box full of pills "to be taken at bedtime," every son of Albion is supposed to perform, at some period of his life, a distant journey, with the sole apparent object of acquiring a right to say that he has been "there and back again." An Englishman, in the opinion of Europe, would be a miserable being, had he not continually present to his mind the recollection or the anticipation of a journey to the uttermost parts of the earth—to the North Pole or the South Seas, to the feverish heart of Africa or the scarcely less perilous wastes of Tartary. That opinion will be strongly confirmed by the peregrinations of Mansfield Parkyns.

There can be no reasonable doubt that when the handsome volumes, full of amusing letter-press and neat sketches, and externally decorated with a chubby and Oriental St. George spearing a golden dragon, with bossy shields and carved scimitars, and lion's mane and tail, which Mr. Murray has just published, shall have been as generally read as they deserve to be, the tide of enterprising travel will set strongly in the direction of Abyssinia. Everybody will take wing for the

land of the Shohos and Boghos; African outfits will be in perpetual demand; sanguine railway projectors will discuss the feasibility of a "Grand Cairo and Addy Abo Direct" line. Mr. Parkyns tells us, in his preliminary pages, that he shall estimate the success of his book, not by his friends' flatteries or his reviewers' verdict, but by its sale. Sale!—why, it will sell by thousands, in an abridged form, with a red cover, as the "Handbook of Abyssinia." Persons starting for those parts will ask for Parkyns' Handbook, just as tenderer tourists, who content themselves with an amble through Andalusia, inquire for Ford's. That many such starts will be made, we cannot doubt, after reading the book in which are so vividly described the charms of the pleasant land of Tigrè, the delights of the journey thither, and of the abode there. Never was anything so tempting. The mere introduction makes us impatient to be off. Mr. Parkyns is resolved to lure his readers, in his very first chapter, not only to read his book, but to roam in his footsteps. Werne's *Campaign in Taka* gives us some idea of the advantages enjoyed by those privileged mortals to whom it is given to ramble between the Blue Nile and the Red Sea; but the German's narrative, which we thought striking and startling enough when we read it, is thrown

Life in Abyssinia; being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country. By MANSFIELD PARKYNS. In Two Volumes. London: 1853.

into the shade by the vivid and lively delineations of the friend and comrade of Prince Shetou. The sanitary, dietetic, and surgical instructions, with which, for the benefit of future travellers in Abyssinia, he precludes his subject, would alone suffice to inspire us with an ardent longing to pass a season in the delightful regions where they are applicable. The preservation of health, he justly observes, should be every traveller's chief care, since, without it, pleasure or profit from the journey is alike impossible. Then he proceeds to point out the chief dangers to health in Abyssinia, and the means of warding them off. The highlands, he tells us, are highly salubrious, but unfortunately one cannot always abide upon the hills; and down in the valleys malaria prevails, engendering terrible inflammatory fevers, to which four patients out of five succumb, the fifth having his constitution impaired for life, or at least for many years. Parkyns points out a preservative. Light two large fires and sleep between them. They must be so close together that you are obliged to cover yourself with a piece of hide to avoid ignition of your clothes. "Not very agreeable till you are used to it," says the cool Parkyns, "but a capital preventive of disease. Another plan, always adopted by the natives, is not, I think, a bad one:—Roll your head completely up in your cloth, which then acts as a respirator. You may often see a nigger lying asleep with the whole of his body uncovered, but his head and face completely concealed in many folds;"—a sort of *woodcocking* which may be pleasant, but can hardly be considered picturesque. Tobacco is indispensable; in that country you must smoke abundantly. On the White Nile no negro is ever without his pipe, which sometimes holds a pound of tobacco. "The largest I now possess," says Parkyns, somewhat dolefully, "would not contain much more than a quartor of that quantity." The sun, generally considered formidable to travellers in Africa, is disregarded by him to whom we now give ear. "I never retired into the shade to avoid the noonday heat; and for four years I never wore any covering to my head except the

rather scanty allowance of hair with which nature has supplied me, with the addition occasionally of a little butter. During the whole of that time I never had a headache;"—an immunity we are disposed to attribute less to the sun's forbearance than to some peculiar solidity in the cranium of Parkyns. "In these climates," he next informs us, "a man cannot eat much, or, even if he could, he ought not." This probably applies exclusively to foreigners, for we are afterwards introduced to native dinners, where the gormandising surpassed belief, and yet none of the guests were a pin the worse. Indeed, in the course of the book, the Abyssinians are invariably represented as enormous feeders, capable of demolishing four or five pounds of meat, more or less, raw, as one day's ration, and without ill effects. As long as you are moderate in quantity, the quality of what you eat is evidently unimportant in a sanitary point of view. "A man who cares a straw about what he eats should never attempt to travel in Africa. It is not sufficient to say, 'I can eat anything that is clean and wholesome.' You will often have to eat things that are far from being either, especially the former. I have eaten of almost every living thing that walketh, flyeth, or creepeth—lion, leopard, wolf, cat, hawk, crocodile, snake, lizard, locust, &c.; and I should be sorry to say what dirty messes I have at times been obliged to put up with." As general rules for the preservation of health, we are instructed to avoid bad localities—the valleys, especially after the rainy season, when the sun pumps up malaria from stagnant pools and decayed vegetable matter—to be abstemious in all respects, and to follow the native customs with respect to food, injunctions which appear difficult to reconcile. Should all precautions prove ineffectual, and fever or other ills assail us, kind, considerate Parkyns, who himself, he tells us, has some knowledge of the healing art, instructs us what to do. "Local bleedings, such as the natives practise, are often highly advantageous; and firing with a hot iron may also be adopted at their recommendation. For severe inflammation of the bowels, when you cannot bear to be

touched on the part, *some boiling water poured on it* will be a ready and effective blister,—a wet rag being wrapped round in a ring to confine the water within the intended limits. For bad snake-bites or scorpion stings, bind above the part as tightly as possible, and *cut away with a knife*; then apply the end of an iron ramrod, *heated to white heat*. This, of course, I mean supposing you to be in the backwoods, out of the reach of medicines. Aquafortis is, I have heard, better than the hot iron, *as it eats farther in*." Actual cautery, boiling-water blisters, and "cutting away" really compose a very pretty basis for a surgical system. Professor Parkyns gives but few prescriptions, supposing, he says, that few of his readers would care to have more, or be likely to profit by them. Judging from the above sample, we are inclined to coincide in his supposition.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns is an amateur barbarian. Leaving England when a very young man, he plunged, after some previous rambling in Europe and Asia Minor, into the heart of Abyssinia, and adopted savage life with an earnestness and gusto sufficiently proved by his book, and by the regret with which he still, after three years' return to what poor Ruxton called "civilised fixings," speaks of his abode in the wigwags of Ethiopia, and of his hankerings—not after the flesh-pots of Egypt, but—after the ghee-pots and uncooked beef he so long thrived upon in the dominions of the great Oubi, Viceroy of Tigre. Fancy a civilised Englishman, gently nurtured and educated, pitching his tent for three years amongst filthy savages, adopting their dress and usages, rubbing his head with butter, sleeping with the butt of his rifle for a pillow—the grease from his plaited locks being "beneficially employed in toughening the wood"—having himself partially tattooed, eating raw beef, substituting raw sheep's liver soured in vinegar for oysters, discarding hats and shoes, and going bareheaded and barefoot under the broiling sun and over the roadless wastes of Abyssinia, burning and gashing his flesh in order to produce peculiar scars and protuberances, deemed ornamental by the people amongst whom he dwelt, and,

upon his return home (to England, we mean to say, for the home of his predilection is amongst the savoury savages he so reluctantly left, and amongst whom he evidently considers himself naturalised), coolly writing down and publishing his confessions—in most amusing style, we freely admit, but not without a slight dash of self-complacency, as if he would say, See what a fine fellow I am to have thus converted myself into a greasy, shoeless, raw-beef-eating savage for a term of years! We have nothing in the world, however, to do with Mr. Parkyns' peculiar predilections. This is a free country—as the Yankee observed when flogging his nigger—whose natives have a perfect right to exhibit themselves in any character they please, from an Ojibeway to an alabaster statue, so long as they do not outrage decency, or otherwise transgress the law. For our part, we should have been sincerely sorry if Mr. Parkyns had not en-canniballed himself and told us how he did it. We should have been deprived of two of the most extraordinary, original, and amusing volumes through which we ever passed our paper-knife. We accept the book and are grateful for it. With the author's tastes, depraved though we cannot but consider them, we purpose not to meddle. Men of his stamp should be prized, like black diamonds, by reason of their rarity. We are much mistaken, or Mr. Parkyns will be the cynosure of all eyes during the approaching spring—particularly if he condescends occasionally to exhibit his tattooed arm, and to bolt a raw beef-steak. Gordon Cumming, on his return from his South-African slaughterings, was the lion of the London season; Mansfield Parkyns will receive much less than his due if he be not made its hippopotamus.

Mr. Parkyns started from Smyrna for a tour of the Nile, in company with the poetical member for Pontefract, Mr. Monckton Milnes, then pondering his "Palm Leaves." Of the Nile tour, so repeatedly made and so well described by others, he abstains from speaking, in order the sooner to get to Abyssinia. After an agreeable boat voyage of two months' duration, he parted from his companion at

Cairo. Mr. Milnes must surely have regretted quitting so lively and intrepid a fellow-traveller, and Mr. Parkyns, we cannot doubt, equally deplored their separation. The cool of the evening would have been so pleasant in the desert. But parliamentary duties summoned one of the travellers northwards; the *Wander-trieb*, the vagabond instinct, impelled the other southwards, and so they parted. A double-barrelled gun, a single rifle, a brace of double pistols, and a bowie-knife, composed Mr. Parkyns' travelling arsenal; he also took with him three pair of common pistols, a dozen light cavalry sword-blades, some red cloth, white muslin, and Turkey rugs, as presents for Abyssinian chiefs, and in March, 1843, he sailed from Suez for Jedda, on board a miserable Arab boat, loaded with empty rice-bags and a hundred passengers. The throng was too great to be agreeable, but Mr. Parkyns, who has evidently a happy temper and a knack at making himself popular amongst all manner of queer people, was soon on most friendly terms with the Turks, Bedouins, Egyptians, Negroes, and others who composed the living freight of the clumsy lateen-rigged craft. The voyage from Suez to Jedda varies from nine days to three months. Mr. Parkyns was so fortunate as to accomplish it in little more than three weeks. We pass over its incidents, which amused us when we first read them, but which have lost their piquancy now that we recur to them with the highly-spiced flavour of the Abyssinian adventures hot upon our palate, and we go on at once to Massawa Island, on the Abyssinian coast, whose climate may be estimated from the remark made by an officer of the Indian navy to Mr. Parkyns, to the effect that he thought Pondicherry the hottest place in India, but that Pondicherry was nothing to Aden, and Aden a mere trifle to Massawa. "Towards the latter end of May I have known the thermometer rise to about 120° Fahrenheit in the shade, and in July and August it ranges much higher." Indoors, the natives, men and women, wear nothing but striped cotton napkins round their loins. Most Europeans suffer severely from the heat of the place. Mr. Parkyns, who is first

cousin to a salamander, suffered not at all, but ran about catching insects, or otherwise actively employing himself, whilst his servants lay in the shade, the perspiration streaming off them. He is clearly the very man for the tropics. After ten days at Massawa, he started for the interior, previously getting rid of his heavy baggage, to an extent we should really have thought rather improvident, but which, if he had already made up his mind to content himself with the comforts, and conform to the customs of the people he was going amongst, was doubtless extremely wise. We have enumerated his stock of arms, and his assortment of presents for the natives. The list of his wardrobe, after he had given away his European toggery—partly at Cairo, and partly to Angelo, a Massawa Jew, who made himself useful and agreeable—is very soon made out. When he landed on the mainland, opposite Massawa, it consisted of "three Turkish shirts, three pair of drawers, one suit of Turkish clothes for best occasions, a pair of sandals, and a red cap. From the day I left Suez (25th March, 1843), till about the same time in the year 1849, I never wore any article of European dress, nor indeed ever slept in a bed of any sort—not even a mattress; the utmost extent of luxury I enjoyed, even when all but dying of a pestilential fever, that kept me five months on my beam-ends at Khartoum, was a coverlet under a rug. The red cap I wore on leaving Massawa was soon *borrowed* of me, and the sandals, after a month, were given up; and so, as I have before said in the Introduction, for more than three years (that is, till I reached Khartoum), I wore no covering to my head, except a little butter, when I could get it, nor to my feet, except the horny sole which a few months' rough usage placed under them." The sole in question had scarce put its print upon Ethiopian soil when it was near meeting with an accident that would have necessitated the use of the sharp knife and white-hot ramrod. On his way to the house of Hussein Effendi, a government scribe, at the sea-coast village of Moncullou, Mr. Parkyns put his bare foot near an object that in the

twilight had the appearance of a bit of stick or stone. "I was startled by feeling something cold glide over it, and, turning, saw a small snake wriggling off as quickly as possible. From what little I could distinguish of its form and colour, it seemed to answer the description I had heard of the cerastes, or horned viper, which is about a foot and a half long, rather thick for its length, and of a dirty, dusty colour, mottled. The horns are nearly over the eyes, and about the eighth of an inch in length. This is considered one of the most venomous of the snake tribe, and they are very numerous in this neighbourhood. I tried to kill it, but without success." He soon came to think very little of such small deer as this. Snakes are as common as rats in those torrid latitudes, and about as little heeded. On his way to the hot springs of Ailat, a day's journey from Massawa, he killed another horned viper, as it was coolly wriggling across his carpet, "spread in a natural bower formed by the boughs of a species of mimosa, from whose yellow flowers, which emit a delicious fragrance, the Egyptians distil a perfume they call 'fitneh.'" After this he makes no mention of adventures with snakes on account of their frequency, until he gets to his chapter on the natural history of Abyssinia, towards the close of the second volume, to which we shall hereafter refer. We are at present anxious to get up the country, to the court of King Oubi, whose capital, Adoua, was Mr. Parkyns' head-quarters during his residence in Tigrè. There he had what he calls his town-house, of which he presents us with a plan and sketches. He remained for some weeks at Ailat, the Cheltenham of Abyssinia, whose healing springs attract visitors from great distances. There he lodged in the house of a sort of village chief, called Fakak, and passed his time shooting. It was rather an amusing residence, caravans of Bedouins and Shohos frequently passing through on their way to and from Massawa, and he had excellent sport. The evening before starting for Kiagour, three days' journey on the road to Adoua,

"I went out to procure a supper for myself and numerous friends and attendants; and, to tantalise my English sport-

ing readers, I will tell them what bag I brought home in little more than an hour. My first shot brought down four guinea-fowl; my second, five ditto; third, a female of the little Ben Israel gazelle; fourth, her male companion; and fifth, a brace of grouse; so that in five shots I had as good a bag as in England one would get in an average day's shooting, and after expending half a pound of powder, and a proportionate quantity of shot, caps, and wads. But I feel it my duty to explain that *I never shoot flying*, considering that unsportsmanlike. A true sportsman shows his skill by getting up to his game unperceived, when, putting the muzzle of his gun as close to the tail-feathers as he possibly can, he blazes away into the thick of the covey, always choosing the direction in which he sees three or four heads picking in a row! At any rate this is the only way you can shoot in a country where, if you entirely expend your powder and shot, you must starve, or else make more, as I have been obliged to do many a time. I cannot understand how people in Europe can enjoy shooting, where one is dependent on a crowd of keepers, beaters, dogs, sandwiches, grog, &c. . . . My sole companion on ordinary occasions is a little boy, who carries my rifle, whilst I carry my gun, and we do all the work ourselves. His sharp eyes, better accustomed to the glare than my own, serve me in every point as well as the setter's nose. The country (about Ailat) is sandy and covered with large bushes. Most of the trees are thorny, being chiefly of the mimosa tribe, and their thorns are of a very formidable description, some of them being about two inches and a half in length, and as thick at the base as a large nail; while another variety, called in Abyssinian the 'Kantaff-tafa,' have thin, short-curved thorns placed on the shoots two and two together. These catch you like the claws of a hawk, and if they enter your clothes you had better cut off the sprig at once, and carry it with you till you have leisure to liberate yourself, otherwise you will never succeed; for as fast as you loosen one thorn another catches hold."

Some interesting sporting anecdotes follow (they abound in Mr. Parkyns' book), told in off-hand characteristic style—encounters with wild pigs, rather dangerous animals to deal with—and then we take the road to Kiagour. A night's rest there, and we are off to Adoua. Hereabouts Mr. Parkyns gives a sketch of "Abyssinian Travelling." We presume that

he himself, somewhat tanned by the climate, is the gentleman mounted on the jackass, with bare head and legs, and a parasol for protection from the sun. Suppress the donkey and supply a parrot, and he might very well pass for the late Mr. R. Crusoe.

Vague ideas of columns and obelisks, Moorish architecture and the like, floated in Mr. Parkyns' fancy as he drew near to the capital city of the kingdom of Tigre, one of the most powerful of all Ethiopia. He found a straggling village of huts, most of them built of rough stones, and thatched with straw. The custom-house—they possess that civilised nuisance even in Abyssinia—gave him trouble about his baggage, which it found exorbitant in quantity, and suspected him of smuggling in goods on account of merchants. He explained that he had a supply of arms, powder, lead, &c., for two or three years' consumption, besides presents for the prince, but the Tigre *douaniers* insisted on examining all his packages. He would not submit, and set off to make an appeal to Oubi—nominally the viceroy, but in reality the sovereign of the country—who was then at a permanent camp, at a place entitled Howzayn. During this part of his travels, Mr. Parkyns was in company with Messrs. Plowden and Bell; and on reaching Howzayn, which they did in a heavy shower of rain, they went at once to the habitation of Cäfty, the steward of Oubi's household, who had been Mr. Bell's *balderäbba* on a former visit. "It is customary for every person, whether native or foreigner, after his first audience with the prince, to ask for a '*balderäbba*,' and one of his officers is usually named. He becomes a sort of agent, and expects you to acknowledge, by presents, any service he may render you—such as assisting you out of difficulties in which you may be involved, or procuring for you admission to his master when you may desire it. Cäfty was absent on an expedition. His brother, Negousy, was acting for him, and he volunteered to procure us an audience of the prince without delay." Meanwhile the travellers were not very comfortable. Some poor fellows were turned out of their huts into the rain to make room for

them; but the huts let in water so freely, that the new occupants were scarcely better off than those who had been ejected. Only one hut, about 7 feet in diameter, and 5½ feet high, had a water-tight roof. Imperfect shelter was but one of their annoyances, and a minor one. It is a custom of that country for the king to send food to travellers as soon as he hears of their arrival, and our three Englishmen, aware of this, had brought no provisions. This was unfortunate, for Oubi neglected to observe the hospitable custom, and they were half starved. Instead of obtaining for them an immediate interview with the prince, Negousy, who was fishing for presents, put them off from day to day. They were obliged to send a servant round the camp, crying out, "Who has got bread for money?" and offering an exorbitant price; but even thus they could not obtain a tithe of what they needed. To add to their vexations, Mr. Parkyns' servant, Barnabas, a negro whom he had engaged at Adoua, was claimed as a slave by a man in authority, to whose uncle he had formerly belonged. At last, on the fourth evening after their arrival, Oubi sent them a supper. "It consisted of forty thin cakes, thirty being of coarser quality for the servants, and ten of white 'teff' for our own consumption. These were accompanied by two pots of a sort of sauce, composed of common oil, dried pease, and red pepper, but, it being fast time, there was neither meat nor butter. To wash all down there was an enormous horn of honey beer." On the morning of the sixth day Oubi sent for them, and, escorted by Negousy, they hastened to the Royal Hovel. They had to wait some time for admission, amidst the comments of a crowd of soldiers—comments then unintelligible to Mr. Parkyns, but which he afterwards ascertained to be far less complimentary to the personal appearance of himself and companions than he at the time imagined—their eyes being compared to those of cats, their hair to that of monkeys, and their skin, to which the sun had given a bright capsicum hue, being greatly coveted for red morocco sword-sheaths.

Oubi was reclining on a stretcher, in

a circular, earthen-floored hut, thirty feet in diameter. Although it was the middle of August, there was a fire in the apartment, and Mr. Parkyns was almost blinded by the wood smoke. When he was able to see, he beheld "a rather good-looking, slight-made man, of about forty-five years of age, with bushy hair, which was fast turning grey. His physiognomy did not at all prepossess me in his favour. It struck me as indicative of much cunning, pride, and falsity; and I judged him to be a man of some talent, but with more of the fox than the lion in his nature. Our presents were brought in, covered with cloths, and carried by our servants. They consisted of a Turkey rug, two European light-cavalry swords, four pieces of muslin for turbans, and two or three yards of red cloth for a cloak. He examined each article as it was presented to him, making on almost every one some complimentary remark. After having inspected them all, he said, 'God return it to you,' and ordered his steward to give us a cow." The cow proved to be what a Far West trapper would call very "poor bull"—a mere bag of bones, which would never have fetched two dollars in the market (the value of a fat cow in Abyssinia varies from 8s. to 12s. 6d.); but, such as it was, the taste of meat was welcome to the hungry travellers, who devoured the beast the same day they received it, so that by nightfall not an eatable morsel was left. Oubi made a better acknowledgment of their gifts, by settling their difficulty with the chief of the customhouse, and not long after this Mr. Parkyns parted from Messrs. Bell and Plowden, their routes no longer lying together. "I prepared for a journey into Addy Abo, a province on the northern frontier of Tigrè, then so little known as not to be placed on any map. My principal object in going there was the chase, and if possible to learn something of the neighbouring Barea or Shangalla—a race totally unknown, except by the reputation they have gained in many throat-cutting visits paid to the Abyssinians." When recording his parting from his two friends, both of whom he believes to be still in Abyssinia, he intimates his intention of

revisiting that country. "It is not improbable," he says, "that we three may meet again, and do what we have often done before—eat a raw beef-steak, and enjoy it for the sake of good company."

The road to Addy Abo took Mr. Parkyns through Axum, the capital of that part of Abyssinia until supplanted by Adoua. Axum contains a tolerably well-built church, probably of Portuguese construction, and some neatly-built huts, whilst broken columns and pedestals tell of the civilisation of former ages. It possesses, moreover, a beautiful obelisk and a very remarkable sycamore tree, "both of great height, the latter remarkable for the extraordinary circumference of its trunk, and the great spread of its branches, which cast their dark shade over a space of ground sufficient for the camp of the largest caravan. The principal obelisk is carved on the south side, as if to represent a door, windows, cornices, &c.; whilst, under the protecting arms of the venerable tree, stand five or six smaller ones, without ornament, most of which have considerably deviated from the perpendicular. Altogether they form a very interesting family party." Judging from the present book, antiquarian researches have not much interest for Mr. Parkyns, whose sympathies are with the living, his pleasures in the field and forest, and who seems more of a sportsman than of a student. It would be unfair, however, not to mention, that whilst enjoying himself in his own peculiar ways (and some of his ways certainly were extremely peculiar), he kept less selfish aims in view, and exerted himself to make collections of objects of natural history, of costumes, arms, and other curiosities, besides investigating the history and geography of the country. His collections were on a very large scale: unfortunately some went astray upon the road; others, left for years in warehouses, and ill cared for by those to whom they were consigned, were plundered of their most precious specimens. The latter was the case with his first great shipment, of more than twelve hundred birds, sent to England by way of Hamburg. Rats and moths destroyed the contents of an-

other case, left by mistake for four years at Aden; and another, containing arms, silver-mounted ornaments, and zoological specimens, its owner supposes to be either at Bombay, Calcutta, or in some warehouse of the Transit Company in Egypt. These losses are the more to be deplored, that they comprised that of many extremely rare specimens of birds and monkeys, some of them from regions into which it is probable that no European traveller ever before penetrated. To make sure of not losing his collection made in Nubia and on the White Nile, Mr. Parkyns himself went out to fetch it, and never lost sight of it till he had it safe at home. It consisted of six hundred birds, and of about a ton weight of negro arms and implements. He was still more unfortunate in geographical than in zoological matters, having lost the whole of the observations, maps, &c., made during his long residence in Tigré.

The Great Gondar road, along which Mr. Parkyns travelled for some distance after quitting Axum, bears about the same resemblance to a civilised European highway that Oubi's smoky cabin bears to the Louvre or the Escorial. High-roads in Abyssinia are mere tracks worn by passage. "The utmost labour bestowed on any road in that country is, when some traveller, vexed with a thorn that may happen to scratch his face, draws his sword and cuts off the spray. Even this is rarely done. An Abyssinian's maxim is, 'I may not pass by this way for a year again; why should I give myself trouble for other people's convenience?' The road, however, here as in many parts of Tigré, is abundantly watered by several tolerably copious streams, which flow all the year round. These are most useful to the numerous merchants who pass constantly between Gondar, Adoua, and the Red Sea, with large caravans of laden animals, offering not only ready means for watering their cattle, but often green food for them near the banks, when all the rest of the country is parched up and dry, and a cool grassy bed for their own weary limbs to repose upon." Hereupon Mr. Parkyns breaks out into rapturous laudation of life in the wilderness, and advises his readers to

shoulder their rifles, abandon civilised diggings, and take a few months' roughing and hardship in a hot climate. Only in such a life, he maintains, is real happiness and enjoyment to be found. His arguments are as original as his book. The principle that he goes upon is, that one enjoys nothing thoroughly until one has suffered from privation of it. Shade, a patch of grass, a stream of water, a cloud, are treasures in Africa; whilst in England they are unheeded, because easily obtainable. A draught of water in the desert, albeit dirty or tar-flavoured, is more precious than the choicest Tokay in epicurean *blasé* Europe; a piece of scorched gazelle and an ill-baked loaf, made by putting a red-hot stone into the middle of a lump of dough, form a repast more luxurious, when hunger and exercise supply the sauce, than ever was placed before royal *gourmet* by the most renowned of France's cooks. There is not much fruit in Abyssinia—but, oh! for a good raw onion for luncheon! Scenting some of those fragrant bulbs, greedy Parkyns, during his residence in the "Happy Valley" of Rohabaita, once ran two miles up a hill, in the heat of the day. How he enjoyed himself in that pleasant province of Rohabaita, hard by the banks of the Mareb, where he abode nine months, and to which he feels disposed to devote many chapters! He had the good fortune, he says, during his long stay, to become considered as one of the country, and to be offered the government of that and another province by H. R. H. De-jatch Lemina, Oubi's eldest son, who held authority in the north-western districts of Tigré, but who had been unable to acquire much influence over the Rohabaitese—rough border-men, particularly averse to tax-paying, and who, when pressed for the impost, fled with their movables across the frontier. For, in Abyssinia, inattention to the tax-gatherer's claim is terribly punished. In the first instance, the offender is subjected to a sort of *dragonnade*; soldiers are sent to live upon him, waste his substance, and treat him brutally; so that, if he cannot at once borrow money to pay his debt, he is speedily ruined. Another means of extortion is still more barbarous: the insolvent is cast into

prison, and chained by the arm. "The iron round his wrist is not clasped, but is merely a strong hoop, opened by force to allow the hand to enter, and then hammered tight between two stones. At first it is only made tight enough to prevent any possibility of the prisoner's escape. After some time, however, if the sum required be not forthcoming, it is knocked a little tighter, and so, by degrees, the hand dies, the nails drop out, and the poor prisoner is at best maimed for life. Death sometimes ensues from this treatment." Rather savage work, Mr. Parkyns is fain to admit, whilst assuring us that this torture is not often practised, and that his Tigrine friends, with all their faults, have many good qualities. Lofty were the castles he built in Rohabaita (aërial ones, of course, castles of more solid structure being rare in a land whose sovereign is lodged as we have described) whilst waiting for Oubi's permission, for which Lemma was obliged to apply before installing the Englishman in his government. Besides the payment of a tribute to Lemma, Mr. Parkyns undertook to keep in order the neighbouring tribe of the Bâza, whom he more frequently speaks of as the Barea or slaves, that being the name given to them in Abyssinia. He was very desirous to visit that brave and hardy tribe of savages, and had made all his arrangements to do so, when Oubi unfortunately determined on a *razzia*, in retaliation of numerous recent murders and robberies perpetrated by them in his dominions. In the last of their forays they had pillaged monasteries, and slain their holy occupants, whose blood cried aloud for vengeance. His project of a pacific ramble amongst the Barea being thus knocked on the head, Mr. Parkyns hoped that the campaign itself would give him opportunities of obtaining an insight into their manners. He was disappointed. Little or nothing was seen of the natives except at the sword's point. They appear to be bold and wary warriors, skilled in the stratagems of savage warfare. Mr. Parkyns, when at Rohabaita, received a visit and presents from a friend of his, one Obsabius, a hospitable old cock, and man in authority, whom, on his departure, he accompanied for some distance with a

small escort, Obsabius, when coming, having seen Barea sign upon the road. He was convinced that the blacks were outlying, and that he had escaped attack only by having joined a number of other travellers.

"Scarcely had we passed the brook of Mai-Chena when one of our men, a hunter, declared that he saw the slaves. Being at that time inexperienced in such matters, I could see nothing suspicious. He then pointed out to me a dead tree standing on an eminence at a distance of several hundred yards, and charred black by last year's fire. To explain this, I should remark that the rains cause to spring up a thick jungle of grass, canes, and bushes, which cover the whole surface of the country, growing to a height of several feet. When this becomes dry, it is set fire to—in some places by the farmers, as the readiest means of clearing the ground; in others by hunters, to enable them to get at their game with greater facility; and often accidentally. . . . However, all that I saw was a charred stump of a tree, and a few blackened logs or stones lying at its foot. The hunter declared that neither tree nor stones were there the last time he passed, and that they were simply naked Barea, who had placed themselves in that position to observe us, having no doubt seen us for some time, and prepared themselves. . . . So confident was I of his mistake, that, telling the rest to go on slowly, as if nothing had been observed, I dropped into the long grass and stalked up towards them. A shot from my rifle, at a long distance (I did not venture too close), acted on the trees and stones as powerfully as the fiddle of Orpheus, but with the contrary effect; for the tree disappeared, and the stones and logs, instead of running after me, ran in the opposite direction. I never was more astonished in my life; for so complete was the deception, that even up to the time I fired, I could have declared the objects before me were vegetable or mineral—anything, indeed, but animal. The cunning rascals who represented stones were lying flat, with their little round shields placed before them as *screens*."

The presents brought by the obliging Obsabius were a supply of food—corn and honey—for there was considerable hunger in the Happy Valley just then, the chase being unproductive, and the natives having fled from the apprehension of a tax-gathering visit from the troops of the extortion-

ate Oubi. Abstinence, however, is a good thing in that climate, and Mr. Parkyns never felt himself better than during this tolerably long period of semi-starvation. He was never fatigued, and wounds of all kinds healed with wonderful rapidity. He led a rough life in that frontier country, and wounds were common enough. "Once, in running down the stony and almost precipitous path leading to the Mareb, I struck my bare foot against an edge of rock, which was as sharp as a razor, and a bit of flesh, with the whole of the nail of my left foot little toe, was cut off, leaving only the roots of the nail. This latter I suppose to have been the case, for it has grown all right again. I could not stop longer than to *polish off* the bit which was hanging by a skin, for we were in chase of a party of Barea, who had cut the throats of three of Waddy Hil's nephews the night before, but was obliged to go on running for about twenty miles that afternoon, the greater part of the way up to our ankles in burning sand. Whether this cured it, I know not, but I scarcely suffered at all from it the next day, and forgot it the day after." Thorns in the feet—no trifling prickles, but three or four inches long—were picked out by the half-dozen at a time; and such, says Mr. Parkyns, is the force of habit and the thickness of skin one acquires, that such an operation is thought no more of than an English sportsman would of kicking away a clod of clay clinging to his shooting-shoes. But to return to the Barea. Oubi remained nearly two months in their country, which he completely traversed—so completely, indeed, as to have unintentionally (?) committed depredations on certain tribes to the north, claimed as tributary by the Egyptians. Although good fighting men, the Bāza have too little idea of united action, and are too ignorant of modern improvements in the art of slaughter, to make head against their Abyssinian enemies when these take the field in force. Their idea of cavalry is very ludicrous. They imagine them to be old or infirm men, carried by horses because they cannot keep up with their comrades on foot! "So in their campaigns, whenever the Bāza are met by cavalry, they amuse them-

selves at their expense by facetiously plucking handfuls of grass and holding them towards the horses, and calling them 'Tish, Tish,' &c. They appear never able to understand how the firearms of their adversaries kill them. Occasionally it has been noticed that when a man has fallen among them by a gun-shot wound, his neighbours will assist him up, imagining him to have stumbled; should life be extinct, they manifest their astonishment at finding him dead from some unseen cause, and when, on examining his body, they discover the small round hole made by the ball, they will stare at it, poke their fingers into it, and absolutely laugh with surprise and wonder." Notwithstanding these artless ways, the Bāza are ugly customers in a hand-to-hand tussle—one of them usually proving more than a match for two Abyssinians, and Mr. Parkyns relates several anecdotes illustrative of their physical superiority. But we feel desirous to take a glance at his town life, which has even greater novelty than his chapters of wild adventure, and so we return with him to Adoua, whither he went to pass the rainy season when he left Rohabaita. He waited several months for Oubi's consent to his installation as governor; but before it arrived he received long-expected supplies from England, and abandoned his ambitious and philanthropical schemes—unfortunately for the Rohabaitese, to the improvement of whose physical and moral condition they tended, and fortunately for the Barea, against whom he proposed to organise a system of mossa-trooping, to result in much profit in ivory and buffalo hides.

The delay of remittances from Europe rendering it probable that Mr. Parkyns would be detained for some time in Abyssinia, he resolved completely to domesticate himself with the natives, as the best way of studying their habits and mode of life. This he seems to us to have done from the very commencement; for, as he justly observes, "there is nothing like a civil tongue, and quiet unpretending manners, to get one on in those countries;" so, upon principle, he always showed himself ready to answer questions, and to do the amiable, and even to put up with savage

familiarities and intrusions, which he would gladly have dispensed with: as, for instance, during his stay at Addaro, a village of Addy Abo, formerly an important market, but now decayed and almost deserted. It was there that he first saw the snake-killing secretary bird, called Farras Seytan, or the Devil's Horse, from the astonishing swiftness with which it runs. He was the first white man who had ever entered the place, with the exception of two French medical men, who had passed through some years previously on their way to the Mareb, and one of whom was carried off by fever, and the other by a crocodile, "picked out by the voracious animal from the colour of his skin, whilst swimming between two guides." So a white skin was a great curiosity in Addaro; and here we come to a plate representing Mr. Parkyns reclining on a settle, receiving perpetual visitors, whilst he jots down in his journal the following memoranda:—"Blessed with a swarm of bees that have lodged in the house. They have stung me several times; but I can bear that, especially as they have also stung some of my importunate visitors, who, by this means, are kept away. In fact, the only method I have to rid myself of my friends is to stir up the bees—to rid myself of the bees, I am obliged to stir up the fire, which is kept burning all day for the cooking; but, by the time the bees are gone, the hut is intolerable. Fancy a roaring fire, and lots of smoke, at noon in one of the hottest places in Abyssinia." His visitors were of a mixed description, and not all of agreeable aspect; and, upon the whole, they bothered him no little with their interminable questionings, attempts to extort presents, and squabbles amongst themselves; but it would have been impolitic to turn them out, except by the indirect agency of the bees; and, moreover, he seems to possess one of those even, *insouciant* tempers, hard to ruffle, which we take to be a prime requisite for a man who sojourns amongst savages, and without which he certainly would not have been able to say, at the end of his second volume, that, during nine years' travel, he never met with a companion, of whatsoever colour, station,

or religion, who gave him a moment's cause to quarrel with him, or from whom he parted otherwise than with regret. Far be it from us to doubt the word of Mr. Parkyns; but we would ask him if he really grieved at relinquishing the society of an elderly warrior—his "friend," he calls him—who sat close to him at Addaro, looking over him as he wrote, and begging to be set down in his book? "His name is Welda Georgis. He is naturally very ugly; nor is his appearance at all improved by the want of his nose, which he says he lost in battle. He cannot speak at all without stopping the holes with his fingers; hence his voice, especially when he speaks loud, is, as may be judged, not the most harmonious; and just now he is raising it to a considerable pitch, being excited to wrath by one of his companions insinuating that he was never but in one battle, and that then he ran away before a blow had been struck." An imputation not to be borne; and, accordingly, in the plate we see Welda Georgis and the other gentleman engaged in single combat upon the floor. Presently Mr. Parkyns is disturbed in his writing by a bang, by a scream from a woman who is boiling a pot (a child in a bag on her back), and by a "Wa!" from Welda Georgis, who, ignorant of the dangers of a little knowledge, has been retailing to his friends instructions he had received the day before in the art of cocking double-barrelled pistols. He had cocked both barrels, but had pulled the left trigger whilst holding the right hammer. A gourdful of capsicum paste and a corn-jar were mortally wounded, but no other damage was done. Welda laid down the weapon, which he evidently suspected of foul play, looked gravely at it, and apostrophised it as "a naughty devil!" Easy-going Mr. Parkyns took all these trifles with an excellent grace, as became a man of strong nerves, who had gone out to rough it, and who had no desire to leave his bones in Abyssinia, or to have his physical integrity in any way deteriorated. He smilingly put up with intruders, and even with spies. He could not go out for a walk without being followed. There is a notion abroad in those parts that Europeans

make money. This was confirmed, in the case of Mr. Parkyns, by his happening to have a great many new dollars. When he put one in circulation, the receiver would exclaim, "Wa! this is only just made; see how it shines!" So somebody always accompanied him, when he strolled out with his gun, under pretence of showing him game, but in reality to watch his motions, thinking to catch him in the very act of coining. It does not appear that these scouts took much by their curiosity. "I often retire to the neighbouring hills" (thus runs one of the brief verbatim quotations from his journal, occasionally given by Mr. Parkyns), "when about to take an observation, or for some other reason wishing to be undisturbed, and seek out some snug little nook or corner amongst the rocks. Scarcely, however, have I time to make my preliminary arrangements, when, looking up, I find two or three heads curiously peering into my retreat, fully persuaded that they are about to behold the entire process of extracting dollars from the earth, ready stamped with the august head of her Imperial Majesty. Sometimes they were most laughably disappointed in their expectations." All this was at an early period of Mr. Parkyns' abode in the country; the natives had not got used to him, and he had not yet become a complete Abyssinian; and, as we have already seen, Addaro is an out-of-the-way place, where whites are rare. To see him to advantage, we must accompany him to Adoua, notwithstanding that he tells us he was less happy there, and exerted himself less to write down what he observed, than "in the more genial solitude of the backwoods;" the reason being, that "Adoua is a capital (!), though a small one; and in all capitals, whether great or small, I feel out of my element, losing at once my health, spirits, and energy and disposition for work." The force of imagination, the magic of a name, can hardly farther go. Let us see what were the employments and pursuits of this wild man of the woods in the village metropolis of Tigre, in which the houses of the wealthy are square and flat-roofed, whilst those of the poorer classes have a conical thatch of straw.

They seem to have consisted in noting native peculiarities, in taking part in native banquets and merry-makings, and in setting the fashion to Young Abyssinia. It is time, by the by, that we should say a word of his intimate friend, Shetou, a fine fellow and daring soldier, but no favourite with his father, Oubi, who took every opportunity of snubbing him, and showed a marked preference for his puny elder brother, Lemma. "Shetou has rather a slang way of dressing, which greatly offends his father. Sometimes he comes in with one leg of his trousers drawn up in the proper manner above his calf, and the other dangling down about his ankle. On such an occasion, it would not be at all extraordinary should Oubi, after looking at him fixedly, and in his usual quiet smiling manner, begin, in the presence of all assembled, 'Well done, son of a Mahomedan mother! Pretty way of wearing your breeches, isn't it? Some new fashion of your own, eh?' And, turning to the *agafari* (doorkeepers), 'Turn him out! turn him out!' The poor lad is put out in the most neck-and-crop manner, and, returning to his tent, he broods over this treatment, and vows vengeance on his brother, Lemma, who, from being the favourite, is partly the cause of it." A prince of the blood-royal must naturally feel incensed at being ignominiously ejected from the court of his despotic dad, for no greater offence than the fanciful set of his breeks. But whose fault is it? No one's, if not that of Mr. Parkyns, the Brummel of that foreign court, the promoter of all manner of sartorial extravagances and innovations. "This" (a particular cut of trouser) "was considered so very ultra-fashionable, that except Dejatch Shetou, myself, and one or two others, few dared attempt it. It was I and my friend Shetou who first introduced the habit of allowing the sword to swing perpendicularly from the side, instead of its sticking out horizontally, like a dog's tail; as well as of wearing the belt over the hips, instead of round the waist, and up to the arm-pits, as it was worn when I first arrived. These, with the increased length of trousers, reaching, as we wore them, nearly to the ankle, and

so tight below that it took an hour to draw them over the heel, gave a very 'fast' look." Mr. Parkyns has immortalised his name in Tigrè, and will be spoken of with admiration by future generations, to whom his fame will be handed down by the dandies to whom he set so bright an example. The incompatibility of cleanliness and elegance in Abyssinia rather shocks our European prejudices. The great "go," we are told, amongst the dandies in those parts, is "to appear in the morning with a huge pot of butter (about two ounces) placed on the top of the head, which, as it gradually melts in the sun, runs over the hair, down the neck, over the forehead, and often into the eyes, thereby causing much smarting." The grease is wiped from the brow and eyes with the *quarry* or cloth, a garment compared by Mr. Parkyns to the Roman toga, and which it is the fashion to wear dirty, a clean one being considered "slow." But the town life of the young fashionables of rank in the chief cities of Abyssinia, may best be summed up and exhibited in an extract from Mr. Parkyns' thirty-eighth chapter, where he shows himself to us in all his glory as the D'Orsay of Adoua.

"I was leading," he says, "the life of an Abyssinian gentleman 'about town,' my hair well tressed, my pantaloons always of the newest, frequently of an original cut; in dull weather setting fashions, disputing and deciding on the merits and demerits of shields and spears; in fine weather swelling about the town with a quarter of a pound of butter melting on my head, face, neck, and clothes, and with a tail of half a dozen well-got-up and equally greasy soldiers at my heels; doing the great man, with my garment well over my nose, at every festival and funeral worth attending; 'hanging out' extensively when I had a few shillings to spend; sponging on my neighbours when, as was oftener the case, I had nothing;—in fact, leading a most agreeable life on a very limited income. I cannot deny that I look back to those times with a certain feeling of regret. It was the only period of my life in which I ever felt myself a really great man. I 'cry very small' in England with a much greater expenditure. The men will not look after me with admiration, nor the girls make songs about me here."

Poor Parkyns! fallen from your high estate, dwindled from an African savage into an English gentleman! We wretched, civilised Europeans are rather in the *nil admirari* vein, but we will answer for your being "looked after" with curiosity and wonderment, by all who have read your book, if you will but adopt some distinguishing mark by which you may be recognised when you walk abroad. As to the songs, whose absence you deplore, we can only say, that if you are not taken for the subject of romantic ditties by the poetesses of England as you were by those of Tigrè, it will certainly not be because the theme is unsuggestive. Innumerable incidents in your Abyssinian career deserve to be commemorated in flowing metre, and sung by Ethiopian serenaders to banjo accompaniment, and to the ancient and pathetic melody of the "King of the Cannibal Islands." And this reminds us to accompany you to one of the festivals you above allude to—a dinner-party at Adoua—first advising ladies to have their salts at hand, and permitting squeamish readers to pass over a page if it so please them. Here are a score of Abyssinian gentlemen squatted, sword in hand, on cut grass round a low table. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the tablecloth has been forgotten, and that napkins are absent, their place being supplied by cakes of bread, on which the guests wipe their fingers after dipping them in the dish or smearing them with the blood of the raw meat. The cooked dishes are first brought in and their contents distributed by waiters, who cut the meat or tear it with their fingers into pieces of a convenient size. They also take a piece of bread from before each person, sop it in the sauce, and return it to him. "The guests take their bread and sauce and mix them together into a sort of paste, of which they make balls long and rounded like small black puddings (black enough, we doubt not); these they consider it polite to poke into their neighbours' mouths; so that, if you happen to be a distinguished character, or a stranger to whom they wish to pay attention, which was often my case, you are in a very disagreeable position; for your

two neighbours, one on each side, cram into your mouth these large and peppery proofs of their esteem so quickly, one after the other, that, long before you can chew and swallow the one, you are obliged to make room for the next." Surely these can hardly be included amongst the "happy moments" Mr. Parkyns so pathetically regrets, when recording, towards the close of his work, his tearful parting from his Adoua friends—the first time, he says, since his arrival in the country, that he felt the want of a pocket-handkerchief. Let us, however, proceed with our repast, after a glance at the accompanying plate of the "Dinner Party," where a favoured guest, with distended jaws, is undergoing the cramming process. This first course, of cooked dishes, is usually mutton; whilst it is being gobbled up, a cow is killed and flayed outside, and as soon as the first course is removed, in comes the raw meat—the *broundo*, as it is called—brought in by servants in quivering lumps.

"There is usually a piece of meat to every five or six persons, among whom arises some show of ceremony as to which of them shall first help himself; this being at length decided, the person chosen takes hold of the meat with his left hand, and with his sword or knife cuts a strip a foot or fifteen inches long from the part which appears the nicest and tenderest. The others then help themselves in like manner. If I should fail in describing properly the scene which now follows, I must request the aid of the reader's imagination. Let him picture to himself thirty or forty Abyssinians, stripped to their waists, squatting round the low tables, each with his sword or knife or 'shotel' in his hand, some eating, some helping themselves, some waiting their turn, but all bearing in their features the expression of that fierce gluttony which one attributes more to the lion or leopard than to the race of Adam. The imagination may be much assisted by the idea of the lumps of raw pink-and-blue flesh they are gloating over."

Some still more full-flavoured details follow, which we abstain from extracting, thinking we can fill up the space remaining to us better than by their transcription, and referring those curious in such matters to chapter xxvii., "Manners and Customs,"

where they will see how the pepperballs already spoken of are got rid of by those into whose mouths they are thrust, how boys lie under the table and act as scavengers, and how Mr. Parkyns expresses his belief that raw meat, eaten whilst yet warm, would be preferred to cooked meat by any man who from childhood had been accustomed to it. In the chapter headed "Religion, &c." which "&c." comprises a variety of strange things, we are told of "a small entertainment" he gave to a select party of friends on the occasion of the great festival of Mascal or the Cross, a season celebrated, like Christmas in England, by hospitality and good cheer. He sent out his cards for an early hour, knowing that his guests would have several other feeds to attend in the course of the day. But when he had done this, his conscience smote him, for he reflected that, with half a dozen other breakfasts and dinners in view, his friends would but take the sharp edge off their appetites in his wigwam, and husband their masticatory and digestive powers for the subsequent banquets. "My rather savage feelings of hospitality," he says, "were piqued at the idea of their leaving me without being well filled. But truly I was agreeably disappointed; for a fine fat cow, two large sheep, and many gallons of mead, with a proportionate quantity of bread, disappeared like smoke before the twelve or fourteen guests, leaving only a few pickings for the servants." Mr. Parkyns met several of these hungry gentlemen at other dinners in the course of the same day, and was utterly confounded to observe that most of them played as good a knife and fork (we mean sabre and fingers) at every ensuing repast as they had done at his. The capacity of an Abyssinian stomach is evidently incalculable.

The 19th and 37th chapters of Mr. Parkyns' work are amongst those that please us best. In the earlier of the two he is on his way from Axum to Addâro, across a vast open plain, embellished with a great variety of flowers; amongst them a kind of scarlet aloe, met with in most parts of Tigre and flowering at all seasons, and countless mimosas, pink, yellow and white, some of them so fragrant

as to scent the whole neighbourhood, adding their perfume to that of a profusion of jessamine. "There is also a beautiful parasitical creeper, growing, like the mistletoe, from the bark of other trees. It has a bright dark-green fleshy leaf, with brilliant scarlet flowers." But Mr. Parkyns is not much of a botanist; zoology, and especially ornithology, are his favourite pursuits, and, a capital shot, he bagged as many specimens as he chose. "Rifle-shooting," he modestly says, "was about the only thing in the world I could do well." The *was* is to be deplored. It is thus accounted for. Near Addàro, a hunter, either accidentally or mischievously, set fire to the jungle. Mr. Parkyns was then staying in a hamlet, situated on a small hill. It consisted but of three compounds, one of which he and his servants occupied; another was inhabited by a farmer named Aito Hablo, with his wife and family; and in the third dwelt a cast-off wife and children of the same Aito. Divorces are not difficult to obtain in that country. One morning, all hands were roused by the crackling of flames close at hand. The hillock was surrounded by fire, gradually creeping up the slope. The huts were roofed with sticks and straw, and the ground was covered with long dry grass. There was no time to lose. Tearing down green boughs from the trees, the men, whilst the women and children lit counter-fires upon the plan usually adopted in such cases, "made rushes at the flames, whenever a huff of the wind allowed them to approach them, and, by beating them with the boughs, in some measure impeded their progress till the space was cleared and the huts were out of danger. I and one of my servants happened to rush at the fire at an unlucky moment; for a breeze rising drove the flames towards us just as we got near them, and we were badly scorched." Besides other injuries, the optic nerve of Mr. Parkyns' right eye was damaged, and this spoiled his rifle-shooting. "Formerly," he says, "I managed occasionally to shoot from my left shoulder—a habit which I found useful in stalking, as in some positions you must necessarily expose yourself before you can bring your right shoulder forward.

Now that I am obliged to trust to my left alone, I find it a very poor substitute for the right." Even after this unlucky accident, however, we find Mr. Parkyns very dexterously picking off bird and beast, to supply his table or enrich his collection. He tells some capital sporting anecdotes, and others, equally good, of his queer pets, and of his experience amongst the monkeys. About half-way across the mimosa-scented plain, he came to a well-wooded ravine, the trees in which swarmed with the "tota" or "waag," a beautiful little greenish-grey monkey, with black face and white whiskers, which allows men to approach very near to it. But the cleverest of this class of animals met with in Abyssinia is the *Cynocephalus*, or Dog-faced Baboon, a formidable animal, of extraordinary sagacity, to which it is really difficult to refuse the possession of reasoning powers. Mr. Parkyns sketches these creatures on a foray. "Arrived at the corn-fields, the scouts took their positions on the eminences all around, whilst the remainder of the tribe collect provisions with the utmost expedition, filling their cheek-pouches as full as they can hold, and then tucking the heads of corn under their armpits. Now, unless there be a partition of the collected spoil, how do the scouts feed? for I have watched them several times, and never observed them to quit for a moment their post of duty till it was time for the tribe to return, or till some indication of danger induced them to take to flight." Outlying one night on the frontier, Mr. Parkyns was roused by most awful noises, and started up in alarm, thinking the Barea were upon him. It was but the baboons. A leopard had got amongst them. They habitually dwell in lofty clefts of the rock, whither few animals can follow them; but the leopard is a good climber, and sometimes attacks them. The Abyssinians say that he seldom ventures to attack a full-grown ape—and, judging from the formidable canine teeth displayed in the skull sketched by Mr. Parkyns, the leopard is in the right. Driven to stand at bay, these baboons are dangerous opponents, but they have not sufficient courage to act on the offensive. "Were their combativeness propor-

tioned to their physical powers, coming as they do in bodies of two or three hundred, it would be impossible for the natives to go out of the village except in parties, and armed; and, instead of little boys, regiments of armed men would be required to guard the corn-fields. I have, however, frequently seen them turn on dogs, and have heard of their attacking women whom they have accidentally met alone in the roads or woods. On one occasion I was told of a woman who was so grievously maltreated by them, that, although she was succoured by the opportune arrival of some passers-by, she died a few days after, from the fright and ill-treatment she had endured." We are reminded of Sealsfield's striking Mexican sketch of the *xamhos*. Mr. Parkyns had a female dog-face as a pet. She was young when he got her; and, from the first, her affection for him was ludicrously annoying. As she grew older she was less dependent, and cared less about being left alone. The master of a German brig who went up the country for a cargo of animals, gave Mr. Parkyns a copy of "Peter Simple." Besides the Bible and the "Nautical Almanack," this, he says, was the first English book he had seen for two years, and he sat down greedily to devour it. "'Lemby' was as usual seated beside me, at times looking quietly at me, occasionally catching a fly, or jumping on my shoulder, endeavouring to pick out the blue marks tattooed there." The group is suggestive for a sculptor; a thousand pities no Abyssinian Canova was at hand to model it. Mr. Parkyns went to light his pipe, imprudently leaving the book and the monkey together. On his return he found the latter seated in his place, and gravely turning over the leaves of Marryat's novel; but, not understanding English, she turned them too quickly, and had torn out half the volume. "During my momentary absences she would take up my pipe and hold it to her mouth till I came back, when she would restore it with the utmost politeness." At Khartoum, some time after the termination of his Abyssinian wanderings, Mr. Parkyns became very intimate with three large monkeys of his intelligent species, and with their

showman—"so much so, that I travelled with them for some days, acting as his assistant, my duty being to keep the ring, which I did by gracefully swinging round me two wooden balls covered with red cloth, and fastened, one at each end, to a rope similarly ornamented—and occasionally to assist the monkeys in collecting coppers. I passed a very agreeable time with him, and he told me many anecdotes of monkeys, as well as the usual tales of ghouls, fire-worshippers, &c., for which all Egyptians, especially of his erratic habits, are celebrated." If this be not a joke—and there is no reason to take it for one, since Mr. Parkyns, who is a sort of African Gil Blas (only more scrupulous in certain respects than his Spanish prototype), was evidently, at that time of his life, eccentric and adventurous enough to adopt on the instant any wild freak that entered his head—we hope to have a more detailed account of his association with the showman when he favours us with the narrative of his post-Abyssinian travels, not forgetting the anecdotes of monkeys (he tells two or three very good ones), and the traditions of ghouls and fire-worshippers. We are sure that he must there have materials for at least one long chapter; and we feel particular curiosity about the traditions, because the supernatural seems to partake, in tropical Africa, of the strange, fantastical, exaggerated character of the animal and vegetable productions of the country. Extraordinary stories are there current of tribes of monsters, semi-human, dwelling in the unexplored parts of the country—such as the Beni-Kelb or Dog-men (mentioned by Werne), "whose males are dogs, and females beautiful women; and the Beni-Temseh (sons of the crocodile), who have human bodies, but heads like those of their ancestor's family. I have heard of the former of these nations in almost every country I have visited in Africa, from Egypt to the White Nile, including Kordofan and Abyssinia, and even in Arabia, whither their fame has been carried, doubtless, by pilgrims. They are, by most, believed to exist near the Fertit country (south of Darfour), where there are copper-mines, and the

people of which file their teeth to points, saw-fashion. . . . There is no tribe in this part of Africa, indeed scarcely an individual, but believes in the existence of a race of men with tails. For my own part, I have heard so much of them that I can scarcely help fancying there must be some foundation for such very general belief." Great diversity of opinion exists as to the whereabouts of these tail-bearers, some placing them to the north, others to the south of Bâza, and others in the centre of Africa — convenient, because unexplored. A black Fâky or priest, a speculative genius, whose acquaintance Mr. Parkyns made in Abyssinia, gave him some information about his future route across Africa, and warned him against certain cannibal tribes south of Darfour, by whom white meat, being a rarity, is much esteemed, as having a fat delicate look. "He told me that a brown man, a Mahomedan priest, who went there from his country, in the hope of converting the people to Islamism, was — though protected from actual danger by his sanctity — a very tempting object among them, so much so, that whenever he went out the little children came about him, poking him with their fingers in the ribs, feeling his arms and legs, and muttering to one another, 'Wa-wa, wa-wa' (meat, meat), with their mouths watering, and their features expressive of the greatest possible inclination to taste him." We will back Mr. Parkyns against the field for the humorous dressing-up of extravagant stories of this kind, and for an occasional dash of dry comical exaggeration, too obvious to mislead. His choice of pet animals was rather of the strangest. For some time he kept a "tokla" (*Canis venaticus*), which was as nearly tame as its wild vicious nature admitted.

"In appearance Tokla was more curious than beautiful. He had a little lean body, which no feeding could fatten, covered with a darkish brindly-spotted coat not unlike a hyena's, and supported by legs as unlike those of any other animal as possible, being in colour white, with dark leopard spots, the hind-legs remarkably long, and so doubled under him that when walking, or rather prowling

about, it was doubtful if he touched the ground oftenest with his feet or elbows. . . . To account for his perpetual thinness, it only requires to state his mode of feeding. He would take a huge piece of meat or offal, and put it into his stomach at once, seemingly entire, for he never appeared aware that his wonderfully muscular jaws and double row of teeth were at all available for mastication. Having thus bolted his dinner, his belly became distended till it nearly touched the ground; then he would go and lie down for twenty-four hours or more, according to the quantity he had eaten; after which he would return to be fed, as empty and starved-looking as ever."

A useful, profitable, and agreeable inmate must the said Tokla have been. Mr. Parkyns' regard for him seems to have arisen from a sort of sympathetic feeling for the unflinching pluck and endurance displayed on various occasions by the ill-conditioned little brute. A friend of his, knowing his partiality to pet animals, made him a present of a young jackal, which he had knocked over with a stick, when it was labouring under the effects of a surfeit of locusts. Jackal was hospitably received, and a bed of cotton wool made up for him.

"Rising early one morning, I found that he and Tokla had entered into an alliance most offensive to the fowls, one of whom they had caught, and were dragging about the yard — the one holding by a foot, the other by a wing. The moment I appeared, Cobero (the jackal) let go the fowl and limped back to his corner. Tokla, more determined, I had to beat off, which I did with great difficulty, and not until the poor fowl was so lacerated that I was constrained to kill it. Excited by its death-struggles, he again laid hold; so I held up the fowl with him dangling to its wing until I was tired, and then swung him round and round, over and over, in hopes of his jaws tiring: but in this I was disappointed, for he held on till the wing breaking off threw him heavily on his back to a distance of several yards. Even in his fall he was great, for he neither uttered a sound of pain nor loosened his hold, but, getting up, stalked away quite proudly with the wing in his mouth. I was so much pleased with him that I gave him the body and all. In this, perhaps, I acted wrong, for we afterwards found that if we didn't kill all the poultry he

would, and so I gave up ever keeping any more. Poor little Tokla! I grew very fond of him, for, though rough and ugly, he had such pretty winning ways—he seemed always hungry, and would often bite people's legs, occasionally my own, not at all from vice, but sheer appetite."

Upon the whole, life in Abyssinia bears much resemblance to life in a menagerie, so familiar and intrusive are the wild beasts of the field. Hyenas prowl about the villages, and enter houses in quest of a supper. They are far from dainty in their diet, and will eat leathern bags and wearing apparel. "It once occurred to me," says Mr. Parkyns, "as it has often to people I have known, to be awakened by one of them endeavouring to steal my leathern bed from under me." They are too cowardly to attack anything capable of defence, but occasionally they take a bite out of a sleeper and run away—first scratching him with their paw (so the Abyssinians assert) to be sure that he sleeps soundly, and then snatching their mouthful. As for lions, they frequently prowled around Mr. Parkyns' bivouacs, but were not aggressive, and it was not even necessary to light fires to keep them off. The buffalo-hunters of Rohabaita used, upon the contrary, to light their camp-fires in holes, and conceal their glare with branches of trees, that the blaze might neither scare the buffalo nor bring down the Barea.

"I never killed a lion during all my stay in Africa," says Mr. Parkyns, with meritorious candour—seeing that he might, without fear of contradiction, have set down to his own rifle any number of the kings of the forest. "I perhaps should have done so, had I known what a fuss is made about it at home; but in Abyssinia it is not an easy thing to accomplish. . . . At night I have often watched for them, but generally without success; and when they did come, it was next to impossible to shoot them. Besides, it is an awkward thing for a man, armed only with a single rifle of light calibre, to take a flying shot at a lion in the dark, especially when he has no one to back him on whose courage or shoot-

ing he can rely. You hear a lion roar in the distance; presently a little nearer; then you start up at hearing a short bark close by; and if there be a fire or moonlight, perhaps you may see a light-coloured object gliding quickly past from one bush to another. Before you are sure whether or no you saw anything, it is gone. You sit watching for a moment, rifle in hand, expecting him to appear again, when (how he got there you know not) his roar is heard at a considerable distance off in an opposite direction; and thus you go on for an hour or two, when, getting sleepy, you politely request him to take himself off to a certain warm place, and, returning your rifle between your legs, roll over and go to sleep."

Long habit and strong reliance on the mansuetude of the Abyssinian lions must, we should think, be indispensable to slumber under such circumstances. We can hardly fancy a man's being lulled to rest by a lion's roar, and sinking into one of the deep and heavy sleeps common in that country, with the consciousness that when he awakes he may possibly behold a hyena galloping off with his cheek in his mouth,* or find a few scorpions walking over his body, leisurely stinging him. "Scorpions are abundant everywhere in the hot districts; no house but is full of them. I have been stung several times by them, but without any serious consequences, though I have heard of many instances which have ended fatally." Mr. Parkyns, we presume, at once applied the keen blade and actual cautery recommended in his Introduction. What with incidental scars of this kind, his tattoo decorations, and the scars he voluntarily made upon his arm by an Abyssinian process similar to the moxa of European surgery, and which is done by those people partly as ornamental and partly to show their fortitude under pain, his epidermis must have rather a remarkable appearance when exposed by the scantiness of costume in which he informs us that he sometimes travelled—*en cueros*, namely, when on solitary roads, and with a piece of rag or hide round the loins when in populous districts. We certainly never met with or heard of any

* A young Mahomedan, now resident at Adoua, was robbed one night of the scalp of one side of his head.—PARKYNS, ii. 293.

traveller who embraced savagery with such earnestness and hearty goodwill as Mr. Parkyns; and we sincerely congratulate him upon his escape with trifling detriment from the perils and exposure he not only encountered but enthusiastically sought.

Tigrè is rich in reptiles. Of the extent of this undesirable wealth, a few lines, culled here and there from the chapter on Natural History, will give a vivid idea. "The crocodile is plentiful in every brook or hole where there is water enough to conceal him." A poor German, who attached himself for a time to Mr. Parkyns, and tended him carefully when he was laid up with a terrible attack of ophthalmia, imprudently walked into a river to cool himself, and suddenly disappeared, either sucked in by a whirlpool or carried off by a crocodile—the latter, Mr. Parkyns thought, most probably the case; notwithstanding which, we come, a few pages afterwards, to a plate of the bold traveller crossing the same rapid and dangerous stream, aided by half a dozen swimming blacks, and apparently heedless of the fact that crocodiles, like the cannibals south of Darfour, show a decided preference for white meat. "There are many snakes, centipedes, and large venomous spiders, of the tarantula kind, in the hot low districts. There is a great variety in the smaller sort of snakes: the cerastes or horned viper, asp, a species of cobra, the puff adder, and many others of all sizes and colours, from a pale pink to the brightest emerald green, are met with in Abyssinia and the adjacent countries. I was told of a horned serpent that was killed some years ago, which appears to have been a monstrosity, either in reality or in the imagination of my informants. They describe it as about seven feet long, nearly two feet in circumference, with scarcely any diminution towards the tail, and wearing a pair of horns three inches in length. It is commonly reported that dragons, or rather flying lizards of very venomous nature, are to be met with in Walkait." A pleasant country for pic-nics in the woods. Going one day to shoot at a mark in a long narrow gully close to Rohabaita, where the village wells were,

Mr. Parkyns had just paced off the distance, and was building a rough target of stones, when his servant started back, and pulled him with him, calling out, "Temen, temen!" (snake). There was a rustling in the jungle that rose abruptly on either side of the watercourse, which was only a few feet wide. Not knowing what *temen* meant, but supposing it was some wild animal, Mr. Parkyns called loudly to his second attendant to bring the gun. "All this passed in a moment's time; and although only one hundred and fifty yards off, long before the gun arrived I had seen two magnificent boa-constrictors, one about ten yards from the other, quietly leave their places, without attempting to molest us, and ascend the hill, till they were lost in jungle, whither I never cared to pursue them. The first thing I saw after the rustle was a head, which appeared for a moment above the canes, then a body, nearly as thick as my thigh, and then they disappeared, the movement of the canes alone marking the direction they had taken." What Mr. Parkyns says he himself saw we duly credit, whilst fully sharing his intimated incredulity with respect to the winged dragons, and the apocryphal horned monster. Before believing in them, we should like to see them—not, by any means, roaming at large in the state of vigour promoted by their own burning climate, but properly stuffed, or carefully wrapped in flannel and securely caged, in the gardens of the Zoological Society.

Although it may with perfect truth be said that no chapter of Mr. Parkyns' book is devoid of strong interest of one kind or other, all are not equally attractive; and we have preferred dwelling at some length upon the section of natural history to extracting any of the horrible stories of Abyssinian cruelty which he relates under the head of "Anecdotes of Character." He himself seems to doubt whether they might not have been as well omitted; but perhaps he was right in deciding to give them, in order to supply data for a fair estimate of the national character of that singular people, which he might otherwise have been suspected of placing in too favourable a light. Persons to whom

narratives of murder, torture, barbarous mutilation, and savage cruelty are odious and intolerable, have only to treat the pages 187 to 222 of the second volume as the monkey treated those of "Peter Simple"—turn without reading them, although we warn them that by so doing they will miss some very characteristic and curious matter. Portions of the chapter devoted to "Physical Constitution, Diseases, &c.," may be trying to delicate stomachs, but for such Mr. Parkyns has not written—as may be judged from one or two extracts already given. Amongst the traits of character, &c., we find some remarkable anecdotes of Arab swordsmanship. An Abyssinian having treacherously murdered one of the Arab allies of the Tigrè chiefs (merely for the sake of gratifying the exorbitant vanity inherent in all those people, by displaying the barbarous trophies taken from his victim), the murdered man's friends claimed the assassin's blood.

"The crime being proved against him, Oubi gave him over to their tender mercies. His punishment was most summary. Before they had left the presence of the prince, one of the relations of the deceased, drawing his heavy two-edged broadsword, cut the culprit through with one blow; and, turning to Oubi, said, in Arabic: 'May God lengthen your life, oh my master!'—just as he would have done had he received a present from his hands; and then, picking up a wisp of grass from the floor, walked away, wiping his blade with as much *sangfroid* as if nothing had occurred. Oubi is said to have expressed much admiration at the manly off-hand way in which this was done, as well as at the wonderful display of swordsmanship. I know, from very good authority, that the facts of the Arab being murdered, and the subsequent execution of the criminal, are true, though I was not present when it occurred. I do not dispute the fact; I do not wish any of my readers, who think such a feat impossible, to believe it in the present instance. I have known for certain of the same feat being performed by Turks with their crooked sabres, but never by an Arab with his straight sword."

Mr. Parkyns subjoins a note relating to the campaign in Taka in which

Werne shared.* Some of the prisoners then made were, as recorded by Werne, treated with great barbarity. We do not remember his mentioning the exact circumstances now recorded; but he separated from the Egyptian army before its return to Khartoum, in order to join the expedition up the White Nile. Certain chiefs, Mr. Parkyns tells us, being marched off to be made examples of on the marketplace of Khartoum, paused on the road and refused to proceed. "Suliman Cushif, who commanded the escort, having orders that all such should be put to death on the spot, is said to have practised his swordsmanship on them by cutting them through at the waist as they stood. My friend, Moussa Bey, in the same expedition, unintentionally cut a horse's head clean off. . . . Seeing one of his men turn his horse's head, and make for the jungle, he determined to check so dangerous an example by summary means, and so gave chase to the fugitive. Being better mounted, he soon came up with him; but the Arab, not liking his appearance as he stood up in his stirrups, with his nasty little crooked olive-brown blade, ready for a back-stroke, threw his horse suddenly back on his haunches, and dropped off; the horse's head went up just in time to receive the blow aimed at his master"—and dropped off too, it would appear. Mr. Parkyns knows, he says, plenty more such anecdotes—and indeed such anecdotes are plentiful enough in other countries than Africa—but nothing is more difficult than to sift the inventions from the verities. Haydon, the artist, who seems to have been partial to such tales, and ready enough to credit them, relates some astounding exploits collected from his model life-guardsmen—amongst others, a story of a cut received by a French dragoon at Waterloo, which went through helmet and head, so that the severed portion dropped on the shoulder like a slice of apple. We have not the volume at hand to refer to, but this is the substance of the incident, told nearly in the same words. Such cuts as that—like the flying dragons of Abyssinia—we must see before be-

* *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1851.

lieving in them. At the same time, a swordsman's power depends so much more upon the mode in which his cuts are delivered than upon mere brute strength—upon skill than upon violence—that it becomes difficult to assign exact limits to the possible effect of a good blade in adroit and practised hands. The cutting through, at the waist, of a slender Oriental, will hardly appear an impossibility to those who have seen the now commonplace feat of severing a leg of mutton at a blow. Moussa Bey's "nasty little crooked olive-brown blade" must unquestionably have been dexterously wielded to decapitate, at a single blow, his fugitive follower's charger, allowing even that the latter was the slenderest and most ewe-necked of its race. Oubi's admiration of the sweeping blow of his Arab auxiliary was not surprising, since his own subjects have difficulty in inflicting a serious wound with their clumsy sickle-shaped falchions, of great length of blade, and with hilts of such awkward and inconvenient construction as to paralyse the play of the swordsman's arm. These hilts are cut out of solid pieces of rhinoceros horn, at great waste of material, and a handsome one costs as much as £2 sterling. The sword is worn on the right side, that the Abyssinian warrior may not, when he has thrown his lance, have to disturb the position of his shield, and so uncover himself, whilst drawing his weapon across his body. Such, at least, is the explanation Mr. Parkyns gives. But the whole military equipment of the Abyssinians is far from formidable. They are tolerably expert in throwing the javelin, but with firearms they are extremely clumsy; and, notwithstanding their large buffalo-hide shields, a European, who has any knowledge of the sword, is more than a match for the best of them.

"It was my original intention" (we revert to Mr. Parkyns' Introduction) "to write solely on the habits of the people, without bringing myself into notice in any part of the story; but from this I was dissuaded by being told that, without a little personal narrative, the book would be unreadable. I have, therefore, divided the subject into two parts—Travel, and Manners and Customs." Your dis-

suasive friends, Mr. Parkyns, were in the right, and you showed your good sense by taking their advice—in *form* as regards the first volume, in *fact* as regards also the greater part of the second. Personal narrative is evidently your forte; a humorous, rollicking, letter-writing style, the one you have most at your command. The "exuberant animal spirits, not dependent on temporary excitement, but the offspring of abstemious habits, combined with plenty of air and exercise—the feeling which inspires a calf to cock his tail, shake his head, kick and gallop about—which swells a pigmy into a Hercules, and causes a young hippopotamus to think of adopting the ballet as his profession,"—which you declare to be the reason of your addiction to savage life, and which you so enjoyed in Abyssinia, had evidently not abandoned you when dressing up your journal for the press within the civilised precincts of the Nottinghamshire County-hall, whence you date your dedication to Lord Palmerston. Your style, of which you unnecessarily deprecate criticism, is spirited, racy, and abundantly good for the subject. When the mass of your book is so highly interesting, it may seem unkind to mention that a few of your jokes are a little the worse for wear, and remind us too strongly of the departed Miller to add much to the originality of your otherwise extremely original and capital volumes; and if we touch on that point, it is merely in the hope that you will take the hint in a kindly spirit, and profit by it when preparing for the press the "ponderous heap of papers" you inform us you accumulated during four and a half years' travel in Nubia, Kordofan, and Egypt. Prepare them by all means, at your leisure, and with care, and let us have them in type at the earliest convenience of yourself and publisher. After your present work, we shall expect much from them, and do not fear being disappointed. As to attacking your statements, in the way of impugning your veracity, such temerity would never enter our minds. We will not say that we have not at times been startled, almost staggered, as we read with foot on fender, and much enjoyment, the narrative of your strange

experience; but, as you justly observe, stay-at-home critics sometimes get hold of the wrong end of the stick, and sneer at truth whilst swallowing exaggeration. We beg, then, to assure you that, until we ourselves have passed a season in Abyssinia, with butter on our hair, and nothing on our feet—until we have dined upon raw beefsteaks, with fingers for forks, and a curved sabre for a carving-knife—we shall never venture to question the strict correctness and fidelity of any portion of your singular narrative—

an assurance you may safely accept as a guarantee of impunity at our hands, even though you should draw a far longer bow than we believe you to have done in the case of the country of which you have so pleasantly written. Of one thing we are convinced, and that is, that few who take up *Life in Abyssinia* will lay it down without reading it through, and without exclaiming, when they come to the end, "What an amusing book this is, and what an agreeable savage is Mansfield Parkyns!"

THE QUIET HEART.

PART III.—CHAPTER XI.

"My patience! but ye'll no tell me, Miss Menie, that yon auld antick is the doctor's aunt?"

"She was no older than my father, though she was his aunt, Jenny," said Menie Laurie, with humility. Menie was something ashamed, and had not yet recovered herself of the first salute.

"Nae aulder than the doctor!—I wouldna say; your mamma hersel is no sae young as she has been; but the like of yon!"

"Look, Jenny, what a pleasant place," said the evasive Menie; "though where the heath is—but I suppose as they call this Heathbank we must be near it. Look, Jenny, down yonder, at the steeples in the smoke, and how clear the air is here, and this room so pleasant and light-some. Are you not pleased, Jenny?"

"Yon's my lady's maid," said Jenny, with a little snort of disdain. "They ca' her Maria, nae less—set her up! like a lady's sel in aye of your grand novelles; and as muckle dress on an ilkaday as I've seen mony a young lady gang to the kirk wi', Miss Menie—no to say your ain very sel's been plainer mony a day. Am I no pleased? Is't like to please folk to come this far to an outlandish country, and win to a house at last with a head owre't like yon?"

"Whisht, Jenny!" Menie Laurie has opened her window softly, with a consciousness of being still a stranger, and in a stranger's house. The pretty

white muslin curtains half hide her from Jenny, and Jenny stands before the glass and little toilet-table, taking up sundry pretty things that ornament it, with mingled admiration and disdain, surmising what this, and this, is for, and wondering indignantly whether the lady of the house can think that Menie stands in need of the perfumes and cosmetics to which she herself resorts. But the room is a very pretty room, with its lightly-draped bed, and bright carpet, and clear lattice-window. Looking round, Jenny may still fuff, but has no reason to complain.

And Menie, leaning out, feels the soft summer air cool down the flush upon her cheeks, and lets her thoughts stray away over the great city yonder, where the sunshine weaves itself among the smoke, and makes a strange yellow tissue, fine and light to veil the Titan withal. The heat is leaving her soft cheek, her hair plays on it lightly, the wind fingering its loosened curls like a child, and Menie's eyes have wandered far away with her thoughts and with her heart.

Conscious of the sunshine here, lying steadily on the quiet lawn, the meagre yew-tree, the distinct garden-path—conscious of the soft bank of turf, where these calm cattle repose luxuriously—of the broad yellow sandy road which skirts it—of the little gleam of water yonder in a distant hollow—but, buoyed upon joyous wings, hovering like a bird over an

indistinct vision of yonder pier, and deck, and crowded street—a little circle enclosing one lofty figure, out of which rises this head, with its natural state and grace, out of which shine those glowing ardent eyes—and Menie, charmed and silent, looks on and watches, seeing him come and go through all the ignoble crowd—the crowd which has ceased to be ignoble when it encloses him.

And voices of children ringing through the sunshine, and a sweet, soft, universal tinkle, as of some fairy music in the air, flow into Menie Laurie's meditation, but never fret its golden thread; for every joy of sight and sound finds some kindred in this musing; and the voices grow into a sweet all-hail, and the hum of distant life lingers on her ear like the silver tone of fame—Fame that is coming—coming nearer every day, throwing the glow of its purple royal, the sheen of its diamond crown upon his head and on his path—and the girl's heart, overflowed with a light more glorious than the sunshine, forgets itself, its own identity and fate, in dreaming of the nobler fate to which its own is bound.

"A young friend of yours?—you may depend upon my warmest welcome for him, my dear Mrs. Laurie," says a voice just emerging into the air below, which sends Menie back in great haste, and with violent unconscious blushes, from the window. "Mr. Randall Home?—quite a remarkable name, I am sure. Something in an office? Indeed! But then, really, an office means so many very different things—may be of any class, in fact—and a literary man? I am delighted. He must be a very intimate friend to have seen you already."

Menie waits breathless for the answer, but in truth Mrs. Laurie is very little more inclined to betray her secret than she is herself.

"We have known him for many years—a neighbour's son," said Mrs. Laurie, with hesitation; "yet indeed it is foolish to put off what I must tell you when you see them together. Randall and my Menie are—I suppose I must say, though both so young—engaged, and of course it is natural he should be anxious. I have no doubt you will be pleased with

him; but I was hurried and nervous a little this morning, or I should have postponed his first visit a day or two, till we ourselves were less perfect strangers to you, Miss Annie."

"I beg—" said Miss Annie Laurie, lifting with courteous deprecation her thin and half-bared arm. "I felt quite sure, when I got your letter, that we could not be strangers half an hour, and this is really quite a delightful addition;—true love—young love!—ah, my dear Mrs. Laurie, where can there be a greater pleasure than to watch two unsophisticated hearts expanding themselves? I am quite charmed—a man of talent, too—and your pretty little daughter, so young and so fresh, and so beautifully simple. I am sure you could not have conferred a greater privilege upon me—I shall feel quite a delight in their young love. Dear little creature—she must be so happy; and I am sure a good mother like you must be as much devoted to him as your darling Menie."

Mrs. Laurie, who was not used to speak of darling Menie, nor to think it at all essential that she should be devoted to Randall Home, was considerably confused by this appeal, and could only answer in a very quiet tone, which quite acted as a shadow to Miss Annie's glow of enthusiasm, that Randall was a very good young man, and that she had never objected to him.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," said the greatly interested Miss Annie. "My dear Mrs. Laurie, I am afraid you must have had some other, perhaps more ambitious views, or you could not possibly—with your experience, too—speak with so little interest of your dear child's happiness."

Here Menie ventured to glance out. The lady of the house swayed lightly back and forward, with one foot on the ground, and another on the close turf of the little lawn, switching the yew-tree playfully with a wand of hawthorn; and the wind blew Miss Annie's long ringlets against her withered cheek, and fluttered the lace upon her arm, with a strange contempt for her airy graces, and for the levity so decayed and out of date which Menie felt herself blush to see.

Opposite, upon the grass, stood Mrs. Laurie, the sun beating down upon her snowy matron-cap, her healthful cheek, her sober household dignity. But the sun revealed to Menie something more than the natural good looks of that familiar face. Mrs. Laurie's cheek was flushed a little. Mrs. Laurie's fine clear dark eye wandered uneasily over the garden, and Mrs. Laurie's foot patted the grass with a considerable impatience. Half angry, disconcerted, abashed, annoyed, Menie's mother could but half-conceal an involuntary smile of amusement, too.

"Yes, my child's happiness is very dear to me," said Mrs. Laurie, with half a shade of offence in her tone. "But Menie is very young—I am in no haste to part with her."

"Ah, my dear, youth is the time," said Miss Annie, pathetically—"the first freshness, you know, and that dear, sweet, early susceptibility, of which one might say so many charming things. For my part, I am quite delighted to think that she has given her heart so early, so many experiences are lost otherwise. I remember—ah, I remember!—but really, Mrs. Laurie, you surprise me. I see I must give my confidence to Menie. Poor little darling—I am afraid you have not encouraged her to confide

all her little romantic distresses to you."

"I have always respected Menie's good sense," said Mrs. Laurie hastily. Then she made a somewhat abrupt pause, and then glanced up with her look of disconcertment and confusion, half covered with a smile. "I am Menie's mother, and an old wife now, Miss Annie. I am afraid I have lost a great deal of that early susceptibility you spoke of—and I scarcely think my daughter would care to find it in me—but we are very good friends for all that."

And Mrs. Laurie's eye, glistening with mother pride, and quite a different order of sentiment from Miss Annie's, glanced up involuntarily to Menie's window. Menie had but time to answer with a shy child's look of love out of her downcast eyes—for Menie shrank back timidly from the more enthusiastic sympathy with which her grand-aunt waited to overpower her—and disappeared into the quiet of her room to sit down in a shady corner a little, and wind her maze of thoughts into some good order. The sun was drawing towards the west—it was time to descend to the shady drawing-room of Heathbank, where Randall by-and-by should be received for the first time as Miss Annie Laurie's guest.

CHAPTER XII.

It is very pleasant here, in the shady drawing-room of Heathbank. Out of doors, these grassy slopes, which Menie Laurie cannot believe to be the heath, are all glowing with sunshine; but within here, the light falls cool and green, the breeze plays through the open window, and golden streaks of sunbeams come in faintly at one end, through the bars of the Venetian blind, upon the pleasant shade, touching it into character and consciousness. It is a long room with a window at either end, a round table in the middle, an open piano in a recess, and pretty bits of feminine-looking furniture straying about in confusion not too studied. The walls are full of gilt frames, too, and look bright, though one need not be unnecessarily critical about the scraps

of canvases and broad-margined water-colour drawings which repose quietly within these gilded squares. They are Miss Annie Laurie's pictures, and Miss Annie Laurie feels herself a connoisseur, and is something proud of them, while it cannot be denied that the frames do excellent service upon the shady drawing-room wall.

Mrs. Laurie has found refuge in the corner of a sofa, and, with a very fine picture-book in her hand, escapes from the conversation of Miss Annie, which has been so very much in the style of the picture-book that Menie's mother still keeps her flush of abashed annoyance upon her cheek, and Menie herself lingers shyly at the door, half afraid to enter. There is something very formidable to Menie in the enthusiasm and sympathy of her aunt.

"My pretty darling!" said Miss Annie—and Miss Annie lifted her dainty perfumed fingers to tap Menie's cheeks with playful grace. Menie shrank back into a corner, blushing and disconcerted, and drooped her head after a shy girlish fashion, quite unable to make any response. "Don't be afraid, my love," said the mistress of the house, with a little laugh. "Don't fear any jesting from me—no, no—I hope I understand better these sensitive youthful feelings—and we shall say nothing on the subject, my dear Menie—not a word—only you must trust me as a friend, you know, and we must wait tea till he comes—ah, till he comes, Menie."

Poor Menie for the moment could have wished him a thousand miles away; but she only sat down, very suddenly and quietly, on a low seat by the wall, while Miss Annie tripped away to arrange some ornamental matters on the tea-table, where her little china cups already sparkled, and her silver tea-pot shone. Menie took courage to look at her kinswoman's face as this duty was being performed. Withered and fantastic in its decayed graces, there was yet a something of kindness in the smile. The face had been pretty once in its youthful days—a sad misfortune to it now, for if it were not for this long-departed, dearly remembered beauty, there might have been a natural sunshine in Miss Annie Laurie's face.

As it was, the wintry light in it played about gaily, and Miss Annie made very undeniable exertions to please her visitors. She told Menie of her own pursuits, as a girl might have done in expectation of a sharer in them; and to Mrs. Laurie she gave a sketch of her "society," the few friends who, Menie thought, made up a very respectable list in point of numbers. Mrs. Laurie from her sofa, and Menie on her seat by the wall, looking slightly prim and very quiet in her shy confusion, made brief answers as they could. Their entertainer did not much want their assistance; and by-and-by Menie woke with a great flush to hear the little gate swing open, to discern a lofty figure passing the window, and the sound of a quick step on the gravel path. Randall was at the door.

And Randall, looking very stately, very gracious and deferential, came through the shower of "delighted" and "most happys" with which Miss Annie saluted him, with a bow of proud grace and much dignity of manner, to Mrs. Laurie's extreme surprise, and Menie's shy exultation. Another hour passed over very well. The strangers grew familiar with Miss Annie; then by-and-by they strayed out, all of them, into the sweet evening air, so full of charmed distant voices, the hum and breath of far-off life; and Menie found herself, before she was aware, alone under a sky slowly softening into twilight, in a pretty stretch of sloping turf, where some young birch-trees stood about gracefully, like so many children resting in a game, with Randall Home by her side.

And they had found time for various pieces of talk, quite individual and peculiar to themselves, before Menie lifted her face, with its flush of unshadowed pleasure, and, glancing up to the other countenance above her, asked, "When is the next book coming, Randall?"

"What next book, May Marion?"

This was his caressing name for her, as May alone was his father's.

"The next book—our next book," said Menie. "I do not know much, nor maybe care much, about anybody else's. Randall—our own—when is it coming?"

"What if it should never come at all?"

Randall drew her fingers through his hand with playful tenderness, half as he might have done with a child.

"Yes—but I know it is to come at all, so that is not my question," said Menie. "I want to know *when*—not if. Tell me—for you need not be coy, or think of keeping such a secret from me."

"Did you never hear that it is dangerous to hurry one work upon another?" was the answer somewhat evasively given. "I am to be prudent this time—there is peril in it."

"Peril to what?" Menie Laurie looked up with simple eyes into a face where there began to rise some faint mists. Looking into them, she did not comprehend at all these floating vapours, nor the curve of fastidious

discontent which they brought to Randall's lip and brow.

"My simple Menie, you do not know how everything gets shaped into a trade," said Randall, with a certain condescension. "Peril to reputation, risk of losing what one has gained—that is what we all tremble for in London."

"Randall!" Menie looked up again with a flush of innocent scorn. He might speak it, indeed, but she knew he could mean nothing like this.

There was a slight pause—it might be of embarrassment—on Randall's part; certainly he made no effort to break the silence.

"But a great gift was not given for that," said Menie rapidly, in her unwitting enthusiasm. "People do not have unusual endowments given them to be curbed by such things as that; and you never meant it, Randall; it could not move you."

But Randall only drew his hand fondly over the fingers he held, and smiled,—smiled with pleasure and pride, natural and becoming. He had not been sophisticated out of regard for the warm appreciation and praise of those most dear to him. He might distrust it—might think the colder world a better judge, and the verdict of strangers a safer rule, but in his heart he loved the other still.

But Menie's thoughts were disturbed, and moved into a sudden ferment. Her hand trembled a little on Randall's arm; her eyes forsook his face, and cast long glances instead over the bright air before them; and when she spoke, her voice was as low as her words were quick and hurried.

"It does not become me to teach you, but, Randall, Randall, you used to think otherwise. Do you mind what you used to say about throwing away the scabbard, putting on the harness—Randall, do you mind?"

"I mind many a delightful hour up on the hillside yonder," said Randall affectionately, "when my May Marion began to enter into all my dreams and hopes; and I mind about the scabbard and the harness no less," he continued, laughing, "and how I meditated flashing my sword in the eyes of all the world, like a schoolboy with his first endowment of gunpowder; but one earns to know that the world cares

so wonderfully little about one's sword, Menie; and moreover—you must find out for me the reason why—this same world seems to creep round one's self strangely, and by-and-by one begins to feel it more decorous to hide the glitter of the trenchant steel. What a coxcomb you make me," said Randall, abruptly breaking off with a short laugh; "one would fancy this same weapon of mine was the sword of Wallace wight."

Menie made no answer, and the discontent on Randall's face wavered into various shades of scorn,—a strange scorn, such as Menie Laurie had never seen before on any face—scorn half of himself, wholly of the world.

"When I knew I had succeeded," said Randall at length, with still a tone of condescension in his confidence, "I was a little elated, I confess, Menie, foolish as it seems, and thought of nothing but setting to work again, and producing something worthy to live. Well, that is just the first impulse; by-and-by I came to see what a poor affair this applause was after all, and to think I had better keep what I had, without running the risk of losing my advantage by a less successful stroke. After all, this tide of popularity depends on nothing less than real 'merit,' as the critics call it; so I apprehend we will have no new book, Menie; we will be content with what we have gained."

"If applause is such a poor affair, why be afraid of the chance of losing it?" said Menie; but she added hastily, "I want to know about Johnnie Lithgow, Randall; is it possible that he has come to be a great writer too?"

"If I only knew what you meant by a great writer *too*," said Randall, with a smile. "Johnnie Lithgow is quite a popular man, Menie—one of the oracles of the press."

"Is it a derogation, then, to be a popular man?" said the puzzled Menie; "or is he afraid to risk his fame, like you?"

The lofty head elevated itself slightly. "No. Johnnie Lithgow is not a man for fame," said Randall, with some pride. "Johnnie does his literary work like any other day's work; and, indeed, why should he not?"

Menie looked up with a blank look, surprised, and not comprehending. Even the stronger emotions of life, the passions and the anguishes, had never yet taken hold of Menie; still less had the subtle refining, the artificial stoicism of mere mind and intellect, living and feeding on itself; and Menie's eye followed his slight unconscious gestures with wistful wonderment as Randall went on.

"After all, what does it signify—what does anything of this kind signify? One time or another appreciation comes; and if appreciation never should come, what then? So much as is good will remain. I do not care a straw for applause myself. I rate it at its own value; and that is nothing."

It began to grow somewhat dark, and Menie drew her shawl closer. "I think it is time to go home," she said softly; and as she spoke, a vision

of the kindly home she had left—of the brave protecting hills, the broad fair country, the sky and atmosphere, all too humble for this self-abstraction, which answered in clouds and tears, in glorious laughter and sunshine, to every daily change—rose up before her; some tears, uncalled for and against her will, stole into Menie's eyes. With a little awe, in her innocence, she took Randall's arm again. He must be right, she supposed; and something very grand and superior was in Randall's indifference—yet somehow the night air crept into Menie's heart, as she had never felt it do before. Many an hour this soft night air had blown about her uncovered head, and tossed her hair in curls about her cheeks—to-night she felt it cold, she knew not why—to-night she was almost glad to hurry home.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Randall Home is a very superior young man," said Mrs. Laurie, with quiet approbation. "Do you know, Menie, I had begun to have serious thoughts about permitting your engagement so early!—if my only bairn should leave me—leave me, and get estranged into another house and home, with a man that was a stranger in his heart to me. Whisht, Menie—my darling, what makes you cry?"

But Menie could not tell; the night air was still cold at her heart, and she could not keep back these unseasonable tears.

"But I am better pleased to-night than I have been for many a day," said Mrs. Laurie. "I never saw him so kindly, so like what I would desire. I was a little proud of him to-night, if it were for nothing but letting Miss Annie see that we are not all such common folk as she thinks down in the south country—though, I suppose, I should say the north country here. Menie! he will lose my good opinion again if I think he has vexed you. What ails you, bairn? Menie, my dear?"

"I don't know what it is, mother—no, no, he did not vex me. I suppose I am glad to hear you speak of him

so," said the shy Menie, ashamed of her tears. The mother and daughter were in their own room preparing for rest, and Menie let down her hair over her face, and played with it in her fingers, that there might be no more remark or notice of this unwilling emotion. It was strange—never all her life before had Menie wept for anything indefinite: for childish provocations—for little vexations of early youth—for pity—she had shed bright transitory tears, but she had never "cried for nothing" until now.

"Yes, I am pleased," said Mrs. Laurie, as she tied her muslin cap over her ears: "what did you say, Menie? I thought this coming to London would satisfy me on the one point which is likely to be more important than all others, and I was right. Yes, Menie, lie down, like a good girl; you must be wearied—and lie down with a good heart—you have a fair prospect, as fair as woman could wish. I am quite satisfied myself."

But how it came about that Menie only slept in broken snatches—that Menie dreamt uncomfortable dreams of harassment and annoyance—dangers in which Randall forsook her—cares of which he had no part—Menie

did not know. A day ago, and Mrs. Laurie's unsolicited avowal of "satisfaction" had lifted Menie into the purest glow of joy, but to-night she cannot tell what makes her so restless and uneasy—what prompts her now and then to fall a-weeping, all unwillingly, and "for nothing." Alas for Menie Laurie's quiet heart!—something has come to trouble the waters, but in other guise than an angel's.

The grass is soft and mossy under the elm trees, and the morning air—a world of sweetness—beatifies their every branch and stem. Down yonder in the hollow, low at your feet, Menie Laurie, the great slave Titan has wakened to his daily toil. Is that the sweep of his mighty arm stirring the heavy mist which hangs above him? Is this the clang of his ponderous tools ringing up faintly into the quiet skies? The children are not astir yet, to seek their pleasure in these precincts. Nothing seems awake in this composed and sober place; but yonder, with many a conflict in his heart, with many a throbbing purpose in his brain, with life and strength tingling to his finger points, with sighs and laughter swelling in his breath—yonder great vassal of the world is up and doing, holding the fate of a new day undeveloped in his busy hand.

And you, young wondering heart, look out upon him, innocent, ignorant, wistful, like an angel on the threshold of the world—nothing knowing the wiles and snares, the tortures and deliriums that live yonder under the battle cloud, unacquainted with those prodigious penalties of social life, which yonder are paid and borne every hour; but looking out with your head bent forward, and your innocent eyes piercing far in the dreamy vision of reverie, making wistful investigation into the new marvels round you, pondering and bewildered in your own secret soul.

Randall—looking out thus through the morning light upon the city, one can see him in so many aspects;—the light shines upon his lofty head, reaching almost to the skies, like the hill of his quiet home—and Menie lifts her eyes to follow that noble daring look of his, piercing up through mortal clouds and vapours to do homage with the gifts God has given him, at his

Master's throne and footstool; but anon there steals a cloud round the hero of Menie's vision—a dim background, which still reveals him, not less clearly, nor with less fascination, but with a sadder wonder of interest—for Randall's eyes are bent earthward, Randall's lofty head is bowed, and Menie, though she watches him with yearning curiosity, can never meet his down-cast look to read what is there—can never fathom what lies within the veiled heart and self-abstracted soul. You would think now that her eyes are caught by the sunshine yonder making such mischievous confusion among the city vapours: Not so; for Menie's eyes, under that troubled curve of her forehead, are studying Randall, and see only an incomprehensible something in him, overshadowing all the earth and all the skies.

With her little basket in her hand, with her dainty step, and fluttering muslin gown, Miss Annie brushes the dew from the grass, as she draws near the elm trees. But though Miss Annie has been very confidential with her grand-niece on the subject of her own juvenile occupations, one little piece of daily business Miss Annie has forborne to tell of, and that is a morning visit she pays to a poor pensioner or two in the village, where, if perhaps her charity may be sometimes intrusive, it is always real. For poor Miss Annie's heart, though it figures so much in her common talk, and is overlaid with so many false sentimentalities, has a true little fountain of human kindness in it, spite of the fantastic pretences that hide it from common view. Absorbed with her new thoughts, Menie neither heard nor saw her aunt's approach, till she woke with a start to hear a gay laugh behind her, and to feel the pressure of those long thin fingers upon her eyelids. "Dreaming, Menie? ah, my pretty love! but not 'in maiden meditation fancy free.'"

Startled and abashed, Menie drew back, but Miss Annie's ringlets had already touched her forehead, as Miss Annie bestowed the morning salutation upon Menie's cheek; and now they are seated side by side under shadow of the greatest elm.

"My dear, I am afraid your mamma

does not encourage you to confide in her; you must tell me all your little trials, Menie," said Miss Annie, fluttering with her finger-points upon Menie's hand; "and now, my darling, speak to me freely—you were delighted to meet him last night."

But Menie had no voice to answer, and could only bend down her flushed face, and pluck up the grass with her disengaged hand.

"Don't be shy, love. I am so much interested; and tell me, Menie, you found him quite unchanged?—just as devoted as he used to be? I am sure one only needed to look at him—and how delightful to find him quite unchanged!"

"How far is it to London, aunt?" said Menie, with confusion.

"So near that your thoughts have travelled there this morning to find him out, I know," said Miss Annie,—"so near that he can come out every night, so we need not talk of London: but come now, darling; have you nothing to tell me?"

"You are very good," said Menie, with a slight falter in her voice. "I—I should like very well to take Jenny, if you please, to see some of the great sights."

Miss Annie shook her head—"Ah, Menie, how mischievous! Don't you think I deserve your confidence?"

"But, indeed, I have no confidence to give," said Menie, almost under her breath.

"My dear, I was just like you: the Scotch system is so restrictive—I was afraid to speak to any one," said Miss Annie; "and so you see I had a little misunderstanding: and he was angry, and I was angry; and first we quarrelled, and then we sulked at each other, and so at last it came about that we were parted. Yes, Menie; dear! just now you are happy; you do not care for a sympathising heart; but if you should chance to be disappointed—I trust not, my love, but such things will happen—you will then remember that I too have been blighted—oh, my dear child!"

And with a wave of her hand, expressing unutterable things, Miss Annie arranged her light silken mantle over this same blighted heart of hers, as if to hide the wound.

But Menie, whose mind already had recovered its tone—Menie, who now only remembered Randall unchanged, unchangeable, towering high above all vulgar quarrels and sullennesses, a very fortress for a generous heart to dwell in—Menie sprang lightly up from the elastic turf, and stood with her slight young figure relieved against the morning sky, and all her frame vibrating with pride and joy in her worthy choice. What chance that she should ever give this wished-for confidence—should ever turn to seek such sympathy—should ever find comfort or solace in hearing of Miss Annie Laurie's kindred woe?

CHAPTER XIV.

"It is two years now since Randall came to London. From Dumfriesshire we send out a great many cadets into the world, Miss Annie; and some one who knew his father found a situation here for Randall Home. He brought his book with him, and it was published, and very successful; then he came home, and sought my consent to his engagement with Menie. That is all Randall's history in connection with us. The other young man you expect to-night, Miss Annie, is only a cottager's son—very clever, I hear, but not in any way, I fancy, to be put in comparison with Randall Home."

And Mrs. Laurie took up her work

with a little quiet pride, resolved to be very kind to Johnnie Lithgow, but by no means pleased to have him mentioned in the same breath with her future son-in-law.

"I adore talent," said Miss Annie, opening her work-table to take out a tiny bit of "fancy" work. "I could not describe the delight I have in the society of people of genius—self-taught genius too—so charming; and both of these delightful young men must be self-taught."

Mrs. Laurie drew herself up with a little hauteur.

"Mr. Home has had an excellent education; his father is a very superior man. Johnnie Lithgow, as I

said before, is only a cottager's son."

But Miss Annie could not see the distinction, and ran on in such a flutter of delight in anticipation of her guests, that Mrs. Laurie quietly retired into the intricacies of her work, and contented herself with a resolution to be very kind and condescending to the popular editor, the cottager's son.

The drawing-room is in special glory—the pinafores discarded from the chairs, the little tables crowded with gay books and toys and flowers, and everything in its company dress. Mrs. Laurie—who never can be anything but Mrs. Laurie, a matron of sober years, and Menie's mother—sits, in her grave-coloured gown and snowy cap, upon the sofa; while on a stool low down by her side, in a little tremor of expectation, Miss Annie perches like a bird, waiting the arrival of her visitors. Mrs. Laurie, with her Dumfriesshire uses, quite believes what Miss Annie says, that only "a few friends" are coming to-night, and has not the slightest idea that the lady of the house will be greatly mortified if her rooms are not filled in an hour or two with a little crowd.

And up-stairs, resplendent in Jenny's gown, Menie Laurie stands before the glass, fastening on one or two simple ornaments, and admiring, with innocent enjoyment, her unusually elegant dress. You may guess by this glimpse of these well-known striped skirts, full and round, revealing themselves under cover of the curtains, that Jenny too has been admiring her own magnificent purchase. But Jenny by this time has grown impatient, and jealous that Menie's admiration prolongs itself only to please her, Jenny; so, giving premonition by sundry restless gestures of the advent of a "fuff," she has turned to look out from the window upon the sandy road which leads to 'Eathbank.

"Eh, Miss Menie! that brockit ane's a bonnie cow," said Jenny; "I never see anything else in this outlandish place that minds me of hame, if it binna the mistress and yoursel. I'll just bide and look out for the young lads, Miss Menie. Ye needna clap your hands, as if Jenny was

turning glaikit; if there weren a lads frae our ain country side, they micht come and gang a twelvemonth for me."

"But the ladies and the gentlemen will see you from the window, Jenny," said Menie Laurie.

"Ise warrant they've seen waur sights," said Jenny briskly; "I'm no gaun to let down my ainsel, for a' I have a thraw; and I would just like to ken, if folk wanted to see a purpose-like lass, fit for her wark, wha they could come to in this house but me! There's my lady's maid—set her up!—in her grand gown, as braw as my lady; and there's the tither slaving creature put off a' this morning claverin' to somebody, and no fit to be seen now; for a' they scoff at my short-gown and good linsey coats. But they may scoff till they're tired, for Jenny; I'm no gaun to change, at my time of life, for a' the giggling in London town."

"But you'll put on your gown to-night, Jenny," said Menie persuasively, patting her shoulder. "There's Randall did not see you last time he was here; and Johnnie Lithgow, you would like to see him. Come, Jenny, and put on your gown."

"It's no muckle Randall Home heeds about me, and you ken that," said Jenny; "and for a' he didna see me, I saw him the last time he was here. I'll just tell you, Miss Menie, yon lad, to be a richt lad, is owre heeding about himsel."

"You're not to say that, Jenny; it vexes me," said Menie, with simple gravity; "besides, it is not true. You mistake Randall—and then Johnnie Lithgow."

"I wadna say but what I micht be pleased to get a glint of him," said Jenny. "Eh, my patience! to think of Betty Armstrong's son sitting down with our mistress. But I'll be sure to ca' them by their right names afore the folk. I canna get my tongue about thae maisters. Maister Lithgow! and me minds him a wee white-headed laddie, hauding up his peeny for cakes on the Hogmanay, and puttin' John Glendinning's nailstocks at Halowe'en. What would I put on my gown for, bairn? As sure as I gang into the room, I'll ca' him Johnnie."

But Jenny's scruples at last yielded,

and Jenny came forth from her chamber glorious in a blue-and-yellow gown, printed in great stripes and figures, and made after an antediluvian fashion, which utterly shocked and horrified the pretty Maria, Miss Annie Laurie's favourite maid. Nor was Miss Annie Laurie herself less disconcerted, when honest Jenny, the high shoulder largely developed by her tight-fitting gown, and carrying a cake-basket in her brown hands, made her appearance in the partially filled drawing-room, threading her way leisurely through the guests, and examining, with keen glances and much attention, the faces of the masculine portion of them. Miss Annie made a pause in her own lively and juvenile talk, to watch the strange figure and the keen inquiring face, over which a shade of bewilderment gradually crept. But Miss Annie no longer thought it amusing, when Jenny made an abrupt pause before her young mistress, then shyly endeavouring to make acquaintance with some very fine young ladies, daughters of Miss Annie's loftiest and most aristocratic friends, and said in a startling whisper, which all the room could hear, "Miss Menie! ye micht tell folk which is him, if he's here; but I canna see a creature that's like Johnnie Lithgow of Kirklands, nor ony belanging to him, in the hail room."

Miss Annie Laurie, much horrified, rose from her seat somewhat hastily; but at the same moment up sprang by her side the guest to whom her most particular attentions had been devoted—"And Burnside Jenny has forgotten me!"

Burnside Jenny, quite forgetful of "all the folk," turned round upon him in an instant. Not quite Johnnie Lithgow, the merriest mischief-doer in Kirklands parish, but a face that prompted recollections of his without dispute—blue eyes, dancing and running over with the light of a happy spirit—and a wisp of close curls, not many shades darker in colour than those of the "white-headed laddie," whose merry tricks Jenny had not forgotten. "Eh, man! is this you?" said Jenny, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I aye likit the callant for a' his mischief, and it's just the same blythe face after a'."

Randall Home stood leaning his fine figure against the mantelpiece, and took no notice of Jenny. Randall was somewhat afraid of a similar recognition; but Johnnie Lithgow, who did not affect attitudes—Johnnie Lithgow, who was neither proud nor ashamed of being a cottager's son, and who had a habit of doing such kindly things as occurred to him without consideration of prudence—drew her aside by both her brown hands, out of which Jenny had laid the cake-basket, to talk to her of home. A slight smile curled on the lip of Randall Home. How well he looked, leaning upon his arm, his lofty head towering over every other head in Miss Annie's drawing-room, with his look of conscious dignity, his intellectual face! Menie Laurie and Menie Laurie's mother did not find it possible to be other than proud of him; yet the eyes of both turned somewhat wistfully to the corner, to dwell upon a face which for itself could have charmed no one, but which beamed and shone like sunshine upon Jenny, greeting her as an old friend.

"Your friend is a literary man?" said somebody inquiringly, taking up a respectful position by Randall's side.

"Yes, poor fellow; he spins himself out into daily portions for the press," said Randall.

"A high vocation, sir; leader of public opinions and movements," said the somebody, who professed to be an intellectual person, a man of progress.

"Say rather the follower," said Randall; "and well for those who have the happy knack of following wisely—chiming in, before itself is fully aware of it, with the humour of the time."

Menie Laurie, who was close at hand, and heard all this, ventured a whisper, while Randall's companion had for the moment turned away.

"Your words sound as if you slighted him, Randall, and you too call yourself a literary man."

"Good Johnnie Lithgow, I like him extremely," said Randall, with the half-scornful smile which puzzled Menie; "but he is only a literary workman after all. He does his literature as his day's labour—he will tell you so himself—a mere craft for daily bread."

And just then Lithgow turned round, with his radiant face—he who had no fame to lose, and did an honest day's work in every day, not thinking that the nature of his craft excused

him from the natural amount of toil—and again Menie felt a little pang at her heart, as she thought of Randall's jealous guardianship of Randall's youthful fame.

CHAPTER XV.

"I have been thinking of bringing up my mother to live with me," said the Mr. Lithgow in whom Mrs. Laurie and her daughter were beginning to forget the humble Johnnie: "I see no reason why she should live in poverty in Kirklands, while I am comfortable here."

His face flushed slightly as he concluded, and he began to drum with his fingers in mere shyness and embarrassment upon Miss Annie Laurie's work-table. Randall, a little distance from him, was turning over with infinite scorn Miss Annie's picture-books. The two young men had grown familiar in the house, though it was not yet a month since they entered it first.

"And I think you are very right," said Mrs. Laurie cordially, "though whether Mrs. Lithgow might be pleased with a town-life, or whether—"

She paused; it was not very easy to say "whether your mother would be a suitable housekeeper for you." Mrs. Laurie could not do violence either to her own feelings or his by suggesting such a doubt.

"I think it would be a great risk," said Randall, "and if you consulted me, would certainly warn you against it. Your mother knows nothing of London—she would not like it; besides, a young man seeking his fortune should be alone."

"Cold doctrine," said Lithgow, smiling, "and to come from you."

His eye fell unconsciously upon Menie; then as he met a quick upward glance from her, he stammered, blushed, and stopped short—for Johnnie Lithgow was as shy and sensitive as a girl, and had all the reverence of youthful genius for womanhood and love. With compunction, and an idea that he had been jesting profanely, Lithgow hurriedly began again.

"I am so vain as to think I myself would be London to my mother—old ground long known and well explored.

If she would not like the change, of course—but I fancy she might."

"I advise you against it, Lithgow," said Randall; "in your case I should never entertain such an idea. There is my father—no one can have a greater respect for him than I—but to bring him to live with me—to bring him to London—I should think it the merest folly, injurious to us both."

"Your wisdom is very safe at least," said Mrs. Laurie, with a little asperity, "since there is no chance of your good father leaving his own respectable house for an unknown and strange place in any case; but I think your wish a very natural one, and very creditable to you, Mr. Lithgow; and whether she comes or not, the knowledge that you wish for her will be joy to your mother's heart."

With his usual half-disdainful smile Randall had turned away, and there was a slight flush of anger upon Mrs. Laurie's face. Indignation and scorn,—there was not much hope of friendliness where such unpromising elements had flashed into sudden existence. Menie, looking on with terror, and perceiving a new obstacle thrown into her way, hastily endeavoured to make a diversion.

"Do you know, Mr. Lithgow, that July Home is coming up to London to see me?"

There came a sudden brightening to all the kindly lines of the young man's face. "July Home! if I am too familiar, forgive me, Randall—but I have so many boyish recollections of her. She was such a sweet little timid simple womanly child too. I wonder if July minds me as I mind her."

Randall stood apart still, with his smile upon his lips. True, there had been a momentary curve on his brow at Lithgow's first mention of his sister's name, but his face cleared immediately. Poor little July! Randall might know her sufficiently timid and

simple—but July was a baby, a toy, a good-hearted kindly little fool to her intellectual brother—and any higher qualities sweet or womanly about her remained to be found out by other eyes than his.

“And Miss Annie has promised us all the sight-seeing in the world,” said Menie with forced gaiety, anxious to talk and to conciliate—to remove all traces of the little breaking of lances which had just passed. “July and Jenny and I, we are to see all manner of lions; and though they will be very dull at Croft-hill when she is gone, Mr. Home and Miss Janet have consented—so next week July is to come.”

“Poor July! she will have enough to talk of all her life after,” said her brother.

“Yes; our kindly country seems such a waste and desert place to you London gentlemen,” said Mrs. Laurie; “and it is wonderful, after all, how we manage to exist—ay, even to flourish and enjoy ourselves, in these regions out of the world.”

But Randall made no response. A shivering chill came over Menie-Laurie; this half-derisive silence on one side, this eager impulse of contradiction and opposition on the other, smote her to the heart. It had been rising gradually for some days past, and Menie, without being quite aware of it, had noticed the bias with which her mother and her betrothed listened and replied to each other; the unconscious inclination of each to give an unfavourable turn to the other's words, a harshness to the other's judgment, an air of personal offence to a differing opinion, of grave misdemeanor to a piece of blameless jesting. Lithgow, stranger as he was, discovered in a moment, so quick and sensitive was his nature, the incipient estrangement, and grew embarrassed and annoyed in spite of himself—annoyed, embarrassed, it looked so much like the last ebullition of some domestic quarrel; but Lithgow was a stranger, and had no interest farther than for the harmony of the moment in any strife of these conflicting minds.

But here sits one whose brow must own no curve of displeasure, whose voice must falter with no embarrassment. She is sitting by the little

work-table in the window, her eyes, so wistful as they have grown, so large and full, and eloquent with many meanings, turning from one to the other with quick earnest glances, which are indeed whispers of deprecation and peace-making. “He means something else than he says; he is not cold-hearted nor insincere; you mistake Randall,” say Menie's eyes, as they labour to meet her mother's, and gaze with eager perturbation in her face, deciphering every line and wrinkle there. “Do not speak so—you vex my mother; but she does not mean to be angry,” say the same strained and ever-changing eyes, as they turn their anxious regards to Randall's face. She sits between us and the light—you can see her girlish figure outlined against the window—her face falling from light to shadow, brightening up again from shadow to light, as she turns from one to the other; you can see how eagerly she listens, prompt to rush forward with her own softening gentle speech upon the very border of the harsher words, whose utterance she cannot prevent. The very stoop of her head—the changeful expression of her face, which already interprets the end of the sentence ere it is well begun—her sudden introduction of one subject after another, foreign to their former talk—her sudden interest in things indifferent, and all the wiles and artifices with which she hedges off all matters of personal or individual interest, and abstracts the conversation into the channel of mere curiosity, of careless and everyday talk—are all sufficiently visible exponents of Menie's new position, and new trials. She is talking to Lithgow now so rapidly, and with so much demonstration of interest—you would almost fancy this poor loving Menie had caught a contagious enthusiasm from Miss Annie Laurie's juvenile delights—talking of those sights of the great unknown London, which have grown so indifferent and paltry to this suddenly enlightened and experienced mind of hers; but in the midst of all you can see how steadily her wakeful eyes keep watch upon Randall yonder by Miss Annie's miniature book-cases, and Mrs. Laurie here, with that little angry flush upon her brow.

So slow the hours seem—so full of opportunities of discussion—so overbrimming with subjects on which they are sure to differ; till Menie, in her gradually increasing excitement, forgets to note the progress of time; but is so glad—oh, so glad and joyful—to see the evening fall dark around them, to hear Maria's step drawing near the door, while the lights she carries already throw their glimmer on the wall. It is late; and now the visitors take leave, somewhat reluctantly, for Lithgow begins to like his new friends greatly; and, Randall, though something of irritation is in the face, where his smile of disdain still holds away, is Menie's ardent wooer still, and feels a charm in her presence, simple though he has discovered her to be. But at last they are gone—safely gone; and Menie, when she has watched them from the door, and listened to their steps till they die away a distant echo upon the silent air, steals away in the dark to her own room—not for any purpose—simply to rest herself a little;

and her manner of rest is, sitting down upon a low stool close by the window, where some pale moonlight comes in faintly, and bending down her face into her clasped hands to weep a little, silently and alone.

Is it but to refresh the wistful eyes which this night have been so busy? is it but to wash and flood away the pain that has been in their eager deprecating looks, their speeches of anxious tenderness? But Menie does not say even to herself what it is for, nor why. For some weeks now, Menie has been sadly given to "crying for nothing," as she herself calls it. She thinks she ought to be ashamed of her weakness, and would be afraid to acknowledge it to any living creature; but somehow, for these few days, Menie has come away about this same hour every night into the solitude here, to cry, with sometimes a little impatient sob bursting out among her tears—though she cannot tell you, will not tell you—would not whisper even to her own very secret heart, the reason why.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Laurie sits by the table with her work; but it is still an easy thing to perceive the irritation on Mrs. Laurie's brow; her hand moves with an additional rapidity, her breath comes a little faster; and if you watch, you will see the colour gradually receding from her cheek, like an ebbing tide, and her foot ceasing to play so impatiently upon its supporting stool.

Very humbly, like a culprit, Menie draws forward her chair to the light. She is admonished, ere long, by a hasty answer, an abrupt speech, a slight pushing back from the table, and erection of her figure, that Mrs. Laurie is still angry. It is strange how this cows and subdues Menie—how eager she is to say something—how humble her tone is—and how difficult she feels it to find anything to say.

Poor heart! like many another bewildered moth, Menie flutters about the subject it behoves her most to avoid, and cannot help making timid allusions to their future life in London—that future life which begins to

darken before her own vision under a cloudy horizon of doubt and dread. It has ceased to be a speculation now, this future; for even within these few days there has been talk of Menie's marriage.

"We will speak of some other thing; there is no very great charm in the future for me, Menie," said Mrs. Laurie, with a sigh.

But Menie, with trembling timidity, begs to know the reason why. Why?—what concerns her concerns her mother also. Very timid, yet too bold, Menie insists, and will be satisfied—why?

"Because it is hard to lose my only child," said Mrs. Laurie. "Let us not deceive ourselves; it is easy to say we will not be separated, that there shall be no change. I know better, Menie: well, well; do not cry—say it is only the natural lot."

"What is only the natural lot? O mother, mother! tell me." Menie is still pertinacious, even through her tears.

"I will tell you, Menie," said Mrs.

Laurie, quickly. "Randall Home and I cannot dwell under one roof in peace. I foresee a wretched life for you, if we tried it; a constant struggle—a constant failure. Menie, I will try to be content; but your mother feels it hard to yield up you and your love to a stranger—very hard. I ought to be content and submissive. I ought to remember that it is the common necessity—an everyday trial; but we have been more to each other than mere mother and daughter. I cannot hide it from you, Menie; this trial is very grievous to me."

"Mother! mother!" It is not "for nothing" now that Menie Laurie weeps.

"You have been the light of my eyes for twenty years—my baby, my only bairn! I have nothing in the world when you are gone. Menie, have patience with your mother. I thought we might have been one household still. I never thought I could have hurt my bairn by clinging to her with all my heart. I see through another medium now. Menie, this that I say is better for us both. I would lose my proper place—I would lose even my own esteem, if I insisted, or if I permitted you to insist, upon our first plan. I do not mean to insist with Randall," said Mrs. Laurie, with a sudden flush of colour, "but with ourselves. It is not for your credit, any more than mine, that your mother should be unnecessarily humiliated; and I choose to make this decision myself, Menie, not to have it forced upon me."

"If you think so—if I have nothing to hope but this—mother, mother!" cried Menie in her sobs, "there is yet time; we can change it all."

But Menie's voice was choked; her head bowed down upon her folded arms; her strength and her heart were overcome. The room was only partially lighted. So vacant—only these two figures, with their little table and their lamp at one end—it looked lonely, silent, desolate; and you could hear so plainly the great struggle which Menie had with these strong sobs and tears.

Mrs. Laurie wiped a few hot hasty drops from her own eyes. She was not much used to contest; nor was it in her to be inflexible and stern; and

the mother could not see her child's distress. "Menie!" Menie can make no answer; and Mrs. Laurie rises to go to her side, to pass a tender caressing hand over the bowed head, to shed back the disordered hair. "Menie, my dear bairn, I did not mean to vex you. I will do anything—anything, Menie; only do not let me see you in such grief as this."

"He is not what you think, mother—he is not what you think," cried Menie; "it is not like this what he says of you. O mother! I do not ask you to do him justice—to think well of him. I ask a greater thing of you;—mother, hear me—I ask you to like him for Menie's sake."

And it will not do to evade this petition by caresses, by soothing words, by gentle motherly tenderness. "Yes, Menie, my darling, I'll try," said Mrs. Laurie at last, with tearful eyes. "Do you think it is pleasant to me to be at strife with Randall? God forbid! and him my dear bairn's choice; but do not look at me with such a pitiful face. Menie, we'll begin again."

Was Menie content? for the moment more than content, springing up into a wild exhilaration, a burst of confidence and hope. But by-and-by the conversation slackened—by-and-by the room became quite silent, with its dim corners, its little speck of light, and the two figures at its farther end. A heavy stillness brooded over them—they forgot that they had been talking—they forgot, each of them, that she was not alone. The leaves stirred faintly on the windows—the night wind rustled past the yew-tree on the lawn. From the other end of the house came sometimes a stir of voices, the sound of a closed or opened door; but here everything was silent—as still as if these were weird sisters, weaving, with their monotonous moving fingers, some charm and spell; while, down to the depths—down, down, as far into the chill and dark of sad presentiment as a heart unlearned could go—fluttering, with its wings close upon its breast, its song changed into a mournful cry—down out of the serene heavens, where it had its natural dwelling, came Menie Laurie's quiet heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

Through the depth and darkness of the summer night, you can hear Mrs. Laurie's quiet breathing as she lies asleep. With a pain at her heart she lay down, and when she wakes she will feel it, or ever she is aware that she has awaked; but still she sleeps; blessing on the kind oblivion which lays all these troubles for a time to rest.

But what is this white figure erecting itself from the pillow, sitting motionless and silent in the night? It is tears that keep these gentle eyelids apart—tears that banish from them the sleep of youth. Still, that she may not wake the sleeper by her side scarcely daring to move her hand to wipe away this heavy dew which blinds her eyes. Menie Laurie, Menie Laurie, can this sad watcher be you?

And Menie's soul is vexing itself with plans and schemes, and Menie's heart is rising up to God in broken snatches of prayer, constantly interrupted, and merging into the bewilderment of her thoughts. Startled once for all out of the early calm, the serene untroubled youthful life which lies behind her in the past, Menie feels the change very hard and sore as she realises it; from doing nought for her own comfort—from the loving sweet dependence upon others, to which her child's heart has been accustomed—suddenly, without pause or preparation, to learn that all must depend upon herself—to have the ghost of strife and discord, where such full harmony was wont to be—to feel the two great loves of her nature—the loves which heretofore, in her own innocent and unsuspecting apprehension, have but strengthened and deepened each the other, set forth in antagonism, love against love, and her own heart the battle-ground. Shrinking and failing one moment, longing vainly to flee away—away anywhere into the utmost desolation, if only it were out of this conflict,—the next resolving, with such strong throbs and beatings of her heart, to take up her burden cordially, to be ever awake and alert, to subdue this giant difficulty with the force of her own strong love

and ceaseless tenderness—praying now for escape, then for endurance, and anon breaking into silent tears over all. Alas for Menie Laurie in her unaccustomed solitude! and Menie thinks, like every other Menie, that she could have borne anything but this.

But by-and-by, in spite of tears and trouble, the natural rest steals upon Menie—steals upon her unawares, though she feels, in the sadness of her heart, as if she could never rest again; throws back her drooping head upon her pillow, folds her arms meekly on her breast, closes her eyelids over the unshed tear; and thus it is that the dawn finds her out, like a flower overcharged and drooping with its weight of evening dew, but wrapt in sleep as deep and dreamless and unbroken as if her youth had never known a tear.

The sun is full in the room when Menie wakes, and Mrs. Laurie has but a moment since closed the door softly behind her, that the sleeper might not be disturbed. Even this tender precaution, when she finds it out, chills Menie to the heart; for heretofore her mother's voice has roused her, and even her mother's impatience of her lingering would be joy to her to-day; but Mrs. Laurie is not impatient. Mrs. Laurie thinks it better, for all the sun's unceasing proclamation that night and sleep are past, to let the young heart refresh itself a little longer, to leave the young form at rest.

Ay, Menie Laurie, kneel down by your bedside—kneel down and pray; it is not often that your supplications testify themselves in outward attitude. Now there is a murmur of an audible voice speaking words to which no mortal ear has any right to listen; and your downcast face is buried in your hands, and your tears plead with your prayers. For you never thought but to be happy, Menie, and the gentle youthful nature longs and yearns for happiness, and with the strength of a rebel fights against the pain foreseen—poor heart!

"Eh, Jenny! you're no keeping ill-will?" said a doleful voice upon the lawn below; very distinct, through

the open window, it quickened Menie's morning toilette considerably, and drew her forward, with a wondering face, to make sure. "I'm sure it's no in me to be unfriends with onybody; and after ane coming a' this gate for naething but to ask a civil question, how you a' was. I'm saying, Jenny? you're no needing to haud ony correspondence with me except ye like; it's the mistress and Miss Menie I'm wanting to see."

"Am I to let in a' the gaun about vagabones that want to see the mistress and Miss Menie?" said Jenny's gruff voice in reply. "I trow no; and how ye can have the face to look at Jenny after your last errand till her, I canna tell; ye'll be for undertaking my service ance mair! but ye may just as weel take my word ance for a'—the mistress canna bide ye ony mair than me."

"Eh, woman, Jenny, ye're a thrawn creature!" said Nelly Panton. "I'm sure I never did ye an ill turn a' my days. But ye needna even the like of your service to me; I'm gaun to live with our Johnnie, and keep his house, and Johnnie's company are grander folk than the mistress; but I'm no forgetting auld friends, so I came to ask for Miss Menie, because I aye likit her, and because she's a young lass like mysel; and I'll gang and speak to thatither servant-woman if you'll no tell Miss Menie I'm here."

Jenny's fury—for very furious was Jenny's suppressed fuff at the presumptuous notion of equality or friendship between Menie Laurie and Nelly Panton—was checked by this threat; and fearful lest the dignity of her young mistress should be injured in the eyes of the household by the new-comer's pretensions, Jenny, who had held this colloquy out of doors, turned hastily round and pattered away by the back entrance to open the door for the visitor, muttering repeated adjurations. "My patience!" and Jenny's patience had indeed much reason to be called to her aid.

Menie's curiosity was a little roused—her mind, withdrawn from herself, lightened somewhat of its load, and she hastened down stairs less unwillingly than she would have done without this interruption. Jenny stood by the drawing-room door, hold-

ing it open; and Jenny's sturdy little form vibrated, every inch of it, with anger and indignation. "Ane to speak to you, Miss Menie!—ane used with grand society, and owre high for the like of me. Ye'll have to speak to her yoursel."

And Menie suddenly found herself thrust into the room, while Jenny, with an audible snort and fuff, remained in possession of the door.

Nelly Panton had too newly entered upon her dignities to be able to restrain the ancient curtesy of her humility. Yes, undoubtedly, it was Nelly Panton—with the same faded gown, the same doleful shawl, the same wrapped-up and gloomy figure. Against the well-lighted, well-pictured wall of Miss Annie Laurie's drawing-room she stood in dingy individuality dropping her curtesy, while Menie, much surprised and silent, stood before her waiting to be addressed.

"Can nane of ye speak?" said the impatient Jenny, from the door. "Miss Menie, are ye no gaun to ask what is her business here? A fule micht ha'e kent this was nae place to come back to, after her last errand to Burnside; and when she kens I canna bide her, and the mistress canna bide her, to come and set up for a friendship with you!"

"She's just as cankered as she aye was, Miss Menie," said Nelly Panton, compassionately, shaking her head. "It shows an ill disposition, indeed, when folk canna keep at peace with me, as many a time I've telt my mother. But ye see, Miss Menie, I couldna just bide on in Kirklands when ye were a' away, so I just took my fit in my hand, and came on to London to see after Johnnie with my ain een. He needs somebody to keep him gaun, and set him richt, puir callant; and he's in a grand way for himself, and should be attended to—so I think I'll just stay on, Miss Menie; and the first thing I did was to come and ask for you."

"You are very kind, Nelly," said Menie Laurie; but Menie paused with a suppressed laugh when she saw Jenny's clenched hand shaken at her from the door.

"And ye'll maybe think I'm no just in condition to set up for friends

with the like of you," said Nelly, glancing down upon her dress; "but I only came in to London the day before yesterday, and I've naething yet but my travelling things. I'm hearing that little Juley Home of Braecroft's coming too; and between you and me, Miss Menie, no to let it gang ony farther, I think it was real richt and prudent of you to show us the first example, and draw us a' up to London to take care of thae lads."

"What do you mean, Nelly?" exclaimed Menie, somewhat angrily.

"Ye may weel say what does she mean," said Jenny, making a sudden inroad from the door. "Do you hear, ye evil speaker!—the mistress is out, and there's naeboddy to take care of this puir bairn but me; whatever malice and venom ye have to say, out wi't, and I'll tell the young lady what kind of character ye are when a's dune."

"I wadna keep such a meddling body in my house—no, if she did the wark twice as weel," retorted Nelly, with calm superiority; "and I've nae call to speak my mind afore Jenny, and her aye misca'in' me; but it's nae secret of mine. I was just gaun to say, that for a' our Johnnie's a very decent lad, and minds upon his friends, I never saw ahe, gentle or simple, sae awfu' muckle taken up about himsel as Randy Home. He's anither lad altogether to what he used to be; and it's no to be thoct but what he's wanting a grand wife like a' the rest. Now, ye'll just see."

Menie Laurie put down Jenny's passionate disclaimer by a motion of her hand. "If this was what you came to tell me, Nelly, I fear I shall scarcely be grateful for your visit. Do you know that it is an impertinence to say this to me? Whisht, Jenny, that is enough; and I came here to look after no one. Whatever you may have thought before, you will believe this now, since I say it. Jenny will see that you are comfortable while you stay out here; but I

think, Nelly, you have said enough to me this morning, and I to you—Jenny, whisht."

"I'll no whisht," cried Jenny, at last, freed by Menie's pause. "Eh, ye evil spirit! will ye tell me what cause of ill-will ye ever could have against this innocent bairn? I'm no gaun to whisht, Miss Menie—to think of her coming up here ance errand to put out her malice on you! My patience! how ony mortal can thole the sicht o' her, I dinna ken."

"I can forgive ye, Jenny," said the meek Nelly Panton, "for a' your passions, and your glooms, and your ill-words—I'm thankful to say I can forgive ye; but, eh, sirs, this is a weary world;—wherever I gang, at hame, or away frae hame, I'm aye miskent—naeboddy has the heart to take a guid turn frae me—though, I'm sure, I aye mean a'thing for the best, and it was richt Miss Menie should ken. I thoct I would just come up this far to give ye an advice, Miss Menie, when we were our lanes; and I'm no gaun to blaze up into a fuff like Jenny because it's ill ta'en. I'm just as guid friends as ever. The next time I come I'll come with our Johnnie, so I bid you a very good morning, Miss Menie Laurie, and mony thanks for your kind welcome. Jenny, fare-ye-well."

Menie sat down in the window when the dark figure of her unwelcome visitor was gone. The sun came in upon her gaily—the genial August sun—and the leaves without fluttered in a happy wind and a maze of morning sounds, broken with shriller shouts of children, and rings of silvery laughter floated up and floated round her, of themselves an atmosphere fresh and sweet; but Menie bowed her face between her hands, and looked out with wistful eyes into the future, where so many fears and wonders had come to dwell; and vigilant and stern the meagre yew-tree looked in upon her, like an unkindly fate.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

REPORT OF COMMISSION.

THE publication of the evidence given before the Select Committee on the National Gallery, enables us to return to the subject of our article of December with a more complete knowledge of the facts than we could gather from the unfinished Report and the extracts of evidence, which the press of the day supplied. The whole Blue Book is a valuable document: it contains a very clear index by which references to all details, as well of fact as of opinion, can be readily made, rendering the alarming bulk of the materials very manageable. We can now see what each witness actually said, so that none need complain of partial or mutilated extracts; every passage may be taken with its context. We shall take occasion thereby to correct some portions of evidence, upon which we commented in our former paper, having been misled by the versions in the newspaper reports, from which we took them. To correct a misstatement should be our first task. We were certainly much surprised to find it stated that Sir Charles Eastlake had made such a declaration as this, that he would not hesitate to clean a picture, and "*to strip off the whole of its glazings.*" We thought it at the time so improbable that we could not believe such to have been his meaning; and accordingly said, that Sir Charles must have meant coats of varnish, for that we knew him to be too experienced a master of his profession to mean the glazings. We have, since the publication, carefully examined his evidence, and not only do not see the words attributed to him, but collect from his answers to the queries put to him, a general aversion to "cleaning," and that, in most instances, he opposed subjecting pictures to it, as a dangerous process.

It might, however, be supposed that artists would agree as to the meaning of terms of art. Those on the Commission unacquainted with the processes of painting, must have been very much surprised and per-

plexed by the very different meanings given to technical terms, and that not by one or two, or by artists of little note, but by nearly all, including the most celebrated. The confusion caused by this non-agreement among the artists, with regard to the terms of their art, the contradictions, and explanations, occupy a very large portion of the Blue Book. Nor does it appear that the Commissioners are able to come to any clear conclusion upon the matter. They labour hard, it is true, and put their questions in every shape, to learn what seems to be simple enough—in fact, whether any paint, put on a picture by the original painter, in a thin transparent manner, has been removed by the cleaning process; but the examined force their examiners into a labyrinth of words, of various and tortuous uses, in which there is all bewilderment, and no master-clue is given them by which they might escape into unobscured ground. Thus, we see in the index the word "glazings" requires four heads of examination—1. Explanation of the process; its susceptibility to injury by cleaning. 2. How far it was used by the ancient masters. 3. Proofs of glazings having been extensively used. 4. Removal by cleaning of the glazings from certain pictures in the Gallery. There is, at least, one certain conclusion to be drawn—that there was, and is, such a thing as glazing. That is generally agreed upon—in fact, is only doubted by the keeper, Mr. Uwins, R.A.; and his denial, causing so much astonishment, has raised a storm of contradictory opinions, which have obfuscated the whole artistic atmosphere. The public attention had been drawn to a supposed injury, said to have been inflicted on some of the finest pictures in the National Gallery. The attack, through letters in the *Times*, on the trustees, keeper, cleaners, and general system, was so vigorous that the Commission of Enquiry became absolutely necessary, in order either to allay the public alarm or to provide

security for the future. The result has been certainly to justify and confirm the alarm, and to offer certain propositions for the better providing for the safety and progressive improvement of our National Gallery. The system, which includes the whole management of the Gallery, is condemned, in unhesitating terms of compliment to those who *made* the system, and who ought to have made a better, or to have refused position in one so bad. Yet we really think it is straining a point of grace to dignify the general mismanagement with the title of "system" at all, for no regular system seems ever to have been pursued from the beginning. As we showed in our former article, (and not from our own surmise, but from the evidence of a parliamentary report), our several Governments were never in earnest with regard to the Fine Arts; and a National Gallery having, by a kind of accident, been forced upon them, they chose trustees as to an honorary office in which there was nothing to do, selected for their title and rank rather than for their taste, knowledge, or ability. The consequences have been sad indeed, and exhibit a catalogue of sins of commission and omission. A National Gallery was founded thirty years ago; what is the great production of these thirty years of peace? It is the old fable of the mountain's labour. The evidence as to losses sustained by omission to purchase is quite vexatious; there is a long list, to which every one acquainted with the picture world may make additions. We have often and often expressed our astonishment, when we have seen pictures on sale, wanted in the Gallery, and not purchased. To say nothing of the greater schools, the Italian, less understood by collectors of pictures, and for which there is as yet unhappily no sufficient public taste—How many pictures of value, of the schools for which a taste is professed, have been allowed to pass away, and many of them sent out of the country? We allude to pictures of which there could be no doubt, either as to their condition or originality. For instance, how miserably poor is our gallery in the works of the younger Vander-veldt, who may be almost classed as

an English painter; yet the country had an opportunity of making a purchase of that exceedingly fine one sold from the collection of Sir Bethel Codrington. How poor are we in the works of Ruysdael, of Hobbima—painters so highly estimated by private collectors. We are not giving a preference to these schools; we only show, that what entirely falls within the taste of all collectors among us the nation disregards. An indifference has been proved. Did not a member of the Government declare, in his place in Parliament, that it was preferable that pictures should rather be in private collections than in a public gallery?

We cannot subscribe to the censure passed on our Prime-Minister, Lord Aberdeen, by a writer in the *Morning Post*, that he consented to the purchase of two pictures which he never saw. Surely he was justified in his reliance upon the recommendation of the Trustees, especially as he was well aware of the difficulty of obtaining their consent to make any purchases. But the inadequacy of the system is thus admitted. *Question 5289.*—"Your Lordship has probably become aware that a want of definite and well-subdivided responsibility is the main defect of the institution as it exists at present?"—"Yes, I think that where the trustees are numerous, and their attendance is not compulsory, there is great uncertainty; different persons attend on different days, and come with different views and different projects." But further on we have the real cause of the difficulty exposed, the incompetency of the judges. *Q. 5319.*—"Your Lordship is aware that opportunities have occurred for the purchase of pictures which belonged to Mr. Solly, Mr. Conyngham, Mr. Younge Otley, and various other gentlemen; and some persons regret that we have not availed ourselves of those opportunities. I presume your Lordship conceives it might be desirable that authority should be given to a limited body of trustees to give a positive recommendation in such cases to the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"—"Yes, I think that would be very useful; but at the same time, on all these subjects, people differ very much among those who are generally sup-

posed to understand matters of art exceedingly well—I have never found two agree. In the case of pictures not enjoying public notoriety and celebrity, you are always liable to that: one man will think that he has found something that is invaluable, while others will think that it is good for little or nothing. You are always liable to a difference of opinion, and the selection must be left to those who are admitted to be the best judges. I do not expect to see a tribunal in which there will not often be a great difference of opinion on matters of art." Although his Lordship is aware that there is in France, and Prussia, and other countries, "one supreme head, not an artist, but a nobleman or gentleman of high attainments in those matters, in whom the country has confidence," he is also aware of the hornet's nest that free discussion is: in answer to question 5314, "Yes, I believe so—a sort of minister; but in a country where there is the same freedom of discussion that there is here, I should not envy the person occupying such a position." It would indeed be a responsibility requiring a strong and firm mind. And "public confidence" is a variable thing, as his Lordship may at the present moment shrewdly suspect; yet we doubt not there would be many candidates for, or at least many having sufficient confidence in themselves to accept, such a position. Such might be found amongst the competent and incompetent. It is not improbable that Mr. Morris Moore, fully assured of his own taste and knowledge, would accept it; or if Sidney Smith were living, he would be likely to add that to the catalogue of undertakings to which Lord John Russell would think himself fully equal, even though there would be a chance of being flayed alive by public discussion and averted public confidence. There are men who desperately love to give judgment *ex cathedra*, whether it be about a Titian or a nation's safety, and would hardly be restrained though the fate of Sisanes were threatened them, and they were to encounter the chance of being flayed, and their skins made cushions for their successors in the same seat, to remind them of the consequences of an ill judgment. Still we advocate

the one supreme head—a minister of the fine arts—and would have him choose his council; nor should we be so unreasonable as to expect even such a one to be a competent judge in all departments. Few, indeed, are so gifted. Sir Robert Peel, who appears from the beginning to have taken great interest in the Gallery, would scarcely have been a competent authority with regard to Italian art; for, if we mistake not, in the public exhibition of his pictures, a few years ago, there were none of any of the Italian schools. We know no man whose general judgment we should so much rely upon as Sir Charles Eastlake, for he is accomplished, not only as a painter, but as a scholar of artistic research, and full of knowledge; but we learn from himself, in his evidence before this Commission, that when he was appointed to the keepership by Sir Robert Peel, he accepted the office on the condition that he was only to be consulted on, and responsible for, the purchase of Italian pictures. A minister of fine arts should certainly be well acquainted with the finest works of art, and they are undoubtedly of the Italian schools—a real knowledge of these, to a great extent, implies a Catholic taste. The possessor of such knowledge is not likely to be blind to the merits of other schools, though his preference for the higher may have limited his search, and in some measure lowered his zeal as a collector. He would, of course, have subordinate officials, who would, for final judgment, refer to him; and we should in no case fear his decision if he were versed in the fundamental principles of art discoverable in the great schools of Italy. There should be purveyors everywhere. But we have seen enough in the pages of this Report to show that such employed purveyors should not be selected from picture-dealers. Any one attached to the Gallery in this capacity should be a sworn agent, bound to renounce all picture-dealing as a trade, and not to accept anything whatever in the shape of commission. We see no reason why he should ever have been in the trade at all, quite sure that there are many gentlemen out of it perfectly qualified to undertake the important duty.

The main object of the Commission

being to discover if the charges of injury, from cleaning certain pictures, have any foundation, it may be thought somewhat strange that they scarcely come to a conclusion upon the matter, which, if they had been inclined to trust to their perception, would not have been a difficult task. They tell us that "the preponderance of testimony is to the effect, that the appearance of the pictures has been rendered less agreeable by the operation of cleaning (the draught of Report says deteriorated)—in some of them, in regard to their general aspect, by removal of the mellow tone which they previously exhibited; in others, from special blemishes, which have become apparent, and which in a former state of the pictures were not perceptible." In another place we are told, "the weight of evidence varies considerably in respect of the effect produced upon each of the nine pictures which have been lately subjected to the process of cleaning." We should have thought the *weight* of evidence had been the *preponderance*; the weighing down testimony, the turning the scale for or against a varying weight, as a conclusion of evidence appears rather unintelligible. There never was so great a weight of evidence as the Blue Book itself. Did the Commissioners—admitting that, from the examination of artists, amateurs, and picture-dealers, the only result was "great contrariety of judgment and irreconcilable differences of taste"—go to the pictures and examine for themselves? They did so. They went "in company with several witnesses, and in some instances they had also the advantage of engravings and painted sketches of the pictures, so that the witness could point out in detail the precise grounds upon which his conclusions were founded." We did expect, when we came upon this passage in the Report, that we should learn what the Commissioners themselves thought after this inspection, especially as they had immediately stated that the object of the inspection was "*in order that every facility might be afforded for the elucidation of these conflicting opinions.*" But, no. They avoid throwing any opinion into the scale; so that there is no positive decision;

and at this interesting point they suddenly turn aside, make, as it were, a ring, to enjoy [the stand-up fight of the conflicting opinions of Mr. Morris Moore and Mr. Uwins the keeper, as some relief to the discrepancies among themselves. We do not doubt that they did form a judgment in their own minds, and can readily guess it. They are cautious, and avoid pronouncing it. Indeed, the Commissioners seem to have been a little vexed with Mr. Morris Moore, and look unpleasantly upon him as a chief accuser who had put into their hands a very disagreeable work, which they do not at all sit easy under. They show their vexation in the Report, p. xi., where, in commenting upon the contradictory evidence of Mr. Morris Moore and Mr. Uwins, they embody in the Report the opinion of Mr. Uwins, who characterises the evidence of Mr. M. Moore as "displaying a mass of ignorance and want of intelligence." And immediately, as if to set aside the evidence of both, we presume by the context as prejudiced, they say—"Your Committee wish to direct attention to the *unprejudiced* [the italics are ours] opinions of many eminent artists and amateurs." So when Mr. Morris Moore justly complains of insult from the unproved words used by Mr. Farrer, "if the imputation came from a person who I thought would be believed, I should take it up," the Commissioners, after clearing the room to consider the charge of Mr. Moore, that he had been insulted, came to the strange conclusion, not that Mr. Farrer's words were no insult, but that "Mr. Moore had himself frequently used language towards others which might reasonably give offence." Now this is not fair. Offence may be given reasonably, and therefore admissibly; but when it is of a nature to impugn the veracity generally, not as to any particular fact, of a person under examination, as one not to be believed, he has a right to demand protection; and if it be not given, their right of examination ceases. There is a great difference between what may be in the nature of the evidence offensive and what is insulting. If Mr. Moore had been equally guilty with Mr. Farrer, the Commissioners should, when so guilty, have reproved

it; whereas they make this their omission an excuse for not doing plain justice now. Doubtless Mr. M. Moore has given great offence by his evidence, but that does not justify Mr. Farrer in offering an insult which is not evidence; nor are the Commissioners justified in their comment that Mr. Moore had given offence, without marking still more strongly the insult offered by Mr. Farrer, still unreprieved. We are not acquainted with Mr. Moore, nor do we in any way take up his "*animosities*," if he has any; but we think towards him the Commissioners did not act quite fairly, nor consistently with the dignity of their position.

We may not unaptly look upon their visit to the National Gallery as an inquest on the bodies of certain old masters—say Claude, Titian, Velasquez—for the charge had been made of positive murder. The decision required—Were they dead, killed, murdered, or still alive and well-looking? A physician once told us an anecdote in point. He, with another physician, had been some time in attendance upon a patient. (We believe the man was a baker.) One day they went up-stairs as usual, looked a moment or two at the poor man, then at each other significantly, and walked out of the room. On the stairs they met the wife, and tenderly informed her that she was a widow; and as a widow she properly conducted herself, and saw the physicians depart. It so happened that our friend, some weeks after, turning the corner of a street, came suddenly against the baker—"What! aren't you dead?" "No," said the man, "I recovered as soon as you left me." A little farther on he met the widow that should have been. Perhaps she had less reason to be thankful than her recovered husband. She raised a tumult against the physician, vociferating, "Pretty fellows you must be—much you must know of your business, not to know whether a man be living or dead." From this, he said, he determined henceforth, on most occasions, to use only dumb show, or ambiguous expres-

sions. The Commissioners seem to have been of this way of thinking. They cannot altogether acquit the irresponsible responsible—are unwilling to condemn; they adopt, therefore, a figure not unknown in oratory, a mystification under the ambiguity of a varying weight of evidence.*

We are, however, now in a position to hear the witnesses speak for themselves. Such a mass of contradictions it will be difficult to find elsewhere among professors of any other art or science. In the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, but it is not the less hard to extract it; and certainly one part of the wisdom is sometimes to conceal it.

As "glazing" has been shown to be a fertile source of discrepancies of opinion, and the whole question of the cleaning process so much depends upon its existence or non-existence in certain works, and upon its peculiar liability to injury, it may not be unimportant to examine the testimonies concerning it.

What is the definition of glazing? Sir Charles Eastlake makes it to be, "The passing a dark transparent colour over a lighter colour." He also draws a distinction between the Italian and Flemish glazing. "The Italian practice is glazing over a solid, light preparation; the Flemish is passing transparent colours over a light ground." Mr. Charteris doubts the propriety of the definition; Sir Charles explains, "I would say that, if a dark transparent colour be passed too thickly, even over a white ground, so as to exclude the light entirely, it becomes opaque; on the other hand, if an opaque colour be passed so thinly over a light ground as to show the light through, it partakes of the nature of glazing. There are pictures by Rubens, in which some of the tints are produced in that way, with opaque colour in a diaphanous state. I was about to state, when you called my attention to the meaning you attach to glazing, that the system of passing a thin opaque colour over its ground is called, in English technical phraseology, 'scumbling;' and the

* "Τὸ μὲν οὖν κολακεῖν, αἰχρόν, τὸ δὲ ἐπιτιμᾶν, ἐπισαφές· ἄριστον δὲ τὸ μεταξὺ, τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐχρηματισμένον."—*Dem. Phil. de Elocutione.*

passing a strictly transparent colour over its ground is called 'glazing.' It may appear very bold in us to question this definition of the President of the Academy; yet we are inclined to do so, because we think our artists have not agreed to adopt it, and because it leaves a common mode of painting without any technical term; but if scumbling may be allowed to express the thin, yet somewhat dry, rubbing in of opaque colour, we may well leave glazing to the conception of it adopted by the Italians, which strikes Sir Charles Eastlake as remarkable. "Now, it is remarkable that the Italians have but one word for both operations—the term *velare* (to veil) comprehends both glazing and scumbling." Nor do we see any sufficient reason for confining glazing to dark over light. We cannot but think it was the practice of the Italian schools, at least some of them, to paint glazingly light over dark. Did not Correggio, especially in his backgrounds, paint out the light, the white ground—if he used always light grounds—with deep greys, not of a uniform tone, and afterwards go over them, sometimes with dark transparent colour, and sometimes semi-transparent, and so on lighter? The practice of Rembrandt seems to want technical terms, if Sir Charles's definition is to be an authority. That eminent painter of mysterious effect, of "palpable obscure," certainly often painted glazingly semi-opaque lighter over dark, as well as dark over light. It may be a question of practical art, if it be not as desirable that dark under-painting should come out, or slightly appear through a lighter, as that light should come up through the dark. We never can be brought to believe that a white ground, showing through dark glazings, will imitate all the depths of nature. It was perhaps too much the practice of the Flemish schools, but they were not schools from which we should learn the power of sentiment in colouring. It was an expeditious practice, but it led to a conventional colouring, sacrificing the truth of shadows, with the object (if attained) of setting off, and giving body to the lights. We rather dwell upon this, because we believe that the Flemish system, and parti-

cularly that of Rubens, has had an injurious influence upon modern art. Rubens was a painter of great power, and dared an extravagance of conventionality, which, in weaker hands, becomes a conspicuous fault. Hence a thin, flashy, and flimsy style of painting, unnatural, because unsubstantial;—we say unsubstantial; for, however illuminated, or covered with transparency of light or of shadow, nature is ever substantial. The Italian practice is, therefore, greatly to be preferred.

It is well known that our Gainsborough said, that with black or blue, and asphaltum, he would make a pit as deep as the Inferno; but it was a mistake; with such dark transparency, especially over a light ground, he would make no pit at all, but a hole scarcely the depth of his mail-stick; his arm could reach to the end of it, as against a wall. In the greatest depths of nature, there is a depth of dark below, not of light, over which there is atmosphere. It is this depth that should come up, not light. We are not unaware that any semi-opaque glazing over a darker colour has a tendency to coldness, but it may not be the worse on that account, as the painter has the choice of making his under-darks as warm as he pleases, and his semi-opaque glazing warm too. This, cool, in its various degrees over warm, was the method adopted by both the Poussins: they painted on red ground, and that generally not light, but of deep tone; as it was also pretty much the case with the Bolognese school. Gaspar Poussin, by this method, gave great effect to his cool greens in masses of wood, the red ground imperceptibly giving an under warmth, the general masses being laid in with a body of colour, but semi-transparent, as if chalk, or some transparent body, had been embodied with the colour. In his pictures, cool greys, more or less mixed with ochres, tell with great truth over the red ground. We hope the condemnation passed by the President of the Academy upon this method may not be quite merited. Indeed, the beauty of most of that great, we should say greatest, of landscape-painter's works, which are yet uninjured by the cleaner, would

contradict so strong an assertion, as that they are sure to perish from the cause ascribed; for, as they have survived at least two hundred years, Gaspar Poussin having been born in 1600, (and, it may be worth observing, Claude in the same year), we may fairly presume that the work of time on white lead has already done its worst; and we would almost doubt the effect ascribed to time, when we look at the perfect pictures of the master, which appear as if fresh from the easel, and certainly the white not too transparent. Sir Charles is explaining why he objected to the cleaning certain pictures. "The general reason I have given; but if you were to ask me about those pictures, I should say of the two, Canaletti and the Poussin, that it is extremely injudicious to clean pictures of that kind, because time, even without any assistance from picture-cleaners, is sure to destroy such pictures in the end; they are painted on a dark ground, and every painter knows, that when white lead is thinly spread over a dark colour, it becomes more or less transparent in time: white lead has a tendency to grow transparent. If you were to paint a chess-board with a thin coat of white lead, so as effectually to conceal the black squares, and not suffer it to be touched, in a certain time, longer or shorter, according to the thinness of the paint, the black squares would again become apparent. The white lead has a tendency to grow transparent, and the consequence is, that, when a picture is painted on a dark ground, time does it harm rather than good." We would, with some hesitation—for we pay great deference to the opinions of Sir C. Eastlake—suggest another cause for this appearance of the chess-board—the tendency of oil to become a varnish, and therefore itself more transparent; and we are inclined to think that, had the experiment been tried with any other colour, ochres, or Naples yellow, the effect would have been the same. Nay, what would be a still better test—had the whole board been covered with black, the white squares, we believe, though concealed for a time, would have appeared through. We also hope and trust that this effect of time on the oil is

on the whole rather beneficial than otherwise, and that it is not continuous beyond a certain point. It is almost incredible that either the oil or the white lead, laid on canvass two or three hundred years ago, is now, at the present, and will be in future, to a day of destruction, changing their properties. Then, with regard to Gaspar Poussin, if such were really the case, the lights would be the first to disappear; but on the contrary, Mr. Brown, who cleaned the Dido and Æneas about thirty years ago, a very dark picture, gives another kind of evidence. Q. 1128.—"Did you observe in that picture that a very considerable part of the discolouring and blackness arose from internal causes, from an internal alteration in the colours?"—"In some instances; but the general effect of the picture was very much lowered by the heterogeneous mass of oil that was upon it, and the very dark parts did not, of course, come out, as you would imagine they would, from the removal of that: the lighter parts were very brilliant, indeed, but it was always a dark picture." Q. 1130.—"Is there not something peculiar in the ground on which Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin painted their pictures, which rendered them liable to decomposition and discolourment?"—"I think not so much the ground, as the colour which they would put upon the ground, because the ground that you see in those masters, where they have used it to assist them in painting the picture, is an universal colour: in some parts of the picture, the ground is more or less painted on, but all the light parts of Gaspar Poussin's pictures are very tender." The differences of opinion with respect to glazing are chiefly among the artists. Picture-cleaners and picture-dealers are in better agreement. Even the artists who differ, perhaps differ more on account of the definition not being very clear, and established in the artists' vocabulary, than as to the fact. But the evidence of the present keeper, Mr. Uwins, is certainly very extraordinary on this, as on every point upon which his examination entered. We showed, in our last paper, how he was present and absent at the cleanings at the same times;

how he gave evidence as to the methods adopted by the cleaners in his presence, which the cleaners themselves very flatly contradicted: how he astonished Lord Monteaigle by assertions which his lordship denied; how he protested he did not advise, yet did advise; and how we find, with regard to this question of glazing, having contradicted nearly every one else, he turns round, for lack of others, to contradict himself. His first answers about glazing were most plain and unhesitating. Being asked if the Venetian painters did not use glazing, and that, in consequence, their pictures are liable to injury in cleaning, he says, "That is a question that can never be settled, because nobody can prove that they did use glazings."

Q. 116.—"Is it your opinion that they did, or that they did not?"—"I believe that the best painters of every school used very little, indeed, if any at all, of what is called glazing. I think it quite a modern quackery, that has nothing to do with the noble works of remote ages in art." Q. 117.—"You consider the theory as to the Venetian painters having used very delicate glazings in finishing off their pictures, is fallacious?"—"I do not admit those glazings as they are called; I believe that they sought for freshness and pureness of colour, and depended on their knowledge of colour for the harmony of their picture, and not on putting on what the Romans call '*la velatura Inglese*;' they wished to obtain the vigour and freshness of nature, or their pictures would not have lasted as they have."

Q. 118.—"Will you explain to the Committee why the Romans (I presume you mean the Romans of the present day) call that particular process by the name of '*la velatura Inglese*?'—"Because the English painters only adopt it." Q. 119.—"The English painters of the modern school?"—"It is only those who adopt it; that is why it is especially called '*la velatura Inglese*.'" This is very childish, to attempt to disprove the practice of the old Roman, or other masters, by the supposed—for it is only supposed—or assumed criticism of modern Romans, who can be no authority upon the practice of modern art in this country. Having found, however, that "*velare*"

and "*velatura*" are old, not new terms of art, in another examination Mr. Uwins comes to his explanation, which is as extraordinary as his first assertion. He contradicts himself, by admitting; that all good painters did use glazings, and even asserts that he never denied it; only in a particular sense. It is in vain that the Committee tell him, they asked not the question in any particular sense; he slips out of the hands of the examiner with wonderful lubricity. It is the hardest thing to bring his comprehension to any sense whatever of the questions put to him; and as to the unfortunate "*velatura*," he has examined the dictionary of the Academy of Bologna; and, although he has admitted its meaning by the thing, as in practice they all glazed, yet, not to be vanquished, even by his extracts from his dictionary, he pertinaciously says, "I believe that both these extracts relate to the preparation of the canvass."

We fear the reader may be weary of this discussion on glazing, but we must beg him to go a little further with us on the subject; it is important, for if there were no glazings, both during the process and final, no damage may have been done, in respect to them, for there could be none to remove—a state of the case which some would fain establish, if possible. The Committee take a great deal of trouble to get the clearest evidence upon the point. We perfectly agree with Mr. Morris Moore in his evidence in this matter, and utterly repudiate the idea that the mellow, warm, lucid tones of the old masters have been in any degree given by time. He very appositely quotes the sensible Hogarth, "Time cannot give a picture more union and harmony than has been in the power of a skilful master, with all his rules of art, to do." Mr. Morris Moore denies it, with the examples of Claude and Titian, and quotes amply old authorities. We have immediately referred to Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on painting in general, a very puzzling book; but we find a passage which shows that not only tone might be given by glazing, but colours changed by it—that is, one colour over another, making a third. He says, "A transparent colour being laid on another

colour of a different kind forms a third, partaking of each of the two simples that compose it." Mr. Dyce, R. A., comes to the rescue of the Paul Veronese, one of the recently cleaned pictures, showing from the authority of Boschini, a satirical writer on art, of the seventeenth century, that Paul Veronese did not glaze his draperies. The conclusion would of course be, that in that respect the picture could not have been injured, or that it is not the work of Paul Veronese. But surely the passage from Boschini proves too much; for it asserts with regard to drapery an impossibility, or at best a very unlikely thing, unless glazing be taken into the account. For though Boschini is made to say, that Paul Veronese never glazed his drapery, he is made also to say that "he was accustomed to paint the shadows of drapery with lake, not only of red draperies, but also of yellow, green, and even blue, thus producing an indescribably harmonious effect." But he had also said, that the painter "put in the local tints of draperies first, painting the blue draperies for the most part in water-colour." It is, in the first place, most unlikely that he left these draperies in water-colour only; it is more probable that this first painting was entirely gone over, or his lake in shadows would hardly have suited all the colours. We happen to have in our possession a Venetian picture, which shows this Venetian practice of lake, under blue drapery. It is a Palma; the subject, The Dead Christ, The Virgin Mother, Mary Magdalene, and other figures. The foot of Mary the Mother rests on a stone, on which is written Jacobus Palma. He was the pupil of Titian, and is said to have finished a picture left unfinished by Titian. The lake is very visible under the blue, which was evidently put over it; and being rubbed off here and there, the red is very conspicuous. We mention this, merely to show that so far Boschini was right, and that the practice was not confined to Paul Veronese. And is there not presumption in any one, whether painter or not—and Boschini

was no painter, or a poor one—to assert positively, that a master who lived a generation before him did not use this or that process of painting, having a choice of all, and skill to use them. Boschini's aversion was the abuse of varnishes; and it is curious that, among the condemned recipes is the *olio d'abbezzo*, for which there are other authorities besides Armenini, and it is mentioned in the Marciana Manuscript, supposed to have been the varnish of Correggio. Boschini is speaking of *foreigners*, "forestiere," not Venetians:—

"O de che strazze se fa cavedal
D'ogio d'avezzo, mastice e sandraco,
E trementina (per no dir triaca)
Robe che illusterave ogni stival."
—MARCO BOSCHINI, *Vinisto Quinto*.

Mr. Dyce is unfortunate upon one occasion in rejecting the evidence of Armenini, "because he describes the practice of another school," "his own school, the school of Ferrara." Upon this Mr. Morris Moore is somewhat sharp upon him, and quotes Armenini himself, to show that he does not confine himself to any school, but speaks from the "practice and example of the most excellent artists that have existed," and that he was of Faenza, not Ferrara.

Mrs. Merrifield, in her valuable work on the ancient practice of painting, the result of a Government Commission, expresses great confidence in the information she received from a learned and skilful Milanese painter and cleaner, Signor A. He had particularly studied the works of Titian, and describes his practice. If his account be correct, Titian certainly glazed over his lights as well as darks; and, like Paul Veronese, by the account of Boschini, he painted the shadows of blue drapery with lake. "He (Titian) then painted the lights with flesh-colour, and laid by the picture to dry. After five or six months he glazed the flesh with *terra rossa*, and let it dry. He then painted in the shades transparently (that is without any white in the shadows), using a great deal of asphaltum* with them." "He also said, that in a blue drapery he painted the shades with

* Not such asphaltum as is now commonly used; he had a method of preparing it to render it innocuous.

lake, and then laid on the lights (with white); that these colours were laid on with great body, and, when dry, he took a large brush and spread the *biadetto* over the whole." This *biadetto* was used by Paul Veronese; we supposed it was a blue from copper, and, owing to its liability to turn green, used without oil. Now, if such was the practice of Titian, it was most likely in some degree the practice also of Paul Veronese, who, though younger, was contemporary with Titian. We somewhat enlarge upon this question here, because, by the evidence given, doubts were thrown upon the originality of the "Consecration of St. Nicolas," or to prove that no glazings had been removed.

We shall not pursue this subject further, concluding that, whatever practice is in use now by various artists was known by the ancient masters, and some things more, which are either lost or uncertainly recovered. No one has paid greater attention to this subject, or applied to it more research and discrimination, than Sir Charles Eastlake. We still look for more valuable and decisive information from him, especially with respect to the Italian schools.

We are certainly surprised at the opinions given by artists of eminence as to the condition of the Claude, "The Queen of Sheba," that Mr. Stansfield should confirm his opinion of its being uninjured "from the extremities of the trees next the sky, and the foliage generally," because those very parts have appeared to our eyes so feeble, so washy, as if at some time or other painted on by another hand than Claude's: we say the same also, somewhat fearlessly, of the edges of the trees in the small upright Claude. The outlining, too, of the cloud in the Queen of Sheba is of the same feeble handling; and the upper and lower tones of the sky are quite out of agreement. Mr. Stansfield and others think time will restore the lost tone and harmony; we cannot comprehend this judgment. If time can give that peculiar warm glow of Claude, we should see that time had done this kind or unkind office on the works of other painters, as cold as that picture is now. There were many who avoided this glow, as un-

suited to their subject; we do not see that time has in this respect converted any of them into Claudes. There is Claude's imitator, Swannevelt, without the glow; but take Ruysdael, who painted upon an opposite principle—we never see that glow thrown over his pictures. His fresh blue and white skies are still free from that yellow toning of time's fingers. It comes to this—either Claude painted his peculiar glow, or time did for him. If Time did it for him, Time must have been constrained by his office and nature to do the same thing for others. He did not do so for others, or Claude's would not be a glow peculiar to him—*ergo*, Claude did the work, and not time. But time is also supposed to do this ameliorating work very speedily. Mr. Stansfield thinks "we all must allow that the Cuyp has recovered its tone." Will it be allowed? There is, and was after the cleaning of that picture in 1844, a pink colouring in the sky, which put the whole picture out of harmony, which, if painted by Cuyp, to be like his other works, could only have been an under-tone, and by him done over with another, which must have been at some time or other removed.

How could so skilful a marine painter as Mr. Stansfield look accurately at the water from the foreground to the distance in the Claude and think it uninjured? The very forms of the waves, in the second and third distances, are interrupted and faint. An argument has been brought, that, if the sky had been injured, the ropes would have suffered. Besides that it is merely assumed that they have not suffered, that argument is fallacious. We have the authority of a very experienced picture-cleaner, and one well acquainted with pictures and all processes, which tends to a contrary proof. Do Burtin, in his treatise on picture-cleaning, says: "A point of the utmost importance, and which never must be lost sight of, is this, that among the glazings there will be found some which, although very transparent and delicate, it is nevertheless very difficult to injure, because they have been laid on the colour when fresh, and have become thoroughly incorporated and united

therewith; and, on the contrary, there will be found others, and sometimes not so transparent and delicate, but which will yet be injured very readily, because they stand separate from, and do not adhere to the colour beneath them, that having been almost dry ere they were put on." Now, supposing that Claude's glow were—we say not that it was—an after-glaze, the ropes may have been put in on the wet sky. Does any one think that Claude's skies were painted at one painting, or even two?

Mr. Stansfield had used the words "raw and disagreeable;" but being asked if he thought that picture raw and disagreeable when it left Claude's easel? replies, No. We must in justice say, that he somewhat modifies the expression. "Perhaps I have used a wrong term in saying 'raw' and 'disagreeable,' for we all paint for time to have some effect upon our pictures." Notwithstanding Mr. Stansfield's great experience, we more than doubt this fallacy as to time. We know it to be, and to have been, a favourite maxim of many painters of the English school, that time will remedy rawness, and make their works in mellowness what those of the ancient masters were. We utterly disbelieve it, and for the following reasons: It is out of character with the mind of genius purposely to leave a work incomplete. The idea of perfection being in the mind, the hand cannot resist the operation. Then, has time had that effect upon more modern works? We appeal for evidence to the Vernon Gallery. Are the pictures there better than when they were fresh from the easel? Not one, we verily believe, and *know* some to be much worse. This was a notion of Constable's and his followers, and it has infected the minds of too many. He painted as if he would frost his pictures with white—has time finished them to his conceived perfection? Those who trust to time must, we fear, also trust to the picture-cleaner and picture-toner, against whom there is, rather inconsistently, a considerable outcry. This is a point not requiring a test of long ages. Mr. Stansfield himself thinks "The Queen of Sheba" will recover its tone in six months,

and that from 1846 to the present time the satisfactory change has taken place in the pictures cleaned.

With regard to Claude's general yellow tone, there remains yet a question to be asked—Did he take it from nature, or did he add it with a view of improving nature? Quite aware that the question will shock the Naturalists, we still venture it. In the first place, be it observed—and we have noticed it elsewhere in the pages of this Magazine—nature will bear great liberties with regard to colour, without losing her characteristics. Colour may be said, in this sense, to be the poetical language of nature. It is astonishing that any can doubt whether or not this view of nature was taken by the Ancient Masters. It is unfashionable now. To apply this to Claude: In Sir David Brewster's evidence, we find mention made of "Claude glasses," some of which he produced. He considered that, looking through these, the tone would be much restored to the eye. "I conceive," he says, "this (the yellow tone) is proved by the glasses, which I have produced, having got the name of Claude Lorraine glasses from their giving that general tone to nature that characterises all his pictures." This leads to a slight discussion on the subject of the glasses. Mr. B. Wall asks Sir David, "Are you not aware that, about forty-five years ago, those Claude Lorraine glasses were introduced and sold, three, or four, or five together, and they were very much used by tourists who used to see the English Lakes?—were they not of different colours—blue, pink, green, and almost every shade?" "No such name was given to such glasses as you refer to in your question." Mr. B. Wall: "I venture to differ from your high authority, and to think that the glass which you call a Claude Lorraine glass is not the only glass that went by that name; and therefore that the inference which you have drawn, that the yellow one was the proper one to use when you looked at Claude's pictures, was not correct." Mr. Stirling asks if there is not another thing called a Claude Lorraine glass, "a piece of coloured glass which is used to reduce

the landscape, and reflect it like the surface of a mirror?" Sir David says, he never saw it done with coloured glass. The difference between the glass spoken of by Sir David, and that by Mr. B. Wall, does not seem very important,—it being that one admits other colours more freely than the other. Mr. Wall is not, however, quite correct in limiting the invention to forty-five years ago. We have one in our possession which we know to have been in existence very near a century, and it has always been called a Claude glass. I believe it has been in use, as was the black glass, in the days of the Old Masters. The effect on the natural landscape is curious, and worth recording. The yellow glass is very extraordinary: it wondrously heightens the lights, so that a sky, for instance, in which scarcely an illuminated cloud is seen, looked at through this glass, exhibits great variety of parts. Shadows are deepened, and light strengthened; real colours not lost, but as it were covered with a glaze. We have always been of opinion that Rembrandt used it, his pictures are so like nature seen through that medium. It mostly reduces the blue, making it greenish. There was a little picture of Rembrandt exhibited some years ago at the Institution in Pall-Mall, which presented exactly the effect we speak of. It was a most simple subject—a hilly ground, on the undulating summit of which, on one side, was a village church among trees, on the other a few scattered houses, all dark, against the sky; from the division of the hill, a road very indistinct came down to the foreground, which, to the right, melted off into a dark brook, going into deep shade, where it was lost. The sky was exceedingly luminous—a cloud rising over the village, such as would "drop fatness," and the whole tone of that greenish-grey, with rich-toned illuminations, which the Claude glass constantly presents to the eye. In a paper of this Magazine of 1847, in which we had occasion to speak of colour, and the habit of the Old Masters in deviating from the common, obvious colouring of nature, we alluded to this Claude Lorraine glass. "This may be exemplified by a dark mirror—and,

better still, by a Claude glass, as it is called, by which we look at nature through coloured glasses. We do not the less recognise nature—nay, it is impossible not to be charmed with the difference, and yet not for a moment question the truth. We are not here discussing the propriety of using such glasses—it may be right, or it may be wrong, according to the purpose the painter may have. We only mean to assert, that nature will bear the changes and not offend any sense. The absolute naturalness, then, of the colours of nature, in its strictest and most limited sense, local and aerial, is not so necessary as that the eye cannot be gratified without it. And it follows, that agreeability of colour does not depend upon this strict naturalness."

We learn from Mrs. Merrifield, that Signor A. showed her a black mirror, which had belonged to Bamboccio (Peter Van Laer). "This mirror was bequeathed by Bamboccio to Gaspar Poussin; by the latter to some other painter, until it ultimately came into the hands of Signor A." It is admitted by Mr. Segner himself, as by other witnesses, that Claude painted thinly, semi-opaque over dark, but this is called "scumbling." It is, however, in fact, if done with a free not dry brush, a glaze, and he may have thus toned his pictures. That tone once removed, as in the case of the Sheba, we believe irrecoverable but by such a master-hand as put it on, and possessed of the same pure medium. We fancy we discover in the working that a great deal of the detail of his pictures was painted in this method. To expect that time only will restore that fine glow is worthy the philosopher of Laputa, and his resolution to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Poor Claude! Professors of the art of painting, are far worse off than professors of literature, whose tormentors are but the printer's devil and the compositor. The poor painter has an endless generation of tormentors. The "*Quidlibet audendi*" is not his motto; his genius will never be half so daring as the hands of his scrupblers. Let him sit at his easel, and, in his enthusiasm, throw sunshine from his brush, and dream fondly that it

will be eternal; a host of cleaners are looking over his shoulder, or lurking in secret, to catch the treasure, and smudge his dream and his work out for ever. And when they have visibly, too visibly, done their worst, old Time, that used to be represented as the "Edax rerum," the general destroyer, is introduced as a newly-dubbed professor of the art of cleaning and restoring by dirt.

We do not, however, wish to speak disrespectfully of picture-cleaners, or picture-varnishers, or picture-dealers. There are many very skilful and very useful, and, of dealers, honourable and liberal. Nor do we say this without knowledge; yet habit creates boldness, and removes caution. Like the medical profession, cleanership, it is to be feared, must kill before it has learned to cure. But the professors sometimes forget the wholesome rule, "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*" Even the wise Sir David Brewster confesses to having dabbled in destruction. There is not a man of note in it but must have killed his man; and few are so happy as the wonderful Mr. Lance, to make a new one so well that none can tell the difference. Indeed, Mr. Lance's magic brush did a great deal more. A cleaner had wiped out of existence whole members—man and horse; sometimes had left half a horse, and scarcely half a man, and sometimes had ironed them all out together. Mr. Lance brought all to life again, without having ever seen one of them; and all so like, that their most familiar acquaintances had never missed them, nor known they had ever been defunct. Yet was his modesty equal to his skill. He never boasted of his performance. Man and horse were revived, and remounted, and cameled with the utmost grace and precision before himself and the public, with unbounded applause; and the wonderful restorer was contented to sit quietly in a corner, as if unconscious of his own creations, and deaf to the loudest blast of Fame's trumpet. If we have wearied our readers with too long discussions upon technicalities, we can now make amends by retiring behind the scenes, first introducing Mr. Lance himself, who will be as amusing to others as he has been to us. But there is a

prologue to every play; we would not usher in so celebrated a performer without one.

Every one acquainted with the National Gallery knows the Velasquez "Boar-hunt." It was always a celebrated picture, and henceforth will be more celebrated than ever. In the very Index of the Report it occupies more than a whole page. The famous Erymanthian boar never gave half the sport, though it required a Hercules to kill him. But there is a difference: he was killed, and frightened people after he was dead; this boar was killed, and brought to life again, and pleased every one ever after. It had been hunted in many countries, and would have been hunted in many more, had it not received its Apotheosis from the hand of Sir Robert Peel, and found a place in the galaxy of the National Gallery.

This picture was presented to Lord Cowley by the Court of Spain; and from him came into the hands of Mr. Farrer, a dealer in pictures. By him it was sent to Holland, having been refused by our Gallery, and offered to the king, who rejected it. On its return from Holland, Mr. Farrer left it in its case in his front shop, with the direction on it to his Majesty the King of Holland—no direction to Mr. Farrer appearing. Mr. B. Wall, one of the Commissioners, sees the case, and asks what it contains; is told the Velasquez: has the "impression," but is not quite certain, that Mr. Farrer told him it was going to the King of Holland. Mr. B. Wall upon this goes to Sir Robert Peel, and both fear the picture may be lost; and, with the sanction, and at the desire of Sir R. Peel, it was purchased for the Gallery. Now, Mr. B. Wall was not the only person who saw the case in Mr. Farrer's shop. Mr. Morris Moore was one, and, as he says, there were many others. He names two—Mr. Coningham and Mr. Chambers Hall—to all of whom Mr. Farrer, according to the evidence of Mr. Morris Moore, told the same tale—namely, "that the Trustees were but just in time to save it from exportation to the King of Holland." This Mr. Farrer stoutly denies, and Mr. Morris Moore offers to take his oath to the fact. In the denial, Mr. Farrer states, that he may

have said he was going to send it abroad, for that he intended to offer it in Paris; but, after a while, speaks rather uncertainly, not knowing exactly where abroad he should have sent it; but it is possible he may have intended again to send it to Holland, under a kind of conviction that the King of Holland would, after all, have it. Then he asserts that the visit from, and conversation with, Mr. Morris Moore, upon the subject were before, not after, the picture had gone to Holland. Mr. Moore, on the other hand, is positive it was after it had returned, because it was then secured for the National Gallery, and Mr. Far-
 rer admits it was not so secured till after its return from Holland. This is, as far as we can make it, a plain statement, in abstract, from the evidence. The Commissioners leave these "discrepancies" where they found them; so do we. It is a common saying that truth lies somewhere between two contradictory statements. Wherever it may appear to lie, there appears but little space, on any intermediate ground, upon which it could, by any possibility, stand upright. This little history has seen the picture lodged in the Gallery. We must beg the reader to imagine it not as yet to have been located, that he may learn a little of its antecedents. Lord Cowley had placed the picture in the hands of Mr. Thane to keep, where it remained some years. But Mr. Lance shall tell the tale. "After a considerable time, Mr. Thane, as I heard afterwards, had been commissioned to clean the picture, and reline it. A colourman was employed to reline the picture, a most skilful man, and, in relining it, I understand, he blistered it with hot irons. . . . When the picture was returned to Mr. Thane in this condition, it naturally distressed him very much; he was a very conscientious man, and he became very deeply distressed about it; he saw the picture passing over his bed in procession. After a certain time, he thought it got worse, and that the figure of it was more attenuated; and at length he fancied he saw a skeleton. In fact, the poor man's mind was very much injured. It was then proposed that he should employ some painter to restore the picture; and three persons were se-

lected for that purpose. Sir David Wilkie, Sir Edwin Landseer, and myself, were mentioned; but it was supposed that neither Sir David Wilkie nor Sir Edwin Landseer would give their time to it, and that probably I might; and, therefore, the picture was placed with me, with a representation that if I did not do something to it, serious consequences would follow to the cleaner. I undertook it, though I was very much employed at the time; and, to be as short as possible, I painted on this picture. I generally paint very rapidly, and I painted on that occasion as industriously as I could, and was engaged for six weeks upon it. When it was completed, Lord Cowley saw it, never having been aware of the misfortune that had happened to the picture. It was then in Mr. Thane's possession, and remained with him some time afterwards. From that time I saw no more of the picture until it was exhibited in the British Gallery some time afterwards, where it was a very popular picture, and was very much thought of. Since then, I have heard it was sold to the nation; and twice I have seen it in the National Gallery. I saw it only about a week ago, and I then thought it was not in the same condition (indeed, I am certain it is not) as when it was exhibited in the British Gallery formerly, after I had done it." This is sufficient evidence that the picture has been damaged in cleaning. Let us pursue the story through question and answer.

"Q. 5124. What was the state of the picture when it came into your hands? There were portions of the picture entirely gone.—Q. 5125. What portions? Whole groups of figures, and there was a portion of the foreground entirely gone also.—Q. 5126. Do you mean that celebrated group which is so often copied—the man in a red coat? That is original. I think that any man, with any knowledge of art, will see at once that that is original; and I am only surprised that it has not been seen that other parts are original also.—Q. 5127. Which portions of these groups did you chiefly restore? You are very near the mark when you speak of the red coat; it is the group on the right hand; the outlines were entirely gone.

—Q. 5128. Do you mean to say, that the whole of the paint was removed from that part of the picture? Entirely.—Q. 5129. Was the canvass laid bare? Entirely.—Q. 5130. What guide had you in repainting those groups? Not any.—Q. 5131. Did you paint groups that you yourself imagined and designed? Yes.—Q. 5132. Did Lord Cowley not distinguish any difference in the groups? Not any.—Q. 5133. What was the extent of paint wanting on that group which you say you repainted on the right—was it a portion as large as a sheet of note-paper? Larger, considerably; the figures themselves are larger than that.—Q. 5134. Was it as large as a sheet of foolscap? About that size, I should imagine.—Q. 5135. There was a piece of the original paint wanting as large as that? Yes, in the foreground.—Q. 5136. It was totally wanting, and the canvass to that extent laid bare—is that so? Yes.—Q. 5137. And on that bare canvass you painted the groups of figures we see now? Exactly.—Q. 5138. Will you have the goodness to describe to the committee any other portions of the picture where the paint was in a similar or in an analogous state? The whole of the centre of the picture was destroyed, with slight indications here and there of men; there were some men without horses, and some horses without men.—Q. 5139. That is in the arena? Yes.—Q. 5140. You are speaking of the figures on horseback? Yes: some riders had no horses, and some horses had no riders.”

We must curtail the evidence for want of space. It appears that his brush, taking the number of square feet, went over a great deal more than feet. He is sorry to say it is now gone back to “Velasquez mutilated.” But are there not infallible judges to discover all this repainting? “I may mention that, many years ago, when the picture was at the British Gallery, I was invited by a member of the Academy to go and look at it; and I went there; Mr. Seguer, and Mr. Barnard (who was also a picture-cleaner) were present. They said, ‘I know what you have come for; you have come to see the magnificent Velasquez.’ I said, ‘Well, I have;’ and, with the greatest simplicity in the

world, I said it gave me a notion that some part had been much repaired and painted upon: upon which Mr. Barnard, the keeper of the British Institution, said immediately, ‘No, you are wrong there; we never had a picture so free from repair in our lives.’ I did not think it at all desirable to make any statement,” &c. He hopes there is no engraving of the picture, for the group in the foreground, entirely his, would be detected immediately.

So much for Mr. Lance’s doings with this celebrated Boar-hunt, which, whatever part of it may be by Mr. Lance, we are very glad to see in our National Gallery, and should have been more glad if they had abstained from cleaning it. But Mr. Lance has further amusement for us. That account is the serious play in which he was principal actor. We shall see him again in the entertainment. It has a very excellent title—“Diogenes in search of an Honest Man.” The part of Diogenes, Mr. Lance; the point being, the vain search for a time, but discovered at last—in whom? In a negro. This was Mr. Diogenes Lance’s satirical discovery. There are countries where the scene most not be exhibited. He shall tell the story. “Q. 5230. Have you ever restored any other picture in the ordinary course of your professional practice? During the time I was engaged upon that picture at Mr. Thane’s he had a picture belonging to the Archbishop of York, to which rather an amusing thing occurred.—Q. 5231. What was the subject of it? It was a picture of Diogenes in search of an Honest Man, by Rembrandt; a portion of it was much injured. Mr. Thane said to me, ‘I wish you would help me out in this difficulty.’ He did not paint himself.—Q. 5232. Which Archbishop was it? The Archbishop of York. I said, ‘What am I to do? tell me what you want.’ He said, ‘There’s a deficiency here—what is it?’ I said, ‘It appears to me very much as if a cow’s head had been there.’ He said, ‘It cannot be a cow’s head; for how could a cow stand there?’ I said, ‘That is very true; there is no room for her legs.’ I fancied first one thing, then another: at one time, I fancied it was a tree that

was wanting; and at length I said, 'Well, I will tell you what will do—if you will let me put in a black man grinning, that will do very well, and rather help out the subject.' He said 'Could you put in a black man?' I said, 'Yes, in a very short time.' and in about half an hour I painted in a black man's head, which was said very much to have improved the picture. Shortly afterwards Mr. Harcourt came in, and seeing the picture, he said, 'Dear me, Mr. Thane, how beautifully they have got out this picture! my father will be delighted. We never saw this black man before.' And that is the extent of my picture-repairing." Mr. Lance is a man of humor. When Mr. Harcourt came to examine the picture, did what his namesake Launce in the play said occur to the painter? This is "the blackest news that ever thou heard'st." But no; both Lances were discreet in their humour, and the one thought like the other—"Thou shalt never get a secret from me but by a parable." The idea of a black man grinning at the folly of Diogenes, in looking for an honest man among the whites, was a most original piece of humour, worthy the concentrated geniuses of all the Lances that ever were.

All the world knew Mr. Lance's powers as a painter of still life; he has now doubly established his fame, and notwithstanding that his modesty would look shy upon his performances on the Velasquez "The Boar-hunt," as nobody else has been startled by them, we sincerely hope they will be allowed to remain—that is, as much of them as the cleaners have spared. We hope, also, that no experimentalists in nostrums will be allowed to reiterate the attempt of the fable, and try to "wash his blackamore white." Let this be the picture's motto—"Hic niger est, hunc tu—caveto."

It is to be feared that picture-cleaning has become a necessary evil, as patients who have been long under the hands of empirics must needs have recourse to regular practitioners to preserve even a sickly life. Empirical nostrums must be got out of the constitution, for by a habit of maintenance, however advantageous they may appear at first, they are sure to side with the disease, and kill the

patient. There is the first Mr. Segnier's boiled oil, that terrible black dose—must that be allowed to remain? Then comes the question, by what desperate remedies is it to be eradicated? There is the Gaspar Poussin landscape near the injured Claude "Queen of Sheba," the "Abraham and Isaac;" we remember it a very beautiful clear picture. It is now all obscured; there are large brown patches in the once lucid sky. As so large a proportion of the picture in the Gallery are suffering under this oil-disease, and seem to petition for a ticket to the hospital, we offer a suggestion made by De Burtin, that experienced and cautious cleaner, who speaks with utter abhorrence of the oiling system. He says that he tried every secret of his art without success; "continuing always my experiments, however, though with little hope, I have at length had the happiness to find in the application of this same oil itself the means of so softening the old oil, that I have afterwards, with spirit of wine, removed both the old, new and old together, without at all injuring the picture. Although this plan has succeeded equally well with four pictures on which I had occasion to employ it, yet I must not be understood to hold it out as infallible until, from the number of cases in which it is tried, and the uniformity of its success, it shall earn for itself that title; but, persuaded that the want of other known means will induce connoisseurs to make trial of this one, I feel desirous to put them in possession of all the information that I myself have in regard to it. My four pictures, all painted on panel, were evidently covered with an oil which gave them an aspect alike sad and monotonous, and which seemed to be of many years' duration. I gave them a coat of linseed oil during the warmest days of summer, renewing once, and even twice a-day, the places on which it seemed to be absorbed. On the twelfth day the oil on one of the pictures was become so softened that it clung to my finger. I then employed good spirit of wine, without any other admixture whatever, to remove all the oil which I had put upon the pictures, and the pleasure I experienced was only equalled by my surprise, when I

saw the vivacity of the colours restored under my hand as the spirit of wine removed the old oil along with the new. After a few days' interval, the other three pictures gave me renewed occasion for congratulation by the same results, and with equal success."

De Burtin has at least the great merit of having no concealments in his practice. And here the Commissioners have done well in recommending that no varnishes be used, the ingredients of which are kept secret. Mr. Farrer thinks he is the only person in this country using gum damas. He is mistaken—we have used it many years, and agree with him that it is far less liable to chill than mastic. The recommendation, also, that, before cleaning a picture, an able chemist should be applied to, is a proper precaution, which would, of course, include varnishing. That pictures may not be subject to secret varnishes, the only one we would have kept secret is that mentioned by Mr. Niewenhuys, the experimentalising in which brought the indignation of the court of Lilliput on the unfortunate Gulliver. Picture-sourcers have been hitherto a ruthless race—with their corrosives they take the life's blood out of the flesh of works, like true Vampires, and appropriately enough talk of *sapping* them up. Few are as conscientious as Mr. Thane, to be persecuted with the "processions" of the skeletons they make. There is an amusing story illustrated by Cruikshank. A lover, anxious for the safety of his sick mistress, goes about seeking physicians: he is gifted, for the occasion, to see over the doors of the faculty the ghosts of the patients they

had killed. It is within doors we would have the picture possessor go. The outer shop of the cleaner is enchanting—perhaps it may exhibit a face half of which is cleaned, and half dirty, that, according to Mr. Ford's notion of looking better and worse, customers may take their choice of the dingy or the clean. The connoisseur and collector need have some "Diable Boiteux" to take them unseen into the interior laboratories where the ghosts and skeletons lie concealed, while the Medea's pot is on the fire, whose boiling is to transfer new flesh to the dry bones, that they may be produceable again, as they often are, novelties of a frightful vigour and unnatural sprightliness, to be reduced to an after-sobriety under a regimen of boiled oil and asphaltum. Even Mr. Lance's work, which was believed to be original, has been obscured and otherwise damaged. Salvator Rosa's "Mercury and the Woodman," is as if it had been dipped in "the sooty Acheron." There is little pleasure in looking at pictures in such a state. Altogether, then, to leave pictures "black, dirty, and in a filthy state," a condition which Mr. Stansfield* properly abominates, is to mislead the public, whom to instruct is one great object of a National Gallery. But who is to restore the gem-like lustre when once removed? There should be a cleaning, or rather a preservation committee. Philosophers say, that diamonds are but charcoal; none have, however, succeeded in converting the carbon into diamond; but it may be possible to convert the diamonds of art into charcoal, or into something worse, "black, dingy, and filthy."

We scarcely know where to stop

* We owe it to Mr. Stansfield to say, that had the authority we quoted given, with Mr. Stansfield's answers, the subsequent explanation of them, we should not have used such an expression as that he "confessed an astonishing indifference." We therefore quote his explanation. He is asked, (*Question 3628*), "You have stated that you have not studied these pictures in the National Gallery much; that you were not very conversant with the works of the old masters; and that you had not studied those pictures in particular; so you, from your previous knowledge of them, feel competent to give an opinion whether or not they have been injured in the minute details to which reference has been made? Yes. I think I may; because when I spoke of my ignorance, I did it in reference to my not possessing the information that I know many gentlemen belonging to the Academy have. I should refer to Mr. Dyer at once as a very great authority, and also to Sir Charles Eastlake himself. I have not their experience in Italian works of art, but still the pictures that are before us I have looked at with admiration, and I know that if there is any material injury done to them I should detect it as soon as any one."

with so large a volume of this Report, with its evidence before us. The questions, with their answers, amount to the astonishing number of 10,410! We necessarily leave much matter untouched, very much interesting matter.—We would gladly enlarge upon some of the suggestions thrown out in our article on this subject of December, but adequate space in this Magazine may not be allowed. Yet we will refer to one suggestion, because it is now the very time that public attention should be directed to it; we mean the appointment of Professorships of the Fine Arts at our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Lord Palmerston's letter to the Chancellor of Cambridge shows that great changes are in contemplation. Such professorships would be a graceful offering to the universities, who may have been a little suspicious of the movement of a commission; and we feel sure, that nothing could be more promotive of the fine arts, the real taste of the country, or more beneficial, as leading the educated to pursuits of a high and noble nature. We will not attempt to discuss the "Removal of the Gallery." The Blue Book affords details, and plans of site. The appendix is full of valuable information; but it contains matter upon which we feel some alarm. We know there is a scheme, under peculiar favour, to make our National Gallery

a Chronological Almanac of Art, than which nothing can be more worthless or more beyond the objects for which we should have a National Gallery at all. What we should collect is a large subject, which we may feel disposed to consider more at large in a future article.

The public will now enquire, what is to be the result of this pains-taking Commission? We are aware that the Chairman repudiates the Report. It is one to which he does not give his assent. We know not the particulars in which he differs from the Report as agreed upon. We could have wished for the sake of the arts, that there had been no difference.

Of this there can be no doubt, that the system, if such it may be called, is most unsatisfactory. If we would have a National Gallery at all, the public have a right to demand that it shall be one befitting the dignity of the country and the objects proposed by such an establishment, none of which, it is manifest from the entire evidence, can be realised unless the trust be thoroughly revised. Evils to be avoided are now laid bare to sight. If it be true,

"They say best men are moulded out of faults,"

there are faults enough to mould them out of. May we not, then, entertain a hope that we shall have a National Gallery?

A GLANCE AT TURKISH HISTORY.

HAD history recorded the increase and decrease in the numbers of mankind with the attention it has bestowed in chronicling the names of the worthless dynasties which have devoured the wealth of nations, and annihilated the accumulations of national industry, the history of the Turks would occupy a prominent place in the annals of the human race. No other people has made such extensive conquests. They subdued China before the Moguls, and they formed a considerable part of the armies of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, which subdued Russia and ravaged Syria. Even at the present day, though fallen from their

ancient power, they are spread over a considerable portion of Europe and Asia, from the Adriatic and the Danube to the lake Baikal and the sources of the Lena. Their original seats are supposed to lie round the Altaï mountains. The Turkish nations of the present day, besides the descendants of the Seljunks, the Turkomans, and the Othomans, who dwell in the Sultan's dominions, are the Usbeks, the Ugours, the Kirgises, the Baskirs, the tribe called Nogay Tartars, and the so-called Tartars of Astrakan and Kasan. The real Tartars, or Moguls, are a different people, and the Kalmuks on the Volga are of Tartar, not Turkish race.

The only modern European nations which pretend to be mentioned in Scripture, are the Turks and Russians. Historical antiquaries tell us that Togarmah is used for Turk; and they affirm, that the Targhitas of Herodotus, whom the Scythians called the founder of their nation, and the son of Jupiter, is identical with the Togarmah of Moses and Ezekiel.*

The Russians can boast of much more precise notice in Scripture than their enemies the Turks. Though their name is omitted in our translation, it occurs in the Septuagint three times, and under the peculiar ethnic denomination in which it re-appears in the Bysantine historians. The word is 'Ρας, and on this name Gibbon remarks, "Among the Greeks this national appellation has a singular form as an undeclinable word;" but he does not mention that it is found in the Septuagint. The second and third verses of the thirty-eight chapter of Ezekiel, according to the Greek text, read thus: "Son of man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of the Russians (*ἡγεμὼν Ρας*), Meshech and Tubal, and prophesy against him, and say, Thus saith the Lord God, I am against thee, O chief prince of the Russians, Meshech and Tubal." And again, in the first verse of the thirty-ninth chapter: "Therefore, son of man, prophesy against Gog, and say, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of the Russians, Meshech and Tubal."

The Russians are said also to be noticed in the Koran, though not with the same distinctness, under the name of Al Rass. In the chapter Al Forkan, which is the twenty-fifth of Sale's translation, it is said, "We have prepared for the unjust a painful torment. Remember Ad and Tamud, and those who dwelt at Al Rass" In the chapter called the letter Kalf, which is the fiftieth of Sale's translation, we also find: "The people of Noah, and those who dwelt at Al Rass, and Thamud, and Ad, and Pharaoh, accused the prophets of injustice."

The earliest authorities however, who furnish us with an account of the Turkish nation as it now exists, with the distinct nationality and language preserved to the present day, are the Byzantine historians, Menander and Theophylactus Simocatta. The latter historian gives a very interesting account of the condition of the Turks in the sixth century of our era. They were then the sovereigns of a great city called Tavgas; they were the most valiant and populous of nations; they lived under the protection of just laws, and carried on an extensive commerce. Tavgas is supposed to be the name of a Chinese city, which was then one of the seats of the Turkish government, for there is no doubt that somewhat before this period the Turks had conquered a considerable part of the north of China. Indeed, traces of the language of these early conquerors are still preserved, which are identical with the Turkish spoken to-day at Constantinople, for time has effected less change in the Turkish than in any other European language. Collateral evidence concerning the power of the Turks in central Asia during the latter part of the fifth, and early part of the sixth centuries, is afforded by the history of the life and travels of Hiouen-thsang, recently translated by Monsieur Julien, whether that work be really the composition of a Chinese contemporary, or only a Chinese compilation from earlier Arabic authorities.† It is certain that about the commencement of the sixth century the Turks ruled all central Asia, as far south as the Hindookoosh, including the ancient Sogdiana and Bactria.

The first political intercourse between the Turks and a European state occurred towards the middle of the sixth century. The great khan of the Turks sent an embassy to Justinian I., to persuade the Roman empire to refuse an asylum to the Avars. The dominions then ruled by the great khan formed the first of the three great Turkish empires which have exercised an important influence on the

* Gen. x. 3; Ezek. xxvii. 14, xxxviii. 6; Herod. iv. 5.

† *Histoire de la vie de Hiouen-thsang, et de ses voyages de l'Inde, depuis l'an 629 jusqu'en 645.* Par Hoei II. et Yen-thsong. Traduite du Chinois par Stanislas Julien. Paris: 1853.

social condition of the Christian nations, both in Europe and Asia. The second of these empires was that of the Seljouk Turks, which caused the crusades, and ruined the Byzantine empire. And the third was that of the Othoman Turks, which destroyed the Greek empire, and has long been the master, patron, or tyrant, of the patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria.

The first Turkish empire took its rise from the oppression of the Avars, who were the dominant people in Asia, and who are supposed to have been a mixed race of Mogul and Turkish origin. The oppression of the Avars was submitted to as long as the body of the Turkish people was confined by its circumstances to an agricultural and pastoral life. The population being dispersed in small communities, which lived without much intercommunication, was composed of as many isolated tribes as there are springs in the plains they inhabited; and these tribes were as incapable of acquiring common motives of action as the population of the islands in the eastern seas. But the scene changed in the fifth century. The Turks who dwelt on Mount Altai grew rich by mining operations and manufactures. They became the principal traders in iron and steel, and the manufacturers and merchants of the arms and armour required in the Avar empire. But the government soon endeavored to appropriate the wealth which it saw was created by the industry of its subjects to administrative purposes. Taxation was increased, and monopolies were established, to enable the court of the Avar emperor to display the power of centralisation. Governmental pageantry, court spectacles, and military pomp, consumed the wealth of the people in the unknown capital of this vanished empire; while the Turkish people, now inspired by common feelings, called for an administration that would dig wells, and construct cisterns and caravanserais in the desert. The Turks were now united by the lessons which their trade had disseminated through every province. With improved intercourse they had gained a more enlarged experience, and acquired

national feelings. They at last rose in rebellion; and before the middle of the sixth century, the first great Turkish empire was founded by Toumen the blacksmith, the ancestor of Genghis Khan, and Timor the lame. This empire extended from the Caspian sea to the ocean. The great Khan of the Turks, Askel, who sent an embassy to the Roman emperor Justinian I., is supposed to have been the son of Toumen.

In the year 568 another embassy arrived at Constantinople from the great Khan Dizaboulos, with a letter for Justin II., written in the Scythian character, which, whatever it was, was not unknown to the learned interpreters of the Roman foreign office. One great object of Turkish diplomacy had been to get possession of the whole of the silk trade with Europe, but the Turkish ambassadors had been astonished to find that Justinian had already succeeded in introducing the culture of the silk-worm in the Roman empire, and that the imperial court was rich in native silk, manufactured in Asia Minor and the islands. The ambassadors of Dizaboulos, however, concluded the first formal treaty between the Turks and the emperors of Constantinople; the bond of union between the courts of Mount Altai and Byzantium was hostility to Persia, and very profound and enlightened views concerning the maintenance of the balance of power in the East, while the tie which then connected the interests of the Turks with those of the Romans and Greeks was commerce.

The long wars between the Persian and Roman empires, and the arbitrary measures of the Persians, had stopped all commercial communications between India and Europe through the Persian dominions. The countries on the shores of the Mediterranean had in consequence been compelled to draw their supplies of Indian and Chinese produce, and the productions of the Spice islands, of which there was then an immense consumption, by way of the Red Sea. This trade, even as early as the time of Pliny, was so extensive as to excite the wonder of that aristocratic Roman. In the sixth century it had greatly increased, and both Arabia

and Ethiopia were in a most prosperous condition, from the great profits it poured into those countries. In the year 523 the king of Ethiopia was able to collect a fleet of thirteen hundred ships in the Red Sea, and to obtain abundant supplies for a large army on the coast of Arabia, where a single ship and a company of infantry would find it difficult to procure provisions for a week. After the reign of Justinian this commerce rapidly declined. The increase of piracy on the coast near the entrance of the Persian gulf, and the wars of the Ethiopian kings in Arabia, were simultaneous with the poverty, depopulation, and destruction of capital in Africa and Italy, caused by the Vandal and Gothic wars of Justinian. At this crisis, when Alexandria and Rome were rapidly declining, the security which the extent of the Turkish empire and the policy of the great Khan afforded to merchants, turned a great portion of the Eastern trade towards Constantinople. The Indian traders began to prefer the caravan journey through the deserts of central Asia, to the tedious and dangerous navigation of the Red Sea. By sea they could no longer venture to visit the intermediate ports from fear of pirates, while on the land journey they could carry on a profitable trade in slaves, and in exchanging the precious metals, at many stations on their way. The great importance of the slave trade at this time in central Asia is proved by the circumstance that the emperor Tiberius II., A.D. 578-582, formed a corps of fifteen thousand mamlouks, composed entirely of purchased slaves, imported into the Roman empire by the traders engaged in the Indian or the fur trade. Had the supply continued, and had the successors of Tiberius II. pursued the same policy, the Roman empire would in all probability have been overthrown by Turkish mamlouks, as that of the caliphs of Bagdat was by following a similar military system at a later period.

The first Turkish empire was not of long duration. The Khazar kingdom, whose relations with the Roman and Persian empires in the hour of their decline give it an important place in history, arose in its western

fragments, and inherited a considerable portion of its power and commercial influence. But the Khazars, though called Turks by the Byzantine historians, Nicephorus the patriarch and Theophanes, are supposed by modern scholars to have been a people of mixed race.

There are several points connected with the history of the rise and fall of the first Turkish empire which are interesting, as marking an era in the progress of civilisation. At no previous period in the history of mankind were greater changes made in the commercial, political, and religious ideas of mankind. Religion was then closely connected with political organisation. Christianity was identified with the Roman government; the religion of Zoroaster with Persian domination. The fact that both Christianity and the religion of Zoroaster were declining in the sixth century is unquestionable. Historians have not clearly explained the causes of a revolution so degrading to human nature. In Arabia, in central Asia, and in Spain, an extensive conversion to Judaism heralded the extraordinary rapidity with which the lizard-eaters of Arabia, led by the followers of Mahomet, exterminated the religion of Zoroaster, and converted the majority of the inhabitants of Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Africa to Mohammedanism. It is evident that an internal canker in the social condition of the Christians in the Roman empire, and of the inhabitants of Persia, prepared the way for the desolation of many of the richest provinces of the ancient world.

The second Turkish empire was founded by the Seljouks in the eleventh century. Its power grew up on the political decline of the caliphate of Bagdat and of the Byzantine empire. The dominions of the caliphs had been dismembered, and Bagdat itself had been plundered by Turkish mamlouks, before it was conquered by Toghrulbeg with his Seljouks. The Byzantine empire, which, by the creation of a systematic and legal administration, had reinvigorated the expiring energies of the eastern Roman empire, had declined into a pure despotism, and the rulers of Constan-

the people were rapidly devouring the wealth and diminishing the numbers of their subjects by financial oppression. The exploits of Toghrulbeg, Alp Arslan, and Malek Shah, may be read in the pages of Gibbon, which have secured them fame wherever English literature is known. Many traces of their handiwork are visible at the present,—monuments of what is called their glory. When they entered the countries between the Persian Gulf, the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean, they found them filled with cities, which, though declined in splendour and wealth by the loss of their municipal administrations, in consequence of the rapacious centralisation of the Roman, Byzantine, and Mohammedan empires, were nevertheless still well inhabited, and surrounded by a numerous agricultural population. But with the coming of the Seljouks, “the verdure fled the bloody sod.” They were a nomade people, and their armies were composed of nomadic tribes, who drew their supplies from the flocks and herds which moved with them. The inhabitants of cities were their enemies unless they became their tributaries; and in order to preserve a garrison in the countries they conquered, it was necessary for them to exterminate the cultivators of the soil in the richest and most central plains of their dominions. An encampment of tents could only be secure from surprise by being surrounded to the extent of a day’s journey by untilled pasture. Similar desolation has been effected in agricultural countries for ignobler objects. In England the traveller may still see the effects of an arbitrary act of devastation, perpetrated about the same period, by William the Conqueror, in the New Forest; and in wandering through Asia Minor many of our readers have probably passed over districts as fertile as the plains of Poland and Moldavia, on which wheat never grows, but which the page of history informs us were inhabited by an industrious agricultural population, until the towns were destroyed, and the population exterminated, by Kutulmish the lieutenant of Alp Arslan, and Suleiman his son, the lieutenant of Malek Shah. The Seljouk empire

was soon divided into the three secondary kingdoms of Roum or Iconium, of Syria, and of Persia. It was subdued and rent into fragments by the successors of Genghis Khan, and in the fourteenth century the Othoman empire arose amidst its dismembered provinces.

Othman, the eponymous hero of the Othoman empire, entered the Seljouk empire of Roum with his father, who was the chieftain of a small tribe consisting of four hundred families. In the year 1289 he was appointed governor of the town of Karady-hissar by Aladdin III., the last Seljouk Sultan of Iconium. The market held on Friday at Karady-hissar was a trading mart of great local importance. A judge sat in the centre of the people to decide every question that arose without delay, and without appeal. Othman frequently occupied the judicial seat. It happened that, as he was presiding, an important dispute was brought before him for decision, in which a Christian of Belokoma in the Greek empire complained of the injustice of a Seljouk noble of Kermian. Othman decided in favour of the Christian, and the equity of the sentence extended his fame, and gave additional importance to his government. Years rolled on. Many emirs established themselves as independent princes, and have given their names to several provinces in Asia. Sultan Aladdin III. died in the year 1307, and Othman secured to himself a position as independent as any of the Seljouk emirs. Just before his death, he conquered Brusa from the Greeks, and laid the foundation-stone of the Othoman empire.

This new Turkish empire is remarkable for its rapid progress and firm consolidation, but still more so for the singular fact that it never reposed on a national basis. The four hundred families who accompanied Othman’s father into the Seljouk empire never became the nucleus even of an Othoman tribe. The Othoman empire threatened Europe with conquest; the Othoman armies were long invincible; the Othoman administration was superior to every contemporary government on the European continent; but, during the period of Othoman greatness and power, there

was no such thing as an Othoman nation. Of the forty-eight grand-viziers who conducted the administration from the taking of Constantinople to the death of Sultan Achmet I. in 1617, only three or four were of Othoman or Seljouk families, while more than thirty were either renegades or children of Christian parents brought up in the Mohammedan religion. The other born Mussulmans were not even of Turkish race. Few absolute monarchies have preserved their pristine vigour with the same unimpaired energy as the Othoman, and none have passed triumphantly through greater disasters. Few national governments, indeed, could have survived the fearful ordeal of the defeat at Angora, and the conquest of Asia Minor by Timor. Neither Timor nor any of his contemporaries supposed that it was possible to re-constitute the Othoman government; and, indeed, the ease with which it regained its power over the Greek Christians and the Seljouk emirs, is a singular political phenomenon.

This vitality was due to the institutions implanted in the government as the very breath of its life, by Orkhan the son of Othman, the greatest legislator of modern times. As a lawgiver, Orkhan was something between a Lycurgus and a Loyola. At all events, he puts the modern constitution-makers of Europe to shame. They strive to improve the rotten fabric of their political institutions by patching the old despotic garment of Roman law with the new cloth of representative institutions, forgetting that the rabid appetite of centralisation swallows the old garment and the new patches far more easily than the boa-constrictor can swallow a blanket. The institutions of Orkhan were superior to the Code Napoleon and its progeny, in as far as they were framed on the exigencies of the time, and modelled on the demands of a progressive state of society—not borrowed from an extinct people in a different social and political condition.

We have no space to enumerate Orkhan's institutions. It is sufficient for our purpose to notice the keystone of the fabric which raised a small band of emigrants from Mesopotamia,

before three generations had elapsed, into the founders of one of the great empires of the earth. A tribute of Christian children, imposed by Orkhan on the people he conquered, was the basis, the cement, and the keystone of the Othoman empire. Never before were the laws of humanity and the principles of justice so systematically violated for so long a period with such success. The Othoman empire really dates from the year 1326, for it was in that year that Orkhan assumed the power of coining money, placed his name in the public prayers, and promulgated his laws. From that time he was regarded as the founder and the legislator of a new state, and not as the ruler of a Seljouk emirat. Orkhan made his household the nucleus of his empire. The strength of his dominion was, by his legislation and policy, concentrated within his palace walls. Under his roof was united a college, conducted with all the order and talent of a college of Jesuits, and a range of barrack-rooms, in which a discipline prevailed as severe as that of Lycurgus.

The history of the institution of the tribute children, and the formation of the corps of janissaries, is this: The Mohammedan law authorizes—and indeed, commands—every Mussulman to educate unbelieving children who have fallen into his power as orphans, in the Mohammedan faith. As the military usages of the Seljouk empire gave the Sultan a fifth of all the spoil taken in war, Orkhan soon became possessed of a numerous household of Christian slaves, whom he might have sold like the other Seljouk emirs, and hired mercenary troops with the produce, or filled his palace with concubines and poets, and devoted himself to the pursuit of pleasure and fame. Orkhan sought instruments to gratify his ambition, and to extend the dominion of the Koran. His wars as the ally of the rebel emperor and hypocritical historian Cantacuzenus, furnished him with a large supply of slaves from the Greek empire. The base ambition and rapacity of the rival emperors of Constantinople, induced them to allow Orkhan to insert a clause in his treaties, authorising him to transport Christian captives

to Asia through the Greek territory. But it was difficult, by means of war, to secure a constant supply of healthy and intelligent children of the tender age required for their conversion, since the Mohammedan law strictly prohibits the forced conversion of prisoners who have attained the age of twelve. Orkhan's great object, however, was to obtain a constant and regular addition to the young neophytes in his household. Either from his own impulse, or at the suggestion of his brother, Aladdin, who acted as his prime minister, or of his relation, Kara Khali, who was his most intimate counsellor, he at last resolved to impose a fixed tribute of children on every Christian district he conquered. The measure was highly approved by all pious Mussulmans, and, strange to say, it met with little opposition from the Greek Christians. The empire of Constantinople had been so long the scene of civil war, and its provinces were so desolated by the fiscal oppression of the imperial administration, that famine prevailed among the Greek population in Asia and Europe for several years; and many parents saw no mode of saving their children from starvation but by sending them to the serai of Orkhan. The tribute of Christian children established by Orkhan was extended and systematised by his son, Murad I., and formed the keystone of the political and military power of the Ottoman empire, until the corruption of the corps of janissaries by the introduction of other elements. The tribute of Christian children, however, continued until the year 1685, when it was formally abolished.

The tribute children were generally collected between the ages of seven and nine. They were at first lodged in the Sultan's palace, and carefully instructed in the principles and forms of the Mohammedan religion under the ablest teachers, selected by Orkhan, who studied their dispositions and mental capacities. They then entered on a course of elementary knowledge and gymnastics. As their mental capacities were developed, and their physical strength increased, they were divided into several classes. Some, destined to become "men of the pen," were educated in legal and ad-

ministrative knowledge, and from them the officials in the civil and financial administration were usually selected. Many became secretaries of state, judges and viziers. Another division was disciplined as "men of the sword," and the celebrated corps of janissaries was at first composed of select individuals from this body. This college of conquering missionaries, when formed by Orkhan, consisted of only one thousand, but before the end of his reign it had increased to three thousand; and when Mohammed II. took Constantinople, the number had attained twelve thousand. The tribute children were also numerous in the ranks of the cavalry, artillery, and police soldiers of the empire. Never, indeed, was so terrible an instrument of absolute power created so rapidly and so completely beyond all external influence as that which Orkhan formed. The tribute children were all members of the household of the Ottoman Sultan. They had no ties of family or country, and felt no responsibility but what they owed to the prophet and the Sultan. At the beck of the Sultan, and with a fetva of the mufti, they were ready to strike down the proudest noble of the Seljouks, to shed the purest blood of the Arabs, and to trample on all the hereditary feelings and prejudices of the courts of the Caliphs. Against the Christian nations they were animated with the most fervent zeal; for it was a principal part of their education to infuse an enthusiastic wish to extend the empire of Islam. Thus Orkhan made Christian parents the most active agents in destroying the Christian religion. It is impossible to reflect on this lamentable occurrence without feeling that, had the Greek emperors and the orthodox priests of the period given their subjects and their parishioners as good an education as Orkhan gave his slaves, the attacks of the Turks might have been triumphantly repulsed.

That the system of education pursued in the palace of Orkhan must have derived some of its excellent qualities from the family system of Ottoman's household, cannot be doubted. The Ottoman tribe was not morally corrupted, like the society of the Seljouk-Turks; the history of their

empire bears strong testimony to the fact during several generations. The Othoman sultans were, during the early period of the empire, educated on the same system, and in the same manner, as the tribute children, and no state can show such a long succession of hereditary sovereigns remarkable for great talent. The Othoman institutions testify the sagacity of Orkhan and Murad I. more than their rapid conquests. Bayezid the Thunderbolt, though his rash pride caused the defeat of Angora and the ruin of the empire for a time, was liberal and generous to his Christian subjects, whom he admitted freely to his society. Mohammed I., who restored the empire ruined by his father's ambition, was a staunch friend and a kind master, though, in his hostilities, as old Phrantzes says, he was as obstinately persevering as a camel. Murad II. distinguished himself by his attention to the administration of justice, and swept away many of the abuses which, under the Greek emperors, had exhausted the fortunes of the Christians. If any of his pashas or judges oppressed the Christians in his dominions they were severely punished. Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, united the activity of youth with the sagacity of age, both as a warrior and a statesman. He possessed considerable literary and scientific knowledge, and had made great progress in astrology, then the fashionable science both among Christians and Mussulmans. He was fond of reading, and spoke the Turkish, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, and Slavonian languages with fluency. Such is the character of the early sultans for six generations, as transmitted to us in the pages of their mortal enemies, the Byzantine Greeks. Other authorities tell us that these infidels were ready to receive suggestions for the improvement of their army and their civil administration, and that they were indefatigably engaged in submitting new ideas in the civil administration, and new inventions in the art of war, to the most rigorous examination. Activity and intelligence were stimulated in every branch of the public service by the example of the prince. The consequences form the staple of early Othoman history.

New combinations in war and politics presented themselves daily to every Turkish pasha, which called for a prompt decision; and as it was incumbent on him to transmit a report of the reasons which had determined his conduct to an able and despotic master, he soon learned prudence in counsel as well as promptitude in action. For two centuries we find nothing vague and indefinite in the operations of the Othoman sultans, or of the pashas intrusted with the command of their armies. The first modern school of generals and statesmen was formed in the Othoman empire.

The general causes of the decline of the Othoman empire are well known. The janissaries, instead of being tribute children, were transformed into a *garde nationale*, like what we have seen flourish and disappear at Paris. But the logical principles of a paternal monarchy still exist at Constantinople. The sultan is connected with his people, but can have no ties of family. He ought not to be the son of a free woman, but the child of a slave, destitute of every family tie, in order that no personal attachments and family sympathies may interfere with the cares of administration.

At the present moment we hear it asserted on all sides, that the Othoman administration is making great progress in restoring energy and intelligence in the government. Yet there are some who insist that the progress is small; that it is an empire without roads, and a government without a people; a central administration which every subject, be he Christian or Mussulman, detests for its financial rapacity and systematic contempt for justice. Inshallah! there is some truth on both sides, but it is not exactly our clue to separate the wheat from the tares, as they resemble one another so much at Stamboul as to confound the skill of European diplomatists. We know to our cost that there is no road either to Brusa or Adrianople fit for a French diligence, and that an abortive attempt was made to form a road from Trebizond to Erzeroum.

The great feature of the Othoman empire at the present day is this, that capital cannot be profitably employed

in the improvement of the soil, and strange to say, this peculiar feature of its social condition is common to the new-created monarchy of Greece, and to no other European state. Trade often flourishes, cities increase in population and wealth, gardens, vineyards, and orchards grow up round the towns from the overflow of commercial profits, but the canker is in the heart of the agricultural population; a yoke of land receives the same quantity of seed it did a hundred years ago, and the same number of families cultivate the same fields. This is the most favourable view of the case; but the fact is, that many of the richest plains of Thrace, Macedonia, and Asia Minor, are uncultivated, and have only the wolf and the jackal for their tenants. In Greece, too, under the scientific administration of King Otho, and with a representative government *à la Française*, we see the plains of Thebes, Messenia, and Tripolitza, present the same agricultural system which they did under the Othoman government, and agriculture in general quite as much neglected and more despised. Now the line of demarcation between civilisation and barbarism really consists in the profitable investment of capital in the soil. The agricultural population is the basis of a national existence, and unless the soil produce two bushels of wheat from the same surface where one formerly grew, and fatten two sheep where one merely gathered a subsistence, a nation gains little in strength and wellbeing though its cities double their population. The political and social problem, with regard to the governments of Constantinople and Athens, which now requires a solution, is, to determine the causes that prevent the cultivation of wheat on the European and Asiatic coasts of the Archipelago, and in the fertile island of Cyprus. The provinces between the Danube and the Don were in a similar condition when Akerman, Okzakoff,

and Azof, were Turkish pashaliks; under the Russian government, they supply France and England with grain. Now, the grain-growers of Turkey could furnish half the grain exported at present from the Black Sea, and they could obtain much higher prices for their produce in consequence of the great saving of freight to consumers. Even the fertile districts of Bithynia and Thrace, bordering on the Sea of Marmora, than which there are no finer corn-districts in the world, cannot furnish Constantinople with a regular supply of wheat; and the Osmanlees would often suffer famine, in the capital of their empire, unless they were provisioned from the provinces taken from them by the *Moskof gajour*.

For our part, we must say that it is not unreasonable to entertain some doubts of the improvement which has manifested itself in the Othoman administration proving permanent, until we see some increase of the agricultural population. When the citizens of Stamboul and Athens begin to colonize the country, it will be time enough to talk of the regeneration of the Othoman power. And unless the population of the kingdom of Otho of Bavaria, which possess all the advantages to be derived from universal suffrage, joined to the inestimable liberty of walking about the streets with pistols and Turkish knives stuck in the belt, begin to abandon its passion for coffee-houses, and find pleasure and profit in the cultivation of the fields, the improvement of the Greek nation will not be generally admitted, even though Athens become a clean, elegant, and flourishing city. There must be an evident increase in the amount of the produce of the soil from a given number of acres, before those who study the political history of nations can be persuaded of the feasibility of the project of restoring a Greek empire.

MACAULAY'S SPEECHES.

As we never had the good fortune of moving in that circle of society to which the power of retailing anecdote, with minute circumstantiality, was considered as the proper passport—as we never were invited to listen to the small scandals of the group collected at Holland House, or the smaller delivery of the contents of commonplace books, which, in less renowned Whig coteries, is considered the perfection of sprightly converse—we are not ashamed to acknowledge our momentary oblivion of the party, who, in the sonorous verse and rounded periods of a brother dramatist, recognised his own thunder. We cannot at this moment accurately remember whether it was the figurative Puff or Plagiary, or the real Cumberland, who preferred that accusation; and, therefore, we frankly admit, that we lie at the mercy of those gentlemen who consider a slip in an anecdote, or an erroneous name and date in a fragment of gossip, as the evidence of deficient education, and the token of unpolished intercourse. We allude to the story in question merely because the preface to Mr. Macaulay's collected speeches exhibits a curious specimen of the wrath which may be excited by another method of conveyance. It is not the appropriation of his thunder, but the non-appropriation of it, which seems to have roused Mr. Macaulay to a point of very vehement indignation. It appears that a London publisher, Mr. Vizetelly, availing himself of a licence which the law permits—namely, that of reprinting speeches which have been publicly delivered—conceived that the issue of a collection of Mr. Macaulay's speeches might possibly prove a paying speculation. He reprinted, as we are given to understand, from "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates," a number of these orations; but, in his preliminary advertisement he appears to have announced that he did so "by special permission." That phrase ought not to have been used; or if used, it

should have been accompanied by a distinct reference to the party who granted the permission. Nine out of ten of the reading public would certainly conclude, from the terms employed, that Mr. Macaulay, not the proprietor of Hansard, had authorised the publication; and, so far, there is just ground for complaint. It was not only natural, but proper, and due to himself that Mr. Macaulay should have taken steps to disavow any connection with, or any countenance given to the enterprise of the enigmatical publication. But he has not contented himself with a broad disclaimer. Stung to the quick by some absurd blunder which the self-constituted editor has committed, and which are specially referred to in the preface, in terms of vehement indignation, he has thought it necessary for his own fame to suspend "a work which is the business and the pleasure of my life, in order to prepare these speeches for publication." It is no compliment to Mr. Macaulay to say that the public will not thank him for having done so. The desire and eagerness, on the part of the public, to receive a new instalment of his History, is only equalled by their repugnance to peruse speeches upon subjects the interest of which has long gone by—a repugnance not lessened by the impression that, even when new, the speeches were not of a superlative degree of merit. We are sorry that because Vizetelly—whom Mr. Macaulay supposes to be actuated by a desire of attaining the same distinction which was formerly enjoyed by Curll—should have mistaken Pundits for Pandects, and magnified the city of Benares into an oriental nation—because he has made the gifted orator "give an utterly false history of Lord Nottingham's Occasional Conformity Bill"—or because he has represented him as saying "that Whitfield held and taught that the connection between Church and State was sinful," whereas Whitfield never said any-

thing of the kind, nor was Mr. Macaulay so ignorant as to have averred that he did,—we say we are sorry that because Vizetelly did these things, our brilliant, though tardy historian, should have considered his reputation so dangerously imperilled, as to depart from his legitimate and most interesting labours, for the purpose of presenting us with a mediocre and uninspiring volume of speeches. It is true that he avers reluctance, nay, even disinclination to the task. If that were his real feeling, he need not have troubled himself much about the speculations of Vizetelly. During the last twenty years, many public speakers—nay, some men who may be classed as real orators—all of them far more distinguished than Mr. Macaulay, for power, energy, pathos, wit, and influence, have gone to their graves; and yet no attempt has been made, though the absence of copyright in speeches might have encouraged the speculation, to publish their works in a collected form. If we want to form an idea of the styles of the late Earl Grey, or Lord Durham, or Sir Francis Burdett, we must necessarily have recourse to the *Mirror of Parliament*. The filial piety of their relatives, great as it was, did not lead them to the generous error of supposing that their speeches would hereafter rank with those of Demosthenes or Cicero. In our own day no man, as a popular orator, equalled Daniel O'Connell; yet where are his collected speeches?—and be it remembered that popular oratory is essentially Demosthenic, and that O'Connell could produce a greater effect upon a mixed audience—which is the test of oratory—than any other man of our time. Where are Shiel's speeches? In Hansard—where, we hesitate not to say, the speeches of every man of the slightest eminence in public life ought to be allowed to remain, without separate collection, at least during his own lifetime, and until his career is accomplished. Indeed, there are many prudential reasons, at the present day, against the collection of senatorial speeches. No one has proposed to issue those of the late Sir Robert Peel, although there can be no doubt that such a publication would afford some curious

subjects for commentary. It would serve the same purpose as the ancient collections of commonplaces—*loci communes*, *loci rerum*, &c.—from which the tyro in rhetoric might draw arguments adapted for immediate use on either side of a question. In such a collection all possible *pros* and *contras* would be found, not drily stated, but set forth with elaborate ingenuity. One speech would give the Protestant, and another the Catholic side of the question—one while we should find the orator supporting agriculture against manufactures—another, manufactures against agriculture; the zeal and sincerity being in both cases the same. Then, what a charming miscellany Sir James Graham has it in his power to offer to the public! What deftness—what dexterity—what amazing complexity of tergiversation would be exhibited by a collection of his Parliamentary speeches! We feel almost inclined to advise Mr. Vizetelly to ransack Hansard for the Netherby harangues: the more so because Mr. Macaulay, in his own edition, has taken care to insert nothing calculated to irritate Sir James. That is not altogether fair, and it is certainly the reverse of valorous. Mr. Macaulay had occasion, in his place in Parliament, to direct vigorous speeches both against Sir Robert Peel and against Sir James Graham. He tells us now in his preface that “it was especially painful to me to find myself under the necessity of recalling to my own recollection, and to the recollection of others, the keen encounters which took place between the late Sir Robert Peel and myself;” and he pays a very handsome compliment to the memory of the deceased statesman. That is graceful, amiable, and, we doubt not, entirely sincere. Nevertheless he publishes *verbatim*, what he said in debate against Sir Robert Peel, who is no more; whereas we find no trace of his famous speech in the letter-opening case directed against Sir James Graham, who is the living colleague of Lord John Russell. The omission may be accidental; or Mr. Macaulay may think the speech in question not so felicitous as to be worth recording. If the latter, we differ from him. It was a spirited speech—much more nettlesome and pungent than three-

fourths of those which he has included in the present volume; and we have no doubt that Sir James Graham, if appealed to, will corroborate our opinion. Be it observed, however, that we do not by any means maintain that Mr. Macaulay was bound to reprint his diatribe against Sir James.

We make these remarks for the purpose of showing how unwise it is for any man to become the editor of his own speeches; seeing that he must either give huge offence to the living, or let them escape scot-free, whilst he repeats his strictures on the dead. After all, we think he would have acted prudently in submitting to the "great wrong," which Mr. Vizetelly, under the tacit sanction of the law, which in theory is held to countenance no wrong, has found it his interest to inflict. We rather fear that he has been too hasty in intermitting his historical labours. Had some excessively imprudent speculator in literature chosen to risk his capital by reprinting from Hansard the speeches of Lord John Russell or of Lord Aberdeen, we are certain that Mr. Macaulay, if consulted on the subject, would have advised these eminent statesmen—even although the ignorance of an editor had distorted the nature of their arguments, and substituted Pandects for Pundits—to abstain from putting forth their lucubrations in a collected form. We have that confidence in his judgment and discretion, when called upon to advise others in matters of a literary nature, that we cannot doubt such would have been the tenor of his recommendation. But, unfortunately, in regarding matters personal to themselves, the great majority of mankind use glasses materially differing in focus from those which they assume when investigating the affairs of others; and it is painful to remark, that, on this occasion, Mr. Macaulay has acted as his own optician. It would have been much wiser in him to have allowed Mr. Vizetelly to have disposed of as many copies as the public would take, without more remonstrance than a simple disclaimer, than to have fastened upon the blunders about Benares, and Whitfield, and Lord Nottingham's Bill, as so many apologies for bringing forward a re-

vised, and collected series of his speeches.

He has done so, however; and we have now to consider him as a man, who, by no means verging towards the end of his career—for we trust he may long be spared to delight the public by the elaborate compositions of a mind naturally highly gifted, greatly improved by exercise, and prodigiously stored with information—has deliberately chosen to set forth his claims to be ranked in the scale of orators. Whether Mr. Macaulay may choose to believe that we are sincere, or not, in the opinion we are about to express, is, to us, of little consequence. Politically, of course, we differ from him in many respects. We cannot even challenge, what is generally understood to be the opinion of his own party, that he is not qualified to act in the capacity of a leading statesman, or member of the Cabinet. We believe his mind to be of that cast, that it does not readily and aptly conform itself to present exigencies. It is too much wedded to the past, and to mere party traditions and intrigues. Let a crisis arrive, demanding immediate and decided action, and Mr. Macaulay will be found puzzling back to the Revolution Settlement of 1688, or some other event of lesser consequence about the same date; and descanting on the conduct of the leading Whig Lords of that period, and the way in which they managed to juggle and forswear themselves; and from these premises he would form conclusions applicable to the present times. The Whig party leaders are notoriously addicted to tradition, but Mr. Macaulay's ideas go back a great deal farther than is convenient even for their purpose. They, naturally enough, do not want the aid of history farther than concerns their immediate guidance; and they would be glad to sink altogether the memory of dynastical questions, and begin with Fox, who is the proper god of their idolatry. Mr. Macaulay, by resolutely harking back to forgotten eras, frightfully embarrassed his colleagues in the Cabinet, when he ranked as a minister. It was an excessive bore to be told what Danby did or would have done, or what Halifax meditated, or William of Orange proposed, when

the point at issue was something referring to our own day, arising out of entirely novel circumstances, and having nothing whatever in common with the policy that actuated statesmen at a time when rival dynasties placed in dispute the true succession to the crown. In reality, however, it is no disparagement to Mr. Macaulay to say that, from the peculiar turn of his mind, the nature of his pursuits, and the intenseness of his literary habits, he has failed in acquiring even a moderate reputation as a statesman. To the public, his withdrawal or exclusion from office ought to be anything but matter of regret; since it is better, both for his own fame and for the literary reputation of our country, that he should be employed in illustrating its annals according to his own views and conviction, than if he were participating in the labours of Molesworth, Wood, and the other eminent individuals who drone away their time in the Cabinet. As an historian, he has already made himself a name far more enduring than that of any mere politician, and he can very well afford to abandon the honours and responsibilities of office to inferior men who regard that alone as the summit of earthly ambition. And we know, and are pleased to know, from his own statement and from the assurance of his friends, that he feels anything but regret at having exchanged the harassments of office for the literary leisure, which he knows so well and so effectively to employ. We are only sorry that he has thought fit, in this very marked and unusual manner, to invite public discussion of his claims to be considered as an orator. As an historian, and historical writer, he has already received, in the pages of the Magazine, a warm and deserved tribute. Without acknowledging the soundness of all his views—indeed, while questioning many, and decidedly objecting to some, both as regards facts and conclusion—we have been, and are ready to bear testimony to his talent, his research, the vigour of his style, and the occasional brilliancy of his pictures. That he is a literary artist of high rank and position, we have admitted most cheerfully, and, we know, have said so cordially. But he now comes

before us in another character. The historian requests—nay, demands—that we shall regard him as a public speaker, and assign him his proper place in the roll of orators. In doing so, he certainly departs from his own familiar walk, challenges comparison, which it would have been wise to have avoided—and provokes criticism which otherwise would not have been exerted. When men play many parts, it is inevitable, unless in the case of such a phoenix as the Admirable Crichton, that some one part must be vastly inferior to the others. As an historian, an essayist, and a vivid versifier, we are inclined to rank Mr. Macaulay high. We cannot admit that he is an orator in the strict sense of the term. As a public speaker, he has almost invariably failed in realising the expectations excited by his literary renown.

We must, as we are aware, assign sufficient reasons for that opinion; and we shall be met, at the outset, by the fact, that a speech from Macaulay is considered as an event. So it is; and so, too, in the House of Commons, would be deemed a speech from Sir Charles Wood, did that parody of a statesman confine himself to a single harangue in the year. Mr. Macaulay, we know, will not suspect us of any intention of comparing him with the present President of the Board of Control. We are in no danger of mistaking Hyperion for a satyr. But the truth is, that men who have been thrust, whether by interest or not, into high official situations, are as likely, if they practise general reticence, to be listened to in the House of Commons, as are men of exalted intellect; and that an elderly prosy, who speaks only once in each session, has a better chance of an audience than the glib and voluble orator who starts up in every debate. In public life Mr. Macaulay has shown great discretion. During the last twenty years he has spoken but seldom, and never without careful and elaborate preparation; therefore, when it becomes known that he is about to address the House, he is sure to meet with a large, respectful, and attentive audience. Nor is this to be wondered at, on other grounds; for, independently of his high celebrity, Mr. Macaulay's

speeches are much better worth listening to than the majority of those now delivered in the House of Commons. The language is correct and well-chosen, the arguments are carefully arranged, and there is none of that hesitation, repetition, and digression, which frequently disfigures the efforts of those who have less leisure beforehand to prepare and adjust their speeches. The curiosity of the audience is excited by the eminence of the speaker, and they are well assured that what he is about to lay before them will bear the peculiar and unmistakeable impress of his style. And so it does; but then the genius of Mr. Macaulay is not of the oratorical kind. He can impart information—that is, he can summon to the aid of his arguments whole lists of precedents, some of them not very applicable, and countless parallels, or instances which he alleges to be such. These give, at all events, an air of profundity to his discourse, and cannot be called inappropriate to the mouth of an historian. But upon a mixed audience they can produce very little effect, for this reason, that they are not familiar with one out of ten of the cases which he cites, or the incidents to which he refers; and, consequently, they must either receive them on trust, or disregard them altogether. We do not think, as some of his associates have alleged, that Mr. Macaulay intends to make a parade of his acquired learning. We rather incline to hold that, as is common with men who addict themselves greatly to any particular branch of study, he takes it for granted that the whole world is studying in the same direction, and is not conscious that he is throwing an extravagant quantity of historical pearls—or, it may be, paste—before his audience. Such at least is our belief; for we are not willing to suppose that Mr. Macaulay would condescend to that very low kind of pedantry, not unusual among country preachers and schoolmasters, which seeks to astonish by the assumption of superior learning. “It was in this way,” said Mr. Macaulay, in one of his earlier speeches, “that Charles II. was forced to part with Oropesa, and that Charles III. was forced to part with Squillacci.” Very likely it was; but how many of the

House of Commons had ever heard of Oropesa or Squillacci? How many were familiar with the events he referred to? Probably not one. He would have produced the same effect upon their reason and understanding, have influenced their convictions quite as powerfully, if he had told his audience that Mumbo-jumbo and Arimaspes had been dismissed by Don John, or Peter of Portugal. Let us refer to that passage in his speech on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, which the ignorant Vizetelly mangled. The speech is evidently a favourite with Mr. Macaulay, and we presume he has restored it in its integrity. Addressing himself to the point, that prescription constitutes a good title to property, he brings into the compass of one page such a mass of illustration from all ages, nations, and institutions, that we cease to be shocked at the barbarism of the Vizetellian blunder, especially when we observe that the Jurists who framed the Code of Justinian are referred to in the same sentence with the Pundits of Benares. Indeed, we think that Mr. Vizetelly is fairly entitled to stand upon the very excuse which the legally-inclined Mr. Bartoline Saddletree proposed, when challenged by Reuben Butler for an error on the same subject.

“‘It's owre true, Mr. Butler,’ answered Bartoline, with a sigh; ‘If I had had the luck—or rather, if my father had had the sense to send me to Leyden and Utrecht to learn the Substitutes and Pandex’—

“‘You mean the Institutes—Justinian's Institutes, Mr. Saddletree?’ said Butler.

“‘Institutes and substitutes are synonymous words, Mr. Butler, and used indifferently as such in deeds of tailzie, as you may see in Balfour's Practiques, or Dallas of St. Martin's Styles. *I understand these things pretty weel, I thank God; but I own I should have studied in Holland.*’”

Such far-fetched illustrations necessarily tend to diminish the force of Mr. Macaulay's speeches, which is the more unfortunate, because he is peculiarly addicted to that kind of argument which the old rhetoricians styled the *παρίδειγμα* being that which is drawn from Example. Even when he does not pass into ground alto-

gether unknown to his audience, when he refers in support of his position to some passages in British history, he avoids those which are most familiar, and selects the remoter and more obscure. Hence it is that he so often fails in exciting and maintaining enthusiasm. No sympathy can be roused by reference to Sir George Savile, Hugh Peters, or Praise-God-Barebones; nor is the substitution of a political essay for a speech the best means of commanding the admiration or influencing the will of an audience. We are inclined to think that Mr. Macaulay's early oratorical training has exercised a prejudicial rather than a salutary influence over his subsequent style. He was, we believe, a member of the Union Debating Society at Cambridge, in which arena questions of immediate political interest were discussed quite as keenly as on the floor of the House of Commons. Without pronouncing an opinion hostile to the institution of debating societies, we may be allowed to remark, that the too frequent introduction of politics as the subject of discussion among the young can hardly receive the approbation of any thinking man of maturer years. The arguments employed on such occasions must be, and are, the spent weapons of politicians who are engaged in real warfare; and these are used by the juvenile enthusiasts without any examination as to their soundness or propriety. There is, in truth, little sense, and no advantage in this mimic warfare. Young men are thereby induced, not to reason, but to dogmatise—not to argue, but to declaim; and the opposition which they encounter to their borrowed views only serves to strengthen them in prejudice. The leader of a political debating society is usually an insufferable specimen of the juvenile prig. He can prate for the hour on such generalities as the constitution, the liberty of the subject, the rights of the people, and so forth; but, if you bring him to book, and demand a distinct explanation of what he has been saying, you will immediately discover that he is neither in possession of fixed notions nor of intelligible ideas. There is a kind of frothy rhetoric, very much used in debating societies, which serves to disguise commonplaces, and helps to

make them appear almost brilliant to an inexperienced audience; and in that sort of rhetoric Mr. Macaulay early became an adept. Most men who have acquired this style in public are compelled to get rid of it. At the bar it would not be tolerated; and it is worthy of remark that the most shining lights in debating societies usually pale their ineffectual fires when brought into the legal profession. In the senate, where less precision is required, they succeed better; but even there it requires an immense deal of attrition and wear before they can become expert masters of debate. Now it seems to us after a diligent perusal of his speeches, that Mr. Macaulay has never been able to emancipate himself from the bondage of the debating society. He speaks now, just as he might have spoken more than thirty years ago; only that his language is more select, his range of illustration larger, and his perorations more artificial, and therefore more frigid than before. In point of confidence, we do not believe that he has either gained or lost. Some men begin their public career with diffidence and trembling, and end by becoming remarkably self-possessed. Others, who had a fine stock of assurance to begin with, are so cowed by the buffets they receive, as actually to have modesty forced upon them; and we have known more than one instance of a young Boanerges who, by dint of constant punishment, has been brought to see the error of his ways, and the exaggerated estimate he had formed of his own natural powers. Mr. Macaulay, however, belongs to neither category. He believed himself an oracle as a boy: he believes himself an oracle as a man. And, if justified in the one belief, who shall venture to say that he is erroneous in the other? Certain it is that, in 1826, when he penned his essay on Milton, he displayed as much power, taste, and vigour, as are exhibited in the volumes of his *History* given to the public in 1849. He spoke with more animation, clearness, and effect, on the subject of the Reform Bill in 1831, than on any subsequent occasion, though some of his later speeches may have been more highly elaborated. He is, of course, better informed now on

points of history, science, and literature, than when he emerged from Cambridge; but we question whether he has gained much additional knowledge of the world, or of the motives which actuate mankind. Never, perhaps, did a man attain so high a point of literary distinction without possessing in a moderate degree the power of affecting the passions. We can scarcely refer to a single passage out of his whole writings, whether in prose or verse, which is likely to have drawn a tear. His speeches, as we now read them, are remarkably frigid. They may satisfy the understanding, but they never could influence the will. We are well aware that, in the House of Commons, as presently constituted, no speech, however eloquent, can be supposed to affect the votes of any considerable section; but the peculiarity of Mr. Macaulay's speaking is this, that we can hardly conceive the possibility of his making a convert. This is owing, we think, in a great measure, to a somewhat singular disregard—for we cannot suppose it ignorance—of the means which the chief orators, both of ancient and modern times have deemed it their duty to employ. In the first place, Mr. Macaulay never seems to think it necessary to take the slightest pains to conciliate his audience. Of course there are many cases when such introductory conciliation is not required—for example when addressing an entirely sympathetic meeting, or when retorting upon the direct attack of an antagonist—but in very few instances indeed does Mr. Macaulay introduce himself, upon a debated point, otherwise than as a determined partisan. There can be no doubt that introductions of a conciliatory nature require the utmost delicacy of handling. They are made for the purpose of showing that the speaker comes to the consideration of the question at issue, with as much fairness, deliberation, and candour, as can be expected from man of mortal mould; and further, that he does not intend to dictate to his audience, but rather, by impressing them with his own views, to induce them to consider calmly whether his conclusions are true or false. This does not imply

the abandonment of the strongest argument or the most forcible illustration in the after-part of the speech. It is an arrangement dictated by nature; because in every case, when a man rises to address an assembly, his first care ought to be to dispel, if possible, personal suspicion if that should exist, and to secure a willing auditory. Of this art Cicero was an entire master; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his most remarkable forensic triumphs were achieved rather by the effect of his introductions, than by the subsequent ingenuity of his arguments, and his unrivalled skill in the disposition of narrative. We are quite aware that introductions of this kind, when badly framed, have exactly the opposite effect from that which was intended. There probably never was a worse one than that attempted by the late Sir Robert Peel, in his memorable speech delivered in the House of Commons on 27th January 1846, in which he beat about the bush so long, that he entirely destroyed the effect which he intended to produce. But, whether as regards the immediate impression on the House, or the subsequent effect on the country, we must hold that a speaker ought to endeavour, in the first instance, to divest himself of the appearance of being actuated by mere party motives. Such men as the late Duke of Wellington, or the present Marquis of Lansdowne, whose long and unblemished public lives have been accepted as full evidence of the purity of their motives, might indeed dispense with any such protestation; but there are not many who, from age and public confidence, have acquired a similar privilege. Now, it is rather curious to observe that Mr. Macaulay seems, throughout his whole career, to have disdained any kind of conciliation. He has approached every question, not only with his mind made up upon it, but in the spirit of the strongest contempt and depreciation towards all who disagreed with him. He never, like Themistocles, volunteered to receive a buffet in order to gain a hearing. He rather, in imitation of Dares, walked into the arena with the gauntlets buckled round his wrists,

“And dealt in empty air his whistling blows.”

It is no business of ours to recount how often he has met with an Entellus, who has doled out severe punishment; we are now simply referring to what we consider to be his oratorical deficiencies or omissions.

Next we would observe that the impression left on our mind by the perusal of these Speeches—which, referring as they do to bygone events, do not excite the slightest feeling of antagonism—is that the value of the matter is generally disproportioned to the grandiose nature of the style, and the uniform pomposity of language. It is quite true, that Mr. Macaulay has spoken upon several interesting and important questions; and it is equally true that an orator, in addressing himself to themes of that description, is entitled to assume a higher tone than might be suitable to a meaner subject of debate. But then, he must take care that his thoughts and sentiments are raised to the like elevation. One distinguishing quality of the real orator is, that he rises with his subject. His intellect seems to expand in proportion to the greatness of his theme—he elevates himself in feeling and energy above the level of his audience, and the high thoughts which then rush upon his mind are expressed with corresponding dignity. The orator, like the poet, has his fits of inspiration, varying in intensity and degree, according to the subject with which he deals. This, of course, precludes that method of slavish preparation, now unfortunately too common, by means of which not only the substance of the speech, but the very words, are elaborately fabricated in the closet, and committed to memory. The man who adopts that system may be a good speaker, but he never will attain the highest point of elevation as an orator. Like the swimmer on a stormy sea, the orator should rise and fall with the wave of his audience: for he is contending for the mastery over a moral element, than which the natural one is not always more fluctuating or fierce. It may be well to calculate and consider beforehand the line of argument to be adopted, just as a prudent general will make his dispositions before going into battle. But as no commander can foresee what may happen in the field, can provide for

every emergency, or lay down for himself a course of action from which he will not deviate—so neither ought the orator to commit himself to a certain form of words, which possibly may prove either inappropriate to the occasion, or injurious to his cause. Men think differently in the closet and in the scene of action. In the former they are comparatively unimpassioned—in the latter they must necessarily exhibit passion if they seek to rouse it in others. The most skilful and elaborate discourse, if coldly conceived and expressed, will have a drenching rather than an inspiring effect upon an audience which is already possessed with a considerable degree of enthusiasm. Their feeling, favourable to the speaker and his cause, must not be put back—it ought, on the contrary, to be heightened. The force of these observations will become apparent to every one who will take pains to investigate the subject, for there is nothing more certain, than that the success of an orator depends mainly upon the amount of energy which he can display. Energy was the secret of the success of Demosthenes; and Cicero, with all his art, could not find a higher quality to recommend. It must be confessed that modern statesmen have been too much in the habit of disregarding this evident truth. Some of them—and we would instance as a notable example the late Sir Robert Peel—might have secured a far more enthusiastic following than they ever could boast, but for their extreme and over-cautious fridity. To this remark Lord John Russell, who perhaps has had more opportunities than any other living man of acquiring personal influence, is also peculiarly liable. On the contrary, take the case of Lord Palmerston. He is not implicitly trusted by any strong party in the state; and yet, in the House of Commons, no man can produce a greater effect, or possesses a larger personal influence. And why is this? Because he can carry an audience along with him—because he is never frigid, never dull, never addicted to circumlocution—because he possesses and exerts energy in a high degree; and is, in truth, what few of his contemporaries can claim to be—an orator. Read

one of his speeches, and you see at once that it was not concocted in the closet—that he had not stooped to polish sentences beforehand, or to select language which should pass for a pattern of composition. Mark, too, the variety of his style—how quietly and playfully he disposes of a small matter—how, during debate and attack, to use the language of Canning, he “silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.” No wonder that, when the occasion arrives, he should extort admiration even from his adversaries. Very different is the case with Mr. Macaulay. Whatever be the subject, he rises to lecture, and has his lecture thoroughly prepared. He is speaking to-night, amidst the hum of the House of Commons, what he wrote yesterday in the quiet seclusion of his chambers in the Albany. He had no thought whatever of his audience; he was thinking simply of his style. That he may adorn and heighten; but he cannot vary it at pleasure. Ask him to pronounce a panegyric upon a deceased hero, and a discourse upon a drowned mouse, and he will execute both in the same strain. The victor in a hundred fields will not be celebrated in periods more stately than the invader of a hundred cheeses. Simplicity is not part of his nature—he must have recourse to rhetoric or be dumb.

Now, although this style may be tolerated in writing, it becomes very tedious when adopted in public speaking. Dress up a mere commonplace with the utmost skill and ingenuity, and yet to the hearer, it retains its original character. The way in which a thing is said, does not alter the substance of the thing itself—the fine features cannot conceal the emaciation of the body beneath. We have gone over several of the speeches contained in this volume, for the purpose of ascertaining the real value, power, and ingenuity of the arguments set forth; and we are compelled to say, that in no one instance have we been able to discover the trace of an independent thought, or of a purely original idea. Some of them are unquestionably able speeches. Ask a man of high talent and extensive information, like Mr. Macaulay, to deliver a

discourse upon any possible theme, and he will do so in a manner which shall elicit shouts of applause from a Mechanic's Institute. Nay, he will be loudly cheered even within the walls of Parliament, provided that a considerable interval is allowed to elapse between each exhibition—because, as we know from the history of Euphuism, fine language commands admiration, and rounded periods are always grateful to the ear. Besides this, it would be untrue, and highly unfair to Mr. Macaulay to insinuate that he cannot make proper use and disposition of such arguments as lie before him. He states them well and adroitly; though, as we have already hinted, frequently marring their effect by the extreme remoteness of his illustrations. But neither our reading nor our recollection can furnish us with one case in which Mr. Macaulay has put forth an original view, or disentangled himself from the general mass of debaters. In political life or strife, he appears simply as a furbisher of old iron, a process in which he certainly is expert; and he manages to make an exceedingly rusty rapier pass for a tolerable Toledo. More he seldom attempts. His speeches are often brilliant, in the same sense in which we apply the epithet to fireworks; tolerably, though not strictly logical; always sententious, rounded, and adapted to a mouthing delivery—but never ardent, never eloquent, never calculated to excite enthusiasm. If mere rhetoric could make an orator, Mr. Macaulay ought undoubtedly to be the first of the age. He has studied it on the same principle as did Gorgias; who made it his boast that he could speak, and speak well upon any given subject, even though he was not conversant with its details, by aid of the commonplaces which he could dress up for the occasion. Gorgias had some reputation during his lifetime, but he is now remembered only on account of his extravagant boast. His works have long since perished; and we do not think that the efforts of Mr. Macaulay, as an orator, will survive even so long as those of Gorgias.

If there had been, in this collection, one speech upon which we could have dwelt with any feeling of artistic interest—one which we could have with-

drawn from the rest, to rank among the remarkable specimens of British eloquence—we should not only have been delighted, but proud to have selected it for eulogy. That which we have perused with the most pleasure, on account of its sentiment and manly feeling, is the speech delivered in 1846 upon the subject of the Ten Hours' Bill. Regarded merely as an oration, it may not be of high value; but it displays, in a most pleasing light, the genuine kindness of his heart, his strong sympathy with suffering, and his genuine hatred of oppression. Such speeches are worthy of record, because they rank in the category of good deeds and noble actions; and deserve to be remembered with gratitude as exertions in the cause of humanity. We do not inquire now into the abstract merit of the speeches of Wilberforce, nor does his fame depend at all upon his oratorical skill. He has passed from the roll of speakers to the catalogue of philanthropists; and instead of directing the attention of youthful aspirants after public distinction to the force of his style, or the energy of his expression, we pay homage to his memory as the chief instrument, under Providence, of removing the fetters from the slave. In like manner, notwithstanding certain peculiarities which lead us rather to admire than to love, Mr. Macaulay has high claims to the public gratitude and respect. In open questions, and those in which party considerations do not materially interfere, he has always shown himself accessible to conviction, generous in his views, and just in the expression of his sentiments. There are, among living public men, some who are more genial and attractive; but there are not many who are better entitled to our respect. Our criticism has been framed utterly irrespective of politics. We cannot boast, at the present day, of so large a list of men, either of genius or of high talent, as to omit the opportunity of paying tribute, where tribute is justly due. "I hope that I am," says Mr. Macaulay, in the last sentence of his last recorded speech, "at once a Liberal and a Conservative politician." We hope so too; and we hope, moreover, that the avowal was made—not because Lord Aberdeen and Lord

Palmerston, Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Sidney Herbert, have agreed to lie down together—but because Mr. Macaulay wishes henceforward to emancipate himself from party trammels. It is certainly time that he should do so. He has occupied a subordinate rank in the Whig regiment longer than he ought to have done for his own reputation; and we are not sorry to see this disclaimer put forth in so marked a manner at the very end of his last publication. It is, like the reading of the closing line of the *Iliad* in the famous manuscript copy, which the supporters of the Cyclic theory point to as clearly indicative of further action, a phrase fraught with meaning; and when the coalition is dissolved, as it soon must be by the influence of a political thaw, we trust that Mr. Macaulay's tendencies may indeed appear to be Conservative, without the sacrifice of the true liberality which becomes the gentleman and the scholar. We do not believe that the general verdict of the public upon this collection will be of a different tenor from our own. But, after all, Mr. Macaulay has no great reason to repine because he has failed to achieve a high place in the roll of British orators. His speeches will not be quoted for their eloquence and power, as those of Burke, Grattan, Erskine, and Canning are; but his history and essays, and even ballads, will insure him a reputation not less extensive and enduring. We need scarcely remind him that men who have attained high reputations as statesmen, and been conspicuous as public speakers, have altogether failed in their attempts to found a literary name. No one who has perused the historical chapters composed by Fox, can regret that his design proved abortive, and that the subject has been left to the more brilliant and dexterous treatment of Macaulay. We cannot say with truth that Lord John Russell's literary efforts inspire us with an exalted idea of the author's powers—we are even of opinion that he would have done well in abstaining from appearing before the public, either as a dramatist, biographer, or editor. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. It is by natural instinct that every man addresses

himself to the occupation in which he is qualified to excel; and that ambition which prompts men to deviate from their destiny, and undertake tasks which are not congenial to their feelings and sympathies, ought to be repressed. We cannot view Mr. Macaulay's career without being convinced that nature designed him to play his part as a literary man rather than as a politician. He has indeed tacitly admitted that; for he has withdrawn himself very much of late years from debate, preferring literary occupation to the excitement of political strife. We are sorry that he has been in-

duced to interrupt his more interesting labours for the sake of undertaking this collection; for, although the volume will find its way into many libraries—as what volume that bore his name upon the title-page would not?—it will be regarded hereafter with little interest, and may possibly be cited as an instance of unsuccessful ambition. We repeat that Mr. Macaulay's fame rests upon his writings, and that the publication of his speeches is by no means calculated to extend or heighten his intellectual reputation; though it cannot diminish the just estimation in which he is held as a man.

FIFTY YEARS IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.

THE memoirs of a man of a singularly adventurous and speculative turn, who, having entered upon the occupations of manhood early, and retained its energies late, has prolonged the active period of his life to upwards of half a century, who has been an eyewitness of not a few of the important events that occurred in Europe and America between the years 1796 and 1850, and himself a sharer in more than one of them, who has been associated or an agent in some of the largest commercial and financial operations that British and Dutch capital and enterprise ever ventured upon, and has been brought into contact and acquaintance—not unfrequently into intimacy—with a number of the remarkable men of his time, can hardly, one would imagine, be otherwise than highly interesting, if the author have but sufficient command of his native tongue plainly to write down what his memory has retained, sufficient discrimination and self-restraint to avoid dwelling upon details of too trifling and egotistical a nature. Generally speaking, we have but little confidence in the interesting qualities of German septuagenarian autobiographers. Garrulity is the privilege of age, and German garrulity is a grievous thing, particularly when it displays itself upon paper.

In Germany, where nearly everybody capable of grammar writes a book, even though he have nothing to write about, elderly gentlemen, who really have seen something worth the telling, are apt to imagine they can never make too much of it, and instead of delighting us with the pure spirit, drench us with a feeble dilution. Such was the case, we well remember, with our old acquaintance, Baron von Rahden, whose military experiences during the stirring period of 1813–14–15 we brought before our readers now just seven years since, and who, instead of cutting short the tolerably prolix history of his life and adventures at the date when peace sheathed his sword, elaborated two other ponderous and very wearisome volumes, scarcely relieved by an account of General Chassé's defence of Antwerp, and by sketches of a campaign in Catalonia, in which the indefatigable and restless old fire-eater, unable to pass his latter days in tranquillity, served under the orders of the Carlist general Cabrera. There is more variety and vivacity in the book now before us than in the baron's interminable record, of which, however, it has in some respects reminded us. Von Rahden, a soldier by profession and inclination, gave us far too much of his proceedings in

times of peace, and dwelt at tedious length on garrison rivalries, his own unrewarded merit, and German provincial topics. Mr. Nolte, on the contrary, by profession a man of peace, whose weapon is the pen, his field of battle the Exchange, and his campaigns amongst cotton bales, whose tutelary deity has been Mercury instead of Mars, and whose commanders and allies, instead of the martial-sounding appellations of Blücher, Gneisenau, and Chassé, have borne the pacific but scarcely less famous names of Hope, Labouchere, and Baring, has mingled, in the rather complicated narrative of his mercantile pursuits, triumphs, and disasters, much adventure both by flood and field, in which he himself was personally engaged, and displays, in the telling, not a little of the go-ahead spirit proper to the people amongst whom he has passed a large portion of his life. He has really seen a great deal, and his reminiscences, although here and there his style of narrating them be trivial and in questionable taste—whilst some of his long accounts of financial and commercial operations will more particularly interest bankers and merchants than the general reader—contain much that will attract all. In Germany the first edition of his book has gone off at a gallop,—no small testimony to its merits in a year during which present politics have been the all-absorbing topic. We do not wonder at its popularity; for, besides the mass of anecdote and historical recollections it comprises, the author has contrived to give an interest to his individuality, by the off-hand style in which he tells of his errors and of his triumphs, of his many reverses and disasters, as well as of his rarer moments of prosperity and success.

We should as soon think of attempting, within the compass of an article, a digest of an encyclopædia as of Mr. Nolte's volumes. We should fill half a magazine by merely tracing his itinerary. There never was such a rolling stone. He treats the Atlantic as most men do Dover Straits, and thinks no more of a few hundred leagues of land travel than a modern Cockney of a run to Ram-

gate. Whole years of his life must have been passed on board ship, and behind post-horses. His book necessarily partakes of the desultory nature of his career. It better bears dipping into than reading from end to end.

Born at Leghorn, in the year 1779, of a German father, Mr. Vincent Nolte's first reminiscence, of much interest to his readers, is connected with the invasion of Italy by the French under Buonaparte. His father had for some years left Italy, and settled in Hamburg, his native place; but young Vincent, after being educated in Germany, was sent back to Leghorn, to take his place as junior clerk in his uncle's counting-house, one of the most important in that city. He was in his seventeenth year when, upon the last Saturday in June 1796, a courier from the British minister at Florence brought news to the consul at Leghorn that the French were approaching. There was great bustle amongst the English merchants to get their property shipped, and place it and themselves under the protection of Nelson's squadron, then cruising off the port. After unremitting labour, and favoured by the wind, the last ships, with English goods on board, left the harbour at noon on Monday. They had been but two hours gone, when it suddenly became known in the city that the French were close at hand, advancing by the Pisa road, and presently a party of cavalry galloped round the fortifications to the *Porta Colonella*, and rode straight up to the fort, on which the Tuscan flag waved. Suddenly those colours disappeared, and were replaced by the French tricolor, displayed for the first time to the wondering eyes of the Tuscans. Almost at the same moment the cannon of the fort thundered, and sent some shots after those English vessels nearest to the harbour—thus signalling to Nelson the entrance of the French. Young Nolte, who had little love for the desk, whose wish it was to become a painter, and who then, and all his life through, was ardent, impetuous, and a lover of excitement, could sit still no longer, but ran out of the respectable counting-house of Otto Franck & Co., consul for Hamburg, &c., to stare at the

invaders. At the head of a body of cavalry, a horseman of remarkable beauty galloped up the street, and alighted at the door of the Genevese banker, Dutremoul. It was Murat. This was between two and three in the afternoon.

"At six in the evening, the news spread that General Buonaparte was at the Pisa gate. No sooner did he learn that the English residents had had time to escape with their property, than he broke into a violent rage. At that moment Count Spannochi, attired in the ordinary uniform, a blue coat, red waistcoat, and white breeches (the full-dress uniform consisted of a white coat and red waistcoat and breeches), and, surrounded by his officers, and by the chief authorities of the city, advanced to welcome the general, who still sat upon his horse. Buonaparte gave him no time to speak, but at once violently assailed him. 'How dare you,' he cried, 'appear before me thus? Do you not know your duty? You are an insolent fellow, a traitor! You have let the English escape; you shall pay for that. A court-martial shall sit immediately. You are my prisoner—give up your sword!' And Count Spannochi disappeared. Buonaparte's words were repeated to me that same evening by my fellow-clerk, Giacomini, who had gone with the crowd outside the Pisa gate, and had heard them. Next day we learned that the governor had been sent under arrest to Florence, and that the French general, Vaubois, commanded in his stead. Hardly had Buonaparte and his staff reached the grand-ducal palace, when police-agents went round to all the houses, ordering a general illumination, under heavy penalties in case of disobedience. The only Leghorn newspaper that then existed announced, upon the following day, the arrival of the victor of Lodi and Arcola, adding, that the inhabitants had *spontaneously* illuminated. I then, for the first time, got a correct idea of a *spontaneous illumination*, and was never afterwards at a loss to understand the expression. At eleven o'clock the next morning, the foreign consuls waited upon the general, who quickly dismissed them, when suddenly his eye was attracted by my uncle's

red coat. 'What is that?' he cried. 'An English uniform?' My uncle, taken quite aback, had just enough presence of mind to reply, 'No, *Padrone, questa e l'uniforme di Amburgo!*' and endeavoured, but in vain, to make his escape. Buonaparte burst forth with a violent diatribe against everything that looked English, against all who thought like Englishmen, or had anything to do with England. 'Those English,' he said, according to my uncle's account to me upon his return home, 'shall get such a lesson as they have never yet had! My road now lies to Vienna, then farther north, to destroy their nests in Hamburg and elsewhere, and then to seek them in their own robbers' den!'"

Young Nolte was bent upon seeing the hero of the day, who, before attaining his eight-and-twentieth year, had played such havoc amongst Austria's veteran commanders; and, disregarding his uncle's commands to keep in-doors, and out of the way of the dense mob upon the *Piazza d'Arme*, he again played truant, and stationed himself at the corner of the palace, at whose entrance an open carriage awaited the French general. His account of the impression he carried away of Napoleon's appearance has some originality. The peculiar expression, attributed by him to the eyes, reminds one of the present French Emperor.

"At last there came out, accompanied by a number of officers, a little, youthful looking man, in a plain uniform, with a pale, almost a yellow complexion, and long, lank, raven-black hair, hanging over his ears, after the fashion of the Florida savages called *Talapouches*. That was the hero of Arcola! Whilst he took the right-hand place in the carriage, and whilst his aides-de-camp got in, I had a few moments to observe him closely. There was a continued smile round his mouth, with which, however, the man himself had evidently nothing to do, for the fixed indifferent look of his eyes showed that the mind was busy elsewhere. I never again beheld so remarkable an expression. It was the dull gaze of a mummy, barring a certain beam of intelligence betraying the inward life,

but only by a faint and glimmering gleam. Macbeth's words to Banquo's ghost, 'There is no speculation in those eyes!' would almost have fitted here, had not previous and subsequent events sufficiently shown what a spirit lurked behind those impressive orbs. The carriage drove away—seven years elapsed before I again beheld that extraordinary man. He left the town the next day. I must not omit to mention a colossal and well-built officer, who stood in a respectful attitude, beside the carriage-door. This man, who had just been named town-major of Leghorn, was the grenadier who, seven years previously, on the 14th July 1789, led the storm of the Bastille, and was the first to scale its walls, who afterwards, as General Hullin, was governor of Berlin after the battle of Jena, and presided over the court-martial appointed to try, or rather to shoot, the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien."

The presence and proceedings of the French in Leghorn were alike odious to the inhabitants, who found an important branch of their trade—that with England—completely cut off, and who had to satisfy unceasing demands for money and equipments. Large bodies of ragged, barefooted troops continually entered the town, to quit it well shod and with new uniforms. The republican cockade became an abomination in the eyes of the Leghornese, who christened it *il pasticciino*—the little pie—and wrote innumerable lampoons upon its wearers. Leghorn was converted into a camp, and on a large altar in the middle of the *Piazza d'Arme*, a statue of Liberty was erected, at the foot of which the popular representatives, Garat and Salicetti, daily harangued the troops upon parade. Business was at a standstill; Vincent Nolte deserted his desk and roamed about the town, sketching the groups of foreign soldiers. And even when things began to settle down, he would do nothing but ramble in picture-galleries and make love to pretty Florentines, until at last his uncle, despairing of his doing any good, wrote to his father that he was on the high-road to perdition. This alarming piece of information pro-

duced an instant summons to Hamburg, where, in the paternal counting-house, the young scamp amended his ways and applied earnestly to business, displaying great energy, industry, and capacity.

The year 1799 was a disastrous one for Hamburg. Within six weeks there occurred upwards of one hundred and thirty failures for a total of thirty-six millions of marks. The panic was universal, and trade was shaken to its foundations. Mr. Nolte's house weathered the storm, but was compelled, three years later, to suspend its payments in consequence of the failure of the Leghorn establishment. The creditors received eighty-five per cent, and the numerous friends of the unfortunate merchant subscribed a capital of one hundred and twenty thousand marks to start him again in business. Upon the list figured the well-known name of Francis Baring, a former schoolfellow of the insolvent's, for the munificent sum of twenty thousand marks, upon which he positively refused to receive interest. Thus supported, Mr. Nolte again applied himself to business. But he was then a man advanced in years and of little enterprise, and his son, bold and ambitious, saw that he was not likely to strike out new paths to wealth, whereas the old and ordinary avenues to commercial profits were then closed, all over the European continent, by the iron hand of Napoleon, that mortal foe to trade, and contemner of its votaries. And as young Nolte could be of no use to his father, who despised his views as the dreams of a stripling, bent upon pleasure and unworthy of attention, he sought employment abroad. This he found in the house of Labouchere and Troteau at Nantes, where he accepted an engagement for three years, to carry on the German and English correspondence. And so, in his twenty-fifth year, he took leave of his parents, with a heavy heart, he says, but, without uneasiness as to the future, and travelled, by way of Bremen, to Paris.

Mr. Nolte's arrival in the French capital coincided with the proclamation of Napoleon as emperor, and with Moreau's imprisonment on the charge of a plot against the govern-

ment and life of the First Consul. It was his first visit to Paris—the period was interesting. He was so fortunate as to find a friend who willingly undertook to be his cicerone, and a few weeks flew rapidly by, during which, thanks to his guide's familiarity with places and persons, he acquired a better knowledge of both than he would in as many months had he been left to himself; for it would have served him little (except, perhaps, in the way of emptying his pockets) that the doors of Frascati's, then the favourite resort of the Parisian fashionable world, were open to all who could pay for admission, and who chose to roam through its gorgeous saloons and brilliantly illuminated gardens, had he not had with him some one able to inform him that yonder beautiful woman was Madame Recamier — yonder elegant young man, leaning against the pedestal of a statue, the renowned ball-room hero Trénis — and the one beyond him, with a music-book in his hand, the celebrated singer Garat. But of all that Mr. Nolte saw and heard, nothing made a deeper impression upon him than the lively and universal interest taken in the fate of Moreau. "Rarely," he says, "was that name uttered by the middle and lower classes without an expression of love and respect, and without a curse upon his two implacable persecutors, the First Consul, and the governor of Paris, General Murat, whose proclamations exhibited at every street-corner the name of Moreau in juxtaposition with the words—'Traitor to the Republic.' Men could not and would not credit the guilt of the distinguished general; and the Paris wits, never at a loss, declared that there were but two parties in France, '*les moraux* (Moreaus) *et les immoraux*' — a saying which one heard everywhere repeated." Condemned to banishment, the conqueror of Hohenlinden betook himself, by way of Cadiz, to the United States, where Mr. Nolte some years afterwards met him, and made his acquaintance.

Mr. Nolte was present at the first review passed by the new emperor, on the Place du Carrousel at Paris. He was very desirous to get a near view of the victorious general and

successful adventurer, whom he had first seen, seven years before, in the full flush of triumph at Leghorn. Two officers of the Danish life-guards, with whom he had travelled from Bremen, made interest for him with their ambassador, and procured him admission to the gallery of the Louvre, a favour granted to few. "I saw the great man of the day, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and by uniforms of every kind, ride several times up and down through the ranks, then gallop full speed along the front of the lines of cavalry drawn up outside the inner court, amidst cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' when suddenly his horse fell, and Napoleon rolled upon the ground, still grasping the bridle tightly. In a few seconds he had mounted again, and galloped on, before even a part of his staff, who quickly dismounted, could go to his assistance. The newspapers said nothing of this incident, and its ominous character struck me the more by reason of their silence."

The chief partner of the mercantile house into whose employment Mr. Nolte now entered, was a younger brother of the late P. C. Labouchere, of the celebrated house of Hope of Amsterdam. Mr. A. M. Labouchere was very desirous to extend his connection and business with the United States, but did not seem fully to appreciate the facilities for so doing afforded him by his close alliance with the Hopes and Barings, whose names appeared as references in the circulars of the Nantes house. Nolte, whose energy and talent early earned him a considerable share of his employer's confidence, urged Mr. Labouchere to send an agent to the States to carry out his wishes, and offered to go himself, if no better was to be found. He was told to put upon paper his ideas concerning America, and concerning the advantages to be derived from a journey thither. This statement he executed in a manner to excite the warm approval of Mr. Labouchere, who desired him to forward it to his brother in Amsterdam. The reply was a summons to the Dutch capital. There the elder Labouchere, who had formed a high opinion of Nolte from his correspondence, unfolded to him a gigantic pro-

ject, the mere sketch of which bewildered him; and although not diffident of his own powers, he declared that he did not hold himself sufficiently experienced to undertake such responsibility, and felt that he should not be able to come up to his employer's expectations. "That is my business, and not yours," Mr. Labouchere replied. "I have but one thing to recommend to you, and that is, never to do aught that shall give you cause to blush before me or before yourself." This was lightening the load of responsibility from which the young man shrank, and giving him fresh confidence by showing him that others appreciated him more highly than he did himself, and he no longer made objections. He was to go to the United States, and for a few months merely to look around him and acquire a knowledge of the country. Before entering, however, which he does at great length, into an account of the important business about to be confided to him, and into whose details he was not initiated until some time afterwards, he gives an amusing chapter to a sketch of the celebrated banker and contractor Ouvrard, from whose combinations the proposed operation issued, and with whom Mr. Nolte was well acquainted, and had frequent intercourse at several periods of his life. The chapter includes some curious traits and anecdotes of Napoleon, who, it is well known, detested Ouvrard, and tyrannised over him, although he was more than once obliged to seek his aid. Napoleon notoriously hated and despised traders and bankers. "I do not like merchants!" he is reported to have said—with that *brusquerie* which, in a less man, would have been designated as brutal ill breeding—to the deputation from the merchants of Antwerp that went to welcome him to the town; "a merchant is a man who would sell his country for a three-franc piece!" He was jealous of, or at least indignant at, Ouvrard's enormous wealth, and the influence it gave him—both of which he considered too great for any private person to possess; but, according to Mr. Nolte, who seems quite conversant

with the scandalous chronicles of any day during the last half-century, there were other private causes of irritation, which most of Napoleon's biographers either were ignorant of, or thought it unnecessary to mention, and which certainly are less out of place in the present author's far from prudish pages than they would be in a grave biography. Ouvrard's own *Memoirs*, published nearly thirty years ago,* are now little remembered; and Mr. Nolte is evidently indebted to them for the outline of his sketch, as well as for several incidents and anecdotes, but he has filled up details which the great speculator thought proper to omit. The relative positions of Ouvrard and Napoleon at different periods of their lives, present the strangest contrasts. When the former, quitting the army in which he had for a short time served, applied himself with skill and success to commercial and speculative operations, and quickly realised a fortune of several millions of francs, Napoleon was so needy as to be desirous to avail himself of a decree of the Committee of Public Safety, by which officers were entitled to receive as much cloth as would make them a uniform. The anecdote is well known. Napoleon's application was rejected because he was not just then employed, and he was very glad when Ouvrard, with whom he had become acquainted at the house of the Director Barras, induced Madame Tallien, whose lover the capitalist then was, to give him a letter of recommendation to the commissary of the 17th military division; a letter which procured young Buonaparte what he had great need of—a new uniform. Subsequently, in Napoleon's days of power and magnificence, when he began to spite and squeeze Ouvrard, the latter loved to tell this anecdote—a contrast with Talma, who had been Napoleon's intimate, and had often lent him money in his days of penury, and who became ever more reserved in his communications and behaviour the higher his friend ascended upon fortune's ladder. To Ouvrard Napoleon was unquestionably harsh, cruel, and unjust. His dislike to him seemed to augment in a

* *Memoires de G. J. Ouvrard*. Paris, 1826.

direct ratio with the magnitude of the gains which the capitalist owed to the circumstances of the times, to his great financial capacity, and to the vastness of his operations. Of the extent of these and of his profits, we may form some idea from a passage in Mr. Nolte's book, where he states positively that Ouvrard cleared six hundred thousand pounds sterling by his contract for victualling the Spanish fleet under Mazaredo when it lay at Brest, and afterwards at Cadiz. But if his gains were large, his losses, arising chiefly from Napoleon's ill-will and despotic acts, were also heavy. During the Egyptian campaign, the Directory borrowed ten millions of francs from him, which he produced with the greatest ease. After Buonaparte's return and the fall of the Directory, the First Consul asked him for twelve millions more. Ouvrard declined. The other Paris bankers were applied to; they either could not or would not. The First Consul was furious—doubly so when Ouvrard claimed repayment of the ten millions lent to the Directory. He had him paid in assignments on the revenue of the past year, which had all been expended. It was equivalent to a repudiation of the debt. Soon afterwards, Ouvrard was arrested, under pretext of fraud in his dealings with the government and supply of the French navy. He was kept in strict confinement, his papers were sealed up, and a committee of councillors of state was appointed to investigate his affairs. Nothing could be substantiated against him, but it was ascertained that his fortune, in landed property, money and French *rentes*, (then worth but 15 per cent) amounted to twenty-seven millions of francs. "On this occasion," says Mr. Nolte, quoting almost the words of Ouvrard, "a discovery was made which deeply wounded the First Consul—namely, that, during his absence in Egypt, Ouvrard had supplied Josephine, who was an old friend of his, and who had remained at Malmaison, with money. She had become his debtor to a considerable amount. This circumstance, combined with the refusal of the twelve millions, inspired Buonaparte with the most violent antipathy to Ouvrard, at whose arrest all Paris

(especially the bankers) was indignant and loud in complaint. Colloet, afterwards director of the mint, who was one of the First Consul's most intimate advisers, did not scruple to tell him that it was beginning badly, thus to let all apprehend that they might in their turn be the victims of such arbitrary measures. 'A man,' replied Buonaparte 'who possesses thirty millions, and sets no value on them, is much too dangerous for my position.'" Josephine and other influential personages interceded for Ouvrard, who escaped the military tribunal with which Napoleon threatened him, and was set at liberty, but remained under the surveillance of *gens d'armes*. This in no way prevented his continuing to receive with princely hospitality at his chateau of Raincy (afterwards the Duchess of Berry's) the best society of Paris, and the most distinguished foreigners who visited that capital—amongst others, Fox and Lord Erskine, who were his guests after the peace of Amiens.

But we must take Mr. Nolte away from Paris—which seems his favourite city, but where he can never linger without getting scandalous—and across the Atlantic. He sailed in July 1805, and reached New York in forty-two days, then a marvellously rapid passage. The astonished owner of the American ship "Flora" could hardly believe his eyes when he saw her come into port before he had received advice of her arrival at Amsterdam. Mr. Nolte found the yellow fever in New York, and left the place for a few weeks, but returned thither in time to witness the arrival in the bay of a vessel from Cadiz, with General Moreau on board. The drums beat, and the militia turned out and formed up in Broadway. As each company had a different uniform—sometimes a very odd one—the effect of the whole display was a good deal like that produced by a harlequin's jacket, which did not prevent the commander of the motley corps from being prodigiously proud of his warriors, and asking Moreau—when he landed, plainly dressed in a blue coat, and rode into the town, upon a horse in waiting for him, amidst cheers and music, and surrounded by the variegated staff of the militia—what

he thought of the American troops? Moreau replied that he had never in his life seen such soldiers—which he probably never had. A similar reply has been since attributed to General Bertrand, when he landed in the States some years ago, and a review was held in his honour. The speculative spirit of the Yankees, who love to combine business with pleasure, and to turn an honest dollar whilst admiring a hero or listening to a Lind, slumbered not in 1805 any more than in 1850. The same genius for advertisement which made a hatter pay some hundred dollars for the best place at the Swedish Nightingale's concert, stimulated the promoters of one that was to be given, on the night of General Moreau's arrival, in the great hall of the City Hotel—then the first in New York—to beseech his presence, and, as soon as he had promised it, to placard his name. The crowd was tremendous. Moreau, it was on all hands agreed, looked very little like a French general, in his simple dress, without cocked hat, feather, or embroidery—whereas General Morton, chief of the militia, had a most martial aspect in his Washington uniform. He introduced to the French leader all who chose, and there was a prodigious shaking of hands. Mr. Nolte was standing near the two generals when a Quaker was presented, who shook Moreau's hand heartily. "Glad to see you safe in America," quoth Broadbrim. "Pray, general, do you remember what was the price of cochineal when you left Cadix?" The hero of Hohenlinden shrugged his shoulders and confessed his ignorance. It was not until some time afterwards, in Philadelphia, that Mr. Nolte became personally acquainted with Moreau, whom he found, he says, "a mild, agreeable, but, in an intellectual point of view, upon the whole, an insignificant and uninteresting man. His manners were simple, and possessed a certain naturalness which was attractive, but his conversation, or rather his monologue—for we seldom had long dialogues—fettered the attention only when its subject was that of his certainly highly remarkable and distinguished military exploits. Then there was pleasure in listening to him. Of Napoleon he

scarcely ever spoke but as 'the tyrant.'" The best portrait—indeed, the only good one we are acquainted with—of Moreau, that by Gérard, conveys quite the same idea here given of him by Mr. Nolte—that of a mild, amiable, but by no means a highly intellectual man, with less of the military air and look about the head than perhaps in any other distinguished general of the French republic or empire.

We do not purpose going into the details of Mr. Nolte's commercial proceedings as one of Hope's agents in America. They were connected with Ouvrard's well-known colossal plan for drawing specie from Mexico, in whose treasury—owing to the interruption, by the war with England, of intercourse between Spain and her colonies—seventy millions of dollars had accumulated. The duties assigned to Mr. Nolte compelled him to take up his quarters at New Orleans, then in its infancy as a commercial city, and in the worst possible repute. Louisiana, after belonging alternately to France and Spain, and then to France again, had been but recently sold to the United States, and three-fifths of the white population of its capital were French by birth or extraction. New Orleans then had about sixteen thousand inhabitants, one-third of whom were slaves and coloured people. The character its citizens enjoyed in the Northern States may be judged of by the following anecdote: A friend of Mr. Nolte's, who had just formed an establishment at New Orleans, finding himself at Boston, and seeing a vessel advertised to sail thence for the former city, called upon the owner to ask him to consign the ship to his house. Whereupon the owner told him in strict confidence that he had just as much intention of sending his vessel to the moon as to New Orleans, and that he had inserted the advertisement merely in the expectation that amongst the persons applying for a passage he should find a rascal who had defrauded one of his friends of a considerable sum. "It is probable," he added, "that he will try to get to New Orleans, that being the natural rendezvous of all rogues and scoundrels." Not one of the eighteen or twenty commercial houses existing at

New Orleans when Mr. Nolte first went there possessed capital worth the naming, and a respectable character was nearly as great a rarity as ready cash. Roguery, disguised under the polite name of "cleverness," was commonly practised and indulgently viewed. Juries and authorities were corrupt, false witnesses easily purchased, and justice was hard to obtain. In illustration of this state of things Mr. Nolte tells some curious stories, one in particular, in which the celebrated American jurist Edward Livingston figures. "I well remember," he says, "the remarkable trial of a certain Beleurgey, the editor of one of the first American newspapers which appeared in New Orleans, in 1806 and 1807, in French and English, under the name of *Le Télégraphe*. To obtain money he had forged the signature of a rich planter, to whom, when his crime was discovered, he wrote, confessing his guilt, and earnestly entreating him not to prosecute him. The planter seemed disposed to accede to his prayer, but the letter was already in the hands of justice. How then did Livingston contrive, as Beleurgey's counsel and defender, to obtain his acquittal in spite of this damning proof of his guilt? Davesac (Livingston's brother-in-law and factotum) brought forward witnesses who swore that they knew Beleurgey to be such a liar that no word of truth had ever issued from his lips. 'See here,' then said Livingston to his French jury—'it is proved that the man is incapable of speaking the truth; the very confession is a lie, for none but a madman would accuse himself. So that Beleurgey either has lied or is out of his senses; in either case he knew not what he did, and cannot be found guilty!' And the jury acquitted him!" New Orleans was evidently not a tempting place to settle in, for an honest man, with money to be robbed of; but then, with conduct and judgment, there was money to be made, and moreover Mr. Nolte, as a mere agent for others, had no choice but to abide there. Presently the arrival in quick succession, of three fast-sailing schooners from Vera Cruz, bringing half a million of Mexican dollars to the address of Vincent Nolte, drew attention to the young man

whom previously few had heeded—save the French planters, to whom his knowledge of their language was a recommendation. But now boundless hospitality was shown him, no party was complete without him, and for three months he passed a pleasant enough life, when suddenly the yellow fever laid him on his back. Upon the morning of the third day there appeared at his bedside one Zachary, the cashier of the Louisiana bank, and one of the very limited number of honourable men in the city, and gravely asked him if he had made his will. To this ominous inquiry Mr. Nolte replied by a negative and an interrogative. "No! Why?"—"Well," continued Zachary, "I suppose I need not tell you that you have got the yellow fever, and that it is more than possible you will die to-morrow, for the fourth is the critical day, which one does not generally get over. You have large sums lying at the bank—larger sums than have ever before been seen here—and, if you die, the capital will fall into very unsafe hands. The persons appointed by the State to take charge of the property of foreigners dying intestate, are not only undeserving of confidence, but to speak plainly, are downright rascals." The sick man's reply was that he neither felt inclined nor intended to die. "And as I am sure not to die," he concluded, "I see no use in bothering my head about my will." Zachary looked hard at him. "Well, my dear Mr. Nolte," he at last said, "since that is your mood, I too am certain you will not die,"—a prognosis justified by the patient's speedy recovery. In the yellow fever, as in other maladies, a faint heart kills many.

We pass over several chapters and some years. They include a good deal of interesting matter, and, of course, abundance of travelling;—a return to Europe, and brief residences in various cities of the United States, in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Hamburg. On a voyage from the Havana to Baltimore, Mr. Nolte was wrecked upon the Carysford reef, which owes its name to the total loss of the frigate Carysford in 1774; and he gives a capital account of his sufferings and those of his ten companions on a raft

composed of three small spars, six oars, and a hencoop, half immersed, and neglected by passing vessels, who took them for shipwrecked Spaniards, and feared to succour them, lest, when rescued, they should rise against their deliverers and take the ship into Cuba, an act of ingratitude that had been recently perpetrated under similar circumstances. A woodcut of the frail and curiously-constructed raft is the only illustration the book contains. At Philadelphia, Mr. Nolte, who, it is to be observed, has been all his life an unlucky man, was run away with in his tandem, and, jumping out, broke his leg, which, badly set by two ignorant American Sawbones, occasioned him terrible suffering and long confinement. His agency for Hope's house at an end, and after declining two advantageous offers of partnerships in Europe, one of which he would perhaps have done wisely in accepting, he determined to apply the very liberal sum he had received for his services to the establishment of a commercial firm at New Orleans, in aid of which the houses of Hope and Baring advanced him funds, opened him a credit, and allowed him to put their names in his circular as his friends and supporters. This brings us to the most interesting portion of his book.

Mr. Nolte has a habit of interlarding his German, especially the scraps of dialogue scattered through his volumes, with a great deal of English and French, both of which languages he evidently understands as well as his mother-tongue. To readers in the same case, this practice gives to the book additional character and pungency; but to those to whom German alone is familiar it will prove troublesome, since he does not subjoin translations. As an instance of this, we will give his account of a casual meeting with a man who has since become universally celebrated. It was during his journey on horseback from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, where he was to join a friend with whom he had entered into partnership, and whence they were to proceed, with a couple of flat boats laden with flour, two thousand miles down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, there to form their mercantile establishment.

Steam had not at that date annihilated distance in America; there were no boilers bursting on the rivers, or trains on railroads rattling through the States, and travelling was slow work, particularly with goods. The voyage by flat boats from Pittsburg to New Orleans was a forty or fifty days' business. On a cold December morning, after a solitary ride over Laurel Hill, the highest of the Alleghanies, Mr. Nolte halted, towards ten o'clock, at a small tavern by the falls of the Juniata river, and asked for a solid breakfast.

"The hostess showed me into a room, and said I might just take my food with a strange gentleman who was seated there already. 'He is quite a stranger,' she said. On stepping in, the man at once struck me as being what is commonly called an odd fellow. He sat at a table, in front of the fire, with a Madras handkerchief round his head, after the fashion of a French sailor, or of labourers in a French seaport. I courteously approached him, with the words: 'I hope I don't incommode you, by coming to take my breakfast with you?' The reply was: 'No, sir!' spoken with a strong French accent, and sounding like 'No, serre.' 'Ah!' I continued, '*vous êtes Français, Monsieur?*' 'No, serre!' was the reply; 'ai em en Henglieshmen' (I am an Englishman). 'Why,' I continued, 'how do you make that out? You look like a Frenchman, and you speak like one.' 'I am an Englishman, because I got an English wife,' replied he, with the same accent. Without further investigation of the matter, we agreed, over our breakfast, to ride together to Pittsburg. He showed himself more and more of an oddity, but at last admitted that he was a born Frenchman from La Rochelle, had been brought to Louisiana when a child, had grown up in the sea-service, but had gradually become a real American. 'Well,' said I, 'but how do you reconcile that with your quality of an Englishman?' To which he replied, in French at last: '*Au bout du compte, je suis un peu cosmopolite; j'appartiens à tous les pays.*'"

When we mention that all the dialogue in the above extract, with the

exception of one sentence, is in the original, in the same languages in which we here give it, and that such polyglot passages are of constant occurrence throughout these volumes, it becomes evident that Mr. Nolte will sorely puzzle and tantalise such of his German readers as are unacquainted with French, and with that composite Anglo-Saxon tongue for which the learned German has declared his preference over all other modern languages. The eccentric traveller was Audubon, the famous ornithologist, who was also bound for New Orleans. On reaching Pittsburgh, no means of conveyance offered except Mr. Nolte's boat, and as he had by this time discovered that the naturalist was not only an accomplished draughtsman, but a good and amiable man, he offered him a cot in his little cabin, a service which Audubon afterwards thankfully recorded and acknowledged in the third volume of the text of his great work on "American Ornithology." Mr. Nolte knew nothing of the object of his guest's journey until they reached Limestone, a small place in the north-western corner of Ohio State. There they landed their horses, intending to visit Lexington, and thence proceed to Louisville, where Audubon expected to find his wife—the daughter of an Englishman named Bakewell. "At Limestone," says Mr. Nolte, "we had hardly finished our breakfast, when Audubon suddenly sprang up. 'Now, then,' he cried to me, in French, 'I must begin to lay the foundations of my establishment!' Thereupon he took from his pocket a parcel of address cards, a hammer, and some small nails, and began nailing one of the cards upon the door of the little tavern. It contained the words:

AUDUBON & BAKEWELL,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

PORK, LARD, AND FLOUR.

NEW ORLEANS.

So, said I to myself, you have found a rival before reaching your journey's end. But I felt little inclination to deal in the flesh of swine, or apprehensive of very formidable opposition from my new acquaintance. We rode on to Lexington, chief town of Kentucky, a flourishing place, where I heard much talk of a certain highly-gifted lawyer, who, during the elec-

tions for Congress, had distinguished himself by his pugilistic prowess in the streets and taverns. This man, who soon afterwards became more and more celebrated, was Henry Clay, whose exterior was no way calculated to give a high idea of his intellectual qualities, but who had already acquired great fame as an orator.

"A horrible custom was at that time almost universal amongst the inhabitants (for the most part rough and brutal people) of the Western States. It was that of allowing the finger-nails to grow until they could be cut into the shape of small sickles, which were used, in the quarrels and fights that continually occurred, to scoop out the eyes of an opponent. This barbarous art was called gouging. During our ride through Kentucky, we saw several persons who wanted an eye, and others who had lost both. The excitement then prevalent in the United States on account of the misunderstanding with England, was much greater in the western provinces than on the seaboard, and the feeling of irritation in the former was very considerable. Passing through Frankfort on my way to Louisville, I learned that the Kentucky State Legislature was just then sitting, and I determined to witness its proceedings, in order to compare it with the Territorial Legislature of Louisiana, which was composed of the strangest mixture of born Americans, and of French and Spanish creoles. Hardly had I entered the hall, when I heard a very animated orator indulging in a violent diatribe against England. 'We must have war with Great Britain,' he said. 'War will ruin her commerce! Commerce is the apple of Britain's eye—there we must gouge her!' This flower of rhetoric was prodigiously applauded, and I could not deny that for a Kentucky audience it must have a certain poetical charm."

Thus, sketching by the way a state of society which a lapse of forty years has fortunately greatly altered for the better, Mr. Nolte reached Louisville. The Ohio had been for some days frozen, and his boats, with his friend and partner, Hollander, were fast bound in the ice some distance higher up the stream. "Three days after-

wards, just as we sat down to dinner, the whole house was violently shaken; glasses, plates, and bottles fell from the table—most of the guests sprang up, with the cry: 'There is the earthquake, by jingo! There is no humbug about it!' and ran out into the street. The commotion was soon over, and people returned to their houses. Early next morning I learned that the shock had broken up the ice on the river, and that several boats had come down to Shippingport, a little town about a league off." Among them were Nolte's craft, and he continued his journey, presently quitting the clear transparent stream of the Ohio, and entering the slimy waters of the Mississippi. In voyages of that kind it was customary to bring-to at nightfall, and make fast the boats to the shore until next morning, snags and sawyers rendering progress unsafe during the darkness. On the evening of the 6th February 1812, the halting-place was hard by the little town of New Madrid. About twenty boats, which had left Shippingport together, were there assembled. "It was a bright moonlight night," says Mr. Nolte; "at eleven o'clock my partner, Hollander, had gone to bed, and I was sitting at a little table drawing a caricature of President Madison—who had just published a flaming proclamation, calling upon the nation to 'put on armour and warlike attitude,' but who was said to be himself completely under petticoat government—when a terrible report, like the sudden roar of cannon, echoed without, immediately succeeded by innumerable flashes. The Mississippi foamed up like the boiling water in a kettle, and then again receded with a rushing sound; the trees of a little wood near to which we had moored our boats, cracked, broke, and were overthrown. The terrible spectacle lasted for several minutes: there seemed no end to the vivid lightning, to the alternate rise and fall of the troubled water, and to the crash of falling trees. Hollander, startled from his sleep, called out, 'What is that, Nolte?' I could only tell him that I myself did not know, but took it for an earthquake. I went on deck. What a sight! The river, which had

resumed its ordinary course, was covered with floating trees and branches, borne rapidly along by the current. Of the town, only a few very distant lights were to be seen. It was a real chaos. Our little crew consisted of three sailors, whom want of employment in consequence of the embargo, had driven to Pittsburg, and of a river-pilot. They told me that the other boats had all cut loose from the shore and floated on, and asked me if we should not do the same. It struck me that if, under ordinary circumstances, it was unsafe to proceed by night, it must be doubly dangerous now that the river was covered with floating trees. And so we remained where we were. The rising sun showed us the unfortunate city of New Madrid more than three parts destroyed, and flooded, with here and there one of the wretched inhabitants making his way out of the ruins. Our boats were in the centre of a sort of island formed by falling trees, and several hours passed before we could extricate ourselves. At Natchez, which we reached on the thirty-second day, and where we remained a week, we heard full particulars of the earthquake, but we saw nothing of any of the boats that had surrounded us on the evening of the 6th February. At New Orleans, the only sign perceived of the commotion was a swinging to and fro of the chandeliers in the ball-room, and the sickness and fainting of a great number of ladies. This remarkable earthquake commenced in the north-west of Missouri state, was felt more or less throughout Louisiana, and extended through the Gulf of Mexico to Caraccas, where it played great havoc, destroying nearly the whole city, and swallowing up or reducing to poverty forty thousand persons. Nothing more was ever heard of the boats, and if we had not remained stationary we should doubtless have shared their fate."

After five years' absence, Mr. Nolte found New Orleans greatly increased in size, but very little improved with respect to the character of its inhabitants, who had added to their former bad qualities a taste for lawsuits and chicanery, introduced amongst them by an immigration of greedy advocates from the Northern States. Mr. Nolte

—who as somebody said of him, many years later, when he was an inmate of the Queen's Bench at the suit of the litigious and crack-brained ex-duke of Brunswick, was all his life the plaything of misfortune, and whose best concerted and most prudent plans were invariably marred by some unforeseen incident or disaster—had no sooner taken and furnished a house in the chief city of Louisiana than news came from Washington of war having been declared against England—a crushing blow to our poor adventurer's well-founded hopes of extensive and profitable transactions with the great European houses who wished him well and favoured his enterprise. There was no help for it; he could but cross his hands and pray for peace. The Mississippi was blockaded by British men-of-war. The state of things at New Orleans resembled the intolerable monotony and inactivity of a calm at sea, with the difference that the latter can last but a few days or weeks whilst the former might endure for years. The only incidents that varied the monotony of life at New Orleans during that war were of an unpleasant nature. In August 1812, a frightful hurricane drove on shore eighteen of the ships in harbour, and unroofed nearly the whole city. A few months later, Mr. Nolte broke his right arm at the elbow by a fall from his horse, and the limb ever afterwards remained stiff and crooked. Party-spirit ran high; private scandal, quarrels, and duels, were resorted to by the restless and disreputable citizens of New Orleans as a refuge from ennui. This portion of Mr. Nolte's book abounds in curious details. "The whole neighbouring coast was kept in a state of alarm by the piracies of the brothers Lafitte from Bayoune, by Jauvinet, Beluche, Dominique, Gamba, and others, who might be seen promenading the streets of New Orleans in broad daylight, and wholly unmolested. They had their friends and connections and warehouses in the city, and sold, almost openly, their stolen goods, especially English manufactures. But the slave-trade was their great resource. They captured Spanish and other slavers on the high seas, and took them to their chief

depôt, the little island of Barataria on the coast near New Orleans, whither the planters, chiefly of French extraction, went to purchase the slaves—for one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars, instead of six hundred or seven hundred, which they would have paid in the market—and conveyed them to their plantations up the numerous bayous or creeks intersecting that district. And as the pirates would be paid in hard dollars, specie soon began to be rare in the city." Brought into contact, by certain banking operations, with reckless and unscrupulous men, Mr. Nolte managed to get involved in a couple of duels, in which his stiff arm was of course highly disadvantageous to him, and, with his usual good luck, he received a bullet in his leg, which he still carries about with him. A serious danger put a temporary end to these squabbles. An attack was expected from the English, and General Jackson made his appearance at New Orleans with fifteen hundred men, the most efficient among whom were five hundred riflemen who had served with Jackson in the Indian war, and were known as Coffee's brigade, from their commander's name. These were the fellows who picked off the British officers from behind the cotton-bale barricades, of which the materials proceeded from Mr. Nolte's stores. Trained in repeated encounters with the savages, they were the sort of men Sealsfield has so vividly painted, totally ignorant of military organisation and discipline, but inaccessible to fear, perfectly cool in danger, of great presence of mind and personal resource, and, above all, unerring marksmen. Mr. Nolte, although his stiff arm exempted him from service, did not choose to see his friends go out to fight and himself remain behind—the less so that he was already suspected of partiality to the English—and he joined the light company of a battalion of militia, several of whose officers had served under Napoleon. According to Mr. Nolte's account, Jackson, blustering, presumptuous and overweeningly self-confident, would have led his militia and irregulars to certain destruction at the hands of the well-drilled British troops, but for the advice given him by Livingston, who

acted as one of his aides-de-camp, to consult a French emigrant major named St. Gême, who had formerly been in the English service in Jamaica, and now commanded a company in the battalion in which Mr. Nolte had enrolled himself. "This officer had been a great deal with Moreau, when the latter, on a visit to Louisiana a few years previously, had scanned, with the critical eye of a tactician, the position of New Orleans and its capabilities of defence. St. Gême rendered General Jackson and the American cause the great service of making him understand that, in the open field, the English would surround him and his handful of inexperienced followers, who had but the name of soldiers, would utterly rout and certainly capture them; and he pointed out to him the M'Carthy canal as the position which Moreau had himself fixed upon as the most defensible, especially for raw troops." Mr. Nolte, who writes impartially, and without visible leaning either to English or to Americans, praises Jackson for the self-command (a quality he did not often display) with which he waived his own wishes in deference to the opinion of the French general (he must have been mad to have disregarded it), and abandoned plans which assuredly, if carried out, would have led to the annihilation of his army and the capture of New Orleans. Livingston, by whose representations he was induced to take counsel of the French major, was a much better lawyer and statesman than warrior, according to Mr. Nolte, and showed himself but little where bullets were flying. When the position decided upon was to be taken up and redoubts built, the ground was found to be swampy and slimy, and the earth unavailable for any sort of fortification, whereupon a French engineer suggested the employment of cotton-bales. The plan adopted, Jackson would lose no time. "It was observed to him," says unlucky Mr. Nolte, lugubriously, "that he certainly might have plenty of cotton in the city for six or seven cents a pound, but its conveyance would cause a day's delay, whereas a barge, already laden with cotton, and whose departure for the Havana had only

been prevented by the arrival of the English squadron, lay close to the shore. It had on board two hundred and forty-five bales, which I myself had shipped just before the invasion, and sixty others belonging to a Spaniard of New Orleans. I was ill-pleased, when they could have had cheap cotton for six or seven cents in the town, to see them land, from a ship all ready to sail, my best quality, which had cost me ten or eleven cents, and I said as much to Livingston, who was my usual legal adviser in New Orleans, and whom I fell in with at Battery No. 3. He was never at a loss for an answer. 'Well, Nolte,' said he, 'since it is your cotton, you will not mind the trouble of defending it.' A reply which was the foundation of the story that, when the owner of the cotton complained of its seizure, Jackson sent him a musket, with the message that upon no man was it so incumbent to defend the bales as upon their owner, and that he therefore hoped he would not abandon them." Mr. Nolte's whole account of the operations at New Orleans is clear and graphic, but that brief campaign has been so often described that we are not induced to dwell at much length upon his narrative, although it contains some passages that, proceeding from an actor on the American side, possess particular interest. On the left wing were the best sharpshooters of Kentucky and Tennessee, invisible in the cypress wood, and loading their rifles with three or four buckshot besides the bullet. Their good weapons and sure aim sent destruction through the ranks of the English, who saw no foe, but beheld all their officers picked off. The whole right flank of the English column was raked by this deadly fire, whilst in front the American batteries kept up an uninterrupted discharge. "From time to time," says Mr. Nolte, "when the smoke blew aside, I and my company obtained a view over the battle-field, and there we saw the whole English centre retreating, throwing away their fascines, and a staff-officer on a black horse gallop forward, his hat in his hand, which he angrily waved as if threatening the flying column. Suddenly, struck by several bullets, he fell backwards

from his horse—some soldiers wrapped him hastily in blankets and carried him off. We learned in the evening that the staff-officer was the commander-in-chief, General Pakenham." The fight was soon over. As Mr. Nolte justly observes, it was a butchery rather than a battle. The Americans, completely sheltered, had but some thirty men killed and wounded, whilst their opponents had to deplore the loss of many hundred good soldiers, than whom none braver ever bore muskets, but whose commander's good fortune was, upon that occasion, unfortunately not equal to his often-tried valour, and who, moreover, was misled by false information.

Mr. Nolte does ample justice to the coolness, energy, and resolution of General Jackson, and shows that even the gasconades and exaggerations in which he constantly indulged had their use, since he thereby deluded his own people, and all the prisoners taken by the English concurred in such formidable accounts of the forces at his disposal as could not fail to influence the proceedings of the invaders. But after the affair of the 8th January, Jackson, prodigiously elevated by his triumph, was anxious to assume the offensive. For the second time he was indebted to Livingston for sound advice. "What would you have more?" said the lawyer; "the city is saved; the English will not renew the attack. Against troops like those, whose intrepidity amidst the most frightful slaughter you yourself have witnessed, what is the use of exposing yourself and your handful of men to be roughly handled, to the diminution of your glory and at risk of valuable lives?" As in the case of the position, the general took his aide-de-camp's sensible advice, and, as is not unusual, got the whole credit of adopting the only rational course. Livingston, some of whose eulogists have made of him a hero as well as a lawgiver, was seized, it appears from Mr. Nolte's version of the campaign, with a bad colic on the evening of the 7th, just after it became known that the English would attack next morning, and retired into New Orleans, where he next day received news of the action. An hour afterwards he was back in camp—

the English and the colic having retreated together. Another of Jackson's volunteer aides-de-camp, also a lawyer, was off into the city before daybreak on the 8th, without even a pretext, and passed the morning riding about the streets, shouting out that the foe was at hand, and calling upon all to arm and hasten to the field—whereas all capable of bearing arms were in the field, except a few skulkers like himself. No notice was taken of these gentlemen's shy behaviour, and Jackson, in his despatch, drawn up by Livingston, thanked his military and voluntary aides-de-camp "for their cool and deliberate bravery!"

The cotton bales used for the redoubts, and a quantity of blankets that had been taken from Mr. Nolte's warehouse during his absence from the city, gave rise to discussions which brought out the least favourable side of Jackson's character. Immediately after the embarkation of the English, a commission was appointed to settle all claims. Mr. Nolte's was for 750 blankets and 245 bales of cotton. The former he was allowed for at the price of the day on which the English landed—namely, eleven dollars a pair; but when the order was submitted to Jackson for his signature and ratification, he said that as the blankets had been taken (almost forcibly) by the Tennessee riflemen, they should be paid for in Tennessee notes—then worth 10 per cent. less than New Orleans paper-money. Mr. Nolte was fain to submit to this shabby trick, worthy of a Connecticut pedlar. As regarded his cotton he had much more trouble. He produced the invoice, proving that he had bought it, two years previously, at 10 cents a pound, from a well-known wealthy cotton grower. He claimed that price, with the addition of two years' interest. During the whole of that time, it had never been lower than 10 to 11 cents a pound, and a few days before the landing of the English he had bought some at 12½ cents. But when the British troops were on shore, and close at hand, there was a panic; markets fell, the timid realised at any price, and a small parcel of cotton of the same quality was sold at 7 cents. When Mr. Nolte's claim was submitted to

Jackson, he allowed it, and said the cotton must be paid for at the price it would have fetched upon the day the American troops marched out of the town. No notice being taken of Mr. Nolte's written protest against such manifest injustice, he went to Jackson, then in all the intoxication of his triumph, and of the exaggerated homage paid him by his countrymen, and very well disposed to exert the arbitrary power given him by the military law he still quite unnecessarily maintained—a stretch of authority for which it will be remembered that he was afterwards fined by the civil tribunals. In reply to Mr. Nolte's representation and remonstrance—

“Aren't you very lucky,” he asked, ‘to have saved the rest of your cotton through my defence of the city?’

“Certainly, general,” answered I, ‘as lucky as every other man in the place, but with this difference, that it costs them nothing, and that I have to bear all the loss.’

“Loss?” cried the general, getting rather angry—‘loss? You have saved everything!’

“I saw it was no use arguing with such an obstinate man, and remarked to him that I only wanted compensation for my cotton, nothing more, and that the best compensation would be to give me back the same quantity and quality that had been taken from me; that I would appoint one merchant, he another; they would agree as to quality, buy the cotton, deliver it me, and he should pay for it.

“No, no, sir!” replied Jackson; ‘I like straightforward business, and that is too complicated. You must take 6 cents for your cotton. I have nothing more to say.’

“I wanted to make the whole thing clear to him, but he cut me short: ‘Come, sir, come! Take a glass of whiskey-and-water; you must be damned dry after all your arguing.’

“All I could do was to say: ‘Well, general, I did not expect such injustice at your hands! Good morning, sir!’ And I went away. Three days afterwards news came of the conclusion of peace, and the consequence was an immediate rise of cotton to 16 cents, at which price I bought several parcels. The com-

mittee of claims were embarrassed; they felt that it was now impossible to fob me off with 6 cents. At last I was asked if I would *now* be content with payment of my invoice; and I agreed to be so, since I must else have complained to Congress, and the affair might have dragged on for years.”

Some pages are devoted by Mr. Nolte to an appreciation of Old Hickory's character. He condemns his arbitrary and overbearing disposition, and his cruelty to the unfortunate Indians, whom he so implacably and perseveringly hunted down, but does justice to his shrewdness and other good qualities, considering, however, that good luck had more to do than commanding talent with the distinction and popularity he attained to in the States—an opinion which we suspect to be now entertained by a very large number of Jackson's countrymen. Of the general's tone and manners—rough as those of a far-west woodman—Mr. Nolte gives some humorous examples. After the action in front of New Orleans, demonstrations innumerable were made in the hero's honour. On his return into the city, Mrs. Livingston placed a crown of laurel upon his head, which seemed considerably to embarrass the slayer of Seminoles, who took it off as if it burned his brow; the ladies subscribed for a costly set of jewels for Mrs. General Jackson; and the principal inhabitants got up a grand ball in the French Exchange. Mr. Nolte, who had seen more public festivities than most of the people of New Orleans, was a prominent and active member of the committee.

“The upper part of the Exchange was arranged for dancing, the lower part for supper, with flowers, coloured lamps, and transparencies. Before supper, Jackson desired to go alone and take a view of the arrangements, and I had to show him the way. On one of the transparencies, between the arcades, were to be read the words: ‘Jackson and victory, they are but one.’ The general turned round to me, in a more cordial manner than I might have expected, and asked, ‘Why did you not say Hickory and victory, they are but one?’ After supper the hero of the day gave us the diverting spectacle of a *pas de deux* be-

tween him and his wife—an Irish emigrant of low origin and considerable corpulence, whom he had taken away from a planter in Georgia. To see these two, the general a long, lean man with skeleton-like limbs, and his wife, a short thick specimen of the female figure, dancing opposite to each other like half-drunken Indians, to the wild tune of 'Opossum up a gum tree,' was truly one of those remarkable spectacles which would be sought in vain in any European ballet."

During the second year of the war between England and the States, a fine West Indianman of 900 tons burthen, the "Lord Nelson," was captured by the Yankee privateer *Saratoga*, taken into New Orleans, and sold by auction for a fourth of its value. Mr. Nolte was the purchaser. Now that the war was over, he loaded her with cotton and deerskins, altered her name to the "Horatio," and sailed for Nantes, with several passengers on board. The ship was but just outside the mouths of the Mississippi, when she spoke a vessel that had made an unusually short voyage from Havre, and brought news of Napoleon's landing at Cannes, rapid march through France, and reinstallation in the Tuileries. Two Frenchmen, who were amongst the passengers, and one of whom had served under the emperor, were overjoyed. Presently it was discovered that the "Horatio" had not enough ballast for her two thousand bales of cotton, and she put into the Havana to supply the deficiency, thus somewhat lengthening her voyage. Off the Scilly Islands she spoke the monthly packet from London to New York. After the interchange of a little nautical information: "What news from France?" roared Mr. Nolte's captain through his speaking-trumpet. "The Duke of Wellington and the British army are in Paris," was the reply. "Where is Buonaparte?" "Fled—nobody knows where." And the two ships pursued their respective courses. The French passengers would not believe a word of it. It was English news, they said, manufactured in London; and they proved to each other, as clear as sunlight, that it was physically and morally impossible the intelligence

should be true. It took the testimony of a French pilot, and the sight of the white flag on the banks of the Loire, to convince them that Napoleon had again fallen. The French population of New Orleans went yet farther in their incredulity. The *Buonapartist Courrier de la Louisiane* analysed the news, and ingeniously proved that the pretended victory of the Allies was merely a mask for a total defeat; that the emperor had achieved one of his great triumphs, which should forthwith be celebrated. And accordingly Napoleon's bust, crowned with laurels, was that evening carried in procession, by the light of hundreds of torches, with several bands of music playing French national airs;—premature rejoicings, which the confirmation of the defeat of the French converted into profound consternation.

Paris, whither Mr. Nolte hastened as soon as possible after landing, was full of novelty and excitement, and the focus on which the eyes of Europe were fixed. He devotes an interesting chapter to sketches of "Paris after Waterloo." Amongst the crowds of foreign uniforms were here and there to be seen, he says, "spectral figures, in long blue coats buttoned to the chin, spurred boots, and hats pressed down over their eyes. These men, who cast such gloomy glances around them, were the officers of the disbanded French army. The ribbon of the Legion of Honour had disappeared from their button-hole, but it was easy to recognize them by their flashing eyes and fierce expression when an English uniform drew near. An accidental push or touch on the foot, often unavoidable in a crowd, and they would burst out, in great bitterness, with an angry—'*Je suis Français, Monsieur!*' or '*Je suis officier Français!*' and if the '*Pardon, Monsieur!*' was not forthcoming, a quarrel was the almost inevitable result. The police had the difficult task of keeping these remnants of the French army out of Paris, but they were not very successful in so doing. Notwithstanding the violent irritation of the French military, which was kept under only by the strong hand, nobody in Paris went amongst them more fearlessly than the Duke of Wel-

lington, who 'showed himself everywhere in a plain blue frock, with the English red scarf round his waist, and a simple red and white feather in his cocked hat, and usually rode about alone, followed only by a sergeant. Thus plainly equipped and slenderly escorted, I saw him one morning ride into the court of the Hotel de l'Empire, and ask for the celebrated London banker Angerstein, who was stopping there". Ney's death, the restaurants and coffeehouses then in vogue, and which were thronged with English and Prussian officers, and grand reviews of the allied troops, are in turn glanced at. At the review of the Russian guard, drawn up along the whole length of the boulevards, Mr. Nolte had a particularly good view of the sovereigns. By favor of a colonel, with whom he had fallen into conversation, he was allowed to remain within the line cleared by the sentries, and close to the colonel's horse. "Suddenly the three monarchs came riding rapidly up, the Emperor Alexander in the middle, his eyes directed to the ladies in the balconies and at the windows—on his right the Emperor Francis, with a serious straightforward gaze—on his left King Frederick William III., who seemed to be examining the grisettes in the crowd rather than the ladies at the windows. The staff, according to the estimate of my obliging colonel, comprised more than a thousand military men of all nations. As good luck would have it, the sovereigns and their whole retinue paused in front of the regiment on my right, and the colonel pointed out to me the Russian grand-dukes, the Austrian arch-dukes, several Prussian princes, Wellington, Schwarzenberg, Blucher, Platoff," &c. &c. Of all the commanders, then assembled in Paris, the most dissatisfied was the American general, Scott (since noted for his campaign in Mexico), who had been opposed to the English on the Canadian frontier, had taken a fort or two, and was looked upon by his countrymen as a military star of the very first magnitude—second only to Jackson, and equal to any other warrior then extant. He had been sent to Europe to increase his military knowledge and study the art of war, and

reached Paris fully convinced that all the great chiefs of the Continental armies would hasten to greet and compliment him. "To his visible vexation, he found himself completely mistaken. In the great military meetings in the French capital, where Wellington, Blucher, Schwarzenberg, Kutusoff, Woronzoff, and a host of other celebrities, laden with stars and orders, were assembled—the long thin man, in his blue coat without embroidery, and with only a pair of moderate-sized epaulettes, excited no attention. Scott could not get over the contrast between the figure he had so recently cut in his native land, and the insignificance he was condemned to in France, and he often exhibited bitter and somewhat laughable ill-humor." After a visit to the field of Waterloo, Mr. Nolte returns to America, on cotton speculations intent—of which, and of Baring Brothers, he for some time discourses, until we are not sorry to see the theme changed, and him back in Paris passing a Sunday at the country-house of *Maison sur Seine*, built by Louis XIV., and then just purchased from the French government by the banker Jacques Laffitte, whom he found in his park, accompanied by two plainly-dressed and plain-mannered Englishmen, who talked knowingly about cotton, and whom he took for Manchester cotton-spinners. At dinner, to his surprise, although Casimir Perrier and several deputies and Frenchmen of mark were present, the places of honor were for the Englishmen. He made up his mind that they must be very great people in the cotton-spinning line—perhaps the first in Manchester—and that they must have large credits on Laffitte's house—that giving, not unfrequently, the measure of the hospitality of Parisian bankers. Laffitte, who was a great talker—given to discourse for hours together, with scarcely a break, and with innumerable digressions totally irrelevant to the subject under discussion—was loquacious as usual, and related many things that had occurred during the Hundred Days. At that time Napoleon had sent for and consulted him almost daily. Laffitte said that he had never been a worshipper of Napoleon's, but he then

had opportunity of convincing himself that the emperor possessed, in the highest degree, the art, of popularity. "He was very confidential with me," said Laffitte, 'spoke without reserve, and once made a striking remark concerning our nation. "To govern the French," he said, "one must have arms of iron and gloves of velvet."' My readers probably may have heard this remark, but not the reply immediately made by Madame Laffitte's right-hand neighbour (one of the Manchester cotton-spinners afore-said). 'Yes,' he said, 'that is very true, but—he often forgot to put on his gloves.' The remark was so apt and true that all present laughed heartily. I asked my next neighbour who the witty foreigner was, and learned that it was the Marquis of Lansdowne."

Involved in the commercial disasters of 1825-6, Mr. Nolte left New Orleans, sixteen years after his first establishment there, and went to seek in Europe that fortune which had constantly eluded his grasp in the States. His success in the Old World was little better than in the New. In after years, he again more than once visited America, and engaged in enormous cotton speculations, in which he burnt his fingers. Cotton seems to have had for him the same irresistible attraction that dice have for the veteran gambler. Although many of his misfortunes were the result of circumstances neither to be foreseen nor guarded against, and although we may suppose that he makes out the best case he fairly can, the impression left by his book upon the reader's mind is, that Mr. Vincent Nolte has been, to say the least, a very venturesome person, and that his abilities and opportunities would have amply sufficed to insure him ultimate affluence, had he been less impatient to acquire a large and rapid fortune. On the other hand, he deserves credit for his unflinching pluck, and for his elasticity under misfortune. When he left New Orleans, he attempted to form a partnership at Havre, but in vain; and he himself frankly admits that he was unsuccessful, because the merchants with whom he would have associated himself were deterred by his reputed taste for the vast and dar-

ing operations in which he had been early initiated. The slow but sure gains of the steady trader he never had patience to collect; the ordinary routine of commercial affairs was to him wearisome and intolerable; he carried into the peaceful paths of trade something of that venturesome and aspiring spirit which, upon the battlefield, insures the soldier high distinction or sudden death—a bullet or a marshal's baton. We regret to fear that it has led Mr. Nolte, after his long and busy life, to no very prosperous position; although he seems to preserve to the last the spirit and vigour that have borne him through so many trying vicissitudes. At the time now referred to, he was still in his prime, and full of hope and confidence. From Havre he betook himself to his favourite city of Paris, where, by the assistance and introduction of his staunch friends the Barings, he was on the eve of concluding a partnership for the establishment of a house at Marseilles. The circulars were printed; Mr. Nolte took a run to Hamburg, Holland, and England, to visit commercial friends, and everywhere he met a kind and encouraging reception. He reached Southampton, on his return to Paris, two hours after the departure of the packet, and, with characteristic impatience, rather than wait two days, hired an open boat, whose owner undertook to land him at Havre early the next morning. It was a moonlight night, and a fair wind at starting, but he was becalmed in the Channel, and lay a whole day roasting in the sun. Upon the morning of the 28th of July 1830, he landed at Havre, and posted on to Paris. At Rouen he remarked signs of uneasiness, and the troops were under arms; at Courbevoie he received the first news of the fatal ordinances; outside the Paris barrier, a few persons stopped his chaise, and tore the white cockade from the postillion's hat. Paris was enacting the most peaceful and respectable of its numerous revolutions.

Mr. Nolte witnessed the proceedings of the three days of July, and betook himself to Marseilles, where he had scarcely commenced business when the failure of the Irish-French bankers who were to advance the greater part

of the capital on behalf of his partner compelled him again to abandon it, and once more to return to Paris. He had been on very intimate terms with General Lafayette during that veteran revolutionist's visit to the United States in 1825, had travelled with him, acted as his banker, rendered him some service, and shown him many attentions; for which he deemed himself far more than compensated by the privilege of the general's society, and by the interest of his conversations. Alone with him, in the cabin of the American steamer which the authorities of New Orleans had allotted to the use of Washington's old friend and comrade, Lafayette spoke freely of his past life and present opinions, and Mr. Nolte was astonished by the revelation of plans which he would never have suspected to have lingered in that venerable head—so soon, in all probability, to be laid in the grave. The man who, at least as well as any living, had had opportunities of judging the Bourbon character—before and since the day when, upon the balcony at Versailles, he kissed, in sign of peace and good understanding, the hand of the defamed and martyred Marie Antoinette, amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands, whose discontent the symbol and the promised return of the royal family to Paris promptly, although but temporarily, appeased—declared his conviction of its unworthiness. For the good of France, in his opinion, she must expel the race of whom Talleyrand so truly said, that they had forgotten nothing, and learned nothing. “‘France cannot be happy under the Bourbons,’ said Lafayette, ‘and we must get rid of them. It would be already done, had Laffitte chosen.’”

“‘Indeed!’ I exclaimed: ‘how so?’”

“It is not so long ago,” continued the general, ‘that you will have forgotten how two of the regiments of guards that were ordered to Spain under the command of the Duke of Angoulême, halted in Toulouse, and showed signs of raising the banner of revolt. The affair was quickly suppressed, and kept as quiet as possible. But the plan was ripe! I knew that from my private correspondence with several officers, and nothing but money

was wanting for a successful insurrection then to have occurred. I addressed myself to Laffitte; he had scruples; he would and he would not. At last I offered to carry the thing through without his participation. On the first occasion when we were alone together—I said to him—but as soon as possible, lay a million of francs in bank-notes upon the chimney-piece—I will put them in my pocket without your perceiving it. The rest you may leave to me! Laffitte hesitated, was undecided, and at last declared he would have nothing whatever to do with the affair. And so the whole project fell through!’”

“I could not conceal my surprise. ‘Had I heard what you have just told me from any other lips than yours, general,’ I said, ‘I would not have believed a word of it.’ The general merely replied, ‘*C’était pourtant ainsi.*’”

In 1830 Lafayette's desire was fulfilled—not to its full extent, for he wished the Bourbons to be replaced by a republic, partly because he believed that form of government the best suited to render France happy and prosperous, and partly because it would have best enabled him to gratify his unbounded greed of popularity. But the Bourbons had fled, and France had a citizen king and a national guard. Arms were required for the latter, and Mr. Nolte thought that their supply would be a profitable business—quite in his way—because there was much money to be made in a short time. Lafayette, besides being commander-in-chief of the national guard, was the intimate friend of Gerard, Louis Philippe's first minister of war, in whose department the matter lay, and who was desirous of making contracts for the supply of muskets. Mr. Nolte betook himself to Lafayette, who received him most cordially (embracing him, to the infinite astonishment of his aide-de-camp who had taken Nolte for an Englishman), and gave him the strongest recommendation to Gerard; the result of which was, that he obtained extensive contracts for the supply not only of muskets, but of the *brigquets* or short Roman swords which Soult, who succeeded Gerard at the war-office, introduced into the army, and by

which the mercenary old marshal—so his enemies affirmed, and thousands to this day believe—himself pocketed no inconsiderable sum. Be this true or not—and Soult's proved rapacity at many previous periods of his life gave but too much probability to the accusation—Mr. Nolte had occasion, whilst carrying out his contracts, which extended over a considerable time, to note several instances of that venality of French officials which rose to such a height under Louis Philippe's reign as at last to extend to his very ministers, and to constitute one of the prominent causes of his dethronement. As early as 1831, Mr. Nolte assures us, itching palms were plenty in France, and that amongst personages of no humble rank. But as far as military men were concerned, this was a mere continuation of the traditions and usages of the Empire—that period of unrefined sensuality and reckless extravagance, during which Napoleon's subalterns, following their leader's unscrupulous example, filled their pockets whenever and wherever they could, without much regard to the delicacy of the means employed. Amongst the anecdotes illustrative of this state of corruption to be found in Mr. Nolte's *Reminiscences*, is one of a certain general officer, not named, whom he thought it advisable to propitiate by a present. In this case, as in all others of the kind in which he had to deal with men of good breeding and position, the puzzle was how to administer the *douceur* so that it might be taken without embarrassment. 'Mrs. Nolte, to whom her husband communicated his difficulty, undertook to ascertain, through her acquaintances, the tastes and partialities of the high functionary in question. She discovered that he was very fond of snuff-boxes.

"This ascertained," says Mr. Nolte, "I chose a very handsome box, and placed a bank-note in it, in such a manner that on opening the box the amount, 1000 francs, must immediately catch the eye. Then I took the first opportunity that presented itself, when my friend had recourse to his own box for a pinch, to produce mine, as if for the same purpose. It immediately attracted his attention. 'That snuff-box is really in

excellent taste!' he exclaimed. 'Since it pleases you, general,' I replied, 'oblige me by accepting it as a keepsake!' He thanked me, took the box, and at once opened it. I did not long remain in doubt as to the manner in which my present would be received. 'Aha!' he cried, 'but it is right you should know that I am a great snuff-taker. A double pinch never does any harm, my dear sir!' and so saying, he pocketed the box. The hint sufficed. On my return home, I enclosed a second thousand-franc note, with my card, in an envelope, and sent it to him."

Another officer of rank, a colonel of artillery, who had served under Napoleon, and was then in command of the arsenal at Havre, made some difficulty about receiving a much larger sum, offered him by Mr. Nolte in acknowledgment of important and gratuitous services, most kindly rendered. He ended by pocketing the affront, when it was sent by Mr. Nolte under cover to his confidential servant, and probably, as an old soldier of the Empire, he thought it quite equitable and honourable that he should have his slice of the contractor's gain. But he afterwards made a most generous use of a portion of the sum. Poor Nolte, after toiling hard for three years, during which time he delivered arms to the amount of nearly eight millions of francs, fell amongst thieves, as too often happened to him, and was swindled out of all his earnings. Some time afterwards, when he was absent from Paris in pursuit of fresh schemes, Colonel Lefrançois happened to hear that his wife was in embarrassed circumstances, and immediately called upon her. "My dear Madam," he said, "I have received a great deal of money from your husband, much more than I had any claim to—I have spent and squandered the greater part of it, as one is wont to do with windfalls of that kind. But now that you need it, it is my duty to return you what remains. Here it is—do me the favour to accept it. You, your husband, and your little family, will always be dear to me." This trait contrasts pleasingly with the numerous others, of a very contrary nature, to be found in the record of Mr. Nolte's Parisian expe-

riences and transactions. These were of a nature to bring him into unavoidable—but, to him, in no way discreditable—connection with various equivocal characters. Some of his contracts were for secondhand muskets, which he employed agents to seek in the brokers' shops of Paris. Many of these agents were recommended to him by the subordinate officials of the war-office. Others he fell in with casually. Thus, in the month of December 1831, a down-looking man, of unprepossessing exterior, accosted him on the stairs of the artillery depot, in the Rue de Luxembourg, and offered his services for the purchase of old muskets. Mr. Nolte briefly replied, that if he knew of a parcel of such weapons for sale, he would send to look at them, and would buy them if price and quality suited. Accordingly, several small parcels of arms were purchased of this man, whose name was Darmonon, and whose flighty, uncertain manner always displeased Mr. Nolte, and made him think he must have done something that would not bear daylight. On inquiry of the police, he learned that he was a forger who had served his time at the galleys. He could not, however, on this account, make up his mind to refuse the unfortunate fellow's services and so, perhaps, drive him again to crime, so he continued to employ him, and Darmonon made himself very useful, and, moreover, gave him constant information of the plans and movements of the malcontents of the Faubourg St Antoine. Through him and other agents, Mr. Nolte was kept informed of the number of muskets daily brought into Paris, the persons to whom they were delivered, and various other particulars. It was rare that more than 100 or 120 came in at a time. One morning, however, Darmonon informed his employer that 2600 had been brought in at an early hour through the barrier of St. Denis, and had been taken to the faubourg of the same name. On reporting this at the ministry of war, Mr. Nolte received directions to purchase the whole lot immediately on government account, and regardless of price. The purchase was effected, but not without some competition, which he thought unlikely to proceed from a merely

mercantile motive, and on setting his agents to work, he found that his competitors were the Legitimists, who had been very busy for some time past. He became convinced, from his and other information that reached him, that there was a plot in existence against Louis Philippe, and he desired Darmonon to keep a sharp look-out, and inform him of whatever came to his knowledge. The occupation seemed to the taste of the ex-galley-slave, who reported, on the morning of the 1st February, that several Carlist emissaries were at work in the Faubourg St. Antoine, that towards noon there would probably be a gathering of workmen, who would raise the banner of Henry V., and that at ten o'clock at night the conspirators would leave the house, No. 18 Rue des Prouvaires, force their way into the Tuileries, where there was to be a ball that evening, surround Louis Philippe, lead him away, and put him to death. The conspirators, with whom Darmonon confessed himself to have been long in the habit of intercourse had offered him 6000 francs for 200 muskets, and had paid him 2000 francs in advance. These circumstantial details, and the sight of the notes, convincing Mr. Nolte of the truth of the story, he jumped into his cab and drove to the prefecture of police, then presided over by the notorious Gisquet. On his way he called at the Bourse. There had been a sudden fall of 1½ per cent, owing to alarming rumours and to heavy sales by the Carlists. Gisquet, with whom Mr. Nolte was acquainted, discredited or affected to discredit, the whole affair, but noted a few particulars, and politely thanked his informant for the needless trouble he had given himself. But, before seven o'clock that evening, Darmonon had the whole 6000 francs in his possession. The 200 muskets were to be sent for before ten o'clock. Mr. Nolte again hurried to Gisquet, and asked if he should deliver them. "Yes," was the reply; "a few at a time; I will have them followed." Mr. Nolte gave the needful instructions, and was informed, the next morning, by his storekeeper, that Darmonon had had seventeen muskets delivered to him, and had been forthwith arrested. The Paris papers of the 2d February

announced that the police, with Mr. Carlier (then chief of the municipal guard, since prefect of police under the Republic) at their head, had forced their way into the house, No. 18 Rue des Prouvaires, at 11 o'clock on the previous night, and, after some resistance, had captured the whole band of conspirators there assembled. From the evidence on the trial, it appeared that Gisquet, incredulous to the eleventh hour, was even then undecided what to do. He feared the attack of the opposition press, ever ready to accuse the police of fabricating the plots they discovered. Carlier at last put an end to his perplexity, by violently exclaiming, "They are armed; we are of superior force; we must enter the house and use our weapons!" An hour later this was done; a municipal guard was killed, and Carlier himself received a slight bullet-wound on the head.

When Marshal Soult, Mr. Nolte tells us, learned that it was one of his contractors who had led the way to the discovery of the plot, he was displeased that he had not been first informed of it, instead of the prefect of police. He was jealous of Thiers, then minister of the interior, who, on his part, bore him no love. Soult would not have been sorry to expose the inefficiency of his colleague's police; Thiers, owing to the course adopted by Mr. Nolte, was enabled to make a boast of its vigilance. All the merit of the affair was attributed to Gisquet, who was promoted to the rank of officer of the Legion of Honour. And when that worthy, after he was dismissed for his venality and scandalous immorality, wrote his memoirs and attempted justification, he ascribed the discovery of the plot of the Rue des Prouvaires entirely to his own activity and zeal, and made no mention whatever of Mr. Nolte.

A chapter of amusing gossip, headed "Reminiscences of the Artistic World of Paris," tempts us to linger, but the length to which this paper has already extended admonishes us to pause. We conclude by extracting a short anecdote, which we do not remember to have before heard, of that eccentric genius, Horace Vernet. It was some

time before the capture of the Smala, his picture of which added so greatly to his reputation. Vernet was in Marshal Bugeaud's camp, where all the soldiers knew of his presence, and one of them, who had promised to send his portrait to his mother, went to him and asked him if he would undertake the work, and at what price. Vernet's reply was that he could not do it for less than a twenty-franc piece. The soldier thought this rather a high figure, but agreed to pay it, provided the likeness was perfect. This the painter promised that it should be, and accordingly, when the picture was done, it was exhibited in the camp, and the striking resemblance was proclaimed by all the comrades of the original. Thereupon the soldier paid the stipulated price, which Vernet quietly pocketed, observing that an artist must live by the price of his work. On leaving the camp, two days afterwards, he sent twenty napoleons to the captain of the soldier's company, for distribution to him and his brave comrades.

Seldom, either in print or in the flesh, have we fallen in with so restless, versatile, and excursive a genius as Vincent Nolte, Esq., of Europe and America—no more limited address will sufficiently express his cosmopolitan domicile. The reader will perhaps imagine, after the perusal of this tolerably desultory paper, that we have traced a considerable portion of his journey through life. No idea was ever more erroneous. We have only picked a little here and there, and have taken scarcely any notice of the parts the author doubtless considers the most important in his book, and which will certainly be read with strong interest by bankers and merchants old enough to remember the mercantile history of the first quarter of the present century. It is chiefly to those intimate and personal commercial details that we attribute the uncommon success Mr. Nolte's autobiography has had in its place of publication, and in Germany generally. Independently of those, it contains matter of interest and entertainment for all classes of readers.

A SPORTING SETTLER IN CEYLON.

ONE of the most striking features of the present age, with reference to our own country, is to be found in that wonderful chain of steam communication, which within the last few years we have seen gradually linking together the British dominions, and which must girdle the globe before it completely connects every portion of our vast empire. But if it is a subject of national pride that our possessions are scattered so widely over the face of the earth, the universal ignorance which prevails respecting them in the mother country only becomes the more incomprehensible and deeply to be deplored. Moreover, the comparatively small amount of intelligence which has been brought to bear upon the subject has been most partially and improperly distributed. The colonies of Great Britain have engrossed all the sympathies of the home public. The dependencies are utterly neglected, or, which comes to much the same thing, consigned unreservedly to the tender mercies of the Colonial Office.

However much may be regretted this marked preference in favour of the colony, it is easily accounted for. An inviting and almost totally uninhabited country of vast extent and genial climate, possessing a fertile soil, and sources of unknown wealth, tempts a certain class of the home community to quit for ever their native shores and risk their fortunes in those distant lands, which henceforward possess an interest in the eyes of those they have left behind, and create in them the spirit of inquiry and enterprise. In the case of the dependency, no such inducement exists. A tropical climate is a bugbear utterly appalling to the intending emigrant. He shudders at the bare idea of passing the rest of his existence in a temperature of 90°, exposed to the attacks of cholera, fever, natives, and snakes. He has heard of fortunes having been made in India, but he has never heard of children having been brought up there, and so having failed in the

attempt to get a writership for his son, he pities the lot of those who are more successful, does not bestow a second thought upon that continent to which his country owes, in a great measure, her prosperity, and betakes himself, with his wife and family, to the backwoods of Canada.

And if India is treated with such indifference, what must be the fate of that large pear-shaped island at its southern extremity, perhaps more easily recognised by the well educated as Taprobane than as Ceylon? To be sure, Trincomalee (the white man's grave) is a name familiar to their ears, but the existence of Colombo, a city containing 60,000 inhabitants, and the seat of government, is altogether ignored, just as the Cingalese themselves seldom hear of England, or are accustomed to think of it only as the capital of London. The absence of any recent popular work upon Ceylon may in some measure account for, while it cannot quite excuse, this ignorance. And we should certainly deeply commiserate any one who, in a moment of infatuation, attempted to acquire his information from the work of Sir Emerson Tennant, which was published about two years ago, entitled *Christianity in Ceylon*. Those who are really interested in the subject of Christianity will find it treated of there in a cold, unsympathising manner, calculated rather to repel than to attract them. Indeed, the unfavourable reception which this book has already met with, proves that the general public, but too little mindful of Christianity at home, care as little for its development in Ceylon as did Sir Emerson himself during his late administration as Colonial Secretary of the island. Mr. Baker has evidently a much better appreciation of the popular taste, when, instead of "Christianity," he gives us "The Rifle and the Hound" in Ceylon; and we entertain no doubt that the result will prove this satisfactorily alike to himself and to his publishers.

We have, indeed, seldom perused

a work with a keener relish than the one we have just laid down. Our author has shown in it that he can wield his pen as ably as he can handle his rifle, and in his exciting description of wild sports in Ceylon, he gives the public a "view halloo" of the game he is in sight of there, that must stir within him the soul of every true sportsman. But the interest of Mr. Baker's book does not consist so much in the telling and graphic manner in which he relates his own adventures and hairbreadth escapes, as in the perfectly new character in which he represents the island where he has now permanently established himself, and where he seems to be enjoying existence in a capacity hitherto untried in that tropical clime; for he is no coffee-planter reconciling himself to a solitary existence in the jungle by the hope of speedily realising what he terms "a comfortable independence," upon which to return to his native land—or Ceylon civil servant, revelling in the prospect of retiring when he is grey-headed to enjoy anything but a comfortable independence, viz., £500 a-year, or half the highest salary that splendid service offers to unfortunate younger sons. Nor is he stationed out here with his regiment, altogether regardless, as a soldier ought to be, of a comfortable independence, and anxious to keep his hand in for natives by shooting elephants. He is no mere dilettante sportsman, endeavouring to recover the effects, and dissipate the recollections, of half-a-dozen London seasons. He is a *settler*—positively a settler in Ceylon. If our preconceived impressions of this colony be true, what a sanguine temperament our author must possess, to enable him to expose himself so cheerfully to the attacks of fever and wild beasts for the rest of his life. There certainly never was such an act of insanity perpetrated; he might as well have emigrated to the infernal regions at once. We have no doubt his friends told him so before he quitted the genial clime of his native land. But before we condemn him so roundly, let us see where he has pitched his tent, and what sort of answer he sends back to the inquiries of these anxious friends of his.

"Here, then, I am in my private sanc-

tum, my rifles all arranged in their respective stands above the chimney-piece, the stag's horns round walls hung with horn-cases, powder-flasks, and the various weapons of the chase. Even as I write, the hounds are yelling in the kennel.

"The thermometer is at 62° Fahr., and it is mid-day. It never exceeds 72° in the hottest weather, and sometimes falls below freezing point at night. The sky is spotless, and the air calm. The fragrance of mignonettes, and a hundred flowers that recall Old England, fill the air. Green fields of grass and clover, neatly fenced, surround a comfortable house and grounds. Well-fed cattle of the choicest breeds, and English sheep, are grazing in the paddocks. Well made roads and gravel walks run through the estate. But a few years past, and this was all wilderness.

"Dense forest reigned where now not even the stump of a tree is standing; the wind howled over hill and valley, the dank moss hung from the scathed branches, the deep morass filled the hollows; but all is changed by the hand of civilisation and industry. The dense forests and rough plains, which still form the boundaries of the cultivated land, only add to the beauty. The monkeys and parrots are even now chattering among the branches; and occasionally the elephant, in his nightly wanderings, trespasses upon the fields, unconscious of the oasis within his territory of savage nature.

"The still starlight night is awakened by the harsh bark of the elk; the lofty mountains, grey with the silvery moonlight, echo back the sound, and the wakeful hounds answer the well-known cry by a prolonged and savage yell.

"This is 'Newera Ellia,' the sanatorium of Ceylon, the most perfect climate of the world. It now boasts of a handsome church, a public reading-room, a large hotel, the barracks, and about twenty private residences.

"The adjacent country, of comparatively table-land, occupies an extent of some thirty miles in length, varying in altitude from six thousand two hundred to seven thousand feet, forming a base for the highest peaks in Ceylon, which rise to nearly nine thousand feet.

"Alternate large plains, separated by belts of forest, rapid rivers, waterfalls, precipices, and panoramic views of boundless extent, form the features of this country, which, combined with the sports of the place, render a residence at Newera Ellia a life of health, luxury, and independence."

So Mr. Baker is not quite a maniac after all—in fact, his lines seem cast

in rather pleasant places; and, if we may draw our own inferences from the brief description he gives us of his island home, the pleasures of the chase are only resorted to as an agreeable variation from the ordinary routine of his agricultural pursuits. He is a solitary specimen in Ceylon of that race so highly respected in our own country, which combines at once the sportsman, the farmer, and the gentleman.

It has ever been a matter of astonishment to us that no sportsman of the Cinnamon Isle has before this been inspired by his romantic and adventurous life to depict those scenes in which he has himself revelled, so as to allow the public the gratification of participating, although only in imagination, in wild sports of a nature as exciting and hazardous as the manner in which they are prosecuted is novel and enjoyable. We have not only explored, with Gordon Cumming, the interior of South Africa, but have been bored to death by exhibitions in our own country of the trophies which attest his courage and energy. Although we have never visited the Far West, we are as familiar with the life of the buffalo-hunter or prairie Indian as Washington Irving himself. For did we not live among trappers, with the inimitable Ruxton for our companion, while we have only just returned from a solitary ramble with Palliser? And so tired are we of shooting tigers and hunting boars in India with the Cockney who goes out for a winter excursion, or the "Company's" lady who wishes to astonish her sisters at home, and disgust her husband at "the station," that we should infinitely prefer reading the account in the county paper of the last run of the subscription pack, to Mrs. M.'s charming description of the Shickar at B——, and the grand Tomasha with which it terminated. And, indeed, if we are accused of giving too unfavourable an impression of Indian sport, it is because, when we compare our own experiences of sport in Bengal with that in Ceylon, we feel that the merits of the latter have been utterly ignored and overwhelmed by a profusion of rubbishy, exaggerated pictures of tiger-hunting and pig-sticking, half of which have been drawn, as

a sportsman can at once detect, by those who have never seen a tiger or a wild boar before they gave us this account of their "fearful adventures." We certainly will maintain that sport in India is very far inferior to sport in Ceylon, inasmuch as it is much more exciting to shoot an elephant than to ride one. The insipidity of rocking about on the back of an elephant, looking for a tiger among long grass, and running away or not when you find one, as it suits the fancy of the mahout or the elephant, is easily appreciated by those who have ever indulged in the delectable amusement of stalking a "rogue," with nothing but a pair of rifle barrels and a pair of stout legs to trust to. We engage to say, that if there were as much elephant-shooting in Ceylon as there is tiger-shooting in India, the proportion of deaths in the former country would be as ten to one. We will admit that "shickar" arrangements are made on a much more magnificent and luxurious scale in India than in Ceylon; but this is a very secondary consideration with the true sportsman, and we certainly never enjoyed life more thoroughly at any time than while making our jungle trips in those wild districts in Ceylon which are so plentifully stocked with game. What an independent existence was that! far from the haunts of men by some secluded tank,—a monument of the industry and greatness of a race long since passed away,—shadowed over by the lofty and graceful tamarind tree, is pitched our snug little single-poled tent. Some camp-stools are our seats by day, and fit into one another so as to form comfortable beds; the small circular table is fixed to the tent-pole; the canteen, some green native baskets containing our wardrobe, and a long range of guns, complete the furniture. It is mid-day, and the occupants are taking a *siesta* in their pyjamas; the coolies are snoring where the jungle forms the densest shade; the cook and servants have built a house for themselves of branches, and are engaged in culinary occupations. No sooner is the intense heat of mid-day past than we sally forth, working steadily for about four hours; then comes the luxurious fare known well to the Cey.

lon hunter. Our coolies and ourselves are alike dependent entirely on our trusty rifles. We sometimes indulge in beer, but it is a most extravagant practice—always, however, in a good cook. It is not yet quite dusk: we dine in the open air. There is roast peafowl with buffalo tongue, venison pasty and jugged hare, with a curry of jungle fowl, with pigs' fry, if we are not otherwise well supplied; but, as a general rule, wild boar is to be avoided, especially if dead elephants are abundant in the vicinity. Presently the full moon in the cloudless sky throws the shadows long and sharp over our encampment, and we prepare for night-work. Our tent is quite concealed from the tank to which we now repair: it is about three-quarters dry, and the water is not more than half a mile in circumference. There are two round holes prepared for our reception close to the water's edge, of sufficient depth to conceal the occupants. All through the night, with the moon looking calmly down upon us, brightly reflected in the waters of the tank, we watch. As it is early yet, there are plenty of buffaloes still to be seen. Soon large herds of deer come down to drink; they are quite unsuspicious, and pass to and fro within a few yards of the loaded rifles. Then the sharp bark of the elk rings through the still air, and a noble buck walks knee deep into the water, and a moment afterwards the doe more timidly follows. Large sounders of pigs grunt about constantly. After midnight, more important game appears, and rouses the eager sportsmen to more vigorous action; whether we have made a bag or not depends upon whether there are elephants in the neighbourhood. If there are, they will now be heard crashing through the jungle. They come very slowly, and the excitement is intense; they keep stopping by the way, and beating about with their trunks. We are getting very impatient—they never will come! At last, one after another, they stalk across the open in the clear moonlight; a large herd is soon splashing, and bubbling, and roaring in the muddy water. They are out of shot, and we are obliged to stalk them, for moonlight shooting

is deceptive, and we have put lime on the sight of the guns—a precaution, by the way, we do not hear that Mr. Baker adopted when shooting by moonlight. We no sooner fire than the uproar and noise of the retreating elephants are tremendous: they seldom charge at night, the whole transaction being too sudden and mysterious; but the crashing of the jungle, as the terrified herd sweeps through it, is inconceivable. An hour or two before daybreak chetabs and bears come stealthily down and stay for a moment, and are gone again. In the course of one night, in the northern part of Ceylon, we have literally seen and fired at every description of the game we have just enumerated. At daybreak we swallow a quantity of warm strong coffee, and only return when the barrels of our rifles become too hot to hold, unless, indeed, we are absolutely on the track of an elephant, and then the blazing sun itself is despised. On our way home we discharge our rifles at the scaly banks of innumerable alligators that bask open-mouthed upon the sloping bank, but never with the hope of getting, though sometimes of killing, one. We have occasionally put a ball between the greaves of their armour, but can testify most assuredly (although Mr. Baker seems to doubt it) that an alligator's back will turn a rifle ball at twenty yards, as upon one occasion the ball from a friend's rifle lodged in a tree above us, although he was standing at a distance of about a hundred yards off, and the alligator at which he had fired was in a totally opposite direction. And so the days fly past, and our trip is at an end, while our appetite for excitement and adventure remains unappeased; but we are soon reconciled to the change from the rough jungle-life to the comforts of civilisation, for with them we combine the invigorating air of the mountains, and sport of another kind. The tent is exchanged at Newera Ellia for the warm thatched cottage, with its rustic porch covered with sweet-pea and honeysuckle, and well-furnished carpeted rooms, where a comfortable wood-fire crackles upon every hearth, and sheds its grateful influence upon the party gathered round it, and which is composed of the most diverse

materials. Bengal civilians, who were supposed to be dying when they left the Sandheads, are narrating with no little satisfaction their exploits in the morning's elk-hunt; officers from Colombo, and middies from Trincomalee, are eagerly canvassing the prospects for the morrow; coffee-planters, tourists, and Ceylon officials, have become excellent friends on short acquaintance, and are all burning to distinguish themselves. At 5 A.M. it requires some courage to emerge from beneath a couple of warm blankets: the ground is covered with a thick hoar-frost, and fingers long accustomed to wield a pen in some Indian cutcherry can scarcely hold the reins. Enterprising ladies, with very red tips to their noses, join the party, and the meet is a gay and animated scene. But we must not follow the fortunes of the hunt—our reminiscences have already led us beyond the orthodox limits of a review—and we shall gladly turn to Mr. Baker for a description of those sports which he, in common with ourselves, so highly appreciates. We would first, however, say a few words more in reference to the lovely spot in which he has taken up his abode, and of which he has unfortunately given us a very meagre account.

The few Englishmen of a lower class in society who have found their way to Newera Ellia are thriving well; they are, for the most part, discharged soldiers, or persons whose original object, in coming to Ceylon, was to superintend coffee plantations. English blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, or tailors, are all sure of plenty of employment; while storekeeping, or taking charge of the residences of those government functionaries who are fortunate enough to possess them, is a profitable occupation. The great drawback to extensive settling in Newera Ellia, is the absence of a permanent market. At some seasons of the year the plain is overflowing with civilians and military men from the lower provinces, or from the continent of India, who flock to enjoy its bracing climate: at other times visitors are few and far between, and the produce must be transported in bullock-carts to Kandy or Colombo.

The nearest coffee-plantations are

situated in Dimboola, seven or eight miles distant, the elevation of the plain being too great for the growth of the berry. All the ordinary productions of our kitchen-gardens are to be procured in abundance, and delicious strawberries may here be grown, to recall to the acclimatised Company's servant the long-forgotten tastes of his native land. There can be no doubt that when the merits of Newera Ellia become better known they will be more highly appreciated, while its proximity to India will then insure those who have settled there a speedy and profitable return for their outlay.

We regret that the scope and tenor of Mr. Baker's work do not admit of a full account of his farming experiences, which must have been both novel and interesting. His sketches of scenery are graceful and life-like, evincing a warm susceptibility and a cultivated mind—qualities which must ever distinguish the thorough sportsman from a mere butcher on a large scale. "To a true sportsman," says our author, "the enjoyment of a sport increases in proportion to the wildness of the country." The deliberate manner in which Mr. Baker awaits the furious charge of a rogue elephant, with his rifle on full cock, wrapped in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, is truly appalling to us uninitiated Westerns; and, indeed, at these critical moments he is ever most enthusiastic—a very Izaak Walton of Nimrods.

"There is a mournful silence in the calmness of the evening, when the tropical sun sinks upon the horizon, a conviction that man has left this region undisturbed to its wild tenants. No hum of distant voices, no rumbling of busy wheels, no cries of domestic animals meet the ear. He stands upon a wilderness, pathless and untrodden by the foot of civilisation, where no sound is ever heard but that of the elements, when the thunder rolls among the towering forests, or the wind howls along the plains. He gazes far, far into the distance, where the blue mountains melt into an indefinite haze; he looks above him to the rocky pinnacles which spring from the level plain, their swarthy cliffs glistening from the recent shower, and patches of rich verdure clinging to precipices a thousand feet above him. His eye stretches along

the grassy plains, taking at one full glance a survey of woods, and rocks, and streams; and imperceptibly his mind wanders to thoughts of home, and in one moment scenes long left behind are conjured up by memory, and incidents are recalled which banish for a time the scene before him. Lost for a moment in the enchanting power of solitude, where fancy and reality combine in their most bewitching forms, he is suddenly roused by a distant sound, made doubly loud by the surrounding silence—the shrill trumpet of an elephant.”

This is a good specimen of our author in his softer moods; but we must hurry on to more stirring scenes. Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Baker visited Ceylon on a sporting tour, and the first part of his volume is devoted to an account of his adventures upon that occasion. He subsequently returned to Ceylon, and, making Newera Ellia his permanent headquarters, he enjoyed elk-hunting at his own doors; and, having profited by former experience, made his elephant-shooting excursions in a deliberate and well-organised manner. His battery consisted “of one four-ounce rifle (a single barrel) weighing twenty-one pounds, one long two-ounce rifle (single barrel) weighing sixteen pounds, and four double-barrelled rifles, No. 10, weighing each fifteen pounds.” The No. 10 double-barrels did most execution, and were twelve grooved, carrying a conical ball of two ounces and a half. It is certainly a popular delusion to suppose that smooth bores are better than these for elephant-shooting. We have already enumerated the varieties of game at which this formidable battery is directed.

About eighty miles to the north-east of Kandy, the lake of Minneria lies embosomed amid the most luxuriant vegetation, presenting a sheet of water twenty miles in circumference; and here, far distant from the haunts of men, surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery which Ceylon can boast, Mr. Baker introduces us to his first buffalo. Our author’s brother is the only companion of his sport; they have just arrived in the island, and consequently are complete novices in its wild sports. No sooner do they reach Minneria than, carried away by the excitement of such close proximity to their noble game, they

sally forth to attack a herd of buffaloes, improperly supplied with ammunition. A bull charges and is wounded, the herd retreats, and our author, leaving his brother to extinguish the wounded bull, follows another, who disdains a rapid flight. He is at length overtaken, and as he faces about to his pursuer, Mr. Baker puts two balls into his chest at fifteen paces, without effect. “save that his eye, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury, but his form was motionless as a statue.” This is decidedly startling—more startling still to find that there is not another ball left. It was now the bull’s turn. “I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared one another out of countenance.” For a quarter of an hour Mr. B. stares fiercely but hopelessly at his maddened antagonist, then a bright thought flashes across him:—

“Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces, and two anna pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying coolies. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it in the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant.”

His brother now comes up:—

“It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun barely touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings’ worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge. Away went B. and I as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead but only stunned.”

We have generally found in the course of our own short experience that there was nothing for meeting a charge like a little ready money, but this is squaring accounts with a vengeance. In a moment more Mr. Baker

must inevitably have paid the debt of nature—he paid 3s. 6d. instead, and we will venture to say he never before spent that sum more quickly or satisfactorily to himself. Upon the following day our two sportsmen are charged by a herd, and again narrowly escape destruction. “Although,” says Mr. Baker, “I have since killed about two hundred wild buffaloes, I have never witnessed another charge by a herd. This was an extraordinary occurrence, and fortunately stands alone in buffalo-shooting.” Mr. Baker only thinks it necessary to select from his extensive buffalo-shooting experiences those occasions which involved considerable personal hazard, and exhibited, at the same time, the extraordinary courage and instinct of the animal. Unless buffalo-shooting be followed up as a sport by itself, the real character of the animal must remain unknown. “Some will fight and some will fly, and no one can tell which will take place—it is at the option of the beast. Caution and good shooting, combined with heavy rifles, are necessary. Without heavy metal the sport would be superlatively dangerous, if regularly followed up.” Mr. Baker places great confidence in, and is not a little proud of, his heavy rifles, and he gives some wonderful instances of his performances with them, which fully justify his high estimate of their capabilities. The last day’s work on the occasion of his subsequent visits to Minneria is worthy of record. He begins by knocking over a bull at three hundred and fifty-two paces, then a cow from horseback at a long range, and a bull at about four hundred yards. These are mere experiments; presently he comes to closer quarters. A young bull is hidden in a thick cover, and our author rides in to dislodge him:—

“I beat about to no purpose for about twenty minutes, and I was on the point of giving it up when I suddenly saw the tall reeds bow down just before me. I heard the rush of an animal as he burst through, and I just saw the broad black nose, quickly followed by the head and horns, as the buffalo charged into me. The horse reared to his full height as the horns almost touched his chest, and I fired as well as I was able. In another instant I was rolling on the ground, with

my horse upon me, in a cloud of smoke and confusion.

“In a most unsportsmanlike manner (as persons may exclaim who were not there), I hid behind my horse as he regained his legs. All was still—the snorting of the frightened horse was all that I could hear. I expected to have seen the infuriated buffalo among us. I peeped over the horse’s back, and, to my delight and surprise, I saw the carcass of the bull lying within three feet of him. His head was pierced by the ball exactly between the horns, and death had been instantaneous. The horse having reared to his full height, had entangled his hind legs in the grass, and he had fallen backwards without being touched by the buffalo, although the horns were close into him.”

On his way home, after this disagreeable rencontre, Mr. Baker falls in with a small herd of five, and drops both bulls and an infuriated cow, the latter in the act of charging, at a distance of fifteen paces. The two remaining cows and a calf are killed in their retreat, and Mr. Baker is strolling home satisfied with a bag of ten buffaloes, when he suddenly stumbles upon a herd of elephants. These beat an immediate retreat. But singling out a fine bull, Mr. Baker drops him severely wounded with the four ounce, and, taking his second gun, he runs up just in time to catch him as he is half risen.

“Feeling sure of him, I ran up within two yards of his head, and fired into his forehead. To my amazement, he jumped quickly up, and with a loud trumpet he rushed towards the jungle. I could just keep close along side him, as the grass was short, and the ground level, and being determined to get him, I ran close to his shoulder, and, taking a steady shot behind the ear, I fired my remaining barrel. Judge of my surprise,—it only increased his speed, and in another moment he reached the jungle: he was gone. He seemed to bear a charmed life. I had taken two shots within a few feet of him that I would have staked my life upon. I looked at my gun. Ye gods! I had been firing *snipe shot* at him. It was my rascally horsekeeper, who had actually handed me the shot-gun, which I had received as the double-barrelled ball-gun, that I knew was carried by a gun-bearer. How I did thrash him! If the elephant had charged instead of making off, I should have been caught to a certainty.”

This is a judgment upon him evi-

dently for boasting too much of his battery. The abundance of game at Minneria, however, is not to be compared to the enormous sports which Mr. Baker finds in the almost unexplored country beyond Hambautotte. "Here the deer were in such masses that I restricted myself to bucks, and I at length became completely satiated. There was too much game. During a whole day's walk I was certainly not five minutes without seeing either deer, elk, buffaloes, or hogs."

Gradually our sportsman gets still more particular; he refuses tempting shots, and goes out simply in search of large antlers. None appearing of sufficient size he does not fire, and only kills buffaloes if they look vicious, and he can get a charge out of them. Notwithstanding this dainty shooting, he comes home one morning to breakfast, at eight o'clock, with three fine bucks and two buffaloes in his bag. Altogether we cannot charge Mr. Baker with indiscriminate slaughter. A thorough sportsman, he is a humane man; but if we may so phrase it, he is a little too conscientious in his sport. He gives us glimpses of much that is interesting in his search after game; but, because it is unconnected with the matter in hand, he hurries us away upon the track of a rogue elephant or a buffalo, and will not allow us to linger for a moment upon those fairy scenes which he has himself conjured up, or to inquire more deeply into subjects of interest he has himself suggested. We should have liked to have heard a little more of the Veddahs, for instance; but the district they inhabit is the finest part of Ceylon for sport, so of course we must not expect to be told about wild men when there are wild beasts in the case. We have, however, a brief description of the manners and habits (or rather want of habits) of the animal:—

"The Veddah in person is extremely ugly; short, but sinewy; his long uncombed locks fall to his waist, looking more like a horse's tail than human hair. He despises money; but is thankful for a knife, a hatchet, or a gaudy-coloured cloth, or brass pot for cooking. The women are horribly ugly, and are almost entirely naked. They have no matrimonial regulations, and the children are squalid and miserable. Still these people are perfectly happy, and would prefer

their present wandering life to the most luxurious restraint. Speaking a language of their own, with habits akin to those of wild animals, they keep entirely apart from the Cingalese. They barter deer-horns and bees'-wax with the travelling Moormen pedlars in exchange for their trifling requirements. If they have food they eat it; if they have none they go without until by some chance they procure it. In the mean time they chew the bark of various trees, and search for berries, while they wend their way for many miles to some remembered store of deer's flesh and honey, laid by in a hollow tree."

They are expert trackers, but are not so skilled in the use of bows and arrows as savages usually are. Without any fixed place of residence, they wander over their beautiful country, always finding abundance to eat and drink, while the warm temperature renders any description of clothing superfluous. Upon another occasion, Mr. Baker, in search of elephants, stumbles upon the ruins of Mahagam. As he is unsuccessful in finding any game, he gives us a short description of what remains of this ancient city, the first records of which date back to the year 286 B. C.

"We were among the ruins of ancient Mahagam. One of the ruined buildings had apparently rested upon seventy-two pillars. These were still erect, standing in six lines of twelve columns: every stone appeared to be about fourteen feet high by two feet square, and twenty-five feet apart. This building must therefore have formed an oblong of three hundred feet by one hundred and fifty. Many of the granite blocks were covered with rough carving; large flights of steps, now irregular from the inequality of the ground, were scattered here and there; and the general appearance of the ruins was similar to that of Pollanarua, but of smaller extent. The stone causeway which passed through the ruins was about two miles in length, being for the most part overgrown with low jungle and prickly cactus. I traversed the jungle for some distance, until arrested by the impervious nature of the bushes; but wherever I went the ground was strewn with squared stones and fallen brickwork overgrown with rank vegetation."

At Pollanarua the ruins are still more interesting, and our author is evidently just becoming romantic when his reveries are disturbed in a manner inexcusa-

ble even in a sportsman. He is strolling through shady glades, and moralising over palaces which have crumbled into shapeless mounds of bricks: "Massive pillars, formed of a single stone some twelve feet high, stand in upright rows throughout the jungle here and there over an extent of miles of country. The buildings which they once supported have long since fallen, and the pillars now stand like tombstones over vanished magnificence." While Mr. Baker is wandering amid these ruins, meditating upon the touching mementoes by which he is surrounded, of a race long since passed away—

"Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe."

Instead of quoting Wordsworth, what does Mr. Baker do? "I was within twenty yards of her before she was aware of my vicinity, and I bagged her by a shot with a double-barrelled gun. At the report of the gun a herd of about thirty deer which were concealed among the ruins rushed close by me, and I bagged another doe with the remaining barrel." Really Mr. Baker should be ashamed of bagging does right and left amid pillars which stand as tombstones over vanished magnificence; or, if it was the effect of an impulse irresistible at the moment, the placid reader should be spared the sudden shock which such an admission is likely to cause.

The most extensive ruins are strewn over all this country, those of Anarajapoura, comprising a surface of two hundred and fifty-six square miles, being the most celebrated. Numerous tanks attest the existence of a dense population, where now elephants and buffaloes roam unmolested. The tank of Doolana, a secluded spot, is a favourite resort for single or rogue elephants; and here Mr. Baker and his brother find a notorious pair, and determine upon their destruction. The difficulty of following an elephant through the dense forests of Ceylon is so great that the assistance of native trackers is often absolutely necessary. In this instance, unfortunately, even the trackers mistake the direction, and our two sportsmen are standing hopelessly near a wall of impenetrable jungle, into which the elephants had been

seen to retreat, wondering how they are ever to achieve the desired end, when, says Mr. Baker,

"I suddenly heard a deep guttural sound in the thick rattan within four feet of me; in the same instant the whole tangled fabric bent over me, and, bursting asunder, showed the furious head of an elephant with uplifted trunk in full charge upon me.

"I had barely time to cock my rifle, and the barrel almost touched him as I fired. I knew it was in vain, as his trunk was raised. B. fired his right-hand barrel at the same moment without effect from the same cause. I jumped on one side and attempted to spring through the deep mud: it was of no use; the long grass entangled my feet, and in another instant I lay sprawling in the enraged elephant's path within a foot of him. In that moment of suspense I expected to hear the crack of my own bones as his massive foot would be upon me. It was an atom of time: I heard the crack of a gun; it was B.'s last barrel! I felt a spongy weight strike my heel, and, turning quickly heels over head, I rolled a few paces and regained my feet. That last shot had floored him just as he was upon me; the end of his trunk had fallen upon my heel. Still he was not dead, but he struck at me with his trunk as I passed round his head to give him a finisher with the four-ounce rifle, which I had snatched from our solitary gun-bearer.

"My back was touching the jungle from which the rogue had just charged, and I was almost in the act of firing through the temple of the still struggling elephant when I heard a tremendous crash in the jungle behind me similar to the first, and the savage scream of an elephant. I saw the ponderous fore-leg cleave its way through the jungle directly upon me. I threw my whole weight back against the thick rattans to avoid him, and the next moment his foot was planted within an inch of mine. His lofty head was passing over me in full charge at B., who was unloaded, when, holding the four-ounce rifle perpendicularly, I fired exactly under his throat. I thought he would fall upon me and crush me, but this shot was the only chance, as B. was perfectly helpless.

"A dense cloud of smoke from the heavy charge of powder for the moment obscured everything. I had jumped out of the way the instant after firing. The elephant did not fall, but he had his death wound: the ball had severed his jugular, and the blood poured from the

wound. He stopped, but collecting his stunned energies, he still blundered forward towards B. He, however, avoided him by running to one side, and the wounded brute staggered on through the jungle. We now loaded the guns; the first rogue was quite dead, and we followed in pursuit of rogue number two."

He had received his death wound, and was found dead in the jungle a day or two afterwards. We have no doubt a large proportion of those who take up Mr. Baker's book, will read this, and many other similar adventures which it contains, in a spirit of profound scepticism. Of course, we cannot vouch for their credibility otherwise than by saying that, from our own experience and our knowledge of the experience of others, we believe not only in the possibility, but in the probability of scenes such as those described by Mr. Baker frequently occurring in a long course of elephant-shooting. When a man can show three hundred or four hundred tails adorning the walls of his room, he may fairly expect us to consider them as vouchers for his own good faith; and carpet sportsmen may laugh as they please, but they will find, if they have got the pluck to try to procure similar ornaments, that elephants don't generally allow their tails to be cut off without fighting for them, and that the mild specimen in the Zoological Gardens is not altogether to be taken as a type of the race generally.

"I have often heard people exclaim," says Mr. Baker, "upon hearing anecdotes of elephant-hunting, 'poor things!'"

"Poor things, indeed! I should like to see the very person who thus expresses his pity going at his best pace with a savage elephant after him: give him a lawn to run upon if he likes, and see the elephant gaining a foot in every yard of the chase, fire in his eye, fury in his head-long charge; and would not the flying gentleman who lately exclaimed 'poor thing!' be thankful to the lucky bullet that would save him from destruction?"

"There are no animals more misunderstood than elephants; they are naturally savage, wary, and revengeful, displaying as great courage when in their wild state as any animal known. The fact of their natural sagacity renders them the more dangerous as foes."

Of course, in describing a series of rencontres, involving so much personal peril as must necessarily be the accompaniment of elephant-shooting, there is much scope for exaggeration, and the more marvellous a story really is, the more susceptible it is of colouring; so that, unless the narrator be continually on his guard, he may insensibly be drawn, by the exciting nature of the incidents he recounts, into a way of relating them which smacks so strongly of undue embellishment, that the ignorant reader is disposed to discredit those facts themselves which, had he possessed personal experience, he would not have hesitated to accept. "Often," says Mr. Baker, who anticipates such unlearned criticism, "have I pitied Gordon Cumming, when I have heard him talked of as a palpable Munchausen by men who never fired a rifle or saw a wild beast except in a cage, and still these men form the greater proportion of the readers of these works." And we are assured by our author that he has carefully abstained from working up his scenes for the sake of effect—that, in fact, if he has erred at all, it is in under-drawing them. Now, although we would not for a moment be supposed to discredit any one of the accounts which he gives us of his adventures, we cannot do Mr. Baker the injustice to agree with him in this, and we consider ourselves competent judges, although we may not have been present. In looking over the illustrations which grace the work, and which are spiritedly done, there appeared to us one fault, if fault it may be called; our author and his friends always seem to be shooting with air-guns—there is a remarkable absence of any smoke. Now, without meaning in the least to infer that Mr. Baker has transferred it from the pictorial representations of those scenes of which its presence would have been the appropriate ornament to the descriptions of them, which would suffer seriously from such an addition, we only remark that he has occasionally given a handle for that sort of criticism, which we, in common with himself, so much deprecate. We wish, for instance, that his measurements of distance in moments of extreme peril had been a little more vague than they are. A striking

instance of the precision with which our author calculates distance occurs in the course of one of his elephant hunts; after a long combat with a rogue, he is obliged to throw away his heavy rifle and take to his heels.

"I had about three feet start of him, and I saw with delight that the ground was as level and smooth as a lawn; there was no fear of tripping up, and away I went at the fastest pace that I ever ran either before or since, taking a look behind me to see how the chase went on. I saw the bullet mark in his forehead, which was covered with blood; his trunk was stretched to its full length to catch me, and was now within two feet of my back: he was gaining on me, although I was running at a tremendous pace. I could not screw an inch more speed out of my legs, and I kept on, with the brute gaining upon me at every stride. He was within a foot of me, and I had not heard a shot fired, and not a soul had come to the rescue. The sudden thought struck me that my brother could not possibly overtake the elephant at the pace at which we were going, and I suddenly doubled short to my left into the open plain, and back towards the guns. The rogue overshot me. I met my brother close to his tail," &c., &c.

We remember hearing that Major Rogers once dodged between an elephant's legs; but Major Rogers' presence of mind was nothing to Mr. Baker's, who could deliberately calculate his distance when at full speed, and who, joyously trotting on with an elephant's trunk first three, and then two feet from his back, does not think it worth while to double until the distance is decreased to twelve inches. It is quite possible that the elephant's trunk was in most unpleasant proximity to the fugitive—indeed, a sporting friend of ours once had his cap taken off by a rogue in full chase, and after all fairly outran his pursuer—so that we do not doubt that Mr. Baker had an uncommonly near shave, and was excessively glad to find his brother at his pursuer's tail; but this is just *the tone* of description that gives rise to doubts in the minds of those who do not happen ever to have run away from an elephant.

It may be said that the same remark is applicable to the accounts we have of the powers of the four-ounce. There is an elephant killed stone dead at

one hundred and twenty yards; a buffalo at six hundred, if not eight hundred. These are both unprecedented shots; but as sixteen drachms is a common charge with Mr. Baker, and as we certainly never used a rifle heavy enough to bear a charge of an ounce of powder, we are not in a position to question them. Moreover, when we consider the performances of the Minié, we are inclined to regard them as quite possible, although distance, if not actually measured, must always be very much a matter of opinion. However, in reading this narrative of adventure, the experience of an intrepid sportsman, it must be remembered that only those incidents are selected for relation which were most remarkable or attended with the greatest risk. They are a collection of the most perilous moments of a life of peril, and we have simply to add up the long catalogue of those who have fallen victims in Ceylon to that sport which Mr. Baker so ardently pursues, to perceive its danger; and so far from denying the possibility of those hairbreadth escapes which startle us in every page of this work, we should then be induced rather to wonder that its author still lives to tempt that Providence by which he has hitherto been so wonderfully preserved.

But we must not allow the rifle an undue share of our attention. Mr. Baker has as good reason to be proud of his hounds as of his rifles, and there is a greater novelty to the English sportsman in hunting elk at Newera Ellia than in shooting elephants or buffaloes at Minneria. A buck elk—the Sambar deer of India—stands about fourteen hands high at the shoulder, and weighs about six hundred pounds: he is in colour dark brown, with a mane of coarse bristly hair of six inches in length; the rest of his body is covered with the same coarse hair of about two inches in length. His antlers are sometimes upwards of three feet long, but seldom have more than six points. He is a solitary animal; when brought to bay he fights to the last, and charges man and hound indiscriminately, a choice hound being often the price of victory. The country in which he is hunted is the mountainous district in Ceylon; for though

he is to be found in almost every part of the island, the sport is only prosecuted at an elevation which varies from four thousand to seven thousand feet above the sea. The sharp, bracing climate of Newera Ellia, while it agrees admirably with the hounds, enables the sportsman to undergo that prolonged and violent exercise on foot which the sport involves, and which would be utterly out of the question in the low country.

The principal features of the highlands of Ceylon being a series of wild marshy plains, forests, torrents, mountains, and precipices, a peculiar hound is required for elk-hunting. Upon the occasion of Mr. Baker's second visit, he arrived with a pack of thorough-bred fox-hounds. These he soon found were quite a mistake; they invariably open upon the scent at a great distance, and after warning the elk too soon, they stick to him too long, and ultimately fall victims to chetahs or starvation, the penalty of inexperienced perseverance. The offspring of crosses with pointers, bloodhounds, and half-bred foxhounds, are the right stamp for the sport; while the Australian lurcher proves often of immense service upon the open. The hero of Mr. Baker's pack was a Manilla bloodhound of enormous strength and indomitable pluck. The performances of old Smut are worthy of a volume to themselves; and if his master could appreciate the merits of his favourite hound when alive, he proves himself an historian well qualified to do justice to his memory. The reader will also be proud to make the acquaintance of Killbuck, Bran, and Lena, who prove themselves good dogs and true. About sixteen miles from Newera Ellia, lie the Horton Plains, situated at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are perfectly uninhabited; and here it is that Mr. Baker introduces us to his favourite sport. He and his friends have taken up their abode in a snug corner of the plains, where they have built for themselves a hunting-lodge and kennel. They are within hail of civilisation, but they depend almost entirely upon the dogs for sustenance, combined with the efforts of a perfect Soyer of a cook.

"This knight of the gridiron was a famous fellow, and could perform wonders; of stoical countenance, he was never seen to smile. His whole thoughts were concentrated in the mysteries of gravies, and the magic transformation of one animal into another by the art of cookery: in this he excelled to a marvellous degree. The farce of ordering dinner was always absurd. It was something in this style. 'Cook!' (*Cook answers*) 'Coming, sar!' (*enter cook*).—'Now, cook, you make a good dinner; do you hear?' *Cook*: 'Yes, sar: master tell, I make.'—'Well, mulligatawny soup.' 'Yea, sar.'—'Calves' head, with tongue, and brain-sauce.' 'Yea, sar.'—'Gravy omelette.' 'Yea, sar.'—'Mutton chops.' 'Yea, sar.'—'Fowl coteleta.' 'Yea, sar.'—'Beefsteaks.' 'Yea, sar.'—'Marrow-bones.' 'Yea, sar.'—'Rissoles.' 'Yea, sar.' All these various dishes he literally imitated uncommonly well, the different portions of an elk being their only foundation."

During a trip of two months at the Horton Plains, Mr. Baker killed forty-three elk, which was working the pack pretty hard. At Newera Ellia the game, though not quite so plentiful, is sufficiently abundant to satisfy any reasonable sportsman, and an extract of three months' hunting, at his own door, from our author's game-book, shows a return of eleven bucks, seventeen does, and four hogs.

Though the sport of elk-hunting is most exciting, the recital of elk-hunting experiences must ever be somewhat monotonous: there is so little room for varied incident. The hunter follows the music of his pack over the open, at a long swinging trot, and bursts his way through the dense jungle, and down the steep bank to the foaming torrent, in the midst of which the elk is keeping the hounds at bay:—

"There they are in that deep pool formed by the river as it sweeps round the rock. A buck! a noble fellow! Now he charges at the hounds, and strikes the foremost beneath the water with his fore-feet; up they come again to the surface,—they hear their master's well-known shout,—they look round and see his welcome figure on the steep bank. Another moment, a tremendous splash, and he is among his hounds, and all are swimming towards their noble game. At them he comes with a fierce rush. Avoid him as you best can, ye hunters, man, and hounds!"

This reminds us of an amusing experience of our own, under somewhat similar circumstances. The master of one of the packs at Newera Ellia, in those days a good specimen of a Ceylon Nimrod, and an old elk-hunter, was anxious to show a naval friend of his the sport in perfection. We happened to be of the party, and before long our ears were rejoiced with that steady chorus which always tells of a buck at bay. Away we dashed through the thorny jungle, and arrived at the edge of a deep black pool, in which the elk was swimming, surrounded by the entire pack. Another moment and we should have formed one of the damp but picturesque group, when our naval friend, who had been left a little in the rear, unused to such rough work, came up torn and panting. It suddenly occurs to Nimrod, just as he is going to jump in, that it is hardly civil to his guest to secure to himself the sportsman's most delicious moment; he feels the sacrifice he is making as, with a forced blandness, and an anxious glance at the buck, he presses his hunting-knife into Captain F.'s hand, saying, "After you, sir, pray." "Eh! after me; where?—you don't mean me to go in there, do you?" "Certainly not, if you would rather stay here; in that case be so good as give me the knife, as there is no time to be lost." "Oh, ah!—I didn't understand;—how very stupid! Go in—oh certainly: I shall be delighted;" and in dashed the gallant captain with his two-edged blade gleaming in the morning sun. For a second the waters closed over him, then he appeared spluttering and choking, and waving aloft the naked steel preparatory to going down again; it was plain that he could not swim a stroke, and it cost us no little trouble to pull out the plucky sailor, who took the whole thing as a matter of course, and would evidently have gone anywhere that he had been told. It is a difficult matter to stick an elk while swimming, as the hide is very thick, and the want of any sufficient purchase renders an effective blow almost impossible. There is also a great risk of being struck by the elk's fore-legs, while impetuous young dogs are apt to take a nip of their master by mis-

take. A powerful buck at bay is always a formidable customer, and the largest dogs may be impaled like kittens if they do not learn to temper their valour with discretion.

"The only important drawback," says Mr. Baker, "to the pleasure of elk-hunting is the constant loss of dogs. The best are always sure to go. What with deaths by boars, leopards, elk, and stray hounds, the pack is with difficulty maintained. Poor old Bran, who, being a thorough-bred greyhound, is too fine in the skin for such rough hunting, has been sewn up in so many places that he is a complete specimen of needlework;" while Killbuck and Smut, the hero of about four hundred deaths of elk and boar, have terminated their glorious careers. Killbuck was pierced by the sharp antlers of a spotted buck, after a splendid course over the plains in the low country. If the bay of the deer is not so good as that of the elk, the enjoyment of riding to your game renders deer-coursing a far more agreeable sport than elk-hunting. Unfortunately for Killbuck his buck came to bay as pluckily as any elk, and had pinned the noble hound to the earth, before his master, who had been thrown in the course of a reckless gallop, could come up to the rescue. But the boar is the most destructive animal to the pack, and a fierce immovable bay, in which every dog joins in an impetuous chorus, is always a dreaded sound to the hunter, who knows well that tusks, and not antlers, are at work.

The following description of a boar at bay will give some idea of the scene that then occurs:—

"There was a fight! The underwood was levelled, and the boar rushed to and fro with Smut, Bran, Lena, and Lucifer, all upon him. Yoick to him! and some of the most daring of the maddened pack went in. The next instant we were upon him mingled with a confused mass of hounds; and throwing our whole weight upon the boar, we gave him repeated thrusts, apparently to little purpose. Round came his head and gleaming tusks to the attack of his fresh enemies, but old Smut held him by the nose, and, although the bright tusks were immediately buried in his throat, the stanch old dog kept his hold. Away went the boar covered by a mass of dogs, and bearing

the greater part of our weight in addition, as we hung on to the hunting-knives buried in his shoulders. For about fifty paces he tore through the thick jungle, crashing it like a cobweb. At length he again halted; the dogs, the boar, and ourselves were mingled in a heap of confusion. All covered with blood and dirt, our own cheers added to the wild bay of the infuriated hounds, and the savage roaring of the boar. Still he fought and gashed the dogs right and left. He stood about thirty-eight inches high, and the largest dogs seemed like puppies beside him; still not a dog relaxed his hold, and he was covered with wounds. I made a lucky thrust for the nape of his neck. I felt the point of the knife touch the bone; the spine was divided, and he fell dead.

"Smut had two severe gashes in the throat, Lena was cut under the ear, and Bran's mouth was opened completely up to his ear in a horrible wound."

But the boar sometimes comes off victorious; and the death of poor old Smut has never been revenged. He was almost cut in half before Mr. Baker reached the bay, which lasted for an hour. At the end of that period, Smut, gashed with many additional wounds, was expiring, and three of the best remaining dogs were severely wounded; the dogs were with difficulty called off the victorious monster; and Mr. Baker records, with feelings of profound emotion, the only defeat he ever experienced, and which terminated fatally to the gallant leader of his pack.

The usual drawbacks and discomforts attendant upon a new settlement having been overcome, our author assures us that Newera Ellia forms a delightful place of residence. But it must not be supposed that, on the occasion of his second visit to Ceylon, he confined himself to elk-hunting and agriculture. He is frequently tempted from his highland home to the elephant country, which is only about two days' journey distant; and the latter part of his volume abounds with exciting descriptions of new encounters with rogues, involving the usual amount of personal hazard; and lest the too ardent pursuit of this fascinating sport seems scarcely to justify the apparent cruelty it involves, it must be remembered that it is not more cruel to kill a large animal than a small one, though this

is a distinction we are too apt to make; and when the large animal is also often destructive to life and property, its slaughter is not only justifiable, but commendable in those who are disposed to risk their lives for the benefit of the public and their own gratification.

Indeed, so extensive are the ravages committed by elephants, that a price is offered by government for their tails; since, however, the procuring of tails has become a fashionable amusement among Europeans, the reward has been reduced to the miserable sum of 7s. 6d. The Moorish part of the community were the recognised elephant-slayers, so long as there was profit to be made by these means. They now devote themselves almost entirely to the capture of elephants alive for the purpose of exportation to India. Mr. Baker gives an amusing account of having assisted to catch an elephant. He started with his brother and thirty Moormen, armed with ropes, towards a herd of seven, of whose presence in the neighbourhood intelligence had been received. Upon coming in sight of the herd, one was selected for capture. Mr. Baker and his brother and their gun-bearers, taking the wind, advance under cover of the jungle to open the ball. This they do in style, bagging six elephants in almost the same number of minutes. The seventh starts off in full retreat with the multitude at his heels. At last an active Moorman dexterously throws a noose of thick but finely twisted hide-rope over one of his hind-legs. Following the line which the unconscious elephant trails after him like a long snake, they wait until he enters the jungle, and then unceremoniously check his further progress by taking a double turn round a tree.

"Any but a hide rope of that diameter must have given way; but this stretched like a harp-string, and, at every effort to break it, the yielding elasticity of the hide threw him upon his head, and the sudden contraction after the fall jerked his leg back to its full length.

"After many vain but tremendous efforts to free himself, he turned his rage upon his pursuers, and charged every one right and left; but he was safely tied, and we took some little pleasure in teasing him. He had no more chance

than a fly in a spider's web. As he charged in one direction, several nooses were thrown round his hind-legs; then his trunk was caught in a slip-knot, then his fore-legs, then his neck, and the ends of all these ropes being brought together and hauled tight, he was effectually hobbled.

"This had taken some time to effect (about half an hour), and we now commenced a species of harness to enable us to drive him to the village.

"The first thing was to secure his trunk by tying it to one of his fore-legs; this leg was then fastened with a slack rope to one of his hind-legs, which prevented him from taking a longer stride than about two feet; his neck was then tied to his other fore-leg, and two ropes were made fast to both his fore and hind legs; the ends of these ropes being manned by thirty men."

He was then driven to the village, and three days afterwards was sufficiently tamed to be mounted. His value was then about £15.

Mr. Baker at last becomes as dainty in his elephant-shooting as we have already found him in the deer country. Where elephants are abundant he despises a herd, and confines himself to rogues, where they are procurable, always singling out the most vicious-looking, and this must in some measure account for the redundancy of adventure in his narrative. For though elephant-shooting is always attended with some risk, the comparative extent of this depends entirely upon the manner in which the sport is pursued. If tails are the desiderata, then a herd in a nice open jungle presents the best chance of obtaining a supply with the least possible amount of personal danger; but if sport is really sought, then a rogue upon the open is certain to afford enough to satisfy the most ardent Nimrod that ever drew trigger. The fatigue of elephant-shooting is something inconceivable to those who have not for six or eight consecutive hours laboured under a tropical sun with a heavy rifle,—the barrels of which are so hot that they can scarcely be touched,—over wide plains, and through long grass, matted over hidden rocks and tangled jungle, with an underwood of the twining bamboo and thorny mimosa. It is only the most intense excitement that could carry a man through fatigue such as this; and a

prize worthy of all that he has undergone is needed to reward him for the day's work. Under these circumstances, it is clear that, the more imminent the peril, the more satisfactory is the sport considered. There would be very little gratification in toiling all day in a temperature of 130°, if there was no opportunity presented of risking one's life. Mr. Baker's enjoyment must have reached its climax when he was actually wounded by an elephant's tusk. This indeed compensated for much hardship and discomfort. It happened in this wise:

About two days' journey from New-
era Ellia is situated a large tract of country called the Park. This is the most favourite resort of Ceylon sportsmen, as elephants are generally abundant. The scenery is beautiful, of a character which may be inferred from the name it now bears among Europeans. It is of vast extent, watered by numerous large rivers, and ornamented by rocky mountains, such as no English park can boast. The lemon grass grows over the greater part of this country to a height of ten or twelve feet, and large herds of elephants wander through it, the crowns of their capacious brown heads, or the tips of their trunks, tossed occasionally into the air, alone attesting their presence.

A number of these appearing over the waving grass, delight the eyes of Mr. Baker and his brother one morning as they sally forth from their night encampment with their usual deadly intent. Upon discovering the daring intruders, the herd, consisting of ten, rally round the two leaders, whose deep growls, like rumbling peals of thunder, is the call in time of danger. Our author and his brother immediately advance towards the dense mass, nothing daunted by so imposing an array. A part of the herd beat a retreat, but five charge viciously; they are dropped in as many successive shots, the last at a distance of only ten paces; four more are slain in retreat, a faithless mother alone escaping, whose little charge, so unusually deserted, Mr. Baker captures, by taking hold of his tail and trunk, and throwing him on his back. Those who have seen an unweaned elephant calf will admit this to be no very difficult feat. Having secured the

infant, and left him in charge of his brother and the gun-bearers. Mr. Baker returns to seek his legitimate trophies in the shape of tails.

"I had one barrel still loaded, and I was pushing my way through the tangled grass towards the spot where the five elephants lay together, when I suddenly heard Wallace shriek out, 'Look out, sir! Look out!—an elephant's coming!'"

"I turned round in a moment; and close past Wallace, from the very spot where the last dead elephant lay, came the very essence and incarnation of a 'rogue' elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air, his ears were cocked, his tail stood high above his back as stiff as a poker, and, screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed upon me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on, and he had singled me out as his victim.

"I have often been in dangerous positions, but I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; the few thoughts that rush through men's minds in such hopeless positions flew through mine, and I resolved to wait for him till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead.

"He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed; in a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me, but still his trunk was raised and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me; down slashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip-thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me.

"I fired at that instant; but in the twinkling of an eye I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing I had jumped to the left, but he struck me with his tusk in full charge upon my right thigh, and hurled me eight or ten paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and, turning round, he beat the grass about with his trunk, and commenced a strict search for me. I heard him advancing close to the spot where I lay as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to the spot where I lay; closer and closer he approached, and he at length beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly

above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to feel his ponderous foot upon me. Although I had not felt the sensation of fear while I had stood opposed to him, I felt like what I never wish to feel again while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately I had reserved my fire until the rifle had almost touched him, for the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him, and had spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again, I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone."

"There could not," says our author naively, "be a better exemplification of a rogue than in this case." The knowing way in which he had remained patiently concealed, while his enemies expended their ammunition and energies upon the herd, and the sudden and furious manner in which he came upon them, while unsuspectingly appropriating the tails of his brethren, quite justifies this opinion of Mr. Baker's. He escapes triumphantly, as he deserves to have done, and leaves Mr. Baker to contemplate his wounded leg for some days, during which he is unable to move. We must do our author the justice to say that he seeks his revenge as soon as he is able to put his foot to the ground, and a few days afterwards we find him chasing a herd, until he says "my leg, which had lost all feeling, suddenly gave way, and I lay sprawling on my face, incapable of going a step farther. I had killed four elephants; it was very bad luck, as the herd consisted of eleven, but my leg gave way when most required." If Mr. Baker is not satisfied, we are. We shall not, therefore, follow him through the exciting details of a jungle trip, with which he concludes his most interesting work, and from which he and his two companions, the Hon. Mr. Stuart Wortley and Mr. E. Palliser, return in three weeks, with a bag of fifty elephants, five deer, and two buffaloes. We have said enough to indicate to the reader in search of excitement by his fireside where it is to be found—more than enough to tempt the enthusiastic sportsman to exchange for a season the comforts of home for the wild stirring life of the elephant-hunter; and we may venture to assure him that he will ever recur with delight to the

enjoyment and rough luxury that a jungle-trip alone affords, and he will be ready to adopt, as we do ourselves, the concluding words of our author :

"The well-arranged tent, the neatly spread table, the beds forming a triangle around the walls, and the clean guns piled in a long row against the gun-rack, will often recall a *tableau* in after years, in countries far from this land of independence. The acknowledged sports of England will appear child's play; the exciting thrill will be wanting, when a sudden rush in the jungle brings the rifle

on full cock; and the heavy guns will become useless mementos of past days, like the dusty helmets of yore, hanging up in an old hall. The belt and the hunting-knife will alike share the fate of the good rifle, and the blade, now so keen, will blunt from sheer neglect. The slips, which have held the necks of dogs of such staunch natures, will hang neglected from the wall; and all these *souvenirs* of wild sports, contrasted with the puny implements of the English chase, will awaken once more the longing desire for the 'Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon.' "

GRAY'S LETTERS.

WE do not intend upon the present occasion, however legitimate the opportunity, to trespass long upon the patience of our readers, in discussing the merits or demerits of Gray's poetical style. Some few remarks we are tempted to make, chiefly of a conciliatory character; but we shall very rapidly pass on to his Life and Letters, which are the more immediate subject of the book before us. In critical debates upon English poetry, the name of Gray has been often a rallying point for the disputants: he has been held up as a bright example by one party, and by another, as a salutary warning to all youthful aspirants. "Of all English poets," says Sir James Mackintosh, "he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable." We all know what Wordsworth thought of the splendour of this poetical style, and how severely he and others have dealt with it.

Poetry is a very difficult subject to reason about; and the more refined, and the more bold, and the more complex the associations of thought in which it deals, the more difficult does it become to prove, by any process of argument, that it is good or bad. As little can you teach a man to *enjoy* poetry, to discover it when it lies before him, by any rules, or process of reasoning, analytic or syn-

thetic, as you could teach a man by the same methods to *write* poetry. For there is always in the more subtle kinds of poetry an element of *unreason*; plain truth is somewhere set at defiance; and who can possibly draw the line, or say precisely to what extent imagination, under the sway of feeling or sentiment, shall be allowed to transgress on the palpable verities of our senses, or our better judgment? How can reason decide exactly, where reason herself shall be set aside in favour of emotion? Emotion, after all, must have her voice in the matter; and the final result must be some uncertain compromise between them.

We will draw an illustration of our meaning from no vulgar critic. The refined taste of Mr. Landor will be at once admitted; nor will he lie open to the objection often brought against our northern critics, that they are too metaphysical or analytic in their strictures upon metaphorical language. We extract the two following annotations, from his conversation between himself and Southey, on two several passages in *Milton's Paradise Lost*. They will aptly illustrate the difficulty which every one will encounter who has to reason upon the right and wrong of a poet's imagination:—

"What a beautiful expression is there in verse 546, which I do not remember that any critic has noticed—

'Obtain the brow of some *high-climbing hill*.' Here the hill itself is instinct with life and activity."

Agreed; it is a beautiful expression; and if any one insists that a hill does not climb, but is a thing to be climbed upon, we pronounce him a blockhead for his pains. Nevertheless the blockhead has palpable truth upon his side. The hill does not climb in fact, and there is no process we know of by which it can be made to climb in his imagination. Now for our second comment—

"Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies."

Often and often have these verses been quoted without a suspicion how strongly the corporeal is substituted for the moral. However Atlantean his shoulders might be, the might of monarchies could no more be supported by them than by the shoulders of a grasshopper."

Here, Mr. Landor takes part with plain matter-of-fact against that play of poetic imagination, which often succeeds in making one deep and harmonious impression out of incongruous materials, merely by the dexterous rapidity with which these are passed before the mind. We confess to have admired the bold, vague, instantaneous, transitory combination of physical with moral properties, which we have in these celebrated lines. The monarchies do not rest directly on the "shoulders," but on the sage man with these broad shoulders, and the epithet "Atlantean," by suggesting immediately a mythological person, has already half allegorised the figure. The shoulders which are for an instant brought before the mind's eye, have never supported any less honourable weight than that of a whole world. Mr. Landor, however, may be right; we are not disputing the correctness of his criticism; we are only pointing out the inherent difficulties of the subject. Mr. Landor may be right; but what answer would he give to the man of plain understanding who did not comprehend how a hill could climb, and who should insist upon it, that a mound of earth could no more be "instinct with life and activity" than broad shoulders could help a man to govern well?

Turning over the pages of a work of Meinherr Feuchtersleben on Medical Psychology, we met with the remark, that the effort to enjoy or attend to some of our finer sensations was not always followed by an increase in those pleasurable sensations. Thus, he says, we distend our nostrils and inspire vigorously when we would take our fill of some agreeable odour, and yet certain of the more refined scents escape us by this very effort to seize and appropriate them. Passing by a bed of violets, the flowers themselves perhaps unseen, how charming a fragrance has hit upon the unwarned sense! Turn back, and strenuously inhale for the very purpose of enjoying it more fully, the fairy favour has escaped you. It floated on the air, playing with the sense of him who sought not for it; but quite refusing to be fed upon voraciously by the prying and dilated nostril. Something like this may be observed in the case of poetical enjoyment. The susceptible reader feels it, though he sought it not, and the more varied the culture of his mind, the more likely is he to be visited by this pleasure; but it will not be captured by any effort of hard, vigorous attention, or the merely scrutinising intellect. The poetry of the verse, like the fragrance of the violet, will not be rudely seized; and he who knits his brow and strains his faculty of thought over the light and musical page may wonder how it happens that the charm grows less as his desire to fix and to appropriate it has increased.

When, therefore, we discuss the merits of a poetical style, we enter upon a subject on which we must not expect to reason with strict certainty, or arrive at very dogmatic conclusions. To the last some minds will find a glorious imagination, where others will perceive only a logical absurdity. We can only come, as we have said, to some compromise between reason and emotion. They meet together in the arena of imagination, and must settle their rival claims as they best can.

That Gray was a true poet surely no one will deny. Who has bequeathed, in proportion to the extent or volume of his writings, a greater number of

those individual lines and passages which live in the memory of all men, and are recognised as the most perfect expression of a given thought or sentiment that our British world has produced? But such lines and passages rarely bear the stamp of the poet's mannerism. They would not have gained their universal acceptance if they had. Highest excellence is all of one style. That manner which constitutes the peculiarity of Gray, and which distinguishes him from other poets, we certainly do not admire, and we will give the best reasons for our dislike to it that we are able.

Poetry we have somewhere heard defined as "passionate rhythmical expression;" and, if our memory fail us, and we do not quote correctly, we nevertheless venture to promulgate this as a very sufficient definition. It is passionate rhythmical expression; and it becomes imaginative because it is passionate. Every one knows that strong feeling runs to metaphor and imagery to express itself; or, in other words, that a predominant sentiment will gather round itself a host of kindred ideas held often together by almost imperceptible associations. In proportion as the mind is full of ideas or remembered objects, will be the complex structure which will grow out of this operation. It is not, therefore, because a strain is complex, ornate, or full of learning, that it ceases to be spontaneous or natural. If Milton rolls out thought after thought, gathered from the literature of Rome or Greece, the verse may be quite as natural, quite as genuine an expression of sentiment as any ballad in the *Percy Reliques*. But what is desired is, that, learned or not, the strain have this character of spontaneity, *that it be the language in which some mortal has verily and spontaneously thought*. We do not mean, of course, that the style should not be corrected by afterthought, but the corrections should be made in the same spirit, the language moving from the thought and passion of the man. Now, there is much of Gray's writing of which it cannot be said that the language or imagery flows by any such spontaneous process; in which we are perpetually reminded of effort and artifice, which, as it never came

from, so it can never go home straightway to any human soul.

We might venture even to take for an instance the popular line—

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

This quotation has obtained a general currency: "ashes" and their "fires" bear each other out so well, that the careless reader has no doubt the meaning is all right. Yet we suspect that very many quote the line without any distinct meaning whatever attached to it. And for this reason,—no Englishman would ever naturally have expressed the sentiment in this language. Men, at least some men, are careful where they shall lay their bones; they would sleep amongst their fathers, their countrymen, their children; some seek a retired spot; some where friends will congregate; some choose the sun, and some the shadow. They endue the dead clay that will be lying under the turf with some vague sentiment of feeling—with some residue of the old affections. Would any Englishman, impressed with such a feeling, go back in imagination to classic times, when the body was burnt, and speak of "ashes" which never will exist, rather than of the slumbering corpse which his eye must be following, as he speaks, into the earth? Here is the whole stanza:—

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

It is altogether, it will be seen, a very elaborate structure. Gray was a genuine lover of nature; yet he would rather make a patchwork out of poetical phrases, and the traditional imagery of the poets, than place himself in the scene he meant to describe, and watch in imagination the effects it would produce upon him. The critics have remarked that, in the opening stanzas of the *Elegy*, events are described as contemporaneous which must have been successive. We have sunset in one stanza:—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight."

And in the next, we have advanced into the perfect moonlight:—

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon com-
plain,
Of such as, wandering near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

It may be argued, indeed, that time does not stand still with the poet; and that, as he lingered in the churchyard, twilight had given way to midnight. But we are afraid that the true answer is simply this—that the ivy-mantled tower, the moon, and the owl, were, at all events, to be introduced as fit accompaniments of the scene; and that no question was ever asked how they would harmonise with the sunset view of distant fields, that we had glanced at just before.

"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!"

That one who loved mountains, and frequented them, should put a string of unmeaning words like these into the mouth of his Welsh bard! There is absolutely *nothing* in them. Give your Welsh harper the finest ear imaginable, and put him on what mountain you will, what "desert caves" will he hear sighing in response to giant oaks, and these again to the torrent beneath?

"O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms
they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe."

The oaks waving in wrath "their hundred arms," is a fine frenzy enough; but it is spoilt again by the "hoarser murmurs breathe,"—words in which no man ever thought.

Instances of this artificial manner of building up the rhyme, it would be superfluous to multiply. Let us rather drop a hint against carrying our strictures to an undue degree of severity. There is, especially, a running charge of plagiarism brought against Gray, and all such *composite* poets, which is altogether unfair. If they have formed their style in the study of other poets, it follows that they must repeat the phrases of their predecessors; but if they do this in the expression of a new thought of their own, such use of their language must not be described as plagiarism. A critic before us thus comments on some lines in the *Elegy*:—

"Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke;
How jocund did they drive their team
a-field,
How bent the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke."

"This stanza is made up of various pieces inlaid. 'Stubborn glebe' is from Gay; 'drive a-field' from Milton; 'sturdy stroke' from Spenser."* Now, there is not one of these expressions which does not here fall very properly into its place; and a writer familiar with poetic diction would make use of them without any reference to the authors from whom they might have been, in the first place, received. Indeed, it would be quite impossible for any one to compose in this *mosaic* fashion; nor is there any end to the charges of plagiarism that might, on this principle, be brought. If such expressions as "sturdy stroke," and "drive a-field," are to be traced to the ownership of some predecessor, one does not see how one is to move at all. The language of the country, like its arable land, is all appropriated. In the passage here commented on, the critic needed not have stopped where he did. "How jocund," he might have added, is from Fletcher, and "how bent the woods," from Dryden; and then only consider if these three lines were composed after such a fashion, what a wonderful piece of workmanship they must be! Whilst we are as hostile as any to laborious, conscious artifice, or the mere repetition of traditional phrases and images, we must deprecate a species of criticism which would shut out the poet from his legitimate resources, deter him from the careful study of his predecessors, and either drive him into a poor, timid, barren style of composition, or else induce him to seek the praise of originality by coining new words and fantastical expressions.

We must now address ourselves to the work before us, *The Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, as here presented to us by the careful editorship of Mr. Mitford.

Mr. Mitford has by his editorial offices for ever associated his own name with that of the poet Gray. In the

Aldine edition of his works he performed the good office of restoring the genuine text of Gray's letters, which his first biographer, Mason, had so singularly garbled. For this and other good services of the same kind the public were already indebted to Mr. Mitford. He has now, we presume, completed his labours on this subject by the publication of *The Correspondence of Gray and Mason* in the form Mason himself had preserved it, with copious notes explanatory of all things necessary to be known, and some which, we are happy to think, are not quite necessary items in the sum of human knowledge.

The publication of this octavo volume in its separate form was, we suppose, inevitable. The course of editorial labours will not run smooth any more than any other courses. In due order of things, Mr. Mitford, when he prepared his edition of *Gray's Letters* for the press, should have had the materials which form this volume put into his hands: he could then have incorporated in his book such additions to the letters of Gray as are to be found here; he could have avoided reprinting a considerable number of them, and might have given us such of the letters of Mason (none others are of the least value) as throw light upon the biography and writings of the poet Gray. But this natural order of things was not to be permitted. It was, we must presume, after the Aldine edition had been printed that the manuscript of Mason came under his inspection. Thus this large new volume was judged indispensable, although it is manifestly destined to a very brief existence; and, in spite of its luxury of type, and its neat livery of green and gold, must be absorbed, its personality entirely lost, in the next and more complete edition of the works of Gray.

When Mason prepared the letters of his distinguished friend for publication, he was not sufficiently unreasonable to thrust many of his own upon the notice of the reader; but he took care to preserve carefully in a manuscript volume the correspondence of both parties, or at least such portions of his own letters as he thought were creditable to himself. This manu-

script volume he bequeathed to his friend Mr. Stonhewer; from him "it passed," Mr. Mitford tells us in his preface, "into the hands of his relative, Mr. Bright of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire. When, in the year 1845, the library of Gray was sold by the sons of that gentleman, then deceased, this volume of Correspondence was purchased by Mr. Penn of Stoke Park, and by him was kindly placed in my hands for publication."

Mr. Mitford has not only judged it worthy of a separate publication, but has bestowed the utmost pains in preparing it for the press. His industrial annotation strikes us with a sort of wonder. We are amazed at the pertinacity of research, all the more laudable, we presume, because the prize held forth was of such almost inappreciable value. "So you have christened Mr. Dayrolles' child," says Mr. Gray to the Rev. William Mason, and passes on, regardless, to other matter—to something pertaining to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not so the conscientious editor. Who is this Mr. Dayrolles? and why has the christening of his child by the Rev. William Mason been glanced at by the poet? Forthwith a ransacking amongst all memoirs; we are referred to *Chesterfield's Letters*, Maty's edition, and Lord Mahon's edition, and *Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters*; and at length, in a manuscript memorandum (so far do we extend our researches), we find the bit of scandal: this "Mr. Dayrolles' child" is not the child of Mr. Dayrolles at all, but of one Mr. Stanhope; and to this it was that, we are told, "Mr. Gray silently pointed."—P. 129.

It is not always that we get even such a result. Sometimes we have a long list of references, with some dates and facts, dry as a parish register. Here is a note on a certain Mr. Cambridge.

"On Mr. Cambridge and his habits of conversation, see 'Walpole's Letters to Lady Ossory,' vol. i. pp. 132, 140, 410. vol. ii. p. 242; Walpole to Mason, vol. i. p. 235; and 'Nichol's Literary Illustrations,' vol. i. p. 130; and 'Rockingham Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 215, for his letter to Lord Hardwicke, in June, 1765. In conversation he was said to be full of entertainment, liveliness, and anecdote.

One sarcastic joke on Capability Brown testifies his wit, and his *Scribleriad* still survives in the praises of Dr. Warton; yet the radical fault that pervades it is well shown in *Annual Review*, ii. 584."
—P. 184.

Even the "one sarcastic joke" we are not permitted to hear; but we are kindly told in what volume of the *Annual Review* we shall find the "radical fault," pointed out of a satire that lives only "in the praises of Dr. Warton." One more instance we must select, that our readers may form some just appreciation of the indefatigable research of our learned editor. The name of Sir Richard Lytton being mentioned, we are invited to the perusal of the following note:—

"Richard Lytton, K.B. He married the Lady Rachel Russell, sister of John Duke of Bedford, and widow of Serope Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater. He was first page of honour to Queen Caroline; then successively Captain of Marines, Aide-de-Camp to the Earl of Stair at the battle of Dettingen, and Deputy Quartermaster-General in South Britain, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel and Lieut.-General, &c. He was fifth son of Sir Thomas, fourth baronet and younger brother of George, First Lord Lytton.—See some letters by him in 'Chatham Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 173, &c. He was Governor of Minorca in 1764, and subsequently Governor of Guernsey.—See 'Walpole's Misc. Letters,' iv. pp. 383, 424. He died in 1770. His house, in the Harley Street corner, 1 Cavendish Square, was bought by the Princess Emily, and was afterwards Mr. Hope's, and then Mr. Watson Taylor's.—See 'Grenville Papers,' i. pp. 49, 249; and ii. pp. 442, 449. When in Minorca, he was involved in some dispute with Samuel Johnson, who held a situation under him.—See reference to it in 'Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford,' Feb. 6, 1764."

All this, we doubt not, is very praiseworthy; but where is it to end? A learned man writing to another learned man, says, in honest, blunt vernacular, "Have you seen Mr. Thomson?" and passes on to other matter. Is the heart of an editor to beat within him till he has discovered who this Thomson was, and everything discoverable about him—what house he lived in, and whom he

quarrelled with? This Thomson is mentioned only once, and we have nothing of him but his name. The more mysterious, seems the indefatigable editor to think; and the more meritorious, if from so slight a clue he can succeed in identifying this defunct Thomson. Whereupon a ransacking of all libraries and innumerable references,—see this, see that! see, see! We wonder if there is any one man in Great Britain, not an editor, so laboriously idle as to climb the steps of a library to see after all these surprising discoveries.

Books, it seems, are used by different persons for very different purposes. Some build up theories of all sorts with them; children take them out of the book-case, and build houses and castles with them, perhaps almost as substantial; the good monks in one of the monasteries of the Levant, Mr. Curzon tells us, used them as mats, or cushions, to protect their bare feet from the cold pavement of the chapel; and others, again, pull them about, and toss over the leaves, with restless agitation—to find who Mr. Thomson was! Of the two last, we infinitely prefer the quiet serviceable employment of them by the monks whom Mr. Curzon visited.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains"—there must be a charm in labour editorial that only editors can know. There is withal, it seems, a gravity of duty, a weight of responsibility, which they only can duly appreciate. We are happy to hear, that in proportion to the dulness is the virtue of their labours. "To give some personality," says our present editor in his preface, "to names, most of them new, even to those who are acquainted with the common biographies of Gray, has been found, from the lapse of time, a matter of some difficulty; and success has only been attained by the assistance of various friends. To have passed over this part of the task would have been unsatisfactory, and considered a dereliction of duty!" It is added, with a little inconsistency, that the persons whose names are here heard for the first time, "formed the select and intimate society of one who was not remarkable for the facility with which his acquaintance was gained." What intimate friend have we here added to the well-known

list? But let us grant that the mantle of the poet ennobles all it touches, does the Reverend William Mason also rank among the inspired?—for we find that his letters are edited with the same reverential care.

We shall be answered, that if we do not think highly of the immortal author of *Elfrida*, and *Caractacus*, and *The English Garden*, others do. Mr. Mitford does. "The place in his library was pointed out to me," he pathetically tells us, "where Mason usually sate and wrote. *His poetical chair—sedes beata—was kindly bequeathed to me; and I have left it by will to the Poet Laureate of the day, that it may rest amongst the sacred brotherhood!*" What an announcement for Mr. Tennyson to read! What will he do with the chair when it comes? A superstitious man would hardly venture to sit in it. Who knows what spirit of drowsiness may be still clinging about it?

If we have been provoked into any impatient remarks on this excess of editorship, we would at the same time express—as we feel—an undiminished respect for Mr. Mitford. He is a literary veteran who has performed many a good service. We would rather retract every word, and beg that every expression be set down to mere petulance on our part, than be thought wanting in personal respect to one who has well earned his reputable position in the world of letters. But we cannot help ourselves; we must "tell the tale," as the tale tells itself to us.

Of the few additions made in the present volume to the letters of Gray, those which congratulate Mason on his clerical promotion, and on his marriage, are amongst the most sprightly and entertaining. The following extracts may be new to our readers:—

"DEAR MASON,—It is a mercy that old men are mortal, and that dignified clergymen know how to keep their word. I heartily rejoice with you in your establishment, and with myself that I have lived to see it—to see your insatiable mouth stopped, and your anxious perwig at rest and slumbering in a stall. The Bishop of London, you see, is dead; there is a fine opening. Is there nothing further to tempt you? Feel your own pulse, and answer me seriously. It rains

precentorships; you have only to hold up your skirts to catch them." * * *

"DEAR DOCTOR.—I send your reverence the lesson, &c. No sooner do people feel their income increase than they want amusement. Why, what need have you of any other than to sit like a Japanese divinity, with your hands folded on your fat belly, wrapped, and, as it were, annihilated in the contemplation of your own *copuses* and revenues?"

His felicitations upon his friend's marriage are not always distinguished for their delicacy. With full allowance for the difference of the times, we still encounter a certain coarseness we should not have expected in the fastidious Gray. But the following is a very charming letter:—

"DEAR MASON,—*Res est sacra miser* (says the poet), but I say it is the happy man that is the sacred thing, and therefore let the profane keep their distance. He is one of Lucretius' gods, supremely blest in the contemplation of his own felicity, and what has he to do with worshippers! This, mind, is the first reason why I did not come to York; the second is, that I do not love confinement, and probably by next summer may be permitted to touch whom, and where, and with what I think fit, without giving you any offence; the third and last, and not the least perhaps, is, that the finances were at so low an ebb that I could not exactly do what I wished, but was obliged to come the shortest road to town and recruit them. I do not justly know what your taste in reasons may be since you altered your condition, but there is the ingenious, the petulant, and the dull; any one would have done, for in my conscience I do not believe you care a halfpenny for reasons at present: so God bless ye both, and give ye all ye wish, when ye are restored to the use of your wishes.

"I am returned from Scotland charmed with my expedition: it is of the Highlands I speak; the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a-year. None but those monstrous creatures of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen, that have not been among them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse ponds, Fleet-ditches, shell grottoes, and Chinese rails. Then I had so beautiful an autumn—Italy could

hardly produce a nobler scene—and this so sweetly contrasted with the perfection of nastiness, and total want of accommodation, that Scotland only can supply! Oh, you would have blessed yourself! I shall certainly go again."

"DEAR MASON,—I rejoice; but has she common sense? Is she a gentlewoman? Has she money? Has she a nose? I know she sings a little, and twiddles on the harpaichord, hammers at sentiment, and puts herself in an attitude, admires a cast in the eye, and can say *Elfrida* by heart. But these are only the virtues of a maid. Do let her have some wife-like qualities, and a double portion of prudence, as she will have not only herself to govern but you also, and that with an absolute sway. Your friends, I doubt not, will suffer for it. However, we are very happy, and have no other wish than to see you settled in the world. We beg you would not stand fiddling about it, but be married forthwith."

It is impossible, and indeed would be doing injustice to the editor, to regard this present volume in any other light than as a supplement to his edition of the Works of Gray. We must beg leave, therefore, to revert briefly to the life and letters as they are set forth in this preceding publication. It so happens that Mr. Mitford was not fortunate even here in the order and method in which his materials reached him, and were consequently arranged. Fresh accessions came in at the latest hour; a fifth volume was to be added, in which there was much repetition; whole letters being reprinted that had already appeared in their place in the previous volumes. Sometimes also an interesting fact is slipped into an appendix, where it may chance to have escaped the eye of all but very attentive readers.

One such fact arrested our own attention, and is a fact of great significance. To some of our readers we may be rendering a welcome service by bringing it forward. We are referred to Sir Egerton Brydges as the authority for it.

Few lives, even of literary men, are said to have been more devoid of incident than Gray's; yet it is probable that, if we could lift the curtain from his domestic life during the period of his youth, we should find that it was disturbed enough, and of

such a nature as must have left deep traces in the subsequent character of the man. Gray, it will be remembered, was (to adopt the language of Horace Walpole) "the son of a money scrivener by Mary Antrobus, a milliner in Cornhill, and sister to two Antrobus's who were ushers of Eton School. He was born in 1716, and educated at Eton College, chiefly under the direction of one of his uncles, who took prodigious pains with him, which answered exceedingly. From Eton he went to Peter House at Cambridge," &c. &c. So in all biographies glides on the simple account of his career. Nothing is said of that home in Cornhill, or wherever it was in the City.

But now, some years ago, at a sale of books belonging to one Isaac Reid, there was purchased a manuscript volume of law cases, written out very probably by some studious pupil, for his future behoof and instruction. Amongst these law cases was one drawn up by the mother of Gray, or by some one on her part, and laid formally before counsel for his opinion. It reveals in its one solitary statement the history of years; it tells of domestic discord of the harshest character, and this brought on and embittered by pecuniary difficulties. Whilst young Gray was studying at Peter House, Cambridge, his mother was drawing up the following case for the opinion of counsel.

CASE.

"Philip Gray, before his marriage with his wife (then Dorothy Antrobus, and who was then partner with her sister Mary Antrobus), entered into certain articles of agreement"—(permitting, in short, the said Dorothy Antrobus to continue the said partnership for her own sole and separate use.)

"That in pursuance of the said articles, the said Mary, with the assistance of the said Dorothy her sister, hath carried on the said trade for near thirty years, with tolerable success for the said Dorothy. That she hath been at no charge to the said Philip; and during all the said time hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for all her children to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house; and paying £40 a-year for his shop, almost providing everything for her son, whilst at Eton school, and now he is at Peter House at Cambridge.

"Notwithstanding which, *almost ever since he has been married*, he hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, pinching, and with the most vile and abusive language; that she hath been in the utmost fear and danger of her life, and hath been obliged this last year to quit her bed and lie with her sister. *This she was resolved, if possible, to bear; not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't.*

"There is no cause for this usage unless it be an unhappy jealousy of all mankind in general (her own brother not excepted); but no woman deserves or hath maintained a more virtuous character; or it is presumed, if he can make her sister leave off trade, he thinks he can then come into his wife's money, but the articles are too secure for his vile purposes.

"He daily threatens he will pursue her with all the vengeance possible, and *will ruin himself to undo her and his only son*; in order to which he hath given warning to her sister to quit his shop where they have carried on their trade so successfully, which will be almost their ruin; but he insists she shall go out at Midsummer next; and the said Dorothy, his wife, in necessity must be forced to go along with her to some other house and shop, *to be assisting to her said sister in the said trade, for her own and her son's support.*

"But if she can be quiet, she neither expects nor desires any help from him: but he is really so very vile in his nature, she hath all the reason to expect most troublesome usage from him that can be thought of."—Vol. i. Appendix B.

Then follow some questions, and the answer of counsel, which it is not necessary to extract. What must have been the effect of such domestic scenes as are here disclosed to us, on the sensitive mind of Gray, may be partly guessed. Nor need we be surprised that the college youth at Peter House, and the associate of Horace Walpole, early contracted a habit of silence upon the events of his own life. Bonstettin, whom he took so cordially to his friendship, says, "*Je racontais à Gray ma vie et mon pays, mais toute sa vie à lui était fermée pour moi. Jamais il ne me parlait de lui. Il y avait chez Gray entre le présent et le passé un abîme infranchissable. Quand je voulais un approche, des sombres nuées venaient le couvrir.*"

We understand now why Gray held his mother in so much esteem, and why the father was rarely spoken of, while her name was never mentioned to the latest day without a trembling of the voice; why there was found at his death, still unopened, in his room, the chest containing her wearing-apparel: he had never dared to open it, or had never reconciled himself to part with its contents. To his mother he owed his education and the position he occupied in life—a greater debt than even that life which she twice gave. He was the only one of twelve children who survived. The rest died in their infancy, as we are told, "from suffocation produced by a fulness of blood;" and this strange family destiny would have befallen Gray also, but that his mother "removed the paroxysm which attacked him, by opening a vein with her own hand."

The chief incident of Gray's life, so far as biographers have been able to record it, is his intimacy with Walpole;—his journey with him upon the Continent, and the rupture that took place between them. Of this quarrel we find an explanation in a note which is by no means honourable to Walpole. Entertaining a suspicion that Gray had spoken ill of him to some friends in England, he clandestinely opened and re-sealed one of Gray's letters. After this, there was "little cordiality between them." We should think not, for, short of a crime, could one man be guilty towards another of a more dishonourable action? But we are not satisfied with the authority on which this explanation is given. The account will be found in a note, vol. ii. p. 175. We have only that sort of hearsay evidence which lawyers have universally agreed in rejecting. A Mr. Isaac Reed makes a private memorandum (some time after the conversation) of what a Mr. Roberts of the Pell office had told him. This is not sufficient authority for what, we presume in the time of Walpole as well as our own, would be regarded as a grave charge, if brought against a gentleman. Of Mr. Roberts, of the Pell office, and how he heard the story, we are told nothing. Mr. Isaac Reed merely says of him "that he was likely to be well informed."

The quarrel, its cause and its re-

conciliation, are, perhaps, now 'of very little moment, but the intimacy with Walpole must always remain as one of the most important facts in the life of Gray. For what is the character which Gray reveals to us? In few words, it is the incongruous combination of the sensitive poet and man of letters, with the affectation and levity of a man of the world. This latter phase of his character must have owed much of its development to his early intercourse with the son of a prime-minister, and one whose wit and pleasantry would fully justify and explain an influence over his graver companion. Gray was a man who had a heart, and had learnt to hide it under the affectation of indifference; neither could he have been without the stirrings of a noble ambition; but he had taught himself that it was a prettier thing to graft the man of letters on the refined gentleman, than to give himself, heart and soul, to some intellectual enterprise. He thinks, or he can write, that "Literature, to take it in its most comprehensive sense, and include everything that requires invention of judgment, or barely application and industry, seems indeed drawing apace to its dissolution;" but he makes no serious effort to arrest this dissolution. What is the literature of a country but the efforts of such men as he? There was a younger contemporary, one Gibbon, then turning over the same classic pages as himself, who was soon to add to the literature of England a History which would display more learning and more eloquence than had ever before been united together. Antiquarian as he was, what epoch has he illustrated for us? Zoologist, botanist; he corrects the latinity of Linnæus! He makes notes innumerable—notes on Strabo, notes on Plato; the text of what author has he amended or explained for us? When appointed Professor of History, he does not even write a single lecture.

"The political opinions of Gray, H. Walpole says, he never rightly understood;" and his biographer adds that his religious opinions lie in a certain obscurity. Some writers "not favourable to the cause of Christianity," have ranked him, it seems,

amongst freethinkers; orthodox and pious friends have no doubt whatever about his orthodoxy or his piety. The perusal of his Letters never led us, for a moment, to rank him amongst unbelievers; but if any one should suggest that he had not thought on the subject with sufficient earnestness even to be a doubter, we might be disposed to acquiesce in this explanation. He lived in a time when there was little earnestness of thought, and he was not of that energetic nature which rises above the influence of the age. He was scandalised at Rousseau and Voltaire because they were disturbers of the peace: one is not sure that there was a deeper feeling in his hostility towards them. The manner in which a person is written to is often as significant as the manner in which he himself writes. Throughout their correspondence, the Rev. William Mason never alludes to his clerical profession in any one respect but as a means of living well and comfortably in the world—as a career in which promotion and good living are to be encountered. The credit of this quite secular tone must be divided between the correspondents: perhaps in the greater measure to the elder and more influential of the two.

These correspondents were, no doubt, excellent friends; but Gray never speaks to a third person in a very flattering manner of Mason. He is disposed always to deny any very close intimacy. He appears to have said to himself, Men will laugh at us two poets, communing upon verse, and flattering each other *upon the muse*; they will make me out also no better than a poet; whereas I am gentleman by profession and poet by accident. Writing to Walpole, he says, "I like Mr. Aston Hervey's Fable, and an ode by Mr. Mason, a new acquaintance of mine." Of this new acquaintance he had written to Warton, more than two years before, in the following strain: "Mr. Mason is my acquaintance; I liked that ode very much, but have found no one else that did. He has much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty. I take him for a good and well-meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child,

and loves everybody he meets with ; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it." In another place he says of him that he "has not, properly speaking, anything one can call a passion about him, except a little malice and revenge." Such phrases as these occur in his correspondence with Warton and Brown: "I do not hear from Mason;" "You think us great correspondents, but," &c. To us it seems that he really liked the younger poet, who, more, perhaps, than any other man he knew, sympathised with him on the poetical side of his character; but then he did not like to be grouped with him, in the eyes of the wits and the worldlings. They will compare us, and associate us, and think us rival candidates for popular applause.

We see this morbid sense of ridicule betray itself in his publication of his poems. He insists upon it that the poems shall be published as mere illustrations of the drawings of Bentley, which accompanied them. The book met with applause, and the *Elegy* became at once a popular favourite. He seems, in a letter to Warton, to reprove and to repudiate this abundant praise. "I should have been glad that you and two or three more people had liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply." For all this, when he published the *Bard*, and other odes which, from their nature, appealed still more to the select few, he was not a little nettled because "the town" found them obscure.

In his manner and carriage, Gray is described as being cold and fastidious to an offensive degree. A contemporary and admirer, Rev. William Cole, says, "I am apt to think the characters of Voltaire and Mr. Gray were similar. They were both little men, very nice and exact in their persons and dress, most lively and agreeable in conversation, except that Mr. Gray was apt to be too satirical, and both of them full of affectation." And then contrasting him with Dr. Farmer, he thus describes the two men: "The one (Dr. Farmer) a cheerful, companionable, hearty, open, downright man, of no great regard to dress or common forms of

behaviour; the other (Gray) of a most fastidious and recluse distance of carriage, rather averse to sociability, but of the graver turn; nice and elegant in his person, dress, and behaviour, even to a degree of finicalness and effeminacy."—Vol. i., Appendix. The contrast here drawn between Gray and Dr. Farmer, suggests to us the dissimilarity and mutual distaste which existed between Gray and a still greater contemporary, Dr. Johnson. They repelled each other far more by diversity of manner than by opposition of opinion. Gray refused to be personally acquainted with Johnson. Passing him in the streets of London, he whispered to the companion with whom he was walking, "There is the Great Bear! there goes Ursa Major!" and accompanied the words with a sort of shrinking and recoil. It is well known that the antipathy was mutual. The judgment passed upon Gray in the *Lives of the Poets* is the harshest and the least equitable criticism throughout that work. One cannot help admitting, however, that, if Gray had written the life of Johnson, there would have been a piece of criticism produced still less equitable. Gray is rarely just to any of his contemporaries. He seldom admires, and the little praise he bestows is distributed most capriciously. He speaks as highly of Lyttleton's Monody as of the Odes of Collins. He mentions Sterne but coldly, and when he would be complimentary, always selects his *Sermons*! You would say that a certain superciliousness has been creeping over and into the very heart of the man.

But now change the point of view, and from this the world-aspect turn to the poetic side of the character. It was not a heartless man who wrote the *Elegy* and the *Bard*, who was the friend of West, who in later times was the friend of Bonstettin, who at all times could find society in meditation, and companionship in beauties of nature. The Letters of Gray are too well known to render it necessary for us to make extracts from them, to show how often a vein of deep feeling runs through a half-playful style of diction. His pathos touches us still more, whether he is describing nature, or speaking of himself and of his

friends, from the restraint he has evidently put upon his own enthusiasm, or his own tenderness. The "melancholy Gray" was a far higher being than the witty and Walpolian Gray; and it is the blending of the two together that has made the singular charm of the Letters.

If evidence were wanted to prove that there existed uncorrupted in the mind of Gray springs of pure and genuine feeling, we should find that evidence in his attachment to Bonstettin. This young foreigner, by his own ardent temper, had broken down all those cold artificial barriers in which it is said the poet habitually intrenched himself. Gray had taken lodgings for him at Cambridge, near his own rooms, and they spent the evenings together, reading the Greek poets and philosophers. When Bonstettin returned to his native country, Switzerland, Gray felt the loss of his friend in a manner which he does not seek even to disguise, but expresses with unaffected warmth:—

"Cambridge, April 12, 1770.

"Never did I feel, my dear Bonstettin, to what a tedious length the few short moments of our life may be extended by impatience and expectation, till you had left me: nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathises with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the Sultan in the Turkish tales, that did but plunge his head into a vessel of water, and take it out again, as the standers-by affirmed, at the command of a Dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity, and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you are only owing to your last letter, a temporary gleam of sunshine. Heaven knows when it may shine again. I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship.

"But enough of this—I return to your letter. It proves at least that, in the midst of your new gaieties, I still hold some place in your memory; and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to show me your heart simply, and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it,

as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow."

"April 19, 1770.

"Alas! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, 'Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir'; and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the pianoforte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer; and that all that time I am employed, with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them: the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years, within less than a month since you left me. I am going for a few days to see poor Nicholls," &c., &c.

"May 9, 1770.

"I am returned, my dear Bonstettin, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there, has embittered all my hours. Your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt, the disadvantages I lay myself under; how much I hurt the little interest I have in you by this air of sadness, so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments; but sure you will forgive though you cannot sympathise with me. It is impossible for me to dissemble with you: such as I am I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes."

These are not the letters of a youth; they are the outpourings of the mature man. How grossly do we err indeed when we think that youth is the especial or exclusive season of friendship, or even of love. In the experience of many it has been found that the want of the heart, the thirst for affection, has been felt far more in manhood than in youth. It was so, perhaps, with Gray. We are not disposed to think that there was any peculiar merit in Bonstettin to justify this overflow of sentiment. But the heart

of the man was full, and his was the hand that shook the mantling cup till it ran over.

We have already quoted a part of a brief account which Bonstettin gives of Gray—that account proceeds thus: “Je crois que Gray n'avait jamais aimé,—c'était le mot de l'énigme. Gray avait de la gaieté dans l'esprit, et de la mélancolie dans le caractère. Mais cette mélancolie n'est qu'un besoin non satisfait de la sensibilité.” That Gray had never loved, is an explanation which would better suit the novelist than the more sedate biographer. Nevertheless, M. Bonstettin gives us something to reflect upon. It is well said that Gray had gaiety in his mind, but sadness at his heart; and who can tell how far that sadness was due “to repressed or unoccupied affection?”

We had intended to offer to our readers some rather copious extracts from Gray's Letters, to illustrate the several phases of his character; but space would be wanting, and perhaps, the Letters being sufficiently known, this labour would be needless. Unfortunately, a few brief detached extracts would not serve our purpose. We cannot help remarking, indeed, the false impression often created by just such partial extracts. A sentence which itself is the product only of a momentary feeling, and which is neutralised, perhaps, in the very next page, is made to express a permanent sentiment of the writer. “Be it mine,” says Gray at one moment, “to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon;” and this quotation has been so often repeated, that a person who had not read the Letters might imagine that Gray was

a most exemplary reader of novels. How very different a kind of reading occupied his hours we need not say. He was apt, indeed, to represent himself as an idler, but there was something of affectation in this—an affectation not unfrequent amongst literary men, who represent themselves as more indolent than they are, because they know people will be expecting some ostensible result of their industry, or because they desire this result to wear the appearance of an easy and a rapid performance. The much marvelling Mr. Mason, with his round open eyes that see nothing, he too had his manner of quotation. “‘To be employed is to be happy,’ said Gray; and if he had never said anything else, either in prose or in verse, he would have deserved the esteem of all posterity!” So a discovery as old as Solomon, as old as man, is assigned to Mr Gray! Yet if a grateful posterity should turn to the very letter from which this quotation is made, they would find that Gray was not the most energetic nor the most complete preacher on his own text. He felt, as every one not a savage or an idiot must feel, that employment was an imperative necessity; but he often seems driven to the expedient of finding employment for the sake of employment. Now if he had devoted himself to some one literary task, of more or less utility to the world, and wrought steadily for its accomplishment, he would have carried his philosophy and his happiness one step farther. Next to living solitary, the great error of his career was that he had not adopted, either as poet or historian, some large and useful task.

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MARCH, 1854.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLXL

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VOL. LXXV.

DISRAELI: A BIOGRAPHY.

COMPLIMENTS are of various kinds. It is not always necessary that they should assume a laudatory form—they may be conveyed quite as powerfully through the medium of abuse. Some men there are whose eulogy is in itself a disgrace. Few would have cared to see their characters upheld in the columns of the *Age* or the *Satirist*—fewer still would like to hear a panegyric on their morals delivered from a hustings by the lips of Mr. Reynolds. If we had to choose between total obscurity, and a reputation founded only upon the testimony of Mr. Cobden, we should not, for one moment, hesitate to embrace the first alternative. To be designated in the polite circle of a sporting tavern as a “nobby cove,” or a “real swell,” is not, according to our ideas, a high object of ambition; and we should feel somewhat dubious of the real character of the individual whose praise was in the mouths of all the cabmen.

On the contrary, there can be no doubt that abuse proceeding from certain quarters is in itself a considerable recommendation, and may even be matter of pride to the party who is made the subject of it. The just Aristides never experienced a thrill of more agreeable complacency than when, at the request of the illiterate

Athenian, he wrote his own name on the ostracising shell. We may rely upon it that Coriolanus felt far more gratified than incensed when the howling and hooting of the plebeians enabled him to deliver his stinging diatribe, and to express the intensity of his scorn. Virgil regarded the low ribaldry of Mævius as a direct acknowledgment of his literary accomplishments; and Cicero in one of his speeches expresses himself as being under obligations to a notorious blackguard, who had selected him as the object of his attacks.

Mr. Disraeli, we think, lies under similar obligations, though the author of the book before us is simply an ineffable blockhead. Mean, however, as are his abilities, he has certainly contrived to strike out a literary novelty; though it may be doubted whether his example, if followed by men of average intellect, would tend to the improvement or increase the delights of society. In the pages of a review or the columns of a magazine, considerable freedom is used in discussing the merits of eminent living literary or political characters. Such criticisms or sketches are, no doubt, often tinted with party colours—are sometimes rather severe—but are rarely, if ever, scurrilous. But we do not remember any instance parallel

The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P.: a Literary and Political Biography, addressed to the New Generation. Bentley, London. 1854.

to this, where a writer has selected for his subject an eminent living character, and has proceeded with deliberate, though most dull malignity, to rake up every particular of his life which he dared to touch upon, to gather every scrap which he either has or is supposed to have written from the years of his nonage upwards, and then to lay before the public, under the title of a biography, a ponderous volume of no fewer than 646 pages. Should this example be followed, and the practice become general, it appears to us that there will be strong necessity for revising the law of libel. We have grave doubts whether, under any circumstances, one man is entitled to take so gross a liberty with another. If each of us were to sit down and compile biographies of his living neighbours, this would be no world to live in. Either there would be an enormous increase of actions for defamation, or the cudgel, horse-whip, and pistol, would be brought into immediate requisition. Let us, however, concede that party animosity, personal antipathy, or private hatred may, either singly or collectively, be held to justify the perpetration of such an outrage—let us suppose that there is such an accumulation of black bile and venom in the interior of the unhappy human reptile that he must either give vent to it or be suffocated—he is at least bound to put his name on the title-page, so that the world may know what manner of man the deliberate accuser is. For aught we are told to the contrary, this volume may have been written by Jack Ketch or one of his subordinate assistants. Evidently it is not written by one who possesses the ordinary feelings of a gentleman, though it is possible that he may move in good society, bear a respectable name, and be regarded by veteran red-tapists as a young man of considerable promise. He is the counterpart of Randal Leslie in *My Novel*—cold, selfish, and malignant, without a spark of enthusiasm or a generous thought in his whole composition. Envy is the grand passion of his mind; and, in this case, hatred co-operates with envy. The object of this book is to run down Mr. Disraeli on all points; to exhibit him as an

impostor in politics, a quack in literature, a Maw-worm in religion, and a hypocrite in morals. We defy any one to peruse twenty pages of the work without being convinced that such was the intention of the author of *Disraeli, a Biography*; and yet the skulking creature has not courage enough to show himself openly. He even tries to assume a disguise so as to deceive those who might otherwise have traced him to his hole. "Conscious," says the cockatrice, "of no motive but the public good, with little to hope or fear from any political party, strongly attached to principles, but indulgent to mere opinions, neither Whig nor Tory, but a respecer both of the sincere Conservative and the sincere Liberal, I have no dread of the partisan's malice." Mercy on us! who can this very mysterious person be? "No motive but the public good!"—"little to hope or fear from any political party!"—"neither Whig nor Tory!"—what sort of a politician is this? He butters Mr. Gladstone, he butters Lord John Russell, he butters Lord Palmerston, he butters Mr. Hume—his benevolence to every one except Mr. Disraeli is quite marvellous—but more especially doth he laud and magnify the men who are now in power. "One of the humblest individuals of this great empire has thought it necessary to enter his protest against this new system of morality, which threatens to become generally prevalent!" Humility!—morality!—Brave words, Mr. Randal Leslie—but it really was not worth while to add such hypocrisy to your other sins. We know you a great deal better than you suppose; and your own past history, insignificant though you are, has been too politically profligate to escape reprobation. You say you are neither Whig nor Tory, and, for once in your life, you speak the truth. But you were a Tory, and you became a Whig, and you are now a placeman; and you would hold that place of yours as readily under Mr. Cobden as under Lord Aberdeen. You were once a Peelite, but you had not even the decency to wait for the fortunes of your chiefs. You lusted after office, and took the bribe the instant it was

tendered by the Whigs; and in consequence you are universally looked upon and distrusted as the most venal, selfish, and unprincipled young man of your generation. It would indeed be absurd in you to entertain any "dread of the partisan's malice." You have placed yourself in such a position that you may defy malice of any kind. Your career, though obscure, has been so contemptible that your bitterest enemy could not make you seem worse than you were. It must, however, be allowed that you have materially added to your infamy by the present publication.

We have thought it our duty, at the outset, to make these stringent remarks, not because this writer has selected Mr. Disraeli as the object of his attack, but because we altogether disapprove of, and abominate, this style of literary warfare. It is, thank heaven, as yet uncommon among us; and the best way of preventing its occurrence is to make an example of the scoundrel who has introduced it. The idea, however, is not altogether original. It was engendered in Holywell Street; from which Paphian locality, as we are given to understand, various works, professing to be "Private Histories," and "Secret Memoirs" of eminent living characters, were formerly issued; and this writer, being no doubt familiar with that sort of literature, has thought proper to extend the range of his license. We have, all of us, a decided interest in maintaining the respectability of controversy. A public career does indeed render men very amenable to criticism and comment; and it hardly can be said that there is anything unfair in contrasting public professions and public acts. A statesman, or even a less distinguished politician, must be prepared to hear his former opinions set against those which he now enunciates, and he may even consider it his duty elaborately to vindicate the change. But to compile biographies of living men—mixing up, as in this case, their mere literary effusions with their political lives, and attempting, by distortion and base innuendo, to render them contemptible in the eyes of the public—is an outrage on common decency, and must excite universal scorn and disgust.

The moral perceptions of the man who could write a book like this must, of course, be very weak; nevertheless, it is evident that even his conscience gave him an occasional twinge, by way of reminding him of the extreme dastardliness of his conduct. He could not but be aware that no honourable or chivalrous opponent of Mr. Disraeli could read this tissue of malignity without experiencing a sensation of loathing; and, therefore, he has attempted, at the very outset, to vindicate himself, by representing Mr. Disraeli as entitled to no quarter or courtesy, on account of his addiction to personality and satire. It may be as well to take down his own words, because we shall presently have occasion to make a few observations connected with this charge.

"I admit fully that, if any man be entirely destitute of all claim to indulgence, it is the subject of this biography. Personality is his mighty weapon, which he has used like a gladiator whose only object is, at all events, to inflict a deadly wound upon his adversary, and not like a chivalrous knight, who will at any risk obey the laws of the tournament. Mr. Disraeli has been a true political Ishmael. His hand has been raised against every one. He has even run amuck, like the wild Indian.

"Who can answer a political novel! Libels the most scandalous may be insinuated, the best and wisest men may be represented as odious, the purest intentions and most devoted patriotism may be maligned, under the outline of a fictitious character. The personal satirist is truly the pest of society, and any method might be considered justifiable by which he could be hunted down. It would, therefore, seem only a kind of justice to mete out to Mr. Disraeli the same measure which he has meted out to others. As he has ever used the dagger and the bowl, why, it may be asked, should not the deadly chalice be presented back to him, and enforced by the same pointed weapon! This may be unanswerable; yet I hold that no generous man would encounter an ungenerous one with his own malice."

Why not, Randal? If what you say regarding Mr. Disraeli be true, you are perfectly entitled to encounter him with his own weapons. You complain of his having written political novels, in which certain charac-

ters, whom you regard as sublime and pure, are represented in a different light. Well, then, do you write a novel of the same kind, showing up Mr. Disraeli under a fictitious name, and we shall review it with all the pleasure in the world. If it is clever, sparkling, and original, you shall not want laudation. But you know very well that you could as soon swim the Hellespont as compose two readable chapters of a novel—that you have not enough of invention to devise a plot, or of imagination to shadow forth a character; and, therefore, you are pleased to assume the magnanimous, and to drivel about the dagger and the bowl. No one who reads your book will believe that you would abstain from the use of any weapon which you could wield against Mr. Disraeli—(how should he, when you glide before us as a masked assassin?)—but he will be at no loss to divine the reason why you decline an encounter of wit. We are perfectly sincere when we say that your intense dulness ought in some measure to be accepted as an extenuation for your malevolence, for you have not art enough to disguise or conceal the hatred which is rankling in your breast.

But let us examine a little more narrowly into the charge preferred against Mr. Disraeli. It is said that personality is his weapon, which he has used like a gladiator; and we understand the averment to be that both his political speeches and his literary works display this tendency. In considering this matter, it will be proper to separate the two characters, and look first to the politician, and afterwards to the novelist.

We shall at once admit that, in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli is feared as an antagonist. He possesses vast power of satire, a ready wit, and has a thorough confidence and reliance in his own resources. He has besides an intense contempt for that kind of cant in which it formerly was the fashion to indulge—for the solemn airs of pompous mediocrity, and for the official jargon and conventional hypocrisies of the Treasury bench. When, in 1846, the late Sir Robert Peel abandoned the cause of that party of which he was the accredited

leader, he naturally became the object of unsparing criticism and attack. But his offence was a very grave one. It fully justified the taunt of Mr. Disraeli, which this writer affects to consider as remarkably offensive, that, "like the Turkish admiral who, during the war in the Levant, had steered his fleet into the port of the enemy, Sir Robert Peel had undertaken to fight for this cause, and now assumed the right of following his own judgment." The comparison was certainly not a flattering one to the Prime Minister; but it had this recommendation, that it was strictly apposite, and that no man could gainsay it. It is the height of absurdity to maintain that personality could be, or ought to have been, excluded from the discussions and debates that followed. Why, it was Sir Robert Peel himself who, by his extraordinary change of policy, made this a personal question, and brought it to a direct issue between the betrayer and the betrayed. Are we really to be told at the present day that measures alone should be discussed in the Houses of Parliament, and that all commentary on the conduct and previous career of statesmen ought to be avoided? Are we to be allowed no latitude of reference to former speeches—no allusion to former protestations? Ought tergiversation to be permitted to pass without notice or censure—ought duplicity to escape exposure? If not, we boldly ask in what respect Mr. Disraeli has sinned so grievously as to merit the reproach of this *Tartuffe*? It may be said, indeed, that he pushed his resentment of the unparalleled betrayal too far; and we daresay, now that years have intervened, he may himself regret the occasional acrimony of his remarks. That is the natural feeling of every generous-minded man who has been compelled to take an active share in public discussion; for it is impossible to restrain at all times the excited passions, and sometimes the hour for calm retrospection does not arrive, until the occasion of the original offence has passed into matter of history. Mr. Macaulay, in the preface to the collected edition of his speeches, says with reference to this very point: "I should not willingly have revived, in the quiet times in

which we are so happy as to live, the memory of those fierce contentions in which so many years of my public life were passed. Many expressions which, when society was convulsed by political dissension, and when the foundations of government were shaking, were heard by an excited audience with sympathy and applause, may, now that the passions of all parties have subsided, be thought intemperate and acrimonious. It was especially painful to me to find myself under the necessity of recalling to my own recollection, and to the recollection of others, the keen encounters which took place between the late Sir Robert Peel and myself." So it will ever be with the generous and high-spirited; but it does not follow therefrom that the attacks were not deserved. Of course such cold toads as Mr. Randal Leslie cannot be expected to understand or appreciate the feeling either of indignation or of regret. Having no sympathy but for self, and possessing no clear discernment of the difference between right and wrong, between candour and duplicity—having been trained from their boyhood upwards to believe that falsehood, trickery, and deceit, are component and necessary qualities of statesmanship—they, naturally enough, stand aghast at the audacity which tore the veil from organised hypocrisies, and hate the exposé with a hatred more enduring than the love of woman. Hence this cant about personality, which they talk of as if it were a new element in political discussion. Now, the fact is, that no political discussion ever was conducted, or ever will be conducted, without personality. You cannot separate the idea from the man, the argument from him who uses it. The first orator of antiquity, Demosthenes, was personal to a degree never yet paralleled, as every one who has read his *Philippics* must allow. In this he was imitated by Cicero, whose stinging invectives, as witness the speeches against Catiline and Verres, have commanded the admiration of the world. Chatham's first speech in the House of Commons was a purely personal one, no doubt provoked by his antagonist, but almost witheringly severe. Canning and Brougham dealt largely both in sa-

ture and personality—indeed, it would hardly be possible to find a speech of the latter orator free from a strong infusion of that quality which the moral Randal deplotes. In our own time no great question has been discussed without personality; and for this reason, that it would be impossible to discuss it otherwise. No doubt personality may sometimes be carried greatly too far. When Lord John Russell taunted Lord George Bentinck with his former addiction to the turf, intending to convey thereby an unworthy innuendo, he committed a serious fault, because he violated gentlemanly decorum. When the late Sir Robert Peel accused Mr. Cobden of a desire to have him assassinated, he was not only ultra-personal, but outrageously and unpardonably unjust. When the same statesman could find no better answer to Mr. Disraeli, than a charge that the latter had at one time been willing to hold office under him, he was, besides being directly personal, guilty of a breach of confidence. We are aware it is the fashion among the present Ministry to protest against personalities. Let us ask whether it was his administrative talent or his practice in personal warfare that elevated Mr. Bernal Osborne to the post of Secretary to the Admiralty? Ministers are far from objecting to a Spartacus, when they know they may reckon on his assistance—it is only when a keen weapon is flashing on the other side that they think it necessary to make an outcry. Party warfare we cannot expect to see an end of; but, in the name of common-sense, let us at least eschew humbug. The House of Commons is, even now, a queer assembly, and Lord John Russell may make it worse; still, let us believe that the members collectively entertain that ordinary sense of propriety that they will not permit anything to be uttered within the walls of St. Stephen's which calls for direct reprobation, without immediate challenge, and without censure, if an apology is not made for the intemperance. One of the principal duties of the Speaker is to repress and check the use of unparliamentary language. If any accusation, not falling under that restriction, is preferred, the mem-

bers of the House are the judges of its propriety, and may be expected, in the aggregate, to enforce the rules which govern the conduct of gentlemen. It is, therefore, most gross impertinence in Mr. Randal Leslie to challenge what Parliament has not challenged. Mr. Disraeli's present position, as the leader of the largest independent, and most influential section of the House of Commons, is the best answer to the insinuations of this contemptible little snake, who, we apprehend, will not receive, from his political superiors, the meed of gratitude which he expected for his present unfortunate attempt. It is the misfortune of your Randal Leslies, that they never can, even by blundering, stumble on the right path. Set them to defend in writing some particular line of policy, and the first six pages of their lueubrations will convince the impartial reader that they are advocating something unsound or untrue, by dint of their unnecessary affectation of candour. Set them to attack an opponent, and they fail; because they cannot deserv the points upon which he is really vulnerable, and because they think indiscriminate abuse is more effective than artistic criticism, of which latter branch of accomplishment they are wholly incapable. This lad has not even the talent to malign with plausibility. He calls Mr. Disraeli "a true political Ishmael." What does the blockhead mean? Does he not know that the individual whom he denominates Ishmael, is at this moment at the head of the most powerful separate party in the British House of Commons?

In justice to the leading members of the Coalition Cabinet, we shall state our opinion (not altogether unfortified by certain rumours which have reached us), that they were unaware of this singularly silly attempt, on the part of one of their subordinates, to attack an eminent character in opposition, until the fool launched it from the press before a disgrusted public. Ill-judging Randal Leslie conceived that his work would make a grand political sensation; so, after the manner of his kind, he kept his secret to himself, and worked like a perfect galley-slave, or like a thorough scavenger, at his vocation.

Whatever Mr. Disraeli had said or written on politics, or any subject trenching upon politics, from the period of his first publication down to his last parliamentary speech, Randal had read and noted; and the poor knave at last concluded that he had a good case to lay before the public. And what does his political case, by his own account, amount to? Simply this: That Mr. Disraeli, from his very earliest years, has detested and denounced the tenets of the Whig party; and that he has always supported the cause of the people—not in the democratic, but in the real and truthful sense of the word—against the villainies of organised oppression, and the rapacity of manufacturing domination. But these things belong rather to his literary than to his political character. Randal thought he had made a great hit in bringing them forward. He must have been very much amazed when an elder and more sagacious colleague explained to him that, instead of throwing dirt upon the object of his enmity, he had unconsciously been passing upon him a high encomium, such as any statesman might be proud of for his panegyric; and that his work, if generally read, would greatly tend to sap the faith in present political combinations. After all, how stand the facts? Ten years ago Mr. Disraeli, a member of the Tory party, but not then greatly distinguished as a politician, nor possessing that influence which hereditary rank and high connection give to others, had the sagacity to discern that Sir Robert Peel was not a safe leader, and the courage to make the avowal. Randal quotes his language in 1844. "He had always acknowledged that he was a party man. It was the duty of a member of the House of Commons to be a party man. He, however, would only follow a leader who was prepared to lead." No doubt the lips of many a Tadpole and Taper curled with derision at this audacious declaration of contempt for constituted authority, on the part of a young man, the tenor of whose speeches they could not rightly understand. He professed himself to be a Tory, but he often uttered sentiments which seemed to them strongly to savour of Radicalism. He did not

scruple to avow his sympathy with the labouring classes, his desire to see them elevated and protected, and his wish for the adoption of a more genial, considerate, and paternal course of legislation. He traced the agitation for the Charter to the establishment of the supremacy of a middle-class government in the country; and boldly announced his opinion that this monarchy of the middle classes might one day shake our institutions and endanger the throne. In particular he denounced centralisation—a great and growing evil, to which he attributed much of the existing discontent. Such views were of course unintelligible to the Tadpoles and Tapers—men who considered statesmanship a science only in so far as it could insure ascendancy to their party, and places to themselves. There were then a good many veteran Tadpoles and Tapers; and Sir Robert Peel was doing his best to educate a new generation of them to supply inevitable vacancies. Naturally enough they regarded Mr. Disraeli as a pure visionary; but there were others upon whom his argument and example were not lost. Young men began to consider whether, after all, they were doing their duty by blindly submitting themselves to party domination, as rigid and exacting as the most autocratic rule. They were desired, under very severe penalties for rising politicians, not to venture to think for themselves, but to do as the minister ordered. They were not to take up their time in unravelling social questions—if they wanted mental exercise, let them serve on a railway committee. There might be, and doubtless was, a cry of distress and a wailing from without—but the minister would see to that, settle everything by an increase of the police force, or perhaps a coercion bill; and the Treasury whip would give them due notice when they were expected to vote. In short, young members of Parliament were then treated exactly as if they had been children, incapable of forming an opinion; and they were told, in almost as many words, that if they did not choose to submit themselves to this dictation, the doors of the Treasury would remain

closed against them for ever. The effect of this insolence—for we can give it no other name—was that a considerable portion of the young aristocracy rebelled. They would not submit to such preposterous tyranny, and they cared not a rush for any of the Ministerial threats. They saw that, in the country, there was distress—that discontent and disaffection were very rife—and that, in the very heart of England, a large body of the working population were absolutely in a state of bondage. They could not find it in their hearts to greet, with exultation, the announcement of increased exports, whilst every year the condition of the producers seemed to be becoming worse. Looking to the state, they saw two great parties under autocratic chiefs, bidding against each other for popularity—that is, power—and for office to their respective staffs, without any real regard for the interest or improvement of the masses. That was not a spectacle likely to find favour in the eyes of a young, ardent, and generous-minded man; and accordingly from that time we may date the formation of another party, still on the increase, and rapidly augmenting, which, rejecting what was bad in the old Toryism, but maintaining its better principle—resolute to preserve the constitution, but cordially sympathising with the people—is preparing to encounter, and will encounter with success, the cold-blooded democracy of Manchester, which would destroy everything that is venerable, noble, or dear to England, and establish on the ruins a serfdom of Labour, with Capital as the inexorable tyrant. We do not say that Mr. Disraeli is to be regarded as the founder of that party. Young men professing conservative opinions were beginning about that time to think independently for themselves, and to doubt the authenticity and soundness of tradition. The young Whigs, who were kept in much better order by their seniors, stuck by their old political breviary; but the young Tories would not. They were ready, if occasion required, to maintain to the death the Monarchy, the House of Peers, and the Church; but they could not, for the lives of them, understand that it was not their duty to investigate, and

if possible improve, the condition of the working-classes. On the contrary, they regarded that as a distinct moral duty, in which they were resolved to persevere, notwithstanding the advice of their own political Gallios, or the example of their opponents who were always ready, when the people asked for relief, to tender them a stone. Mr. Disraeli, however, has this credit, that he was the first, in the House of Commons, to free himself from a debasing domination, and to assert his absolute independence of the minister in thought and deed. Of course he was never forgiven by the autocrat, nor will he be forgiven by the men who still swear by their idol. But he went on undauntedly, never fearing to say his thought; and barely two years had elapsed before the great bulk of the Tory party—the Tapers and Tadpoles excepted—had acknowledged the justness of his estimate as to the trustworthiness of their former chief, and ranged themselves in opposition to the late Sir Robert Peel.

It is not our intention to pronounce a panegyric upon Mr. Disraeli. We see no occasion for doing so, and we doubt if he would care to hear one. But we confess that the impudence of this young whipper-snapper has somewhat roused our bile. He reminds us of a wretched curtailed messian whom we once saw introduced into a drawing-room. The creature, which, in mercy to the future canine breed, ought to have been drowned in the days of its puppydom, went sniffing about at the furniture, thrusting its odious nose everywhere, and at last committed sacrilege by lifting its leg against a magnificent china jar. Of course Nemesis was speedy. We had the satisfaction of kicking the cur from the upper landing to the lobby, by a single pedal application; and, beyond the hint gathered from a dolorous howl, have no cognisance of its after fate. Mr. Disraeli's present position in the House of Commons is the best possible answer to "one of the humblest"—for which read meanest—"individuals of this great empire."

Randal, however, does not confine himself to a review of Mr. Disraeli's political career. He must needs—though of all men the most unfitted for the task, for he has no more notion

of literature than a Hottentot—attempt to criticise him as an author. Here he evidently thinks that he can make out a strong case; and accordingly he goes over, *seriatim*, the whole of the publications to which Mr. Disraeli has set his name, and one or two others which were not so authenticated. At first sight it is not easy to understand why he should have given himself so much trouble. Mr. Disraeli's earliest novel, *Vivian Grey*, was written when the author was about the age of two-and-twenty, and, no doubt, to the critical eye, it has many faults. But so have the early productions of every master—not only in language, but in painting and all other branches of art,—yet we forgive them all for the unmistakable traces of real genius which are displayed. That early novel of Mr. Disraeli, though produced so far back as 1826, has never been forgotten. It took its place at once as a decided work of genius; and, as such, continued to be read before the author became a political character or celebrity. And so it was, even in larger measure, with his next work, *Contarini Fleming*. Now, it is of some importance to ask, *why* these books were popular? They certainly could not recommend themselves to the old, as elaborate compositions, for they showed a lack of worldly experience, and sometimes bordered on extravagance. But they recommended themselves to the young, because they were brimful of a youthful spirit; because they expressed, better perhaps than ever had been done before, the daring, recklessness, and utter exuberance of youth; and because even older men recognised in them the distinct image of passions which they had once entertained, but from which they were divorced for ever. Poor pitiful Randal, who even in his boyhood does not seem to have experienced a single generous impulse, thinks that in these juvenile pictures he can identify the future politician. He says, "It is impossible, in perusing the book, not to connect Mr. Disraeli with Contarini Fleming;" and he then goes on gravely to argue that many of the positions in the romance are objectionable. Because Mr. Disraeli makes his leading character talk extravagantly

when in love—as what boy under such circumstances does not talk extravagantly?—we are asked to believe that the author is habitually addicted to fiction! Because Contarini Fleming is represented at the head of a band of reckless collegians, who, inspired by the “Robbers” of Schiller, betake themselves to the woods, Randal politely insinuates that Mr. Disraeli was intended by nature for a bandit! He might just as well tell us that Miss Jane Porter was intended for a Scottish chief! Such absolute trash as this is really below contempt; nor would we have noticed it at all except to show the animus of this singularly paltry critic. We shall make no further allusion to his commentary on the early novels, beyond remarking, that he crawls over every page of *Venetia* and *Henrietta Temple*, in the hope to leave upon them traces of his ugly slime.

It is, however, against the political novels that Mr. Randal Leslie chooses principally to inveigh. That he regards them as heterodox in doctrine is not to be wondered at—that he cannot discriminate between the sportive and the real is the result of his own narrow powers of comprehension. But his chief cry, as we have remarked before, is against personality, and he thus favours us with his ideas: “All men must execrate the midnight stabber. And a midnight stabber is a man who, in a work of fiction, endeavours to make a fictitious character stand for a real one, and attributes to it any vices he pleases. Nothing can be more unfair; nothing can be more reprehensible. Against such a system of attack even the virtues of a Socrates are no protection,” &c. We see no occasion for dragging Socrates into the discussion. Those twin sons of Sophroniscus, Tadpole and Taper, are quite sufficient for our purpose in discussing this point of literary personality. We are therefore given to understand by Mr. Leslie, that it is utterly unjustifiable to display, in a work of fiction, any character corresponding to a real one. That, certainly, is a broad enough proposition. According to this view, Virgil was a midnight stabber, because it is notorious that the characters in the *Æneid*

were intended to represent eminent personages of Rome; and all of them were not flatteringly portrayed—as, for instance, Drances, who stands for Cicero. Spenser was a midnight stabber, in respect of Druessa, intended for Mary Queen of Scots. Shakespeare was a midnight stabber, in respect of Justice Shallow, the eidolon of Sir Thomas Lucy. Dryden was an irreclaimable bravo; witness his *Ab-salom* and *Achitophel*. We are afraid that even Pope must wear the badge of the poniard. Very few of our deceased, and scarce one of our living novelists, can escape the charge of satire and personality. If a man is writing about things of the present day, he must, perforce, take his characters from the men who move around him, else he will produce no true picture. Both Dickens and Thackeray draw from life, and their sketches are easily recognisable. There are certain characters in Mr. Warren's *Ten Thousand A-Year*, which we apprehend nobody can mistake. In depicting, for example, the House of Commons, would it be correct to paint that assembly, not as it is, but as what it might be, if a total change were made in its members? If a literary man has occasion, in a work of fiction, to sketch the Treasury Bench, must he necessarily leave out the principal figures which give interest to that Elysian locality? But is it really true that Mr. Disraeli has been so excessively licentious in his personality? Tadpoles he has drawn, no doubt, and Tapers; but there are at least two dozen gentlemen who have equal right to appropriate those designations to themselves. He has given us two perfect types of a narrow-minded class, but the class itself is numerous. The originals of Coningsby and Millbank, if there were any such, are not likely to complain of their treatment; and positively the only objectionable instance of personality which we can remember as occurring in Mr. Disraeli's political novels, is the character of Rigby. It is quite possible that Mr. Disraeli might, if he chose, give a satisfactory explanation of this departure from decorum; for we are not of the number of those who profess, like Mr. Randal Leslie,

to think that it is unlawful to retaliate with the same weapon which has been used in assault. But the truth is, we care very little about the matter. Let us grant that this one character of Rigby is objectionable—does that justify this outrageous howl about perpetual personalities? Where are the personalities in Sybil and Tancred? We may be very dull, but we really cannot find them; and yet we have perused both works more than once with great pleasure. Who are the leading political characters whom Mr. Disraeli is said to have sketched for the purpose of misrepresenting their motives? Has he given us in his novels a sketch of Wellington, of Peel, of Brougham, of Lord John Russell, of Sir James Graham, of O'Connell, of Cobden, or of Hume? We never heard that alleged; and yet we are told that his novels are full of outrageous political libels! Why, if he had intended to be politically personal, he could not by possibility have avoided introducing some of these men, under feigned names, seeing that they have all played a conspicuous part in the great drama of public life. He might, we think, have introduced them, had he so pleased, without any breach of propriety; but it is enough, in dealing with Mr. Randal Leslie, to remark that he has not done so, and consequently the whole elaborate structure of hypocrisy falls to the ground.

It may be said that it was not worth our while to waste powder and shot upon a jackdaw; nor, in all probability, should we have done so, were this the sole chatterer of his species. But the splendid abilities and political success of Mr. Disraeli have created for him a host of enemies, who seem determined, at all hazards, to run him down, and whose attacks are not only malignant, but unintermitting. Some of these may be regarded simply as the ebullitions of envy—the mutterings of discontent against success. The feeling which prompts such attacks is anything but commendable; but we are inclined to draw a distinction between that class of writers and another, whose enmity to Mr. Disraeli may be traced to more personal motives. The former may,

perhaps, have no absolute dislike to the man whom they are endeavouring to decry. They assail him because he has risen so much and so swiftly above their social level; and if he were to experience a reverse their feeling toward him would probably change. Theirs is just the sentiment of vulgar radicalism—that which stimulates demagogues to attack the Church and the aristocracy. Men of the literary profession are very liable to such influences, more especially when one of their number passes into another sphere of distinction. So long as Mr. Disraeli confined himself to literary pursuits, he might be regarded and dealt with as one of themselves; it was his political career, and his accession to office as a Cabinet Minister, which made the gap between him and the literary multitude. It is much to be regretted, for the sake of literature itself, that any such demonstrations of jealousy should be exhibited, but we fear there is no remedy for it. Other times, besides our own, furnish us with examples in abundance of this kind of unworthy detraction, which, however, may not be tinged with absolute personal malice.

The author of this volume has nothing in common with the writers to whom we have just alluded. In the first place, he has no pretensions whatever to be considered as a literary man. His style is bald and bad; he is wholly unpractised in criticism; and he commits the egregious blunder of dealing in indiscriminate abuse. Notwithstanding all our admiration for Mr. Disraeli, we are bound to admit that some of his novels afford ample scope for criticism; and that a witty and competent reviewer could easily, and with perfect fairness, write an amusing article on the subject. More than one excellent imitation of Mr. Disraeli's peculiar style has appeared in the periodicals; and we have no doubt that even the author of *Coningsby* enjoyed a hearty laugh over the facetious parodies of *Punch*. There is no kind of malice in the preparation or issuing of squibs like these. We should all of us become a great deal too dull and solemn without them; and they contribute to the public amusement without giving annoyance to any one. But Randal Leslie is

such an absolute bungler that he is not contented with selecting the weak points in Mr. Disraeli's works, but tries to depreciate those very excellencies and beauties which have elevated him in the eyes of the public. He cannot bear to think that Mr. Disraeli should have credit for having written even a single interesting chapter, and therefore he keeps battering at the fabric of his fame, like a billy-goat butting at a wall. Had Mr. Randal Leslie possessed a little more real knowledge of the world, or had his conceit been but one degree less than it is, he would have paused before entering the literary and critical arena. He can talk glibly enough about gladiators—was he not aware that a certain degree of training is required, before a literary man becomes used to the practice of his art? Apparently not; for anything so utterly contemptible, in the shape of criticism, it never was our fortune to peruse. We conclude, therefore, that whatever may have been the nature of the other "private griefs" which stimulated this wretched onslaught on Mr. Disraeli, literary jealousy was not among the number. The frog may wish to emulate the dimensions of the ox; but not even Esop. has ventured to represent it as emulous of the carolling of the lark.

We have no hesitation in stating our belief, that a certain party in the State to whom Mr. Disraeli is peculiarly obnoxious, has addressed itself deliberately to the task, through its organs, of running him down. The Whigs, of course, regard him with no favour, for he has always been their determined opponent; but we have no reason whatever to suppose that their hostility would be carried so far as to induce them to join in so very unworthy a conspiracy. But to the Peelites he has given mortal umbrage. They cannot forget that he was the man who first challenged the despotic authority of their chief in the House of Commons, and set an example of independence in thought and action to others of the Tory party. They cannot forget the conflicts in which he was personally engaged with their leader; and they cannot forgive him for the havoc which he made in the ranks of the pseudo-Conservatives. If he and others had chosen to

stifle their convictions, to lay aside all considerations of honour and consistency, to submit to mysterious but imperative dictation, and to become the passive tools of an autocratic minister, the Conservatives might still have been in power, and the red-tapists in possession of their offices. Not one of the latter class but feels himself personally injured. The Tapers and Tadpoles had been so long accustomed to the advent of quarter-day, that they regarded their places almost in the light of patrimonial possessions; and bitter indeed was their hatred of the man who had assisted to eject them from their Goshen. Besides this, their vanity, of which they were not without a large share, was sorely wounded by the manner in which they were exhibited to the public view, and more so by the intense relish with which the sketches were received. Mr. Disraeli never made so happy a hit as in his portraiture of these small, bustling, self-sufficient, and narrow-minded officials, with their ridiculous notions about party watchwords, political combinations, backstairs influence, and so forth; nor was there ever a more terse or felicitous description of the then existing Government, than that which he has put into the mouth of Taper:—"A sound Conservative Government—I understand: Tory men and Whig measures." These things belong to the past. They are, however, intelligible reasons for the rancour which the remnants of the Peel party, even when allied with the Whigs in power, exhibit towards Mr. Disraeli; and nothing since has occurred to mitigate the acerbity of that feeling. But there are weighty considerations applicable to the future. The Aberdeen Cabinet is composed of such heterogeneous materials that it cannot be expected to hold long together. Even now there is dissension within it; and, but for the expectation of an immediate and inveterate war, which renders the idea of a change of government distasteful to every one, men would consider it as doomed. In fact, the alliance has never been other than a hollow one, and there is no real cordiality or confidence among the chiefs. The Whigs are already look-

ing in the direction of the Radicals; the Peelites would very gladly gain the confidence of the country gentlemen. They believe it not impossible even yet, by making certain sacrifices and concessions, to reconstruct the Conservative party; but Mr. Disraeli is the obstacle, and their hatred of him is even greater than their love of office. They would, in 1852, have opened a negotiation, provided he had been excluded; and they entertain the same views in 1854. It is evident that Lord Aberdeen cannot long remain as Premier. He is anything but personally popular; he is now well advanced in years; and his conduct in the Eastern question has not raised him in the estimation of the country. But then, failing him, who is to be the leader of the Peelites in the House of Lords? Not certainly the Duke of Newcastle, who has neither temper nor ability for that duty; and they have no one else to put forward. Gladly would they serve under Lord Derby; but the same Cabinet cannot hold Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone.

Let them do their worst. It is not by publications of this kind, or unscrupulous newspaper invectives, that they will accomplish their object. Even the critic who has taken this book as a text for his commentary in the *Times*, is constrained to acknowledge that the author has sate down "to accumulate upon the head of his living victim all the dislike, malevolence, and disgust he can get together in 650 octavo pages." We must say that it never was our lot to peruse a more extraordinary article than that which we now refer to. The critic does not even think it necessary to affect that he cares for public morality. He dislikes the Protectionists, whose general ability he doubts, as much as he abhors their tenets; and he thinks that Mr. Disraeli ought to have left their camp in 1848, immediately after the death of Lord George Bentinck. We confess that we were at first a good deal startled at this proposition, inasmuch as the course of conduct which is here indicated would have laid Mr. Disraeli open to such charges of perfidy as no honourable man could endure; but, on looking a little further, we began to see the drift of these

observations. There are two detachments of mischief-makers at work—the object of the one being to disgust the Tory party with Mr. Disraeli; that of the other being to disgust Mr. Disraeli with his party. We think it right, out of sheer regard for ethics, to quote a sentence or two from the critical article in the *Times*.

"For weeks," says the critic, referring to the position of Mr. Disraeli in 1848, "did he suffer mortification, insult, and ingratitude from the Protectionist party, with Lord Derby at its head; such as must have roused a nobler soul to self-respect, and stung it with a consciousness of intolerable wrong. What if, at that period of consummate baseness and unblushing insolence, Mr. Disraeli had stood apart from the conspirators, and taken an independent place in the arena which he had already made his own! Does he believe that the good-will of his countrymen would have been wanting to him at the trying hour, and that the sympathies of Whig and Tory would not have sustained him in the crisis? He will never recover the consequences of the fault then committed. He stooped low as the ground to conquer, and he failed. He might have vanquished nobly, and held his head erect. By consenting to act with men who did not hesitate to let him feel how much they despised him, he has, indeed, tasted the sweets of office, and for a season held the reins of power. But where is he now? Where might he have been, had he proudly taken his seat in 1848, aloof from the false allies who had no belief in his earnestness, no satisfaction in his company, and who hurled their contempt in his teeth?"

It requires more than one perusal before the full meaning of this passage can be comprehended. The critic first informs us, with a most suspicious degree of circumstantiality as to details, that, after the death of Lord George Bentinck, there was some indisposition to intrust the leadership of the Protectionist party in the House of Commons to Mr. Disraeli, and then argues that he ought to have left them at once and for ever! Beautiful, indeed, are the notions of morality and honour which are here inculcated!

But how comes the writer in the *Times* to be so intimately acquainted with the secret councils of the Protectionist party, whom in the aggregate he sneers at, terms "conspirators," and accuses of "consummate baseness and unblushing insolence?" What does he know, more than other determined supporters of Sir Robert Peel, of what was passing in the opposite camp? He tells us, speaking of 1845, that "in England the injustice of the Corn Laws is felt at every hearth. Sir Robert Peel seizes the opportunity to repair some of the errors of his former life, and to establish his name for ever in the grateful recollection of his countrymen." The man who wrote these words never could have had any trafficking with the Protectionists; he must have abhorred them throughout; and yet the curious thing is, that he knows, or pretends to know, a great deal more about them than an enemy could possibly have done. For example, he says, in reference to the alleged unwillingness, on the part of the Protectionists, to be led by Mr. Disraeli, that "almost in as many words Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, condescended to convey the intelligence to the gifted subaltern, and to inform him that, notwithstanding the transcendent services he had rendered, he had not respectability enough for the place of honour he had earned." This is either false or true. If false, it is the most unblushing fiction we ever remember to have met with; if true, we should like very much to know how the writer came by his information.

Not less remarkable is the intimate knowledge which the critic affects of Mr. Disraeli's private character. That he dislikes him is very evident. He describes him as "Genius without Conscience;" says "he has not a bad heart—he has no heart at all;" that

he "will stand before posterity as the great political infidel of his age, as one who believed in nothing but himself;" and a great deal to the same purpose. He denounces him as inconsistent; and yet, in the same breath, blames him for not having abandoned his party on the impulse of a sudden pique. If Iago were alive and a critic, we should expect from him just such an article as that which appeared in the *Times*.

We end as we began. In this wicked and envious little world of ours, no man of any note can hope to escape without abuse, which may be formidable or not, according to the quarter from which it comes, and the motives which called it forth. If more than the share commonly set apart for public men has fallen upon Mr. Disraeli, he may comfort himself with the reflection that there is but one feeling on the part of the public with regard to the conduct of his assailants; and we are greatly mistaken if, by this time, the author of the *Literary and Political Biography* does not wish in his secret heart, that he had never addressed himself to his dirty task. As for other attacks, he is certainly liable to these, both as a party leader and as an ex-minister. No one knows better than Mr. Disraeli that enmities may sometimes arise from peculiar causes. Of this, indeed, he has given us, in one of his earlier fictions, a very apt illustration, when he makes Ixion say: "I remember we had a con-founded poet at Larissa, who proved my family lived before the Deluge, and asked me for a pension. I refused him, and then he wrote an epigram asserting that I sprang from the veritable stones thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha at the repeopling of the earth, and retained all the properties of my ancestors!"

THE QUIET HEART.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XVIII.

"EH, Menie, are you sure yon's London?"

So asked little July Home standing under the shadow of the elm-trees, and looking out upon the sea of city smoke, with great St. Paul's looming through its dimness. July did not quite understand how she could be said to be near London, so long as she stood upon the green sod, and saw above her the kindly sky. "There's no very mony houses hereaway," said the innocent July; "there's mair in Dumfries, Menie—and this is just a fine green park, and here's trees—are you sure yon's London?"

"Yes, it's London." Very differently they looked at it;—the one with the marvelling eyes of a child, ready to believe all wonders of that mysterious place, supreme among the nations, which was rather a superb individual personage from among the Arabian genii than a collection of human streets and houses, full of the usual weaknesses of humankind; the other with the dreamy gaze of a woman, pondering in her heart over the scene of her fate.

"And Randall's yonder, and Johnnie Lithgow!" said July. "I would just like to ken where; Menie, you've been down yonder in the town—where will Johnnie and our Randall be? Mrs. Wellwood down in Kirklands bade me ask Randall if he knew a cousin of hers, Peter Scott, that lives in London; but nobody could ken a' the folk, Menie, in such a muckle town."

"My dear Miss July, muckle is an ugly word," said Miss Annie Laurie, "and you must observe how nicely your brother and his friend speak—quite marvellous for self-educated young men—and even Menie here is very well. You must not say muckle, my love."

"It was because I meant to say very big," said July with a great blush, holding down her head and speaking in a whisper. July had thrown many a wandering glance already at Miss Annie, speculating whether to call her the old lady or the young

lady, and listening with reverential curiosity to all she said; for July thought "She—the lady," was very kind to call her my dear and my love so soon, and to kiss her when she went away wearied, on her first evening at Heathbank, to rest; though July could never be sure about Miss Annie, and marvelled much that Menie Laurie should dare to call any one in such ringlets and such gowns, aunt.

"You will soon learn better, my dear little girl," said the gracious Miss Annie, "and you must just be content to continue a little girl while you are here, and take a lesson now and then, you know; and above all, my darling, you must take care not to fall in love with this young man whom you speak of so familiarly. He must not be Johnnie any more, but only Mr. Lithgow, your brother's friend and ours—for I cannot have both my young ladies falling in love."

"Me!" July's light little frame trembled all over, her soft hair fell down upon her neck. "It never will stay up," murmured July, with eager deprecation, as Miss Annie's eye fell upon the silky uncurled locks; but it was only shamefacedness and embarrassment which made July notice the descent of her hair—for July was trembling with a little thrill of fear and wonder and curiosity. Was it possible then, that little July had come to sufficient years to be capable of falling in love?—and, in spite of herself, July thought again upon Johnnie Lithgow, and marvelled innocently, though with a blush, whether he "minded" her as she minded him.

But July could not understand the strange abstraction which had fallen upon her friend—the dreamy eye, the vacant look, the long intervals of silence. Menie Laurie of Burnside had known nothing of all this new-come gravity, and July's wistful look had already begun to follow those wandering eyes of hers—to follow them away through the daylight, and into the dark, wondering—wondering—what it was that Menie sought to see.

Jenny is busied in the remote regions of the kitchen at this present moment delivering a lecture, very sharp, and marked with some excitement, to Miss Annie Laurie's kitchen maid, who is by no means an ornamental person, and for that and many other reasons is a perpetual grief to Miss Annie's heart—so Jenny is happily spared the provocation of beholding the new visitor who has entered the portals of Heathbank. For a portentous shawl, heavy as a thunder-cloud, a gown lurid as the lightning escaping from under its shade, and a new bonnet grim with gentility, are making their way round the little lawn, concealing from expectant eyes the slight person and small well-formed head, with its short matted crop of curls, which distinguish Johnnie Lithgow. Johnnie, good fellow, does not think his sister the most suitable visitor in the world to the Laurie household; but Johnnie would not, for more wealth than he can reckon, put slight upon his sister even in idea—so Miss Annie Laurie's Maria announces Miss Pantan at the door of Miss Annie Laurie's drawing-room, and Nelly, where she failed to come as a servant, is introduced as a guest.

"Thank'ye, mem," said Nelly. "I like London very weel so far as as I've seen it—but it's a muckle place, I dinna doubt, no to be lookit through in a day—and I'm aye fleyed to lose mysel in thae weary streets; but you see I didna come here ance errand to see the town, but rather came with an object, mem—and now I'm to bide on to take care of Johnnie. My mother down-by at hame has had mony thochts about him being left his lane, with naebody but himself to care about in a strange place—and it's sure to be a comfort to her me stopping with Johnnie, for she kens I'm a weel-meaning person, whatever folk do to me; and I would be real thankful if ye could recommend me to a shop for good linen, for I have a' his shirts to mend. To be sure, he has plenty of siller—but he's turning the maist extravagant lad I ever saw."

"Good soul! and you have come to do all those kind things for him," said Miss Annie Laurie: "it is so delightful to me to find these fine homely natural feelings in operation—so pri-

mitive and unsopisticated. I can't tell you what pleasure I have in watching the natural action of a kind heart."

"I am much obliged to ye, mem," said Nelly, wavering on her seat with a half intention of rising to acknowledge with a curtesy this complimentary declaration. "I was aye kent for a weel-meaning lass, though I have my faults—but I'm sure Johnnie ought to ken how weel he can depend on me."

July Home was standing by the window—standing very timid and demure, pretending to look out, but in reality lost in conjectures concerning Johnnie Lithgow, whose image had never left her mind since Miss Annie took the pains to advise her not to think of him. July, innocent heart, would never have thought of him had this warning been withheld; but the fascination and thrill of conscious danger filled July's mind with one continual recollection of his presence, though she did not dare to turn round frankly and own herself his old acquaintance. With a slight tremble in her little figure, July stands by the window, and July's silky hair already begins to drop out of the braid in which she had confined it with so much care. A silk gown—the first and only one of its race belonging to July—has been put on in honour of this, her first day at Heathbank; and July, to tell the truth, is somewhat fluttered on account of it, and is a little afraid of herself and the unaccustomed splendour of her dress.

Menie Laurie, a good way apart, sits on a stool at her mother's feet, looking round upon all those faces—from July's innocent tremble of shy pleasure to Johnnie Lithgow's well-pleased recognition of his childish friend. There is something touching in the contrast when you turn to Menie Laurie, looking up, with all these new-awakened thoughts in her eyes, into her mother's face. For dutiful and loving as Menie has always been, you can tell by a glance that she never clung before as she clings now—that never in her most trustful childish times was she so humble in her helplessness as her tender woman's love is to-day. Deprecating, anxious, full of so many wistful beseeching ways—do you think the

mother does not know why it is that Menie's silent devotion thus pleads and kneels and clings to her very feet?

And there is a shadow on Mrs. Laurie's brow—a certain something glittering under Mrs. Laurie's eyelid. No, she needs no interpreter—and the mother hears Menie's prayer, "Will you like him—will you try to like him?" sounding in her heart, and resolves that she will indeed try to like him for Menie's sake.

"Mr. Home, of course, will come to see us to-night," said the sprightly Miss Annie. "My dear Mrs. Laurie, how can I sufficiently thank you for bringing such a delightful circle of young people to Heathbank? It quite renews my heart again. You can't think how soon one gets worn out and weary in this commonplace London world: but so fresh—so full of young spirits and life—I assure you, Mr. Lithgow, yourself, and your friend, and my sweet girls here, are quite like a spring to me."

Johnnie, bowing a response, gradually drew near the widow. You will begin to think there is something very simply pretty and graceful in this little figure standing here within shadow of the curtain, the evening sun just missing it as it steals timidly into the shade. And this brown hair, so silky soft, has slid down at last upon July's shoulder, and the breath

comes something fast on July's small full nether lip, and a little changeful flush of colour hovers about, coming and going upon July's face. Listen—for now a sweet little timid voice, fragrant with the low-spoken Border-speech, softened out of all its harshness, steals upon Johnnie Lithgow's ear. He knows what the words are, for he draws very near to listen—but we, a little farther off, hear nothing but the voice; a very unassured, shy, girlish voice; and July casts a furtive look around her, to see if it is not possible to get Menie Laurie to whisper her answer to; but when she does trust the air with these few words of hers, July feels less afraid.

Johnnie Lithgow!—no doubt it is the same Johnnie Lithgow who carried her through the wood, half a mile about, to see the sunset from the Resting Stane—but whether this can be the Mr. Lithgow who is very clever and a great writer, July is puzzled to know. For he begins to ask so kindly about the old homely Kirkland people—he "minds" every nook and corner so well, and has such a joyous recollection of all the Hogmanays and Hallowe'ens—the boyish pranks and frolics, the boyish friends. July, simple and perplexed, thinks within herself that Randall never did so, and doubts whether Johnnie Lithgow can be clever, after all.

CHAPTER XII.

"And July, little girl—you are glad to see Menie Laurie again?"

But July makes a long pause—July is always timid of speaking to her brother.

"Menie is not Menie now," said July thoughtfully. "She never looks like what she used to look at Burnside."

"What has changed her?" At last Randall began to look interested.

Another long pause, and then July startled him with a burst of tears. "She never looks like what she used to look at Burnside," repeated Menie's little friend, with timid sobs, "but aye thinks, thinks, and has trouble in her face night and day."

The brother and sister were in the room alone. Randall turned round

with impatience. "What a foolish little creature you are, July. Menie does not cry like you for every little matter; Menie has nothing to trouble her."

"It's no me, Randall," said little July, meekly. "If I cry, I just canna help it, and it's nae matter; but, oh, I wish you would speak to Menie—for something's vexing her."

"I am sure you will excuse me for leaving you so long," said the sprightly voice of Miss Annie Laurie, entering the room. "What! crying, July darling! Have you not used her well, Hr. Home?—but my poor friend Mrs. Laurie has just got a very unpleasant letter, and I have been sitting with her to comfort her."

Randall made no reply, unless the

smile of indifference which came to his lips, the careless turning away of his head, might be supposed to answer; for Randall did not think it necessary to pretend any interest in Mrs. Laurie.

But just then he caught a momentary glimpse of some one stealing across the farthest corner of the lawn, behind a group of shrubs. Randall could not mistake the figure; and it seemed to pause there, where it was completely hidden, except to the keen eye which had watched it thither, and still saw a flutter of drapery through the leaves.

"Mem, if you please, Miss Menie's out," said Jenny, entering suddenly, "and the mistress sent me with word that she wasna very weel hersel, and would keep up the stair if you've nae objections. As I said, 'I trow no, you would have nae objections'—no to say there's company in the house to be a divert—and the mistress is far frae weel."

"But, Jenny, you must tell my darling Menie to come in," said Miss Annie. "I cannot want her, you know; and I am sure she cannot know who is here, or she would never bid you say she was out. Tell her I want her, Jenny."

"Mem, I have told you," said Jenny, somewhat fiercely, "if she was ane given to leasing-making she would have to get another lass to gang her errands than Jenny, and I canna tell whatfor Miss Menie should heed, or do aught but her ain pleasure, for ony company that's here 'enow. I'm no fit mysel, an auld laes like me, to gang away after Miss Menie's licht fit; but she's out-by, pu'r bairn—and it's little onybody kens Jenny that would blame me wi' a lee."

She had reached the door before Randall could prevail with himself to follow her; but at last he did hurry after Jenny, making a hasty apology as he went. Randall had by no means paid to Jenny the respect to which she held herself entitled: her quick sense had either heard his step behind, or surmised that he would follow her; and Jenny, in a violent fuff, strongly suppressing herself, but quivering all over with the effort it cost her, turned sharp round upon him, and came to a dead pause facing him, as he closed the door.

"Where is Miss Menie Laurie? I wish to see her," said Randall. Randall did not choose to be familiar even now.

"Miss Menie Laurie takes her ain will commonly," said Jenny, making a satirical curtesy. "She's been used wi't this lang while; and she hasna done what Jenny bade her this mony a weary day. Atweel, if she had, some things wouldna have been to undo that are—and mony an hour's wark and hour's peace the hail house micht ha'e gotten, if she had aye had the sence to advise with the like of me; but she's young, and she takes her ain gate. Poor thing! she'll have to do somebody else's will soon enough if there's nae deliverance; whatfor should I grudge her her ain the noo?"

"What do you mean? I want to see Menie," exclaimed Randall, with considerable haste and eagerness. "Do you mean to say she does not want to see me? I have never been avoided before. What does she mean?"

"Ay, my lad, that's right," said Jenny; "think of yoursel just, like a man, afore ye gie a kindly thought to her, and her in trouble. It's like you a'; it's like the hail race and lineage of ye, father and son. No that I'm meaning ony ill to auld Croftmill; but nae doubt he's a man like the lave."

Randall lifted his hand impatiently, waving her away.

"I wouldna wonder!" cried Jenny. "I wouldna wonder—no me. She's owre mony about that like her, has she?—it'll be my turn to gang my ways, and no trouble the maister. You would like to get her, now she's in her flower; you would like to take her up and carry her away, and put her in a cage, like a puir bit singing-burdie, to be a pleasure to you. What are you courting my bairn for? It's a' for your ain delight and pleasure, because ye canna help but be glad at the sight of her, a darling as she is; because ye would like to get her to yoursel, like a piece of land; because she would be something to you to be maister and lord of, to make ye the mair esteemed in ither folks' een, and happier for yoursel. Man, I've carried her miles o' gate in thae very arms of mine. I've watched her grow year to year, till there's no ane like

her in a' the countryside. Is't for mysel?—she canna be Jenny's wife—she canna be Jenny's ain born bairn! But Jenny would put down her neck under the darling's foot, if it was to give her pleasure—and here's a strange lad comes that would set away me."

But Jenny's vehemence was touched with such depth of higher feeling as to exalt it entirely out of the region of the "stuff." With a hasty and trembling hand she dashed away some tears out of her eyes. "I'm no to make a fule of mysel afore him," muttered Jenny, drawing a hard breath through her dilated nostrils.

Randall, with some passion, and much scorn in his face, had drawn back a little to listen. Now he took up his hat hurriedly.

"If you are done, you will let me pass, perhaps," he said angrily.—"This is absurd, you know—let me pass. I warn you I will not quarrel with Menie for all the old women in the world."

"If it's me, you're welcome to ca' me names," said Jenny, fiercely. "I daur ye to say a word of the mistress—on your peril. Miss Menie pleases to be her lane. I tell you Miss Menie's out-by; and I would like to ken what call any mortal has to disturb the poor lassie in her distress, when she wants to keep it to hersel. He doesna hear me—he's gane the very way she gaed," said Jenny, softening, as he burst past her out of sight. "I'll no say I think ony waur of him for that; but waes me, waes me—

what's to come out o't a', but dismay and distress to my pair bairn?"

Distress and dismay—it's not hard to see them both in Menie Laurie's face, so pale and full of thought, as she leans upon the wall here among the wet leaves, looking out. Yes, she is looking out, fixedly and long, but not upon the misty far-away London, not upon the pleasant slope of green, the retired and quiet houses, the whispering neighbour trees. Something has brought the dreamy, distant future, the unknown country, bright and far away—brought it close upon her, laid it at her feet. Her own living breath this moment stirs the atmosphere of this still unaccomplished world; her foot is stayed upon its threshold. No more vague fears—no more mere clouds upon the joyous firmament—but close before her, dark and tangible, the crisis and decision—the turning-point of heart and hope. Before her wistful eyes lie two clear paths, winding before her into the evening sky. Two; but the spectre of a third comes in upon her—a life distraught and barren of all comfort—a fate irrevocable, not to be changed or softened; and Menie's heart is deadly sick in her poor breast, and faints for fear. Alas for Menie Laurie's quiet heart!

She was sad yesterday. Yesterday she saw a cloudy sword, suspended in the skies, wavering and threatening above her unguarded head; to-day she looks no longer at this imaginative menace. From another unfeared quarter there has fallen a real blow.

CHAPTER XX.

With the heat and flush of excitement upon his face, Randall Home made his way across the glistening lawn, and through the wet shrubs—for there had been rain—to that corner of the garden where he had seen Menie disappear. Impatiently his foot rung upon the gravel path, and crushed the fallen branches: something of an angry glow was in his eye, and heated and passionate was the colour on his cheek.

"You are here, Menie!" he exclaimed. "I think you might have had sufficient respect for me, to do

what you could to prevent this last passage of arms."

"Respect!" Menie looked at him with doubtful apprehension. She thought the distress of her mind must have dulled and blunted her nerves; and repeated the word vacantly, scarcely knowing what it meant.

"I said respect. Is it so presumptuous an idea?" said Randall, with his cold sarcastic smile.

But Menie made no answer. Drawing back with a timid frightened motion, which did not belong to her natural character, she stood so very

pale, and chill, and tearful, that you could have found nowhere a more complete and emphatic contrast than she made to her betrothed. The one so full of strength and vigour, stout independence and glowing resentment—the other with all her life gone out of her, as it seemed, quenched and subdued in her tears.

"You have avoided me in the house—you will not speak to me now," said Randall. "Menie, Menie, what does this mean?"

For Menie had not been able to conceal from him that she was weeping.

"It is no matter, Randall," said Menie; "it is no matter."

Randall grew more and more excited. "What is the matter? Have you ceased to trust me, Menie? What do you mean?"

"I mean nothing to make you angry—I never did," said Menie, sadly. "I'm not very old yet, but I never grieved anybody, of my own will, all my days. Ill never came long ago; or, if it came, nobody ever blamed it on me. I wish you would not mind me," she said, looking up suddenly. "I came out here, because my mind was not fit to speak to anybody—because I wanted to complain to myself where nobody should hear of my unthankfulness. I would not have said a word to anybody—not a word. There was no harm in thinking within my own heart."

"There is harm in hiding your thoughts from me," said Randall. "Come, Menie, you are not to cheat me of my rights. I was angry—forgive me; but I am not angry now. Menie, my poor sorrowful girl, what ails you? Has something happened? Menie, you must tell me."

"It is just you I must not tell," said Menie, under her breath. Then she wavered a moment as if the wind swayed her light figure, and held her in hesitating uncertainty; and then, with a sudden effort, she stood firm, apart from the wall she had been leaning on, and apart, too, from Randall's extended arm.

"Yes, I will tell you," said Menie, seriously. "You mind what happened a year ago, Randall! you mind what we did and what we said then—'For ever and for ever.'"

Randall took her hand tenderly into his own, "for ever and for ever." It was the words of their troth-plight.

"I will keep it in my heart," said poor Menie. "I will never change in that, but keep it night and day in my heart. Randall, we are far apart already. I have a little world you do not choose to share: you are entering a greater world, where I can never have any place. God speed you, and God go with you, Randall Home. You will be a great man: you will prosper and increase; and what would you do with poor Southland Menie, who cannot help you in your race? Randall, we will be good friends: we will part now, and say farewell."

Abrupt as her speech was Menie's manner of speaking. She had to hurry over these disjointed words, lest her sobs should overtake and choke her utterance ere they were done.

Randall shook his head with displeased impatience. "This is mere folly, Menie. What does it mean? Cannot you tell me simply and frankly what is the matter, without such a preface as this? But indeed I know very well what it means. It means that I am to yield something—to undertake something—to reconcile myself to some necessity or other, distasteful to me. But why commence so tragically?—the threat should come at the end, not at the beginning."

"I make no threat," said Menie, growing colder and colder, more and more upright and rigid; "I mean to say nothing that can make you angry. Already, I have been very unhappy. I dare not venture, with our changed fortunes, to make a life-long trial—I dare not."

"Your changed fortunes!" interrupted Randall. "Are your fortunes to-day different from what they were yesterday?"

Menie paused. "It is only a very poor pride which would conceal it from you," she said at length. "Yes, they are different. Yesterday we had enough for all we needed—to-day we have not anything. You will see how entirely our circumstances are changed; and I hope you will see too, Randall, without giving either of us the pain of mentioning them, all the reasons which make it prudent for us, without prolonging the conflict longer,

to say good-by. Good-by; I can ask nothing of you but to forget me, Randall."

And Menie held out her hand, but could not lift her eyes. Her voice had sunk very low, and a slight shiver of extreme self-constraint passed over her—her head drooped lower and lower on her breast—her fingers played vacantly with the glistening leaves; and when he did not take it, her hand gradually dropped and fell by her side.

There was a moment's silence—no answer—no response—no remonstrance. Perhaps, after all, the poor perverse heart had hoped to be overwhelmed with love which would take no denial: as it was, standing before him motionless, a great faintness came upon Menie. She could vaguely see the path at her feet, the trees on either hand. "I had better go, then," she said, very low and softly; and the light had faded suddenly upon Menie's sight into a strange ringing twilight, full of floating motes and darkness—and those few paces across the lawn filled all her mind like a life journey, so full of difficulty they seemed, so weak was she.

Go quickly, Menie—quickly, ere those growing shadows darken into a blind unguided night—swiftly, ere these faltering feet grow powerless, and refuse to obey the imperative eager will. To reach home—to reach home—home, such a one as it is, lies only half a dozen steps away; press forward, Menie—are those years or hours that pass in the journey? But the hiding-place and shelter is almost gained.

When suddenly this hand which he would not take is grasped in his vigorous hold—suddenly this violent tremble makes Menie feel how he supports her, and how she leans on him. "I am going home," said Menie, faintly. Still he made no answer, but held her strongly, wilfully; not resisting, but unaware of her efforts to escape.

"I have wherewith to work for you, Menie," said the man's voice in her ear. "What are your changed fortunes to me? If you were a princess, I would receive you less joyfully, for you would have less need of me. Menie, Menie, why have you tried yourself so sorely—and why should

this be a cause of separating us? I wanted only you."

And Menie's pride had failed her. She hid her face in her hands, and cried, "My mother, my mother!" in a passion of tears.

"Your mother, your mother? But you have a duty to me," said Randall, more coldly. "Your mother must not bid you give me up: you have no right to obey. Ah! I see; I am dull and stupid; forgive me, Menie. You mean that your mother's fortunes are changed. She has the more need of a son then; and my May Marion knows well, that to be her mother is enough for me—you understand me, Menie. This does not change our attachment, does not change our plans, our prospects in the slightest degree. It may make it more imperative that your mother should live with us, but *you* will think that no misfortune. Well, are we to have no more heroics now—nothing tragical—but only a little good sense and patience on all sides, and my Menie what she always is? Come, look up and tell me."

"I meant nothing heroic—nothing. What I said was not false, Randall," said Menie, looking up with some fire. "If you think it was unreal, that I did not mean it—"

"If you do not mean it now, is not that enough?" said Randall, smiling. "Let us talk of something less weighty. July says you do not look as you used to do; has this been weighing on your mind, Menie? But, indeed, you have not told me what the misfortune is."

"We knew it only to-day," said Menie. Menie spoke very low, and was very much saddened and humbled, quite unable to make any defence against Randall's lordly manner of setting her emotion aside. "My father's successors were young men, and the price they paid for entering on his practice was my mother's annuity. But now they are both gone; one died two years ago, the other only last week—and he has died very poor, and in debt, the lawyer writes; so that there is neither hope nor chance of having anything from those he leaves behind. So we have no longer an income; nothing now but my mother's liferent in Burnside."

Menie Laurie did not know what poverty was. It was not any apprehension of this which drew from her eyes those few large tears.

"Well, that will be enough for your mother," said Randall. It was impossible for Menie to say a word or make an objection, so completely had he put her aside, and taken it for granted that his will should decide all. "Or if it was not enough, what then? Provision for the future lies with me—and you need not fear for me, Menie. I am not quarrelsome. You need not look so deprecating and frightened: you will find no disappointment in me."

Was Menie reassured? It was not easy to tell; for very new to Menie Laurie was this trembling humility of tone and look—this faltering and wavering—as if she knew not to which side to turn. But Randall began to speak, as he knew how, of her own self, and of their betrothing, "for ever and for ever;" and the time these words were said came back upon her with new power. Her mind was not satisfied, her heart was not convinced, and very trembling and insecure now

was her secret response to Randall's declaration that she should find no disappointment in him; but her heart was young, and all unwilling to give up its blithe existence. Instinctively she fled from her own pain, and accepted the returning hope and pleasantness. Bright pictures rose before Menie, of a future household harmonious and full of peace—of the new love growing greater, fuller, day by day—the old love sacred and strong, as when it stood alone. Why did she fear? why did a lurking terror in her heart cry No, no! with a sob and pang? After all, this was no vain impracticable hope; many a one had realised it—it was right and true for ever under the skies; and Menie put her hand upon the arm of her betrothed, and closed her eyes for a moment with a softening sense of relief and comfort, and gentle tears under the lids. Let him lead forward; who can tell the precious stores of love, and tenderness, and supreme regard that wait him as his guerdon? Let him lead forward—on to those bright visionary days—in to this peaceful home.

CHAPTER XXI.

Perhaps next to the pleasure of doing all for those we love best, the joy of receiving all ranks highest. With her heart elate, Menie went in again to the house she had left so sadly—went in again, looking up to Randall, rejoicing in the thought that from him every daily gift—all that lay in the future—should henceforth come. And if it were well to be Menie's mother—chief over one child's heart which could but love—how much greater joy to be Randall's mother, high in the reverent thought of such a mind as his! Now there remained but one difficulty—to bring the mother and the son lovingly together—to let no misconception, no false understanding blind the one's sight of the other—to clear away all evil judgment of the past—to show each how worthy of esteem and high appreciation the other was. She thought so in her own simple soul, poor heart! Through her own great affection she looked at both—to either of them *she* would have

yielded without a murmur her own little prides and resentments; and the light of her eyes suffused them with a circle of mingling radiance; and sweet was the fellowship and kindness, pure the love and good offices, harmonious and noble the life of home and every day, which blossomed out of Menie Laurie's heart and fancy, in the reaction of her hopeless grief.

Mrs. Laurie sits very thoughtful and still by the window. Menie's mother, in her undisturbed and quiet life, had never found out before how proud she was. Now she feels it in her nervous shrinking from speech of her misfortune—in the involuntary haughtiness with which she starts and recoils from sympathy. Without a word of comment or lamentation, the mere bare facts, and nothing more, she has communicated to Miss Annie; and Mrs. Laurie had much difficulty in restraining outward evidence of the burst of indignant impatience with which, in her heart, she received Miss Annie's

effusive pity and real kindness. Miss Annie, thinking it best not to trouble her kinswoman in the present mood of her mind, has very discreetly carried her pity to some one who will receive it better, and waits till "poor dear Mrs. Laurie" shall recover her composure; while even July, repelled by the absorbed look, and indeed by an abrupt short answer, too, withdraws, and hangs about the other end of the room, like a little shadow, ever and anon gliding across the window with her noiseless step, and her stream of falling hair.

Mrs. Laurie's face is full of thought—what is she to do? But, harder far than that, what is Menie to do?—Menie, who vows never to leave her—who will not permit her to meet the chill fellowship of poverty alone. A little earthen floored Dumfriesshire cottage, with its kailyard and its one apartment, is not a very pleasant anticipation to Mrs. Laurie herself, who has lived the most part of her life, and had her share of the gifts of fortune; but what will it be to Menie, whose life has to be made yet, and whose noontide and prime must all be influenced by such a cloud upon her dawning day? The mother's brow is knitted with heavy thought—the mother's heart is pondering with strong anxiety. Herself must suffer largely from this change of fortune, but she cannot see herself for Menie—Menie: what is Menie to do?

Will it be better to see her married to Randall Home, and then to go away solitary to the cothouse in Kirklands, to spend out this weary life—these lingering days? But Mrs. Laurie's heart swells at the thought. Perhaps it will be best; perhaps it is what we must make up our mind to, and even urge upon her; but alas and alas! how heavily the words, the very thought, rings in to Mrs. Laurie's heart.

And now here they are coming, their youth upon them like a mantle and a crown—coming, but not with downcast looks; not despondent, nor afraid, nor touched at all with the heaviness which bows down the mother's spirit to the very dust. Menie will go, then. Close your eyes, mother, from the light; try to think you are glad; try to rejoice that she will be content to part from you. It is "for

her good"—is there anything you would not do "for her good," mother? It has come to the decision now; and look how she comes with her hand upon his arm, her eyes turning to his, her heart elate. She will be his wife, then—his Menie first, and not her mother's; but have we not schooled our mind to be content?

Yes, she is coming, poor heart! coming with her new hope glorious in her eyes; coming to bring the son to his mother; coming herself with such a great embracing love as is indeed enough of its own might and strength to unite them for ever; and Menie thinks that now she cannot fail.

And now they are seated all of them about the window, July venturing forward to join the party; and as nothing better can be done, there commences an indifferent conversation, as far removed as possible from the real subject of their thoughts. There sits Mrs. Laurie, sick with her heavy musings, believing that she now stands alone, that her dearest child has made up her mind to forsake her, and that in solitude and meagre poverty she will have to wait for slow-coming age and death. Here is Randall, looking for once out of himself, with a real will and anxiety to soften, by every means in his power, the misfortunes of Menie's mother, and rousing himself withal to the joy of carrying Menie home—to the sterner necessity of doing a man's work to provide for her, and for the new household; and all the wonder you can summon—no small portion in those days—flutters about the same subject, little July Home; and you think in your heart, if you but could, what marvellous things you *would* do for Menie Laurie, and Menie Laurie's mother; while Menie herself, with a wistful new-grown habit of observation, reads everybody's face, and knows not whether to be most afraid of the obstinate gloom upon her mother's brow, or exultant in the delicate attention, the sudden respectfulness and regard, of Randall's bearing. But this little company, all so earnestly engrossed—all surrounding a matter of the vilest importance to each—turn aside to talk of Miss Annie Laurie's toys—Miss Annie Laurie's party—and

only when they divide and separate dare speak of what lies at their heart.

And Mrs. Laurie is something hard to be conciliated. Mrs. Laurie is much inclined to resent this softening of manner as half an insult to her change of fortune. Patience, Menie! though your mother rebuffs him, he bears it nobly. The cloud will not lighten upon her brow—cannot lighten—for you do not know how heavily this wistful look of yours, this very anxiety to please her—and all your transparent wiles and artifices—your suppressed and trembling hope, strikes upon your mother's heart. "She will go away—she will leave me." Your mother says so, Menie, within herself; and it is so hard, so very hard, to persuade the unwilling content with that sad argument, "It is for her good." Now, draw your breath softly lest she hear how your heart beats, for Randall has asked her to go to the garden with him, to speak of this; and Mrs. Laurie rises with a sort of desolate stateliness—rises—accepts his offered arm, and turns away—poor Menie! with an averted face, and without a glance at you.

And now there follows a heavy time—a little space of curious restless suspense. Wandering from window to window, from table to table; striking a few notes on the ever-open piano; opening a book now, taking up a piece of work then, Menie strays about, in an excitement of anxiety which she can neither suppress nor conceal. Will they be friends? such friends—such loving friends as they might be, being as they are in Menie's regard so noble and generous both? Will they join heartily and cordially? will they clasp hands upon a kindly bargain? But Menie shrinks, and closes her eyes—she dares not look upon the alternative.

"Menie, will you not sit down?" Little July Home follows Menie with her eyes almost as wistfully as Menie follows Randall and her mother. There is no answer, for Menie is so fully occupied that the little timid voice fails to break through the trance of intense abstraction in which her heart is separated from this present scene. "Menie!" Speak louder, little girl: Menie cannot hear you, for other voices speaking in her heart.

So July steals across the room with her noiseless step, and has her arm twined through Menie's before she is aware. "Come and sit down—what are they speaking about, Menie? Do you no hear me? Oh, Menie, is it our Randall?—is it his blame?"

July is so near crying that she must be answered. "Nobody is to blame; there is no harm," said Menie, quickly, leading her back to her seat—quickly with an imperative hush and haste, which throws July back into timid silence, and sets all her faculties astir to listen, too. But there comes no sound into this quiet room—not even the footsteps which have passed out of hearing upon the garden path, nor so much as an echo of the voices which Menie knows to be engaged in converse which must decide her fate. But this restless and visible solicitude will not do; it is best to take up her work resolutely, and sit down with her intent face turned towards the window, from which at least the first glance of them may be seen as they return.

No,—no need to start and blush and tremble; this step, ringing light upon the path, is not the stately step of Randall—not our mother's sober tread. "It's no them, Menie—it's just Miss Laurie," whispers little startled July from the corner of the window. So long away—so long away—and Menie cannot tell whether it is a good or evil omen—but still they do not come.

"My sweet children, are you here alone?" said Miss Annie, setting down her little basket. "Menie, love, I have just surprised your mamma and Mr. Randall, looking very wise, I assure you; you ought to be quite thankful that you are too young to share such deliberations. July, dear, you must come and have your lesson; but I cannot teach you to play that favourite tune; oh no, it would be quite improper—though he has very good taste, has he not, darling? But somebody will say I have designs upon Mr. Lithgow, if I always play his favourite tune."

So saying, Miss Annie sat down before the piano, and began to sing: "For bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay down my head and dee." Poor Johnnie Lithgow had no idea, when he

praised the pretty little graceful melody and delicate verses, that he was paying a compliment to the lady of Heathbank.

And July, with a blush, and a little timid eagerness, stole away to Miss Annie's side. July had never before touched any instrument except Menie Laurie's old piano at Burnside, and, with a good deal of awe, had submitted to Miss Annie's lessons. It did seem a very delightful prospect to be able to play this favourite tune, though July would have thought very little of it, but for Miss Annie's constant warnings. Thanks to these, however, and thanks to his own kindly half-shy regards, Johnnie Lithgow's favourite tunes, favourite books, favourite things and places, began to

grow of great interest to little July Home. She thought it was very foolish to remember them all, and blushed in secret when Johnnie Lithgow's name came into her mind as an authority; but nevertheless, in spite of shame and blushing, a great authority Johnnie Lithgow had grown, and July stood by the piano, eager and afraid, longing very much to be as accomplished as Miss Annie, to be able to play his favourite tune.

While Menie Laurie still sits by the window, intent and silent, hearing nothing of song or music, but only aware of a hum of inarticulate voices, which her heart longs and strains to understand, but cannot hear.

CHAPTER XXII.

The music is over, the lesson concluded, and July sits timidly before the piano, striking faint notes with one finger, and marvelling greatly how it is possible to extract anything like an intelligible strain from this waste of unknown chords. Miss Annie is about in the room once more, giving dainty touches to its somewhat defective arrangement—throwing down a book here, and there altering an ornament. Patience, Menie Laurie! many another one before you has sat in resolute outward calm, with a heart all a-throb and trembling, even as yours is. Patience; though it is hard to bear the rustling of Miss Annie's dress—the faint discords of July's music. It must have been one time or another, this most momentous interview—all will be over when it is over. Patience, we must wait.

But it is a strange piece of provocation on Miss Annie's part, that she should choose this time and no other for looking over that little heap of Menie's drawings upon the table. Menie is not ambitious as an artist—few ideas or romances are in these little works of hers; they are only some faces—not very well executed—the faces of those two or three people whom Menie calls her own.

"Come and show them to me, my love." Menie must not disobey, though her first impulse is to spring out of the

low opened window, and rush away somewhere out of reach of all interruption till this long suspense is done. But Menie does not rush away; she only rises slowly—comes to Miss Annie's side—feels the pressure of Miss Annie's embracing arm round her—and turns over the drawings; strangely aware of every line in them, yet all the while in a maze of abstraction, listening for their return.

Here is Menie's mother—and here again another, and yet another, sketch of her; and this is Randall Home.

"Do you know, I think they are very like," said Miss Annie: "you must do my portrait, Menie, darling—you must indeed. I shall take no denial; you shall do me in my white muslin, among my flowers; and we will put Mr. Home's sweet book on the table, and open it at that scene—that scene, you know, I pointed out to you the other day. I know what inspired him when he wrote that. Come, my love, it will divert you from thinking of this trouble—your mamma should not have told you—shall we begin now? But Menie, dear, don't you think you have put a strange look in this face of Mr. Randall? It is like him—but I would not choose you to do me with such an expression as that."

Half wild with her suspense, Menie by this time scarcely heard the words that rang into her ears, scarcely saw

the face she looked upon; but suddenly, as Miss Annie spoke, a new light seemed to burst upon this picture, and there before her, looking into her eyes, with the smile of cold supervision which she always feared to see, with the incipient curl of contempt upon his lip—the pride of self-estimation in his eye—was Randall's face, glowing with contradiction to all her sudden hopes. Her own work, and she has never had any will to look at him in this aspect; but the little picture blazes out upon her like a sudden enlightenment. Here is another one, done by the loving hand of memory a year ago; but, alas! there is no enchantment to bring back this ideal glory, this glow of genial love and life that makes it bright—a face of the imagination, taking all its wealth of expression from the heart which suffused these well-remembered features with a radiance of its own; but the reality looks out on Menie darkly; the face of a man not to be moved by womanish influences—not to be changed by a burst of strong emotion—not to be softened, mellowed, won, by any tenderness—a heart that can love, indeed, but never can forget itself; a mind sufficient for its own rule, a soul which knows no generous abandon, which holds its own will and manner firm and strong above all other earthly things. This is the face which looks on Menie Laurie out of her own picture, startling her heart, half distraught with fond hopes and dreams into the chill daylight again—full awake.

"I will make portraits," said Menie, "hastily, in a flood of sudden bitterness, "when we go away, when we go home—I can do it—this shall be my trade."

And Menie closed the little portfolio abruptly, and went back to her seat without another word; went back with the blood tingling through her veins, with all her pride and all her strength astir; with a vague impetuous excitement about her—an im-

pulse of defiance. So long—so long: what keeps them abroad lingering among these glistening trees?—perhaps because they are afraid to tell her that her fate is sealed; and, starting to her feet, the thought is strong on Menie to go forth and meet them, to bid them have no fear for her, to tell them her delusion is gone for ever, and that there is no more light remaining under the skies.

Hush! there are footsteps on the path. Who are these that come together, leaning, the elder on the younger, the mother on the son! With such a grace this lofty head stoops to our mother; with such a kindly glance she lifts her eyes to him; and they are busy still with the consultation which has occupied so long a time. While she stands arrested, looking at them as they draw near—growing aware of their full amity and union—a shiver of great emotion comes upon Menie—then, or ever she is conscious, a burst of tears. In another moment all her sudden enlightenment is gone, quenched out of her eyes, out of her heart—and Menie puts the tears away with a faltering hand, and stands still to meet them in a quiet tremor of joy, the same loving Menie as of old.

"My bairn!" Mrs. Laurie says nothing more as she draws her daughter close to her, and puts her lips softly to Menie's brow. It is the seal of the new bond. The mother and the son have been brought together; the past is gone for ever like a dream of the night; and into the blessed daylight, full of the peaceful rays God sends us out of heaven, we open our eyes as to another life. Peace and sweet harmony to Menie Laurie's heart!

Put away the picture; lay it by where no one again shall believe its slander true; put away this false-reporting face; put away the strange clear-sightedness which came upon us like a curse. No need to inquire how much was false—it is past, and we begin anew.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Yes, Menie, I am quite satisfied." It is Mrs. Laurie herself who volunteers this declaration, while Menie, on the

little stool at her feet, looks up wistfully, eager to hear, but not venturing to ask what her conversation with

Randall was. "We said a great many things, my dear—a great deal about you, Menie, and something about our circumstances too. The rent of Burnside will be a sufficient income for me. I took it kind of Randall to say so, for it shows that he knew I would not be dependent; and as for you, Menie, I fancy you will be very well and comfortable, according to what he says. So you will have to prepare, my dear—to prepare for your new life."

Menie hid her face in her mother's lap. Prepare—not the bridal garments, the household supplies—something more momentous, and of greater delicacy—the mind and the heart; and if this must always be something solemn and important, whatever the circumstances, how much more so to Menie, whose path had been crossed already by such a spectre? She sat there, her eyes covered with her hands, her head bowing down upon her mother's knee; but the heavy doubt had flown from her, leaving nothing but lighter cloudy shadows—maidenly fears and tremblings—in her way. Few hearts were more honest than Menie's, few more wistfully desirous of doing well; and now it is with no serious anticipations of evil, but only with the natural thrill and tremor, the natural excitement of so great an epoch drawing close at hand, that Menie's fingers close with a startled pressure on her mother's hand, as she is bidden prepare.

What is this that has befallen little July Home? There never were such throngs of unaccountable blushes, such a suffusion of simple surprise. Something is on her lips perpetually, which she does not venture to speak—some rare piece of intelligence, which July cannot but marvel at herself in silent wonder, and which she trembles to think Menie and "a'body else" will marvel at still more. Withdrawing silently into dark corners, sitting there doing nothing, in long fits of reverie, quite unusual with July; coming forward so conscious and guilty, when called upon; and now, at this earliest opportunity, throwing her arms round Menie Laurie's neck, and hiding her little flushed and agitated face upon Menie's shoulder. What has befallen July Home?

"Do you think it's a' true, Menie? He wouldna say what he didna mean; but I think it's for our Randall's sake—it canna be for me!"

For July has not the faintest idea, as she lets this soft silken hair of hers fall down on her cheek without an effort to restrain it, that Johnnie Lithgow would not barter one smile upon that trembling child's lip of hers for all the Randalls in the world.

"He says he'll go to the Hill, and tell them a' at hame," said July. "Eh, Menie, what will they say? And he's to tell Randall first of all. I wish I was away, no to see Randall, Menie; he'll just laugh, and think it's no true—for I see mysel it canna be for me!"

"It is for you, July; you must not think anything else; there is nobody in the world like you to Johnnie Lithgow." And slowly July's head is raised—a bright shy look of wonder gradually growing into conviction, a sudden waking of higher thought and deeper feeling in the open simple face; a sudden flush of crimson—the woman's blush—and July withdrew herself from her friend's embrace, and stole a little apart into the shadow, and wept a few tears. Was it true? For her, and not for another! But it is a long time before this grand discovery can look a truth and real, to July's humble eyes.

"But, nevertheless, it is very true. Randall's little sister, Menie's child-friend, the little July of Crofthill, has suddenly been startled into womanhood by this unexpected voice. After a severer fashion than has ever confined it before, July hastily fastens up her silky hair, hastily wipes off all traces of the tears upon her cheek, and is composed and calm, after a sweet shy manner of composure, lifting up her little gentle head with a newborn pride, eager to bring no discredit on her wooer's choice. And already July objects to be laughed at, and feels a slight offence when she is treated as a child—not for herself, but for him, whom now she does not quite care to have called *Johnnie* Lithgow, but is covetous of respect and honour for, as she never was for Randall, though secretly in her own heart July still doubts of his genius, and cannot choose but think Randall must

be *cleverer* than his less assuming friend.

And in this singular little company, where all these feelings are astir, it is hardly possible to preserve equanimity of manners. Miss Annie herself, the lady of the house, sits at her little work-table, in great delight, running over now and then in little outbursts of enthusiasm, discoursing of Mr. Home's sweet book, of Mr. Lithgow's charming articles, and occasionally making a demonstration of joy and sympathy in the happiness of her darling girls, which throws Menie—Menie, always conscious of Randall's eye upon her, the eye of a lover, it is true, but something critical withal—into grave and painful embarrassment, and covers July's stooping face with blushes. Mrs. Laurie, busy with her work, does what she can to keep the conversation "sensible," but with no great success. The younger portion of the company are too completely occupied, all of them, to think of ordinary intercourse. Miss Annie's room was never so bright, never so rich with youthful hopes and interests before. Look at them, so full of individual character, unconscious as they are of any observation—though Nelly Panton, very grim in the stiff coat armour of her new assumed gentility, sits at the table sternly upright, watching them all askance, with vigilant unloving eye.

Lithgow, good fellow, sits by Miss Annie. Though he laughs now and then, he still does not scorn the natural goodness, the natural tenderness of heart, which make their appearance under these habitual affectations—the juvenile tricks and levities of her un-reverent age. Poor Miss Annie Laurie has been content to resign the reverence, in a vain attempt at equality; but Lithgow, who is no critic by nature, remembers gratefully her true kindness, and smiles only as little as possible at the fictitious youthfulness which Miss Annie herself has come to believe in. So he sits and bears with her, her little follies and weaknesses, and, in his unconscious humility, is

magnanimous, and does honour to his manhood. Within reach of his kindly eye, July bends her head over her work, glancing up now and then furtively to see who is looking at him—to see, in the second place, who is noticing or laughing at her; and July, with all her innocent heart, is grateful to Miss Annie. So many kind things she says—and in July's guileless apprehension they are all so true.

Graver, but not less happy, Menie Laurie pursues her occupation by July's side, rarely looking up at all, pondering in her own heart the many weighty things that are to come, with her tremor of fear, her joy of deliverance scarcely yet quieted, and all her heart and all her mind engaged—in dreams no longer, but in sober thought; sober thought—thoughts of great devotion, of lifelong love and service, of something nobler than the common life. Very serious are these ponderings, coming down to common labours, the course of every day; and Menie does not know the nature of her dreamings—they look to her so real, so sober, and so true—and would scorn your warning, if you told her that not the wildest story of Arabian genii was more romance than those, her sober plans and thoughts.

Apart, and watching all, stands Randall Home. There is love in his eye—you cannot doubt it—love, and the impulse of protection, the strong appropriating grasp. There is something more. Look how his head rises in the dimmer background above the table and the lights, above the little company assembled there. With something like laughter, his eye turns upon July—upon July's wooer, his own friend—kindly, yet with a sense of superiority, an involuntary elevation of himself above them both. And this glance upon Miss Annie is mere scorn, nothing higher; and his eye has scarcely had time to recover itself, when its look falls, bright and softened, upon his betrothed; a look of love—question it not, simple Menie—but it is calm, superior, above you still.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"They tell me it's a hail month since it was a' sotled, but I hear naething of the house or the plenishing, and no a word of what Jenny's to do. If they're no wanting me, I'm no wanting them—ne'er a bit. It's aye the way guid service is rewarded; and whatfor should there be ony odds with Jenny? I might have kent that muckle, if I had regarded counsel, or thought of my insel; but aye Jenny's foremost thought was of them, for a' such an ill body as she is now."

And a tear was in Jenny's eye, as she smoothed down the folds of Menie's dress—Menie's finest dress, her own present, which Menie was to wear to-night. And Menie's ornaments are all laid out carefully upon the table, everything she is likely to need, before Jenny's lingering step leaves the room. "I canna weel tell, for my pairt, what like life'll be without her," muttered Jenny, as she went away. "I reckon no very muckle worth the minding about; but I'm no gaun to burden onybody that doesna want me—no, if I should never have anither hour's comfort a' my days."

And slowly, with many a backward glance and pause, Jenny withdrew. Neglect is always hard to bear. Jenny believed herself to be left out of their calculations—forgotten of those to whom she had devoted so many years of her life; and Jenny, though she tried to be angry, could not manage it, but felt her indignant eyes startled with strange tears. It made a singular cloud upon her face this unusual emotion; the native impatience only struggled through it fitfully in angry glimpses, though Jenny was furious at herself for feeling so desolate, and very fain would have thrown off her discomfort in a fuff—but far past the region of the fuff was this her new-come solitude of heart. Her friends were dead or scattered, her life was all bound up in her mistress and her mistress's child, and it was no small trial for Jenny to find herself thus cast off and thrown aside.

The next who enters this room has a little heat about her, a certain atmosphere of annoyance and displeasure. "I will be a burden"—unawares the same words steal over Mrs. Laurie's lip, but the sound of her voice checks her. Two or three steps back and forward through the room, a long pause before the window, and then her brow is cleared. You can see the shadows gradually melting away, as clouds melt from the sky, and in another moment she has left the room, to resume her place down stairs.

This vacant room—nothing can you learn from its calm good order, its windows open to the sun, its undisturbed and home-like quiet, of what passes within its walls. There is Menie's little Bible on the table; it is here where Menie brings her doubts and troubles, to resolve them, if they may be resolved. But there is no whisper here to tell you what happens to Menie, when, as has already chanced, some trouble comes upon her which is not easy to put away. Hush! This time the door opens slowly, gravely—this time it is a foot-step very sober, something languid, which comes in; and Menie Laurie puts up her hand to her forehead, as if a pain was there; but not a word says Menie Laurie's reverie—not a word. If she is sad, or if she is merry, there is no way to know. She goes about her toilette like a piece of business, and gives no sign.

But this month has passed almost like age upon Menie Laurie's face. You can see that grave thoughts are common now, every-day guests and friends in her sobered life, and that she has begun to part with her romances of joy and noble life—has begun to realise more truly what manner of future it is which lies before her. Nothing evil, perhaps—little hardship in it; no great share of labour, of poverty, or care—but no longer the grand ideal life, the dream of youthful souls.

And now she stands before the window, wearing Jenny's gown. It is only to look out if any one is visible upon the road—but there is no

passenger yet approaching Heathbank, and Menie goes calmly down stairs. As it happens, the drawing-room is quite vacant of all but Nelly Panton, who sits prim by the wall in one corner. Nelly is not an invited guest, but has come as a volunteer, in right of her brother's invitation, and Miss Annie shows her sense of the intrusion by leaving her alone.

"Na, I'm no gaun to bide very lang in London," said Nelly. "Ye see, Miss Menie, you're an auld friend. I'm no so blate, but I may tell you. I didna come up here ance errand for my ain pleasure, but mostly to see Johnnie, and to try if I couldna get ony word of a very decent lad, ane Peter Drumlie, that belongs about our countryside. We were great friends, him and me, and then we had an outcast—you'll ken by yoursel—but we've made it up again since I came to London, and I'm gaun hame to get my providing, and comfort my mother a wee while, afore I leave her athegither. It's a real duty comforting folk's mother, Miss Menie. I'm sure I wouldna forget that for a' the lads in the world."

"And where are you to live, Nelly?" Nelly's moralising scarcely called for an answer.

"We havena just made up our minds; they say ae marriage aye makes mair," said Nelly, with a grim smile. "Miss Menie, you've set us a' agau." "

Perhaps Menie did not care to be classed with Nelly Panton. "July Home will be a very young wife," she said; "I think your brother should be very happy with her, Nelly."

"I wouldna wonder," said Nelly, shortly; "but you see, Miss Menie, our Johnnie's a well-doing lad, and micht ha'e looked higher, meaning nae offence to you; though nae doubt it's true what Randall Home said when he was speaking about this. 'Lithgow,' says he (for he ca's Johnnie by his last name—it's a kind o' fashion hereaway), 'if you get naething with your wife, I will take care to see you're no cumbered with onybody but hersel;' which nae doubt is a great comfort, seeing there micht ha'e been a hail troop of friends,

now that Johnnie's getting up in the world."

"What was that Randall Home said?" Menie asked the question in a very clear distinct tone, cold and steady and unfaltering—"What do you say he said?—tell me again."

"He said, Johnnie wouldna be troubled with nane of her friends," said Nelly; "though he has her to keep, a bit wee silly thing, that can do naething in a house—and nae doubt a maid to keep to her forby—that he wouldna have ony of her friends a burden on him; and a very wise thing to say, and a great comfort. I aye said he was a sensible lad, Randall Home. Eh, preserve me!"

For Randall Home stands before her, his eyes glowing on her with haughty rage. He has heard it, every single deliberate word, and Randall is no coward—he comes in person to answer for what he has said.

Rise, Menie Laurie! Slowly they gather over us, these kind shadows of the coming night; no one can see the momentary faltering which inclines you to throw yourself down there upon the very ground, and weep your heart out. Rise; it is you who are stately now.

"This is true?"

She is so sure of it, that there needs no other form of question, and Menie lays her hand upon the table to support herself, and stands firmly before him waiting for his answer. Why is it that now, at this moment, when she should be most strong, the passing wind brings to her, as in mockery, an echo of whispering mingled voices—the timid happiness of July Home? But Menie draws up her light figure, draws herself apart from the touch of her companions, and stands, as she fancies she must do henceforth, all her life, alone.

"This is true?"

"I would disdain myself if I tried to escape by any subterfuge," said Randall, proudly; "I might answer that I never said the words this woman attributes to me; but that I do not need to tell you. I would not deceive you, Menie. I never can deny what I have given expression to; and you are right—it is true."

And Randall thinks he hears a voice, wavering somewhere, far off,

and distant like an echo—not coming from these pale lips which move and form the words, but falling out upon the air—faint, yet distinct, not to be mistaken. “I am glad you have told me. I thank you for making no difficulty about it: this is very well.”

“Menie! you are not moved by this gossip’s story? This that I said has no effect on you? Menie! Is a woman like this to make a breach between you and me?”

In stolid malice, Nelly Panton sits still, and listens with a certain melancholy enjoyment of the mischief she has made, protesting, under her breath, that “she meant nae ill; she aye did a’thing for the best;” while Randall, forgetful of his own acknowledgment, repeats again and again his indignant remonstrance, “a woman like this!”

“No, she has no such power,” said Menie firmly—“no such power. Pardon me—I am wanted to-night. My strength is not my own to be wasted now; we can conclude this matter another time.”

Before he could say a word, the door had closed upon her. There was a bustle without, a glimmer of coming lights upon the wall. In a few minutes the room was lighted up, the lady of the house in her presiding place—and Randall started with angry pride from the place where he stood, by the side of Nelly Panton, whose gloomy unrelieved figure suddenly stood out in bold relief upon the brightened wall.

Another time! Menie Laurie has not gone to ponder upon what this other conference shall be—she is not by her own window—she is not out of doors—she has gone to no such refuge. Where she never went before, into the heart of Miss Annie’s preparations—into the bustle of Miss Annie’s hospitality—shunning even Jenny, far more shunning her mother, and waiting only till the room is full enough, to give her a chance of escaping every familiar eye. This is the first device of Menie’s mazed, bewildered mind. These many days she has lived in hourly expectation of

some such blow; but it stuns her when it comes.

Forlorn! forlorn! wondering if it is possible to hide this misery from every eye—pondering plans and schemes of concealment, trying to invent—do not wonder, it is a natural impulse—some generous lie. But Menie’s nature, more truthful than her will, fails in the effort. The time goes on, the lingering moments swell into an hour. Music is in her ears, and smiling faces glide before her and about her, till she feels this dreadful pressure at her heart no longer tolerable, and bursts away in a sudden passion, craving to be alone.

Another heart, restless by reason of a gnawing unhappiness, wanders out and in of these unlighted chambers—oftenest coming back to this one, where the treasures of all its life rest night by night. This wandering shadow is not a graceful one—these pattering, hasty footsteps have nothing in them of the softened lingering tread of meditation. No, poor Jenny, little of sentiment or grace embellishes your melancholy—yet it is hard to find any poem so full of pathos as a desolate heart, even such a one as beats in your homely breast to-night.

Softly—the room is not vacant now, as it was when you last entered here. Some one stands by the window, stooping forward to look at the stars; and while you linger by the door, a low cry, half a sigh, half a moan, breaks the silence faintly—not the same voice which just now bore its part so well below;—not the same, for that voice came from the lips only—this is out of the heart.

“Bairn, you’re no weel—they’ve a’ wearied you,” said Jenny, stealing upon her in the darkness: “lie down and sleep; it’s nae matter for the like of me, but when you sigh, it breaks folk’s hearts.”

The familiar voice surprised the watcher into a sudden burst of childish tears. All the woman failed in this great trial. “Oh, Jenny, dinna tell my mother!” Menie Laurie was capable of no other thought.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND THE PROTECTORATE IN TURKEY.

BEFORE many weeks shall have gone over, perhaps while these sheets are passing through the press, we shall be able to judge of the accuracy of Lord Ellenborough's opinion, as expressed in the House of Lords on the 6th February, that we are on the eve of one of the most formidable wars that ever this country was engaged in. Yes; within a short period from the present date much will be known; the Russian problem will be near its solution. The mystery of that force, which is said to be irresistible, and of those resources said to be inexhaustible, will be laid bare to the world. We shall know if all that we have been told of that vast power which has kept Europe in awe, is real; if the colossal idol which all have gazed on with a feeling that cannot be accurately described, does not stand on feet of clay. We confess that recent events have somewhat weakened the general faith in the overwhelming strength of Russia, and people begin to have some doubt whether the world has not been imposed upon. With her vast territorial extent, including nearly one-seventh part of the terrestrial portion of the globe, and one twenty-seventh of its entire surface, and her varied population, comprising nearly one-ninth of the human race, she has spoken as if she could domineer over all Europe; and until the Pruth was passed, and the Danube became once more the theatre of battle, mankind seemed, if not entirely to admit, at least unwilling to dispute the claim. The combats of Oltenitza and Citale have, we suspect, disturbed that belief. Foreign and all but hostile flags have, within the last few weeks, floated almost within sight of Sebastopol; the squadrons of England and France have swept the hitherto unapproachable Euxine, from the Thracian Bosphorus to Batoun, and from Batoun back to Beicos Bay, and her fleet has not ventured to cross their path. Should Austria, listening to her evil genius, prove false to her own interests, we believe that the anticipations of the noble Lord referred

to will be realised. Should she consult her own safety, and make common cause with those whose warlike preparations are not for aggression, but defence, we still incline to the opinion that hostilities may be limited to their original theatre—to be temporarily arrested, if not closed, by diplomatic intervention. The unsuccessful issue, at least to the date at which we write, of Count Orloff's mission, gives us some hope that such will be the case; but a very short time will enable us to judge whether the advance of a *corps d'armée* to the Servian frontier is to aid Russian aggression, or to act, if necessary, against it.

An aggressive spirit has invariably marked the policy of Russia from the time of Peter the Great. Long harassed by internal enemies, and sometimes struggling for existence, she at length was freed from the dangers which had menaced her from abroad. By a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, the moment when her government became constituted, and began to enjoy its liberty of action, the neighbouring states, from the Baltic to the Caspian, entered into their period of weakness. The wild ambition and the mad enterprise of Charles XII. occasioned the decline of Sweden. The chivalrous monarch, the conqueror of Narva, the vanquished of Pultova, perished in the ditch of Frederickshall. Peter triumphed over his most formidable enemy; and, if he did not from that moment begin his aggression in the Ottoman territory, he was at all events no longer embarrassed by the dangerous diversions in the north. There still, however, remained an obstacle to his designs on those magnificent possessions of the Osmanlis, which have at all times possessed the fatal privilege of attracting the cupidity of the northern barbarian. There still remained Poland; but her anarchy, her internal convulsions, inseparable from her anomalous institutions, proved to be no less profitable to the Muscovite than the madness of the Scandinavian hero; and from the day of her dismemberment, Turkey became

the permanent object of the ambition which, even as we write, threatens to convulse Europe.

It rarely happens that up to the close of a long war the original cause of quarrel continues the same. The first dissension disappears as war progresses, and, in the numerous complications which hostilities give rise to, the belligerents themselves either forget, or do not assign the same importance to the question which originally arrayed them in arms against each other. Though the war between Russia and Turkey has not yet a remote date, and though hostilities have not yet been formally declared between Russia and the Western Powers, notwithstanding the recall of their respective ambassadors, we still fear that the public is beginning to lose sight of the primary grounds of quarrel between the Czar and the Sultan, and which has led to the present state of things. The pretext put forward by Russia for intervention in the Ottoman empire is her desire to "protect" the ten millions of Christians of the Greek Church who are subjects of the Porte; these ten millions professing the same faith as the subjects of the Emperor of Russia, and living under the tyrannous rule of an infidel government. We admit the plausibility of that claim, and we are aware how easily the generous sympathies of a Christian people can be roused in favour of such a cause. We can appreciate the feelings of those who are persuaded that the moment has at length arrived when the Cross shall be planted on the mosques of Stamboul, and the orthodox believer take the place of the Mussulman. The claim to a Protectorate over ten millions of suffering Greeks in the European territory of the Sultan has been described as a cover, under which Russia aims at the possession of Constantinople, and, in fact, at the extension of her dominions from the Carpathian to the Danube, and from the Danube to the Sea of Marmora; but the Czar has solemnly and repeatedly declared that he had no such ambition, and that the sole motive which actuated him was to protect a population who professed the self-same religion as himself, he being the visible head of the Eastern Church, and re-

cognised as such by the Eastern or Greek Christians; and the refusal of the Porte to grant that Protectorate is the primary cause of the war. Without examining whether any, or what conditions would justify a foreign government in imposing its protection on the subjects of an independent state, we may be permitted to say something of the nature of the religion whose champion the Czar professes to be; of the alleged homogeneity of the Eastern and Russian Churches, for on this the whole question turns; and of the advantages likely to accrue to the Greeks from Russian protection.

Among the many errors likely to be dissipated by the minute discussion which the Eastern question has undergone in the public press of this and other countries, not the least is that which has reference to the Emperor of Russia as the natural Protector of the Christian communities of the East. The hardihood with which this claim has been constantly put forward, and the silent acquiescence with which it seems to have been admitted by those who should know better, have imposed upon the world. Even now, they who resist the formal establishment of the influence of Russia over the internal affairs of Turkey, do so more by reason of the political consequences of that usurpation to the rest of Europe, than with the thought of disputing the abstract right of the head of the "Orthodox Faith" to the Protectorate he lays claim to. These pretensions, like many others we could mention, will not stand the test of examination. We do not learn, on any satisfactory evidence, that the Christian populations of the Ottoman empire have, during the last ten months, received with sympathy or encouragement the prospect of Russian protection; nor have they, so far as we know, exhibited any very earnest longing for the introduction of the knout as an element of government. The population of independent Greece may, and, we have no doubt, do, indulge in the harmless dream of a new Byzantine empire to be raised on the ruins of that which Mahomet II. won from their fathers; and they would doubtless rejoice that the domination of the Osmanlis was put an end to

by Russia, or any other power, on condition of being their successors, as they were their predecessors. We believe that to this sort of revolution the aspirations of the Greeks are limited. But that people dispute the claim of the Czar to the Pontificate of the "Orthodox Faith," and reject the idea of a temporal submission to him. The Greek Church, however, does not constitute the only Christian community of the Ottoman empire. Other congregations are to be found there, subjects also of the Porte, and who have not less claim to the protection of the various states of Europe, when protection is needed; but who still less desire that Russia should be their sole protector.

The points of difference between the Greek and Latin Churches are familiar to the world. But it may not be so generally known that, while the Russian branch of the former professes to preserve the Byzantine dogmas as its basis, the condition of its hierarchy, and the mechanism of its discipline, have become so altered with the lapse of years, that, at the present day, there exists no identity in this respect that would justify the head of the Russian Church in his pretensions to a temporal or spiritual protectorate over that church whose administrator and head is the Patriarch of Constantinople. Besides the difference of language, which is not without its importance—the one speaking Greek, the other Slavonic—the Church of Constantinople still boasts that she has preserved her Patriarch, who is independent of secular interference in spirituals, while no such privilege belongs to Russia. A serious difference, too, exists between the Russian and Greek Churches (and one which would create new schisms and new convulsions) on the important question of baptism. Converts are admitted into the pale of the former from other communities, when they have been already baptized, without the obligation of again receiving the sacrament; while the Church of Constantinople makes the repetition of the sacrament indispensable in similar cases. The difference of church government is of the greatest importance: the Greeks have never admitted that the Holy Synod of St. Peters-

burg, established by Peter the Great, represents in any sense the spiritual authority which he forcibly overthrew. The substitution of the chief of the state for it was never pretended to be otherwise than for political purposes, and as a means of realising the ambitious and aggressive designs of the Czar; and, while we do not deny the success it has met with, we believe that, since that event, the Russian clergy, as a body, has become the most ignorant and the most servile of any ecclesiastical corporation that now exists. The edict of Peter the Great admits the merely temporal object he had in view. "A spiritual authority," it states, "which is represented by a corporation, or college, will never excite in the nation so much agitation and effervescence as a single chief of the ecclesiastical order. The lower classes of the people are incapable of comprehending the difference between the spiritual and secular authority. When they witness the extraordinary respect and honour which encompass a supreme pontiff, their admiration and wonder are so excited, that they look upon the chief of the Church as a second sovereign, whose dignity is equal, or even superior, to that of the monarch himself; and they are disposed to attach to the ecclesiastical rank a character of power superior to the other. Now, as it is incontestable that the common people indulge in such reflections, what, we ask, would be the case if the unjust disputes of an arbitrary clergy were added to light up a conflagration?" At the time this edict was issued, the Russian Church had already lost its patriarch. Full twenty years had elapsed since that event; and if ever the mitre of a prelate rivalled the diadem of an emperor, it was not in the reign of Peter that such an instance was to be found. No serious antagonism of the kind did or could exist in Russia; and the real object of the abolition of the patriarchate was, to combine with the absolutism of the sovereign the prestige of spiritual supremacy—that the Czar might not only say, with Louis XIV., "The State! I am the State;" but also, "The Church! I am the Church."

The Holy Synod of St. Petersburg is, it is true, composed of some of the highest dignitaries of the Russian

Church, (taken from the monastic order); but these are appointed by the secular authority; are presided over by a layman who represents the Czar, and whose *veto* can suspend, or even annul, the most solemn resolutions of the Synod, even when *unanimously* adopted. The person who occupied for years, and who, we believe, still occupies the important post of President of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council, which regulates and decides on all matters concerning the discipline and administration of the Church of Russia, is a general of cavalry—General Protuson! The body thus controlled by a military chief, may be increased in numbers, or reduced, according to the pleasure of the Czar; but those who ordinarily constitute that Ecclesiastical Board are the metropolitan of St. Petersburg, the archbishops, a bishop, the Emperor's confessor, an archimandrite (one degree lower than a bishop), the chaplain-general of the naval and military forces, and an arch-priest. But, whatever be the rank, the learning, or the piety of the Synod, one thing must be well understood by them;—they must never dare to express an opinion, or give utterance to a thought, in opposition to the Czar. The edicts of the Synod bear the imperial impress; they are invariably headed with this *formula*, "By the most high will, command, and conformably to the sublime wishes of his Majesty, &c. &c." If it be alleged that the authority of the Holy Synod, with its bearded, booted, and *sabred* president, relates merely to the temporal administration of the Church, and that should a question of dogma arise recourse would be had to an *Œcumenical Council*, composed of all the churches of the Oriental rite, we reply that the superintendence of the Synod is *not* confined to points of mere administration or discipline. The canonisation of a saint, for instance, is not a matter of mere administration. When a subject is proposed for that distinction—and the Russian Hagiology is more scandalously filled than the Roman in the worst times of the Papacy—it is the Synod, that is, the Emperor, who decides on the claims to worship of the unknown candidate, whose remains may have been pre-

viously sanctified by the gross superstition of a barbarous peasantry. It is true that, in consequence of some notorious criminals having, not many years ago, been added to the list of orthodox saints, the Emperor, since the discovery of this, has manifested considerable repugnance to exercising this important part of his pontifical functions. He has, on recent occasions, refused his *fiat* of canonisation. A few years ago, some human bones were dug up on the banks of a stream in the government of Kazan, which, for some reason or other, were supposed to possess miraculous powers. A cunning speculator thought it a regular god-send; and petitions were forthwith sent to St. Petersburg claiming divine honours for the unknown. The petitions were repeatedly rejected, but as often pressed on the Emperor. His Pontifical Majesty, who was assured, on high authority, that the claims of the present candidate were quite as well founded as those of many in the *Hagiology*, at last consented to issue his order of canonisation, but roundly swore that he would not grant another saintship as long as he lived. Yet it is not doubted that the opportunity offered by the present "holy war" of continuing the sacred list will be made use of unsparingly.

In other Churches the sacerdotal character is indelible; it is conferred by the ecclesiastical authority, and whether by the imposition of hands, or any other formality, cannot be destroyed even where the party is suspended from his sacred functions, or prohibited altogether from performing them. But neither suspension, nor degradation, can be considered as a matter of mere administration, or ordinary discipline; and the Emperor's military representative has it in his power to decide on the degradation of any clergyman, and to completely efface the sacerdotal character acquired by ordination.

But, supposing the improbable event of an *Œcumenical Council*, in which the various Churches of the East should enter as component parts, in what manner, we may be permitted to ask, would the Russians claim to be represented? Would the Patriarch of Constantinople, or those of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria, who

are under his spiritual jurisdiction, and who pronounce the Muscovite Church as, if not heretical, at least schismatical, submit to be presided over by an aid-de-camp of the Czar; or would they recognise, in favour of his Majesty, the quality of impeccability, or infallibility, which they refuse to the head of the Latin Church?

With that complete dependence in spiritual as in temporal government on the chief of the State, and that debasing servitude of the Russian Church, may be compared with advantage the immunities and privileges of the Church of Constantinople even under the Mussulman government. Its Patriarch is the chief of the Greek communities, the president of their Synod, and the sovereign judge, without interference on the part of the Sultan's authority, of all civil and religious matters relating to these communities which may be brought before it. The Patriarch, and the twelve metropolitans who, under his presidency, compose the Synod, or Grand Council of the Greek nation, are exempt from the *Haratch*, or personal impost. The imposts the Greek nation pays to the government are apportioned, not by the Mussulman authorities, but by its own archbishops and bishops. Those prelates are *de officio* members of the municipal councils, by the same right as the Turkish governors and mufia. The cadis and governors are bound to see to the execution of the decisions or judgments of the bishops, in all that relates to their dioceses respectively; and to enforce the payment of the contributions which constitute the ecclesiastical revenues. The clergy of the Greek Church receive from each family of their own communion an annual contribution, for the decent maintenance of public worship. They celebrate marriages, pronounce divorces, draw up wills, and from all these acts derive a considerable revenue; and, in certain cases, they are authorised to receive legacies bequeathed for pious objects. For every judgment pronounced by their tribunals, the Patriarch and metropolitans are entitled to a duty on the value of the property in litigation, of ten per cent. They have the power of sentencing to fine, to imprisonment, to corporal punishment, and to exile, independ-

ently of the spiritual power they possess, and which they not rarely exercise, of excommunication. The Patriarch and the prelates are paid a fixed contribution by the priests to whom the higher functions of the ministry are confided; and these, in turn, receive a proportional amount from the clergy under their immediate superintendence. The incomes of the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, of the thirty-two archbishops, and the one hundred and forty bishops of the Ottoman empire, are paid out of these public contributions.

These immunities present, as we have said, a striking contrast with the condition of the orthodox Church in Russia. A Church so endowed, and with powers over the millions who belong to its communion, would naturally tempt an ambitious sovereign to become its master under the name of Protector. We discard completely any inquiry into the relative merits of the two communities; but we think it must be evident to any impartial mind, that the protectorate of the Czar, in his character of head of the orthodox faith, would make him the supreme ruler over the Ottoman empire in Europe.

We do not mean to allege that the immunities of the Christian population have been faithfully respected by the pashas, the cadis, or other agents of the Porte. We admit that most of what has been said of the intolerance and the corruption of Turkish officials is true, and that acts of oppression and cruelty have been perpetrated, which call for the severest reprehension, and require the interference of the Christian governments of Europe. But what we dispute is, the exclusive right of the Emperor of Russia to such intervention or to such protectorate.

The Church of Constantinople regards that of St. Petersburg as schismatical, however nearly they approach in some respects; and so far from acknowledging a right of Protectorate, either in the Synod or the Emperor, she claims over her younger and erring sister all that superiority which is imparted by primogeniture. She would reject the claim of Russia to supremacy, and refuse to be administered by a servile Synod, with a nominee of the Czar for President. To

submit to that Protectorate would be to admit foreign authority; that admission would involve the loss of her Patriarch, the evidence of her independence; and to this conviction may be traced the indifference of the Greek population to Russian influence, and the co-operation its clergy has given to the Porte.

But, scattered amid the immense population which are subject to the Sultan, may be found communions not belonging to the Confession of Photius as adopted by the Eastern Churches, and still less to the schismatical branch of it which is known as the Russian Church. These communions have no relation, affinity, or in fact anything whatever in common with the Synod of St. Petersburg, or the Czar, whom they regard as a spiritual usurper, and the creed he professes as all but heretical. The Eutychian Armenians amount to no less than 2,400,000 persons, of whom nearly 80,000 are actually united to the Latin Church; but, whatever be the difference in dogma or ceremonial between them, they unite in opposition to the Synod of St. Petersburg, and in submission to the Porte. There are, moreover, upwards of a million of Roman Catholics and united Greeks—that is, Greeks who admit the supremacy of the Pope, while observing their own ceremonial, and who, it will not be questioned, have an equal right to protection, where protection is requisite. We can easily understand the interference of the European powers on behalf of those communities among whom are to be found persons of the same religious belief as themselves; but we cannot understand on what grounds an *exclusive* claim is put forward by a power which can have no sympathy with them, and which has destroyed the most important link that connected the Church of St. Petersburg with that of the Patriarch. The possession of Constantinople by the Russians would, we are convinced, be followed by the destruction of the independence of the Eastern Church, the substitution of some Russian general or admiral, Prince Menschikoff perhaps, or Prince Gortschakoff, or whoever may happen to be the favourite of the day, for the venerable Patriarch; and by the most

cruel persecution, not perhaps so much from religious intolerance, as for the same reasons assigned by Peter the Great for his abolition of the patriarchal dignity. The treatment of the united Greeks of the Russian empire, the Catholics of Poland and of the Muscovite provinces, is sufficient to show to those who, *now* at all events, live tranquilly under the rule of the Sultan, what they have to expect from the tolerance, the equity, or the mercy of such a Russian Protector. One-fourth of the Latin population ruled over by the Czar is made up of various religious sects and forms of worship—Catholicism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Mahometanism, Judaism, Lamaism, Schamsaism, &c. In theory these different persuasions have a right to toleration; but in practice the case is different. The jealousy of the Czars, and their determination to reduce all that comes within their grasp to the same dead level of servitude, cannot endure a difference of any kind, religious or political; and pretexts are never wanting for persecutions, which have been compared to those of the worst days of the Roman emperors. The Baltic provinces, Lithuania and Poland, testify to the truth of these allegations. It appears clear, then, that the Christian communities of the Ottoman empire do not require the protection or domination of Russia, which would crush all alike.

We beg to point out another, and a material error into which the generality of people have fallen with reference to the Christian population of Turkey in Europe. The oppression of a Christian people by a misbelieving despotism is sufficient, of itself, to enlist the sympathies of a civilised and tolerant nation; and the fact of that oppression being practised by a small minority over a multitude composing three-fourths of the population of the Ottoman empire in Europe, is denounced as a monstrous anomaly; and the public indignation has been roused at the idea of scarcely three millions and a half of Turks grinding to the dust more than ten millions of Christians. We execrate religious oppression as much as any one can do; and whether the persecuted be numerous or few, one or one thousand, the crime is, in principle, the same. But we can show

that in the present instance, the aggravating circumstance of so great a difference in numbers does not exist. Those who speak of ten millions of Greek Christians being oppressed by three millions of Turks, forget, or may not be aware, that Moldavia and Wallachia, known as the Danubian Principalities, and now "protected" to the utmost by synods of another kind from that of St. Petersburg—by military tribunals, and martial law—contain a population of above four millions, all of whom, with the exception of about fifty thousand Hungarian Catholics, are members of the Greek, though not of the Russo-Greek Church. Now, the Moldo-Wallachians are, in their domestic administration, independent of the Porte, the tie which attaches them to it—the payment of a comparatively small tribute—being of the slenderest kind. The Principalities are governed by their own princes or hospodars, formerly named for life, and, since the convention of 1849 between Russia and the Porte, for seven years; they are selected from among their own boyards, and receive investiture only from the Sultan. The Moldo-Wallachian army is recruited from the Moldo-Wallachian population, and is organised on the Russian plan, with Russian staff-officers. In neither of the three provinces is there a Turkish garrison, nor a Turkish authority of any kind, nor a single Turkish soldier; there is consequently no Turkish oppression or persecution. Serbia, with a population of about a million, mostly Christians of the Greek communion, is equally independent of the Porte. The Turks have, it is true, a garrison in Belgrade, limited, by treaty with Austria, to a certain force; and Belgrade itself is the residence of a Pasha; but, beyond this trifling military occupation, the acknowledgment, as a matter of form, of the supremacy of the Sultan, and a small tribute in money, nothing else is left them. And, as in the case of the Danubian provinces, the internal government is entirely in the hands of the Servians themselves. The liberal institutions established in Serbia by Prince Milosch Obrenowitch, were not disturbed or interfered with by the Porte, to which they gave no umbrage, but were over-

thrown by Russian intrigue. In Serbia no oppression, no persecution, is or can be practised by the Turks, who are powerless. Thus, we have about five millions of population to be deducted from the ten millions said to be mercilessly oppressed, outraged, and persecuted by Mussulman bigotry;—and also said to be eager for the religious Protectorate of Russia.

The Danubian Principalities were formerly governed by princes called *waywodes*, who were appointed by the Sultan. Those waywodes, it is true, exercised every species of oppression; but our readers will perhaps be surprised when they learn that these provincial tyrants were *not* Mussulmans; they were *Christians*, and Christians of the same communion as the people whom they ruled over; and they were selected because they were Christians, to administer Christian dependencies. The waywodes were Fanariote Greeks, and denizens of Constantinople. We do not deny that the Turkish government were bound to see that their provinces were properly administered; but they were powerless to repress these abuses, as they were powerless to repress the abuses in the Turkish Pashalicks.

The influence of Russia for a long time, and particularly for the last twenty-five years, has been paramount in the Danubian Principalities. We have shown that the Moldo-Wallachians, with a slight exception, prefer the Greek rite; but there is no evidence that they have any religious sympathies with the Church of which the Emperor of Russia is the head. The Moldo-Wallachians also regard the Russian dogmas as schismatic, and recognise only the religious supremacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople. In Paris there is a Russian chapel for the use of the Russian embassy, the residents of that nation, and the few subjects of Independent Greece who may think it proper, or useful, to attend Russian worship. The Moldo-Wallachians who also reside in the French capital have been often pressed to attend that chapel, with a view, no doubt, to establish in the eyes of the world a homogeneity which in reality does not exist. As a proof of the antipathy between the two communions, we

quote a passage from a discourse delivered on the occasion of the opening of a temporary place of worship for the Moldo-Wallachians by the Archimandrite Suagoano. To those who still believe that there exists the bond of a common faith between the Church of Constantinople and that of St. Petersburg, and that the Moldo-Wallachians, or the Greeks of the Ottoman empire, desire a Russian Protectorate, we recommend the perusal of the following, which was pronounced to a numerous congregation in the beginning of January last. "When we expressed a desire," said the archimandrite, "to found a chapel of our own rite, we were told that a Russian chapel already existed in Paris, and we were asked why the Roumains (Moldo-Wallachians) do not frequent it? What! Roumains to frequent a Russian place of worship! Is it then forgotten that they can never enter its walls, and that the Wallachians who die in Paris, forbid, at their very last hour, that their bodies should be borne to a Muscovite chapel, and declare that the presence of a Russian priest would be an insult to their tomb. Whence comes this irreconcilable hatred? That hatred is perpetuated by the difference of language. The Russian tongue is Slavonic; *ours* is Latin. Is there in fact a single Roumain who understands the language of the Muscovites? That hatred is just; for is not Russia our mortal enemy? Has she not closed up our schools, and debarred us from all instruction, in order to sink our people into the depths of barbarism, and to reduce them the more easily to servitude? On that hatred I pronounce a blessing; for the Russian Church is a schism which the Roumains reject; because the Russian Church has separated from the great Eastern Church; because the Russian Church does not recognise as its head the Patriarch of Constantinople; because it does not receive the Holy Unction of Byzan-

tium; because it has constituted itself into a Synod of which the Czar is the despot; and because that Synod, in obedience to his orders, has changed its worship, has fabricated an unction which it terms holy, has suppressed or changed the fast days, and the Lents as established by our bishops; because it has canonised Slavonians who are apocryphal saints, such as Vladimir, Olga, and so many others whose names are unknown to us; because the rite of Confession, which was instituted to ameliorate and save the penitent, has become, by the servility of the Muscovite clergy, an instrument for spies for the benefit of the Czar; in fine, because that Synod has violated the law, and that its reforms are arbitrary, and are made to further the objects of despotism. These acts of impiety being so notorious, and those truths so known, who shall now maintain that the Russian Church is not schismatic? Our Councils reject it; our canons forbid us to recognise it; our Church disavows it; and all who hold to the faith, and whom she recognises for her children, are bound to respect her decision, and to consider the Russian rite as a schismatic rite. Such are the motives which prevent the Roumains from attending the Russian chapel in Paris!" This address was received with enthusiasm by the assemblage. Letters of felicitation have been received by the archimandrite from his unhappy brethren of the Principalities, who are driven with the bayonet to the churches to chant *Te Deum* for Russian victories; and, impoverished as they are, the prelates and priests of Wallachia send their mites to Paris, to aid in the construction of a true Greek church.*

It would be unjust to charge any religious community with the responsibility of the crimes or vices of individual members. The police offices and law courts in our own country occasionally disclose cases of moral depravity among members of the

* The following general order, published in the *Wallachian Moniteur* (the Russian official journal), about the end of January last, shows the sort of protection which the Principalities enjoy, and the manner in which the Moldo-Wallachians are taught to love their protectors:—"Ordered, 1st, That all men from the age of eighteen to forty years, married or unmarried, and whatever their profession may be, are required by the generals, colonels, or commanders of corps to do service for

clerical profession; but these cases are few, we are happy to say, in comparison with the number of pious and learned men that compose the body. Nor do we pronounce a sweeping anathema on the Russo-Greek Church, because, with the exception of, as we are informed, a few of the superior dignitaries, no ecclesiastical corporation can produce more examples of gross ignorance and vicious habits. The degradation, the miserable condition of the mass of the Russian clergy, the pittance they receive from the State, being insufficient to keep body and soul together, and the almost total want of instruction, are, no doubt, the cause of this state of things. Marriage is a primary and indispensable condition for the priesthood; and the death of the wife, unless where a special exemption is accorded by the Synod or the Emperor, involves not merely the loss of his sacerdotal functions, but completely annuls the priestly character. The widowed priest returns to a lay condition from that moment; he may become a field labourer, or a valet; a quay porter, or a groom; a mechanic, or a soldier of the army of Caucasus; but his functions at the altar cease then, and for ever. The irregularities which in Russia, as elsewhere, prevailed in the monastic establishments, afforded a pretext to that rude reformer, Peter the Great, for abolishing the greater number of them. Their immense wealth, the gifts of the piety or the superstition of past ages, was a temptation which the inexorable despot could not resist; and having once acquired a taste for plunder, he appropriated not only monastic property, whilst abolishing monasteries, but filled the imperial treasury with the confiscated wealth of the secular clergy. What Peter left undone Catherine II. completed. During the reign of that Princess, whose own frailties might have taught her sympathy for human weaknesses, the whole of the remaining immovable property of the Church was seized.

The correspondent and friend of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists filled with joy the hearts of the philosophers of Paris, by the appropriation of the resources of superstition, which she devoted to the realisation of her ambitious projects, or to recompense richly the services of her numerous favourites. Miserable pittances were allotted to the functionaries to whom that great wealth had belonged; but the distractions of love and war too often interfered with the payment of even those pittances. In Moscow, St. Petersburg, and some other large cities, there are still, perhaps, a few benefices, which afford a decent subsistence to the holders; but the stipends, even when augmented by the *casuel*, the chance and voluntary contribution paid by individuals for special masses, and certain small perquisites for funerals, &c., are insufficient to maintain, in anything approaching to comfort, a single, much less a married clergyman. There appears to be some difference of opinion among the best authorities on the exact stipends received by the higher clergy. The income of the senior metropolitan, the first dignitary of the orthodox church, including all sources of revenue, has never been estimated at more than from £600 to £700 per annum; that of the other metropolitans, at about £160; of an archbishop, £120; of a bishop, £80; of an archimandrite, the next in rank after a bishop, from £40 to £50. The wooden hut inhabited by a parish priest is not superior to that of the poorest of his parishioners, and the spot of land attached is cultivated by his own hands. The destitute condition of the inferior clergy has many times been brought under the notice of the government, and commissioners have been named to examine into the complaints, but without producing any result.

Under such circumstances, it is not extraordinary that the clergy should become degraded in the eyes of the people, and be regarded, when not

the Russian army; 2d, That horses, waggons, oxen or other beasts of burden, may be required for the same service; and, 3d, That all boats, barks, or floats, now on the Danube, are seized from the present moment, for the service of the Russian army. This decree is applicable to all Wallachian subjects—those who attempt to evade its execution *shall be tried by court martial.*"

in the performance of their sacred functions, as objects of derision and contempt. With starvation at home, they are forced to seek in the houses of others what their own cannot supply; to satisfy the most pressing wants of nature, they submit to scoff and insult; and wherever feasting is going on, the priest is found an unbidden, and in most instances an unwelcome guest. This state of life leads to vagrant, idle, and dissolute habits, and it is declared, on what appears to be competent authority, that intemperance is the general characteristic of the lower clergy of Russia. Intemperance easily leads to other vices. According to official reports laid before the Synod, there were, in the single year 1836, 208 ecclesiastics degraded for *infamous crimes*, and 1985 for crimes or offences less grave. In that year the clergy comprised 102,456 members;—the number degraded and sentenced by the tribunals was therefore about two per cent. In 1839, the number of priests condemned by the tribunal was one out of twenty; and during the three years from 1836 to 1839 inclusive, the cases were 15,443, or one-sixth of the whole. A good deal of scandal, as well there might be, was occasioned by the reports of the Synod, and that body received a hint to be more discreet in exposing to the sneers of the heterodox the state of the orthodox church. It attempted, in a subsequent report, to explain away or palliate those disorders. "If such things," says the Synodical Report of 1837, "cannot be entirely avoided by reason of the vast extent of the empire; of the want of seminaries, attendance at which has been only recently obligatory; of the little instruction received by the clergy, who in this respect are, as it were, in a state of infancy—so much so, that one old barbarism has not yet disappeared—nevertheless, the same clergy has exhibited rich examples of ancient piety and severity of morals." Dr. Pinkerton assures us that there are to be found among the families of the parochial clergy, a degree of culture and good manners peculiar to themselves. If we can rely on accounts more recent, and quite as good, these are but rare exceptions; and we fear that matters are pretty

much the same as when Coxe was in Russia, and many of the pariah priests were so ignorant as to be unable to read, even in their own language, the gospel they were commissioned to preach. M. de Haxthausen, whose testimony is entitled to great respect, says, "Ecclesiastics of merit are rare in the country. The greater number of the old popes are ignorant, brutal, without any instruction, and exclusively given up to their personal interests. In the performance of religious ceremonies, and in the dispensation of the sacraments, they have often no other object in view than to obtain presents. They have no care about the spiritual welfare of their flocks, and impart neither consolation nor instruction to them." This ignorance, added to relaxed morals, accounts for their want of influence with the people, who are in the habit of treating them with the most contemptuous familiarity. The lower classes have special sarcasms and insulting proverbs applicable to their popes.

The higher ranks of the Russian clergy are principally, we believe exclusively, taken from the *Tschernoi Duhovenstvo*, or black clergy—monks who live in convents, and pass their lives in the practice of religious observances. Their superiority to the secular clergy is in all respects considerable, and whatever of instruction exists among the priesthood must be sought for in the retreats of the Basilians—the only order of monks, we believe, in Russia. They live, however, apart from the people; they have no direct intercourse with them; they are ignorant, or regardless, of their material or moral wants; and for them they feel no sympathy or affection. It must not be supposed that this superiority over the parochial or secular clergy, in station or morals, implies independence, separately or collectively. Their dependence on the government differs not in the least from that of the most ignorant village pope, or of the meanest serf. The high functionaries and dignitaries of the Church are, as we have already observed, taken from the monastic body; and as the Synod, or, which is all the same, the Emperor, can deprive an ecclesiastic of his functions, and degrade him to a

lay condition, the metropolitan archbishop, or bishop, who cares to keep his mitre, has no other choice than to be the docile and zealous agent of the Autocrat. Since the time of Peter the Great, the whole body of the Russian clergy, from the highest to the lowest, have lain grovelling in the dust at the feet of every tyrant with the title of Czar or Czarina; and no other corporation in the world that we have any knowledge of, lay or clerical, equals it in hopeless servitude. Taught from their infancy to regard the Czar as the sole dispenser of good and evil, and firmly believing that every people on the earth trembles at his name, they scarcely make any distinction between him and the Deity; and in their public and private devotions their adoration is divided, perhaps not equally, between God and the Emperor. Those names are mingled together in the first lessons they learn, and their awe of the mortal ruler is more intense than their love for the Creator. Those ideas are transmitted by the priests to their children; and as the ranks of the clerical body are filled up almost exclusively from the families of the popes, ignorance and slavishness become as traditional and as hereditary as the office for which they are indispensable. The jealous fears of the Autocrat prevent grafting on the old stock, and he suffers no innovation of any kind to animate that torpid mass of bondage.

In alluding to the social degradation of the Russian clergy, it is but fair to admit that there are certain privileges attached to that body which are not accorded to the rest of his Imperial Majesty's subjects. The Czar, out of his mere motion, and by special favour, the value of which is no doubt properly appreciated by the persons interested, has made a difference in the punishments inflicted on laymen and on clergymen. The Russian priest is not liable to be scourged to death by the *knout*; nor to be beaten to a jelly by a club, like the other members of the orthodox faith. Yet this privilege, we fear, is more specious than real. It does not survive the sacerdotal character; and as this may be suspended or annihilated at the pleasure of the Synod, or at the

death of the *poress*, the exemption from the *knout* and the *baten* is an extremely uncertain privilege. The rule of the Russian Church, which makes the priestly character, indelible in other communions, to depend on so frail a tenure as the life of the partner, is most curious, and must perpetuate those vices which we have already noticed. The pastor who loses his wife must at once abandon his sacred functions, and set himself to some other pursuit, if he be still in the force of health and manhood; if he be aged or infirm, his lot is hard indeed. When the sacerdotal office is forfeited by some very grave offence, hard labour for life, or the distractions of a campaign in the Caucasus in one of the condemned regiments, with glimpses of the *knout*, form the hopeless future of the unhappy wretch who, but a few months before, was dispensing the sacraments at the altar. We may add, that the wives and widows of the priests, and their young children, enjoy, by a pious dispensation of the head of the Church of Russia, an exemption from the *knout*. The children, moreover, are exempt from the payment of imposts and military enlistment.

The sects that have started into life since the seventeenth century are comprised by the established or official church of Russia in the sweeping designation of *roskolnicki*, or *schismatical*; but the term is rejected with indignation by the parties to whom it is applied. They refuse, as a base and groundless calumny, the term *schismatical*, and claim for their own special qualification that of *Starovertzi*, or *Ancient believers*. They have also, no less than their predecessors, been the object of the severity of the government. Every opportunity has been laid hold of to crush them; and in the revolt of the *Strelitz*, not only were ruinous fines imposed on them, but many of their leaders were imprisoned, exiled, hanged, or poniarded, by order of Peter I. Severity being of no avail, milder measures, were resorted to. A compromise was proposed in the reign of Catharine II., and after a show of examination, several of their less objectionable doctrines were allowed to pass muster as orthodox,

and the variations in their liturgy received, on condition that their priests submitted to receive orders from the prelates of the Synod. As an additional inducement, they were promised that ordination should be conferred according to the sectarian, and not the established rite; that their usages should be respected, and no interference take place in the education of their clergy. But so great was the animosity that no concession could win, no kindness soften them, and the experiment of gaining over this stray flock to the fold failed totally. At an earlier period *Starowertzi* convents were erected in the deep recesses of the forests in the northern provinces of Russia. These convents were soon demolished, and their prelates and abbots banished, or otherwise removed. Yet for many years their religious necessities were supplied by priests ordained by the *Starowertzi* bishops; and, since their death, pastors are recruited from the many seceders from the orthodox church. In spite of the difficulties the sect has to contend with, and the incessant vigilance and rigour of the authorities, it possesses a mysterious influence, which is said to be felt even in the councils of the empire. It is believed that no important reform is ever attempted, no change in the internal administration of the country takes effect, until the opinions of the chiefs of this formidable party are ascertained, and the impression likely to be made upon the mass of their followers. In all social relations, in all matters connected with everyday life and business, it is affirmed that the *Starowertzi* are trustworthy and honourable. They are not habitually mendacious or deceitful, like the more civilised classes of his Imperial Majesty's subjects; and the more closely the lower orders resemble the *Starowertzi* the better they are. In education they are also superior to the mass of the Russians. Among them there are few who have not learned to read and write, though even in the acquisition of this elementary instruction their religious prejudices prevail. They make use only of the Slavonic dialect, the modern Russian being regarded as heretical. They are familiar with the Bible, and commit

some portions of it to memory, which they recite with what the French would term *unction*; neither are they despicable opponents to encounter on the field of theological controversy. One of the principal seats of *Starowertzi* was in the midst of those vast and dismal swamps which extend towards the Frozen Ocean, on the European side of the great Oural chain, and on the banks of the river which discharges its waters into the Caspian; in the government of Saratoff, more than four hundred miles to the south-east of Moscow; and among the Cossack tribes that wander near the Volga and the Terek, close to the military line which extends in front of the Caucasus, are to be found numerous disciples. But for many years the great centre of *Starowertzi* was on the Irghis. On its banks four great monasteries once rose, and their inmates found a never-failing supply from the deserters of the army, and the fugitives from the wilderness and the knout of Siberia. Priests of the official church, excited by fanaticism or degraded for their vices, and monks expelled from their convents, were received with open arms as welcome converts. Their numbers increased so rapidly as to give serious alarm to the governors, and in 1838 a *razzia* was proclaimed against these religious fortresses. Strong bodies of troops were sent against them; the convents were pillaged, and then given to the flames, and the inmates were either sent to the army, or driven into the impenetrable wilds of Siberia. The doctrines of the sect have chiefly spread in the rural districts, and among the lower classes of tradesmen. In the convents for females (for *Starowertzi* has also its nuns), the only occupation consists in multiplying copies of their liturgy, for no religious work is allowed to be printed. The *Starowertzi* divide the inhabitants of the earth into three great classes—the *Slaves*, by them termed *Slovaie*, or *Speakers*; the *Nemtzi*, or *Mutes*, whom they regard as little above heathens; and all the Orientals are, without distinction, called by the general designation of *Mussulmans*. The rite of baptism is performed by immersion—they admit the validity of no

other; but in no case do they recognise it when administered by the orthodox Russian, and all converts must be rebaptised before admission. It is a curious fact, almost incredible, were we not assured of its exactness on good authority, that though their spiritual directors belong mostly to the scum of the Russian clergy—degraded priests or monks—the *Starowertzi* are the least immoral of all the sects into which the orthodox church has been broken up.

The sect which more closely approximates in fundamentals to the established church is that which terms itself the *Blagosslovenni* (the *Blessed*); and so slight is the difference between them, that in the official nomenclature they are designated as the *Jedinovertzi*, or the *Uniform Believers*. In essential points of doctrine the difference is not great, in some almost imperceptible, though the ceremonial varies notably from that which is recognised by the Holy Synod. They make the sign of the cross in a different manner from the orthodox. They denounce the shaving the beard as a sin of the greatest enormity. Some other peculiarities are worth noting: they repeat the name of Jesus in three distinct parts; walk in procession in their places of worship from right to left, and, taking their ground on the text of Scripture which says that that which enters at the mouth is not sinful, but that which issues from it, they denounce the practice of smoking as a crime. There is another point, which we fear would be unpopular among our fellow-subjects in Ireland: the *Blessed* attribute a diabolical origin to that useful root the potato, and what we believe has been strenuously maintained, though in a different spirit, by some Irish antiquarian, they pretend to prove that the potato was actually the fruit with which Eve was easily seduced by the wily serpent, and which our first mother persuaded her confiding husband to partake of. This sect reprobates the reforms attempted by Peter I., and they are not to this day reconciled to the Emperor Nicholas for not wearing the costume, and bearing the title of the *Belvi Tzar*, or the *White Czar*.

The *Starobriadtzi*, or the *Observers of the ancient rite*, are an offshoot of the

Starowertzi, but are still more exclusive and intolerant, and much more hostile to the official church. The scum of the orthodox priesthood are sure to find a welcome with them, and the more degraded they are the better. Every candidate for admission must formally recant his previous heresy—for such they term the orthodox dogma.

The most numerous of all these sects is one which is termed the *Bespopertchine* (*Without priests*). They not only reject ordination as conferred by the orthodox bishop, but dispense altogether with clergy as a distinct body. The sect is subdivided into several fractions, each known by the name of its founder, such as the *Philipperes*, the *Theodosians*, the *Abakounians*, &c., &c. They anticipate a general conversion of the reprobates,—that is, all who are not of their sect, whether Christian or Infidel—by reason or by force; and believe that the time is at hand when the errors of Nikon, the Luther of the Russo-Greek church, will be solemnly abjured by Russia; that a regenerated order of ecclesiastical superintendents will come from the East, when their own sect, the only true church of God, will reign triumphant wherever the name of Russia is heard. The reign of Antichrist began with Nikon; it still subsists, and will endure until the advent of the Lord, who is to smite the unbelievers, and scatter the darkness that envelopes the earth. Though a regularly ordained priesthood is not recognised, yet a sort of religious organisation is admitted by the Philippon section of it. Instead of the popes of the orthodox church, they have a class of men whom they term *Stariki*, or *Elders*, and who are selected from a number of candidates. The ceremony of installation consists in a few words of prayer, and the *accolade* in the presence of the congregation. The elders, who are distinguished by a particular costume, have no regular stipend, but subsist entirely on alms. In case of misconduct, they are not only deprived of their office, but expelled altogether from the community. The Philippons retain the rite of confession; but the avowal of their sins is made, not to a living man, but to an image, which acts by way of conductor to the par-

don which is sent down from heaven. An elder, however, stands by as a witness of the confession and forgiveness; and while the long story of offences, mortal or venial, is unfolded, his duty consists in crying out at regular intervals, "May your sins be forgiven!" The simple exclamation, in the presence of three witnesses, that a man takes a woman to wife, is the only ceremony required for marriage, nor is it indispensable that the elder should be present. The portion of the Bible translated by Saint Cyril is the only part of it they retain. Their doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost is the same as that of the Greek Church. They believe that the souls of the dead are sunk in a profound lethargy from the moment they quit the body until the general judgment, to which they will be summoned by the archangel's trumpet. On that awful day the souls of the wicked only are to resume their bodies, and pass into eternal fire. Their fasts, which comprise a third of the year, are of the strictest. They rigorously abstain from malt liquors; and though, on certain specified occasions, wine is permitted, yet the moderate draught must be administered from the hand of one of their own sect. In the matter of oaths they are quite as rigid as the Society of Friends. They are distinguished by no family name, but only by that received at their birth. Their differences are all settled before a tribunal composed of an elder and two or three of the sect, who must, however, be fathers of families; and from this decision there is seldom an appeal. Between husband and wife a complete community of goods exists, and the surviving partner inherits all.

The Theodosians do not much differ from the Philippons. Their women, however, have a separate place of worship from the men, where the service is celebrated by ancient maidens, called *Christova Nevjestu*, or the *Betrothed of Christ*. The Theodosians have a large hospital in the city of Moscow, with two magnificent churches. The former affords accommodation for more than a thousand patients. Communism has penetrated into all these sects. Among the subdivisions of the great sect of the *Staroveritzi* marriage is not regarded as a bond which lasts

for life, or which can only be severed by divorce. A man and woman agree to live together for one or more years, as it may suit their convenience. They separate on the expiry of their contract, and become free to receive a similar offer from any one else, while the issue of such temporary marriages belongs to the public, without any special notice from the parents.

The *Douchobertzi*, or *Wrestlers in Spirit*, are, like the *Malakani*, or *Drinkers of Milk*, divided into seven fractions, and are remarkable for their hostility to the official church. Their doctrines consist of the leading points of the old heresies, and they constitute a theological system more developed, though not more uniform, than any of the previous sects. Some of their doctrines are so vague, and so inconsistent, that what is regarded as fundamental in one district, or even in one village, is considered as corrupt or as unimportant in another not perhaps a league off. Different from the *Staroveritzi*, who strictly adhere to traditional observances, they are incessantly making innovations in the fundamental doctrines of the orthodox church. The *Staroveritzi* are particularly scrupulous about form and ceremonial; the *Douchobertzi*, on the contrary, reject all forms of worship, and spiritualise the church. The influence of these spiritualists is not yet felt to any considerable extent in Russia. Though offshoots of the *Malakani*, or *Milk Drinkers*, these two sects hate each other most cordially.

The use of milk preparations during Lent, and on days of rigid abstinence, explains the name by which the *Malakani* are known to their adversaries, but the designation by which they describe themselves is *Istinie Christiane* or *True Christians*. They are of modern date, and first became known in the middle of the last century, when they appeared in the government of Tambov. They soon spread into neighbouring governments, and their most successful proselytism has been among the peasantry. Three large villages in the Taurida are entirely peopled by this sect. Like the Latin Church, they admit seven sacraments, but they receive them only

in spirit. As with them the "church" is merely a *spiritual* assemblage of believers, they have no temples for the celebration of divine worship. Images they do not tolerate, and swearing on any account, or in any form, is severely interdicted. One of their leading doctrines is, that with them alone Jesus Christ will reign on the earth. A precursor of that spiritual millennium, who assumed to be the prophet Elias, appeared in 1833. He exhorted the *Malakani* to prepare, by rigid fasting and mortification, for the advent of the Saviour, which would take place in two years. A brother fanatic or accomplice, under the biblical appellation of Enoch, went on a similar mission, to announce the tidings to the barbarians of western Europe. When the duty of the original impostor, whose real name was Beloireor, was accomplished, he announced his approaching return to heaven in a chariot. Thousands of the *Malakani* assembled to witness the ascent of the prophet, who presented himself to the kneeling multitude clothed in flowing robes of white and blue, and seated in a car drawn by white steeds. The new Elias rose, spread out his arms, and waved them up and down, as a bird his wings when preparing to mount into the sky. He bounded from his chariot, but instead of soaring gracefully to the clouds, fell heavily and awkwardly in the mire, and killed a woman who stood by clinging to the wheels. The multitude had fasted, prayed, wept, and watched, and their imaginations had become excited to the highest pitch. Enraged at the disappointment, or convinced of the imposture of the prophet, they rose against him, and would have slain him, had he not contrived to escape the first burst of their fury. He was afterwards caught, and, with more judgment than could be expected from them, they contented themselves with handing him over to the tribunals to pay the penalties of imposture. He endured a long imprisonment; but neither his disgrace nor the fear of the knout prevented him from predicting to the last day of his existence the near advent of the millennium. His persistence conciliated former, and obtained him new disciples. They became more nume-

rous after his death; but the scene of their labours was changed; they were forced to emigrate to Georgia, where they still carry on their propagandism.

It is a curious fact that, when Napoleon invaded Russia, the great captain was regarded by the *Malakani* as "the Lion of the Valley of Josaphat," whose mission was to overthrow the "false emperor," and restore to power the "White Czar." A numerous deputation from the government of Tambon, preceded by heralds clothed in white, was sent forth to meet him. Their privilege did not protect them. Napoleon, or his marshals, had no great sympathy with fanatics; they were considered as prisoners of war: one only escaped, the others were never heard of again.

The *Douchobertzi* are the *illuminati* of Russia and the term applied to them by the common people is *Yarmakon*, or Free Masons. Though this sect really dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, it affects to trace its origin to a very remote period, claiming as its founders the youths who were flung into the furnace by order of Nebuchadnezzar. The corruption and fall of the soul of man, long previous to the creation of the material world, forms the basis of their faith. The "Son of God" means the universal spirit of humanity; and the assumption of the form of man was in order that each individual member of mankind might also possess the attributes of the Son of God. The *Douchobertzi* admit that in the person of Christ the world has been saved; but the Christ whose death is recorded in Holy Writ was not the real Redeemer; it was not He who made atonement for man; that belongs only to the *ideal* Christ. Forms of worship, and, of course, temples, are rejected by them. Each member of the sect is himself a temple, where the "Eternal" loves to be glorified, and man is at once temple, priest, and victim; or, in other words, the heart is the altar, the will the offering, and the spirit of man the pontiff. They are all equal in the sight of God, and they admit the supremacy of no creature on the earth. The more rigorous of the *Douchobertzi* carry their severity of morals to an extreme, and with them the most innocent and most

necessary recreations are heinous crimes. But the majority pass to the other extreme, and strange stories are told of the orgies practised in secret under the guise of devotional exercises. The *Douchobertzi*, like other fanatics, expect the triumph of their own sect over the world. Even now the fulness of time is nigh at hand; and when the awful moment comes, they will rise in their accumulated and resistless force, and spread terror over the earth. Their chief will be the only potentate who shall reign in unbounded power, and all mankind will gather round the footsteps of his throne, bow their heads to the dust, veil their eyes before the glory that flashes fiercely from his brow, and proclaim his boundless power and his reign without end. But this triumph must be preceded by a season of trial and sorrow. Their Czar must previously undertake a mighty struggle against all misbelievers. It will be terrible, but brief; the *Douchobertzi* shall, of course, win the victory, and, in the person of their chief, mount the throne of the world to reign for ever and for ever! The Russian authorities have repeatedly attempted to crush a sect whose tendencies are so menacing; but the task is difficult against a body who have no acknowledged leader, no priesthood, and no place of worship. Among the few puritans who take no pains to conceal their doctrines, they have to a certain extent succeeded. One of the most eminent of them was a man named Kaponstin, who was revered as a divinity. In consequence of some dissensions with the *Malakani*, to whom he originally belonged, he separated from them, preached new and still more extravagant doctrines. Numerous proselytes quitted with him their old villages, and took up their abode in the Taurida. There they founded nine villages, which a few years ago contained a population of nine thousand souls, professing the more rigid doctrines of the *Douchobertzi*. Kaponstin had been a sub-officer in the imperial guard, was of studious habits, and of the most scrupulous exactness in the performance of his military duties. His fanaticism came on him all of a sudden. One day, in the guard-

room, he stood up among the soldiers, whom he had previously won over to his doctrine, and summoned them to fall down on the ground and adore him, as he was the *Christ*—a command which most of them instantly obeyed. Kaponstin was degraded from his rank, and committed to prison; but on its being found that he was totally unfitted for a military life, he was released, and he at once resumed his preachings. Kaponstin taught that the Divine soul of Christ had, from the beginning of the world, dwelt in a succession of men, who alone were, each in turn, the true heads of the church. As mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of the sacred deposit, false popes usurped the dignity and attributes of the Son of God. The *Douchobertzi* were now the sole and true guardians of the treasure which especially dwelt in him as the incarnation of the sect. His followers believed him at his word, and fell down and worshipped him. Kaponstin again attracted the attention of the authorities, and was again thrown into prison. A large sum of money, the produce of the contributions of hundreds of thousands, was offered as a bribe to the gaoler—and when did a Russian functionary refuse a bribe? He regained his liberty, fled to the forests, was once more hunted down, but baffled the vengeance of his pursuers. He shut himself up in a cavern in the remote districts of the Taurida, and under the vigilant eye of his followers, by none of whom his secret was revealed, passed there the remaining years of his life, preaching, believed, and adored. His retreat the police did not or would not discover; when he died is known only to a few. The mantle of Kaponstin was assumed by his son, who proved himself unworthy of wearing it. At the age of fifteen he was received by his father's disciples as his true successor, and the Christ of the *Douchobertzi*. At his installation the grand council of the sect assembled, and the first resolution adopted was that ten concubines should be allotted to their youthful prophet, Hilarion Kaponstin. He did not merit the reverence paid him, nor did he inherit a particle of the intellect or the courage of his father. From the day of his installation he gave

himself up to the most debasing sensuality. The father had instituted a council, composed of forty members, twelve of whom represented the apostles. This council took advantage of the incapacity of its boy-prophet, and from being merely a legislative, assumed the functions of an executive power, which it exercised most tyrannically. It soon became the scourge of the community. As the members of the council were only divine by reflection, it was no crime to shake off its usurped authority, and the sect rose in rebellion. The tyrants were seized, tried in secret conclave, and sentence of death pronounced against them, for usurpation and cruelty. A lonely isle near the mouth of the Malotschua was selected for the execution, and there they suffered the last penalty. There, also, during the two years which followed that event, more than five hundred members of the sect were put to death, suspected of having revealed the secrets of its orgies. They were drowned in the stream, or perished by the halter or the knife; at all events, they disappeared, and were never more heard of. These doings, even in that remote district, could not long be kept secret. The police bestirred themselves; the isle where so many deeds of murder had taken place was visited, and closely searched; and numerous bodies that had apparently been buried alive, carcasses strangled or hacked to pieces, and mutilated limbs, were found in abundance. Some years were spent in the inquiry, and the issue was, that at the close of 1839 the government ordered the complete expulsion of the *Douchobertzi* of the Malotsehua. Many withered and perished amid the snows of the Caucasus. Their nominal chief, Hilarion Kaponstin, died in 1841, at Achaltisk, in Georgia, leaving behind him two infants, in whom the *Douchobertzi* still hope to see their Christ revived.

Those we have sketched are but a few specimens of the long catalogue of sects who disavow the dogmas of the Church of St Petersburg, and denounce its Holy Synod. There are others that work in obscurity, but with perseverance, and gradually, but steadily, sap its foundations. Most of those doctrines lead to the complete

disruption of all moral bonds, and the dissolution of society; and sensuality, plunder, and cruelty seem to pervade the gloomy reveries in which the Russian peasant indulges. We have reason to believe that the stirring of that dangerous spirit which aims at the overthrow of all authority, has given serious uneasiness to the Russian government; and that the conspiracies which have more than once been found to exist in the army, are traceable to that dark and stern fanaticism! Education, of course, is the remedy for the evil. In Russia, however, the maxim of Bacon is reversed, and there *ignorance*, not *knowledge*, is believed to be power. If education once teach the Russian serf to regard the Czar as less than the Deity, how long would that despotism endure?

Such, then, is the "orthodoxy" which the Czar would extend over southern Europe, whose doctrines and whose unity he would impose on Greece; and such the religious protectorate with which the Greek Christians, the subjects of the Porte, are menaced. Those pretensions have no foundation, no justification, in civil or religious law; they are not based on the laws of any civilized community. The orthodox church of Russia is but the erring offspring of the Church of Constantinople; and she is branded on the forehead by that Church with schism. It was from the church of Constantinople that, down to the fifteenth century, she received her patriarchs, who never advanced pretensions to equality with the Byzantine pontiffs. What they might have attained to, it is now useless to inquire, for the link which bound that Church to her parent was, as we have shown, severed for ever by Peter the Great. By the same right as the Czar, the sovereign of France might claim a protectorate over the Catholics of Belgium or Northern Germany; or call upon the Autocrat himself to render an account of the Poles, or others of his Catholic subjects. Russia has no claim to eminence in piety, in learning, in antiquity, in superior morality, or in extent of privilege. Her Church has been for years forced to maintain a separate struggle against sects more or less hostile to her Synod,

and to her temporal authority. Each prelate, each dignitary of her establishment, is, with respect to the Czar, precisely what the meanest serf is to his lord, and the mass of her priests are sunk in ignorance. The question of the Holy Shrines is invariably the mask assumed by Russia to cover her designs in the East. The right on which the nations of the West claim to protect the Cross from the Infidel dates from the Crusades. Among the hosts which the enthusiasm and eloquence of the Hermit sent forth to do battle with the Mussulman, and to liberate from the cruel yoke of the mis-believers the land which witnessed the mystery of the Redemption, the name of Russia is not to be found. These barbarians had then their necks bowed under the rule of the Tartars; they were then crowding to the tents of the Khans, kissing the hoofs of their masters' horses, or presenting, as slaves, the draught of mares' milk, too happy if permitted to lick from the dust the drops that fell from the bowl.

Perhaps we ought to offer an apology for the length of this paper. But we were desirous of showing, *first*, that the homogeneity of the Russian and Eastern Churches, on which the Czar lays his strongest claim to the protectorate he demands, has no foundation in fact, and that the Christian communities on which he would impose his protection deny the orthodoxy of his faith, and regard him as the usurper of spiritual power; *second*, that the doctrines of the Synod of St. Petersburg are denounced by Russians themselves, and the establishment opposed by a formidable sectarianism, and that that Church is itself rather in a condition to require protection against its internal enemies than to afford it to others; *third*, that even supposing the Russian and Eastern Churches to be identical, the protectorate in question would, in consequence of the temporal privileges preserved by the Patriarch of Constantinople, as already noticed, be the positive introduction of a dangerous foreign influence in the domestic administration of the Ottoman empire,

and that the Sultan would thereby become the vassal of the Czar; *fourth*, that as there are numerous Christian subjects of the Sublime Porte who do not belong to the Greek communion, their protector, where protection is needed, cannot be the Czar; and, *fifth*, that the semi-independent Moldo-Wallachians also disavow the doctrines of the Russian Church, and reject her protection.

We do not intend to speak with enthusiasm of the Ottomans, but it must be admitted, that what has occurred since the commencement of the present quarrel is not to their disadvantage. Unlike the Czar, the Sultan has made no appeal to the mere fanaticism of his people, nor has he attempted to arouse the fierceness of religious hatred against the *Giaour*, which he might have done. His appeal has been to their feeling of nationality—such an appeal as every government would make in similar circumstances. Nor are the events which have taken place on the Danube likely to inspire the world with contempt for Ottoman valour and patriotism. If left alone to struggle with their powerful adversary, the Turks must succumb; but in the present campaign they have, at all events, proved themselves to be good soldiers.

The momentous question of a general war is, at the moment we write these lines, trembling in the balance; and the decision is with Austria. But whatever be the phase into which the great Eastern question is about to enter, we have one decided opinion on the policy of Russia. It is thus explained, not by a hostile or a foreign writer, but by a Russian historian, the eloquent Karamsin, in the following brief sentences: "The object and the character of our military policy has invariably been, to seek to be at peace with everybody, and to *make conquests without war*; always keeping ourselves on the defensive, placing no faith in the friendship of those whose interests do not accord with our own, and losing no opportunity of injuring them, without *ostensibly* breaking our treaties with them."

THE TWO ARNOLDS.

NATURE, it would seem, has fortunately provided against the simultaneous development of kindred genius and intellect amongst human families. Such, at least, is the general rule, and it is a beneficent one. For if a sudden frenzy were to seize the whole clans of Brown, or Smith, or Campbell, or Thompson—were the divine afflatus breathed at once upon the host, more numerous than that of Sennacherib, of the inheritors of the above names, undoubtedly such a confusion would ensue as has not been witnessed since the day of the downfall of Babel. Passing over three of these great divisions of the human race, as located in the British Islands, let us confine our illustration simply to the sons of Diarmid. Without estimating the number of Campbells who are scattered over the face of the earth, we have reason to believe that in Argyllshire alone there are fifty thousand of that name. Out of each fifty, at least twenty are Colins. If, then, a poetical epidemic, only half as contagious as the measles, were to visit our western county, we should behold the spectacle of a thousand Colin Campbells rushing frantically, and with a far cry towards Lochow, and simultaneously twangling on the clairsach. Fame, in the form of a Druidess, might announce, from the summit of Kilchurn Castle, the name of the one competitor who was entitled to the wreath; but twice five hundred Colins would press forward at the call, and the question of poetic superiority could only be decided by the dirk. Fortunately, as we have already observed, nature provides against such a contingency. Glancing over the cosmopolitan directory, she usually takes care that no two living bards shall bear precisely the same appellation: and if, sometimes, she seems to permit an unusual monopoly of some kind of talent in the same family or sept, we almost never find that the baptismal appellations correspond. Thus, in the days

of James I., there were no less than three poetical Fletchers—John, the dramatist; Phineas, the author of the *Purple Island*; and Giles, the brother of Phineas. Also there were two Beaumonts—Francis, the ally of the greater Fletcher, and Sir John, his brother. In our own time, the poetic mantle seems to have fallen extensively on the shoulders of the Tennysons. Besides Prince Alfred, whom we all honour and admire, and to whom more than three-fourths of our young versifiers pay homage by slavishly imitating his style, there was Charles, whose volume, published about the same time as the firstling of his brother, was deemed by competent judges to exhibit remarkable promise; and within the last few months, another Tennyson—Frederick—has bounded like a grasshopper into the ring, and is now piping away as clearly as any cicala. And here, side by side, amidst the mass of minstrelsy which cumber our table, lie two volumes, on the title-page of each of which is inscribed the creditable name of Arnold.

We have not for a considerable time held much communing with the rising race of poets, and we shall at once proceed to state the reason why. Even as thousands of astronomers are nightly sweeping the heavens with their telescopes, in the hope of discovering some new star or wandering comet, so of late years have shoals of small critics been watching for the advent of some grand poetical genius. These gentlemen, who could not, if their lives depended on it, elaborate a single stanza, have a kind of insane idea that they may win immortal fame by being the first to perceive and hail the appearance of the coming bard. Accordingly, scarce a week elapses without a shout being raised at the birth of a thin octavo. "Apollodorus, or the Seraph of Gehenna, a Dramatic Mystery, by John Tunks," appears; and we are straightway told, on the authority of Mr. Guffaw, the

Poems. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, A New Edition. London: Longmans. 1853.
Poems, Narrative and Lyrical. By EDWIN ARNOLD, of University College, Oxford. Oxford: Francis Macpherson. 1853.

celebrated critic that:—"It is a work more colossal in its mould than the undefined structures of the now mouldering Persepolis. Tunks may not like Byron, possess the hypochondriacal brilliancy of a blasted firework, or pour forth his floods of radiant spume with the intensity of an artificial volcano. He does not pretend to the spontaneous combustion of our young friend Gander Rednag (who, by the way, has omitted to send us his last volume), though we almost think that he possesses a diviner share of the poet's ennobling lunacy. He does not dive so sheer as the author of *Festus* into the bosom of far unintelligibility, plummet-deep beyond the range of comprehension, or the shuddering gaze of the immortals. He may not be endowed with the naked eagle-eye of Gideon Stoupie, the bard of Kirri-muir, whose works we last week noticed, and whose grand alcoholic enthusiasm shouts ha, ha, to the mutchkin, as loudly as the call of the trumpet that summons Behemoth from his lair. He may not, like the young Mactavish, to whose rising talent we have also borne testimony, be able to swathe his real meaning in the Titanic obscurity of the particoloured Ossianic mysticism. He may not, like Shakespeare, &c. &c." And then, having occupied many columns in telling us whom Mr. Tunks does *not* resemble, the gifted Guffaw concludes by an assurance that Tunks is Tunks, and that his genius is at this moment flaring over the universe, like the meteor-standard of the Andes!

Desirous, from the bottom of our heart, to do all proper justice to Tunks, we lay down this furious eulogium, and turn to the volume. We find, as we had anticipated, that poor Tunks is quite guiltless of having written a single line of what can, by any stretch of conscience, be denominated poetry—that the passages which Guffaw describes as being so ineffably grand, are either sheer nonsense or exaggerated conceits—and that a very excellent young man, who might have gained a competency by following his paternal trade, is in imminent peril of being rendered an idiot for life by the folly of an unscrupulous scribbler. Would it be right, under those cir-

cumstances, to tell Tunks our mind, and explain to him the vanity of his ways? If we were to do so, the poor lad would probably not believe us; for he has drunk to the dregs the poisoned chalice of Guffaw, and is ready, like another Homer, to beg for bread and make minstrelsy through innumerable cities. If we cannot hope to reclaim him, it would be useless cruelty to hurt his feelings, especially as Tunks is doing no harm to any one beyond himself. So we regard him much as one regards a butterfly towards the close of autumn, with the wish that the season of his enjoyment might be prolonged, but with the certainty that the long nights and frosty evenings are drawing nigh. Little, indeed, do the tribe of the Guffaws care for the mischief they are doing.

Or take another case. Let us suppose the appearance on the literary stage of a young man really endowed with poetic sensibility—one whose powers are yet little developed, but who certainly gives promise, conditionally on proper culture, of attaining decided eminence. Before we know anything about him, he is somehow or other committed to the grasp of the Guffaws. They do not praise—they idolise him. All the instances of youthful genius are dragged forth to be debased at his feet. He is told, in as many words, that Pope was a goose; Chatterton a charlatan, Kirke White a weakling, and Keats a driveller, compared with him,—at any rate, that the early effusions of those poets are not fit to be spoken of in the same breath with what he has written at a similar age. There are no bounds to the credulity of a poet of one-and-twenty. He accepts the laudation of those sons of Issachar as gospel, and consequently, is rather surprised that a louder blast has not been blown through the trumpet of fame. His eulogists are so far from admitting that he has any faults, that they hold him up as a pattern, thereby exciting his vanity to such an extent that an honest exposition of his faults would appear to him a gross and malignant outrage. It is really very difficult to know what to do in such cases. On the one hand, it is a pity, without an effort, to allow a likely lad to be fly-

blown and spoiled by the buzzing blue-bottles of literature; on the other, it is impossible to avoid seeing that the mischief has been so far done, that any remedy likely to be effectual must cause serious pain. To tie up a Guffaw to the stake, and to inflict upon him condign punishment—a resolution which we intend to carry into effect some fine morning—would be far less painful to us than the task or duty of wounding the sensitiveness of a youth who may possibly be destined to be a poet.

Setting, for the present, the Guffaws, or literary Choctaws, aside, we have a word to say to a very different class of critics, or rather commentators: and we desire to do this in the utmost spirit of kindness. Whether Aristotle, who could no more have perpetrated a poem than have performed the *leger-de-main* of the Wizard of the North, was justified in writing his "Poetics," we cannot exactly say. More than one of his treatises upon subjects with which he hardly could have been practically conversant, are still quoted in the schools; but we suspect that his authority—paramount, almost, during the middle ages, because there were then no other guides, and because he found his way into Western Europe chiefly through the medium of the Moors—is fast waning, and in matters of taste ought not now to be implicitly received. Aristotle, however, was a great man, far greater than Dr. Johnson. The latter compiled a Dictionary; Aristotle, by his own efforts, aspired to make, and did make, a sort of *Encyclopædia*. But he composed several of his treatises, not because he conceived that he was the person best qualified to be the exponent of the subject, but because no one really qualified had attempted before him to expound it. We have seen, and perused with real sorrow, a recent treatise upon "Poetics," which we cannot do otherwise, conscientiously, than condemn. The author is no doubt entitled to praise on account of his metaphysical ability, which we devoutly trust he may be able to turn to some useful purpose; but as to poetry, its forms, development, machinery, or application, he is really as ignorant as a horse. It is perfectly frightful

to see the calmness with which one of these young students of metaphysics sits down to explain the principles of poetry, and the self-satisfied air with which he enunciates the results of his wonderful discoveries. Far be it from us, when "our young men dream dreams," to rouse them rudely from their slumber; but we hold it good service to give them a friendly shake when we observe them writhing under the pressure of Ephialtes.

It is one thing to descant upon poetry, and another to compose it. After long meditation on the subject, we have arrived at the conclusion that very little benefit indeed is to be derived from the perusal of treatises, and that the only proper studies for a young poet are the book of nature, and the works of the greatest masters. To that opinion, we are glad to observe, one of our Arnolds seriously inclines. Matthew—whom we shall take up first, because he is an old acquaintance—has written an elaborate preface, in which he complains of the bewildering tone of the criticism of the present day. He remarks with perfect justice, that the ceaseless babbling about art has done an incalculable deal of harm, by drawing the attention of young composers from the study and contemplation of their subjects, and leading them to squander their powers upon isolated passages. There is much truth in the observations contained in the following extract, albeit it is in direct opposition to the daily practice of the Guffaws:—

"We can hardly, at the present day, understand what Menander meant when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his comedy, that he had finished it, not having yet written a single line, because he had constructed the action of it in his mind. A modern critic would have assured him that the merit of his piece depended on the brilliant things which arose under his pen as he went along. We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single lines and passages; not for the sake of producing any total impression. We have critics who seem to direct their attention merely to detached expressions, to the language about the action, not to the action itself. I verily think that the majority of them do not in their hearts believe that there is such a thing as a

total-impression to be derived from a poem at all, or to be demanded from a poet; they think the term a commonplace of metaphysical criticism. They will permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing, and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images. That is, they permit him to leave their poetical sense ungratified, provided that he gratifies their rhetorical sense and their curiosity. Of his neglecting to gratify these there is little danger; he needs rather to be warned against the danger of attempting to gratify these alone; he needs rather to be perpetually reminded to prefer his action to everything else; so to treat this, as to permit its inherent excellencies to develop themselves, without interruption from the intrusion of his personal peculiarities—most fortunate when he most entirely succeeds in effacing himself, and in enabling a noble action to subsist as it did in nature."

It would be well for the literature of the age if sound criticism of this description were more common. Mr. Arnold is undoubtedly correct in holding that the first duty of the poet, after selecting his subject, is to take pains to fashion it symmetrically, and that any kind of ornament which tends to divert the attention from the subject is positively injurious to the poem. This view, however, is a great deal too refined for the comprehension of the Guffaws. They show you a hideous misshapen image, with diamonds for eyes, rubies stuck into the nostrils, and pearls inserted in place of teeth, and ask you to admire it! Admire what? Not the image certainly, for anything more clumsy and absurd it is impossible to imagine: if it is meant that we are to admire the jewels, we are ready to do so, as soon as they are properly disposed, and made the ornaments of a stately figure. The necklace which would beseeem the bosom of Juno, and send lustre even to the queen of the immortals, cannot give anything but additional hideousness to the wrinkled folds of an Erichtho. Mr. Arnold, who has inherited his father's admiration for ancient literature, makes out the best case we remember to have seen, in vindication of the Greek drama. It is as follows:—

"For what reason was the Greek tragic poet confined to so limited a range of subjects? Because there are so few actions which unite in themselves, in

the highest degree, the conditions of excellence; and it was not thought that on any but an excellent subject could an excellent poem be constructed. A few actions, therefore, eminently adapted for tragedy, maintained almost exclusive possession of the Greek tragic stage; their significance appeared inexhaustible; they were as permanent problems, perpetually offered to the genius of every fresh poet. This too is the reason of what appears to us moderns a certain baldness of expression in Greek tragedy; of the triviality with which we often reproach the remarks of the chorus, where it takes place in the dialogue; that the action itself, the situation of Orestes, or Merope, or Alcæon, was to stand the central point of interest, unforgettten, absorbing, principal; that no accessories were for a moment to distract the spectator's attention from this; that the tone of the parts was to be perpetually kept down, in order not to impair the grandiose effect of the whole. The terrible old mythic story on which the drama was founded, stood, before he entered the theatre, traced in its bare outlines upon the spectator's mind; it stood in his memory as a group of statuary, faintly seen, at the end of a long and dark vista: then came the Poet, embodying outlines, developing situations, not a word wasted, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in: stroke upon stroke the drama proceeded; the light deepened upon the group; more and more it revealed itself to the rivetted gaze of the spectator; until at last, when the final words were spoken, it stood before him in broad sunlight, a model of immortal beauty."

This is indeed criticism worth listening to, and the style of it is not less admirable than the matter. We do not, however, entirely go along with Mr. Arnold in his decided preference for the antique drama. We never arise from the study of Greek tragedy without the impression that it is deficient in richness and flexibility. This, we think, is to be attributed in a great measure to its form, which is not natural; the members of the chorus being neither altogether actors, nor altogether disinterested spectators. They are interlopers between the audience and the actors, and detract from the interest of the latter by requiring and receiving explanation. That at least is our feeling after the perusal of Greek tragedy, but it by no means follows that the same impression was produced on the

minds of a Greek audience. We agree with Professor Blackie that the grand works of the Attic three are to be regarded rather as operas than as tragedies, according to our modern acceptance of the term—that they were framed purposely for musical accompaniment and effect—and that, failing these, it is impossible for us to form an adequate estimate of their power in exciting sympathy or awakening emotion. “The man,” says the translator of *Æschylus*, “must certainly be strangely blinded by early classical prepossessions, if he fails to feel that, as a whole, a Greek tragedy, when set against the English composition of the same name, is exceedingly narrow in its conception, meagre in its furniture, monotonous in its character, unskilful in its execution, and not seldom feeble in its effect.” Most true—and for this reason, that the writer of English tragedy seeks no other vehicle of thought or idea than language; so that, except for scenic display, his play will give as much pleasure to, and produce nearly the same effect upon the mind, if read silently in the closet, as if brought upon the stage. It is not necessary, in order to appreciate Shakespeare, that we should have seen his dramas represented in the pomp and magnificence of the theatre. Whereas the Greek artist had to deal with the more complex material of words and music. Take away the latter, and you frustrate half his design; because he did not mean the words of the chorus to be studied as poems—he meant them to be heard with the full accompaniment of music. Those who are in the habit of frequenting the modern opera will readily understand our position. What can be finer than *Norma*, as represented on the stage, when Grisi or Caradori assumes the part of the prophetess, imprecates vengeance on the perfidious Pollio, and implores the forgiveness of the father? Higher tragedy than that can hardly be conceived—the effect upon the audience of the combined music and action is as powerful as though they had been listening to the greatest masterpiece of Shakespeare. But take the libretto of *Norma*—divest yourself of the musical association—study it in the closet—and we answer for it that no exercise of imagination on your part

will enable you to endure it. And why is this? Simply because it was constructed as an opera, and because, by withdrawing the music, you destroy more than half the charm.

In dramatic compositions, where language alone can be employed as the vehicle of thought or sentiment, it is absolutely necessary that the expression should be bolder, the style more vivid, and the range of illustration larger than is requisite in the other kind where music is brought in aid of language, or rather where language is employed to assist the force of music. It seems therefore preposterous and contrary to reason, to expect that we should take as much delight or derive as high intellectual gratification from the bare perusal of a Greek skeleton play, as must have been felt by an Attic audience who witnessed its representation as a gorgeous national opera. It is even a greater artistical mistake to suppose that we should copy it implicitly. Alfieri indeed did so; but it is impossible to read one of his plays without experiencing a most chilly sensation. We entirely concur with what Mr. Arnold has said regarding the importance of the subject, symmetry, and design; but we differ from him as to the propriety of adhering to the nakedness of the Greeks. Let him compare—so far as that can be done with due allowance for the difference being narrative and dramatic poetry—the style of his early favourite Homer with that of Sophocles, and we think he will understand our meaning.

We confess to have been so much pleased with Mr. Matthew Arnold's preface, that we turned to his poetical performances with no slight degree of expectation. As we have already hinted, he is an old acquaintance, for we reviewed him in the Magazine some four or five years ago, when he appeared in the suspicious character of a *Strayed Reveller*. We then pointed out what we thought to be his faults, warned him as strongly as we could against his imitative tendencies, and, we hope, did justice to the genius which he evidently possessed and occasionally exhibited. Certainly we did not indulge in ecstasies; but we believed him capable of producing, through culture and study, something greatly superior to his early attempts,

and we did not hesitate to say so. Since then, we are given to understand that he has published another volume of poems, which it was not our fortune to see; and the present is, with some additions, a collection of those poems which he considers to be his best, and which were contained in his earlier volumes. It is a hopeful sign of Mr. M. Arnold that he is amenable to criticism. More than one of the poems which we noticed as absolutely bad, are omitted from the present collection; and therefore we are entitled to believe that, on mature consideration, he has assented to the propriety of our judgment. This is a good feature; for poets generally seem possessed with a tenfold share of stubbornness, and, like mothers, who always lavish their affections upon the most rickety of their offspring, are prompt to defend their worst effusions with almost superhuman pertinacity. It is because we feel a decided interest in Mr. Arnold's ultimate success that we again approach his poetry. We cannot conscientiously congratulate him on a present triumph—we cannot even say that he has improved upon his earliest effort; for the "*Forsaken Merman*," which we noticed years ago, in terms of high commendation, is still the one gem of his collection; but we think that he may improve, and must improve, if he will only abandon all imitation, whether ancient or modern—identify himself with his situation—trust to natural impulse—and give art-theories to the winds. What he has to do is to follow the example of Menander, as quoted by himself. Let him, by all manner of means, be deliberate in the formation of his plan—let him fix what he is going to do, before he does anything—but let him not forget (what we fear he now forgets or does not know), that, in execution, the artist must beat on his own anvil, sweat at his own fire, and ply at his own forge. The poem of a master should bear as distinct and unmistakable marks of the hand that produced it, as a picture of Titian or Velasquez, a statue of Phidias, an altar-rail of Quentin Matsys, or a goblet of Bonvenuto Cellini. Heaven only knows how many thousands of imitators have followed in the wake

of these and other great original artists; but who cares for the imitations? No one, unless they are so good that they can be palmed off on purchasers under cover of the mighty names. Admit them to be imitations, and the merest tyro will hesitate to bid for them. It does seem to us that men of letters are slower than any other description of artists in perceiving the baneful effects of imitation. They do not appear to see this obvious truth, that unless they can transcend their model, they are deliberately courting an inferior place. If they can transcend it, then of course they have won the day, but it must be by departing from, not by adhering to, the peculiarities of the model.

In so far as Mr. Matthew Arnold is concerned, we do not intend these remarks to be applicable to his Greek choric imitations. We spoke of these before, and are willing to take them as classical experiments. Goethe, in his old age, was rather fond of this kind of amusement; and it came gracefully from the octogenarian, who, having won his fame as a Teuton, might in his latter days be allowed to indulge in any Hellenic exertations. And as old age is privileged, so is extreme youth. The young student, with his head and imagination full of Sophocles and classical theories, even though he may push the latter beyond the verge of extravagance, is always an interesting object to the more experienced man of letters. Enthusiasm is never to be despised. It is the sign of a high and ardent spirit, and ought not to be met with the drenching operation of the bucket. But Mr. M. Arnold is now considerably past his teens. He is before the public for the third time, and he still parades these Greek imitations, as if he were confident of their worth and power as English poems. So be it. We have nothing in regard to them to add to what we said before, except that a much higher artist than Mr. M. Arnold must appear, before the British public will be convinced that such hobbling and unrhymed versification ought to supersede our own beautifully intoned and indigenous system of prosody.

Of the new poems contained in this collection, the most ambitious is en-

titled "Sohrab and Rustum, an Episode." We like episodes, because they have the advantage of being short, and, moreover, if well constructed, are as symmetrical as poems of greater pretension. The story is a simple one, and yet contains in itself the elements of power. Sohrab, the son of the great Persian hero Rustum, by a princess of Koordistan, has never seen his father, but, like Telemachus, is in search of him. Being with the Tartar army during a campaign against the Persians, he conceives the idea of challenging the bravest champion of that host to single combat, in the hope that, if he is victor, Rustum may hear of and acknowledge him. If slain—

"Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin."

The challenge is given; but Sohrab was already known far and wide as a handy lad with the scimitar, and a powerful hurler of the spear; therefore the Persians, with their usual want of pluck, were exceedingly unwilling to encounter him. We subjoin Mr. Arnold's account of the panic:—

"But as a troop of pedlars from Cabool
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk
snow,
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they
pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the
snow,
Choked by the air; and scarce can they them-
selves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mul-
berries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging
snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with
fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs come up
To counsel: Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who rul'd the Persian host
Second, and was uncle of the king."

Not one of these fellows with the jaw-breaking names could muster courage to come forth, like Goliath, against the dauntless David of the Tartars. Gudurz, however, bethinks him that Rustum had arrived in the camp the evening before, and of course he was the very man for the occasion; so he visits him immediately after break-fast. All heroes feed, or ought to

feed, voraciously; and judging from appearances, Rustum was qualified to compete at a game of knife and fork with Achilles.

"And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum: his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood beside him, charged with
food:
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark-green melons."

Possibly from the effects of repletion, Rustum for some time refuses to accept the championship, but is at last taunted into action and takes the field, but determines to fight unknown. We ought to mention here that Rustum, so far from suspecting his relationship with Sohrab, is unaware that he has any son at all. We must draw on Mr. Arnold's verse for the exordium to the combat.

"Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:—
'O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the dead cold grave.
Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe:
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be govern'd: quit the Tartar host, and come
To Irun; and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Irun brave as thou.'

"So he spoke mildly: Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs: hope fill'd his soul;
And he ran forwards, and embrac'd his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own and said:—
'Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he?'

"But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spoke to his own soul:—
'Ah me! I muse what this young fox may mean.
False, wily, boastful are these Tartar boys.

For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say—*Rustum is here*—
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts—

A belt or sword perhaps—and go his way.
And on a feast-day in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—

"I challenged once, when the two armies
camp'd

Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight: but they
Ehrank; only Rustum dared: then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away."
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Irun shamed through
me.

"And then he turn'd, and sternly spake
aloud:—

"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question
thus

Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or
yield.

Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?

Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and
flee."

Then follows the combat, Homerically intermingled with a great deal of talk between the champions, until Sohrab falls mortally wounded by his father's spear. Then come the explanations, and Rustum knows that he has slain his son.

"And with a heavy groan, Rustum replied:—

"Oh that its waves were flowing over me!

Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt

Roll tumbling on the current o'er my head!"

"And with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:

"Desire not that, my father; we must live.

For some are born to do great deeds, and live,

As some are born to be obscured, and die.

Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,

And reap a second glory in thine age.

Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.

But come: thou seest this great host of men

Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these:

Let me entreat for them: what have they
done?

They followed me, my hope, my fame, my
star.

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.

But me thou must bear hence, not send with
them,

But carry me with thee to Seistan,

And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,

Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy
friends.

And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above my bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all:

That so the passing horsemen on the waste

May see my tomb a great way off, and say—

Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,

Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—

And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And with a mournful voice Rustum replied:—

"Fear not; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,

So shall it be: for I will burn my tents,

And quit the host, and bear thee hence with
me,

And carry thee away to Seistan,

And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,

With the snow-headed Zal, and all my
friends.

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above thy bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all;

And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.

And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go:

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.

What should I do with slaying any more?"

Real poetry, we are sorry to say, is now so scarce among us, that we cannot afford to dismiss any promising aspirant with a sneer. From the foregoing extracts it will be seen that Mr. M. Arnold, in opposition to the tenets of that school of hardlings so copiously beslavered by Guffaw, has adopted, in this poem, a simple and even severe method of expression. He is now writing after Homer—not, indeed, slavishly, but on the Homeric principle; and the question now arises, whether or not he has succeeded. Our opinion is that this poem is highly creditable as an attempt in the right direction—that it is infinitely superior to the turgid trash with which we have been, of late years, inundated—but that it has not merit enough to confer lasting distinction on the author. Mr. Arnold, we are aware, has been told the reverse; and as the sugared cup is always more palatable than that which contains an ingredient of bitter, he may possibly be inclined to prefer sweet panegyric to sincere though wholesome criticism. But we are not writing for him alone; we are attending to the poetical reputation of the age. In this composition, as it appears to us, Mr. Arnold again suffers through imitation. He is writing, with deliberate intention, Homerically—that is, he has been keeping Homer in his eye, instead of rivetting it on his subject. Now this is a great mistake. The peculiar manner of a poet depends upon the age in which he lives. There is an enormous gap in world-history between "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," and Mr. Matthew Arnold, who dates from "Fox How, Ambleside," A.D. 1853; and it is a sheer impossibility that the two can naturally express them-

selves alike. What was nature in the one, is affectation in the other. Homer expressed himself simply, because he was addressing a simple audience; and also because his hearty, noble, and grand organisation made him superior to rhetorical conceits or affectation. Arnold also expresses himself simply; but he does so, not from native impulse or inspiration, but because he is aware of Homer's charm. But he frustrates his own intention by deliberately copying Homer, and making his readers painfully aware of it. A true, or at all events a very accomplished poet, would not have committed this error. Let any man, of really cultivated taste in poetry, read the "Hyperion" of Keats, and the "Morte D'Arthur" of Tennyson—both of them splendid poems, and distinguished by severe simplicity of language—and then compare them with this effusion of Mr. Arnold. We cannot for one moment doubt the verdict. Keats and Tennyson saw the principle, but they kept themselves away from imitation, gave their genius full play, and achieved magnificent results. Mr. Arnold, recognising the principle, cannot divert his eye from the model, adopts the peculiarities of that, and fails. In fact, imitation is his curse. We said so more than four years ago, and we now repeat it. So strong is his tendency that way, that he cannot, within the limits of a composition of moderate length, confine himself to the imitation of a single renowned poet, but makes patchwork by copying the peculiarities, even though they are acknowledged blemishes, of another. Thus we find, nearly at the commencement of the poem which we are now discussing, the following passage:—

"The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands:
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman bade;
Haman, who next to Peran Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents long files of horse they stream'd:
As when, some grey November morn, the flocks,
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes

Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some from Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board: so they stream'd.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the king's guard,
First, with black sheepskin cape, and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next the more temperate Toorkmans of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands:
Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels and their wells."

The description—or catalogue—is twice as long as the foregoing extract, but we cannot afford to multiply quotations. The student of Milton will readily recognise the source of this inspiration, and will regret that those very passages, which every sound judge (if he be not an arrant pedant or a schoolmaster) would wish to be excised from the pages of the "Paradise Lost," should have been selected for imitation by a young modern poet.

Further, Mr. Arnold errs in being unnecessarily minute. Here again he may plead the Homeric example; but we reply, as before, that Arnold is not Homer. That style of description, which Delille happily characterises as "peindre les ongles," is not only tedious but puerile, and sometimes has a ludicrous effect. Take, for example, the following detailed account of the toilet of an old Tartar gentleman:—

"So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay,
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he placed his sheepskin cap,
Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul;
And raised the curtain of his tent, and call'd
His herald to his side, and went abroad."

Now, supposing that Mr. Arnold had to describe the uprising of a modern, would he consider it necessary to favour us with a description of the emergence from the blankets, the deposition of the nightcap, the wrestle into the nether integuments, the shaving-jug, the razor, and all

the rest of it? We beg to assure him that this passage, so far from being vigorous, is pure slip-slop; and we are convinced that, on reflection, he will admit the justice of the stricture. For example; how infinitely more terse and satisfactory is the one line which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of poor Ophelia—

"Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes!"

What the mischief do we care for the texture of the stockings, or the peculiar method of investiture? Is it necessary to enter into the details regarding the boots, and to specify whether they were Wellingtons or Bluchers? That there are, in this episode, some fine, and one or two noble passages, we are very glad to acknowledge, but it is by no means perfect as a whole. Indeed, even if the bulk of it had been faultless, the termination would have spoiled it as a poem; for Mr. Arnold has been induced, through some extraordinary hallucination, to destroy the effect of the catastrophe, by superadding a needless piece of description. We sincerely regret this; because the catastrophe, when it does come (and it ought to have arrived sooner) is very fine; and no artist could have desired a better termination than the picture of a Russian watching by his dead son—

"And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog: for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal:
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge,
And Rustum and his son were left alone."

Here the poem ought to have ended; but Mr. Arnold wishes to try his hand at that very ancient and hackneyed subject, the description of the course of a river; and the Oxus being conveniently near, he embarks on a voyage for the Arab Sea.

"But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste.
Under the solitary moon: he slow'd
Right for the Polar star, past Orgunjé,
Brimming, and bright, and huge: there sends
begin

To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer:—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Arab Sea."

Not at all bad as a piece of versification, but utterly to be condemned in the place where is introduced.

In spite of one or two beautiful passages—the best being the description of the children at play in the third part—we cannot enthusiastically admire the poem of "Tristram and Iseult." It is sickly, feverish, and withal terribly disjointed—affording no trace of that symmetry of design, the lack of which in modern poetry Mr. Arnold has very justly deplored. Neither can we say much for the "Church of Brou," in which, by the way, Mr. Arnold has attempted an elaborate description of a painted window, very dull of tint, indeed, when we compare it with the gorgeous masterpiece in "The Eve of St. Agnes." On the whole, we are disappointed with this volume, because we really think that Mr. M. Arnold might have done much better. That he has the power is quite evident; that many of the poetical views he enunciates are sound, we have already acknowledged; but, somehow or other, he neither exerts the power continuously, nor adheres in practice to his views. We have a strong impression that he composes too coldly and phlegmatically, and without allowing the proper scope to his imagination. That is always a bad method. The inspiration of the poet is not by any means a mere figure of speech; it must be realised, if great effects are to be produced. Verses—ay, and good verses too—may be written to almost any extent, without the composer experiencing anything like a thrill of emotion; but verses so produced are not of the nature of true poetry. Grand harmonies suggest and develop themselves only when the mind is in an exalted state; and at such times the poet cares nothing for the rules of art.

If he stops to consider these, he instantaneously loses the inspiration.

We cannot, as yet, congratulate Mr. M. Arnold on high success: but we augur well of him for the future, and shall be delighted to pay him a more decided and satisfactory tribute whenever he will allow us to do so. Come we now to the second Arnold—Edwin, of University College, Oxford.

Judging from external evidence, we should say that Edwin is some years younger than Matthew, and he is fortunately, as yet, altogether free from poetical theories. Song comes to him as naturally as it does to the bird on the bough. He cannot help expressing his thick-thronging and always graceful fancies in verse; and he frequently does so with the true minstrel spirit. That he should be occasionally a little extravagant is to be expected. All very young poets are so, and we like them the better for it; for why should they affect the solemn airs and sententious pomposity of their seniors? Edwin Arnold is just now in the very *parterre* of poesy—culling flowers with a liberal hand, and binding them into a nosegay fit for the acceptance of his lady-love. Our pen would prove faithless to our fingers should we attempt to disentangle that pretty posy, which early genius lays at the feet of beauty. Why should we review his poems, after the manner of the old critics, carping at what is enthusiastic, and triumphing over errors, from which older brethren of the lyre are by no means exempt? If he chooses, in imitation of "Burleigh Hall," to renew the story of the Falcon Feast, long since told by Boccaccio, and from him dramatised by Barry Cornwall, why should we point to faults which, in a year or so, he will discover of his own accord? Never again, we are certain, will he, in a love story, libel his hero and his heroine as he has done in four lines of that ballad—

"So for one who loved him never
Slew he what had loved him well;
Giannetta, silent ever,
Feasted till the sunlight fell;"

—thereby implying that the owner of the falcon was a brute, and his mistress a deliberate *gourmande*, gloating over the trail! The story, even as told by the Florentine, has always

seemed to us hideously unnatural. The man who could sacrifice, in cold blood, a dumb creature that loved him, would not hesitate, under temptation, to lay a sacrilegious hand on the weazand of his father; and we pray Mr. Edwin Arnold to consider what kind of sympathy we should feel for Ulysses, if his first act, on his return to Ithaca, had been to drive his falchion into the heart of old Argus, who, for so many years, had been lying neglected at the gate, pining for his master's return. Let us rather give a specimen or so of the better style of our youthful poet. We begin with the first poem.

"Oh! was there ever tale of human love
Which was not also tale of human tears?
Died not sweet Desdemona? Sorrowed not
Fair, patient, Imogene? and she whose name
Lives among lovers, Sappho silver voiced,
Was not the wailing of her passionate lyre
Ended for ever in the dull, dead sea?
Must it be thus? Oh! must the cup that holds
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life
Taste bitter at the dregs? Is there no story,
No legend, no love passage, which shall veil
Even as the bow which God hath bent in
heaven
O'er the sad waste of mortal histories,
Promising respite to the rain of tears?"

A very pretty commencement to a pretty poem; the subject of which, however, must be considered as rather ticklish. It is curious that Edwin, as well as Matthew, has tried his hand at the painted window, which we wish he had not done, as the plagiarism from Keats is evident:—

"They sleep: the spangled night is melting
off,
And still they sleep: the holy moon looks in,
In at the painted window-panes, and flings
Ruby, blue, purple, emerald, amethyst,
Crystal and orange colours on their limbs;
And round her face a glory of white light,
As one that sins not; on the tapestries
Gold lights are flashing like the wings of
angels,
Bringing these two hearts to be single-
hearted.

O Edwin! what could tempt you to charge your pallet with so many colours? Don't you see how ill they assort together, giving the impression of a mashed rainbow?—and how dreadfully out of place are the flashing gold lights! They should be "lying," Edwin, not "flashing;" for the holy moon is looking in, and all within the chamber should be repose. Pray you observe the exquisite

toning of Keats in that passage with which you are already familiar, but the extreme beauty of which you do not yet thoroughly comprehend.

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together preat,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven.—"

Keats gives the colours in which an angel should be painted—yours, Mr. Edwin, are too tawdry even for the coat of a Harlequin.

So many of these poems come under the general title of "Occasional," that we have some difficulty in finding a proper one for extract. Our favourite, on the whole, is "Quentin Matsys," and from it we select a specimen.

"She was a painter's daughter,—bold for love
He told his earnest suit, and prayed her hand
In words that his full heart made eloquence.
Silent the father heard; there as he sat
In jewelled silks, and velvets furbelow'd,
With works of mighty masters on the wall,
And all his art's appliances about him,
A stern smile curled his pale patrician lip,
And cold and slow the cruel sentence came:
'A painter's daughter may not wed a smith;
Paint me like this and these, and thou shalt have her.'

Died then his love? Listen! The maiden wept
Such pearly tears, that in his bursting heart
Grew up strange hopes. Alas! to few is given
The magic skill that burns in life-like hues,
A speaking lip, an eye that beams and loves,
A moving majesty like nature's own,
Save that this may not die: it is a gift
Higher and holier than a common man
May dare to reach at; oh! by what right, then,
Dared he to dream of it? by what right!
Love's!—

The love that lifts a peasant to a king,
The love that knows no doubting! Well he knew—

Too well for his fond hopes—that brawny arms
Guide not the pencil, and that smithy strokes
Fit not the fancies of a painter's mind;
But still for that. To gaze into the eyes
That sparkled all for him was inspiration
Better than painter's best: long days and nights

He strove as only lovers strive; at last
The passport to the haven of his hopes
Came in a touch, as if some angel hand
Had dipt his brush in life; and as the form
His fancy pictured, slowly—slowly grew,
And woke into broad being, then at last
He knew that he had won his golden prize—
That she was his for ever.

Antwerp's bells
Rung out right merrily one sunny day;

Blue kirtles, and bright hose, and brighter faces,
Rhenish and sack, dancing and songs were there,
Feasting and music, and mad revelry,
And all to keep the wedding:—cavaliers
And highborn ladies stood to see them pass.
He, Quentin Matsys, and his blooming bride!"

Well then, after having given these extracts, we may be asked whether we think that Mr. Edwin Arnold is really and truly a poet? Look, our dear sir, we beseech you, at that splendid gamecock—how glossy in his plumage, how quick in his eye, how massive in his neck, and how powerful in his limbs! There he walks, proud as the sultan at the head of his seraglio, the pride of his master's heart, the terror of every recreant dunghill within a circle of a couple of miles. Some few months ago he was a mere chicken, whom you might have devoured with parsley-sauce without experiencing a pang of remorse. Before that he lay in an egg-shell. Now, had you looked either on the egg or on the chicken, you could not have stated with propriety that either was a gamecock—and yet there undeniably goes the finest ginger-pile in the parish. So is it with Mr. Edwin Arnold. He may not be entitled yet to the high and sacred name of a poet—for he is still exercising himself in verse, and has not attained the possession of a distinguishing style of his own; but he shows excellent symptoms of breeding, and we doubt not will, in due time, advance a valid claim to the laurels. This, moreover, is to be said in his favour, that he is not treading in the footsteps of the "intense" school, and that he always writes intelligibly—a virtue which we observe a good many modern poets hold utterly in derision. Let him go on in his vocation, cultivating his taste, improving his judgment, observing nature, and eschewing gaudy ornament—and he may hope to win a name which shall be revered, when those of the utterers of fustian and balderdash, dear to the heart of Guffaw, are either wholly forgotten, or remembered only with ridicule.

COUNT SIGISMUND'S WILL.

THE theatrical season in Paris, now at its height, has not yet been marked by the production of any particularly successful pieces. At about this time last year, the clever comedy of *Lady Tartuffe* afforded agreeable occupation to the critics, and abundant amusement to the town. At the Gymnase, the *Fils de Famille*, of which two versions have since been produced upon the London stage, and *Philiberte*, a sparkling three-act comedy in verse, full of wit, but rather *Régence* in its tone and style, nightly filled the house with select and gratified audiences. *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, M. Ponsard's respectable and proper, but, in our opinion, wearisome play, had a triumphant run at the Odeon; whilst, at the Vaudeville, the *Lady with the Camellias*, who, objectionable though she was in some respects, was certainly, as far as talent went, immeasurably superior to her various imitators and successors, drew all Paris to her seductive boudoir. This winter no play of decided merit and importance has been produced at any theatre. In more than one instance, attempts have been made to proclaim the success of a piece immense, when in reality it was most moderate; and, at the Gymnase, *Diane de Lys* has really had a considerable run; but this has been owing to extraneous circumstances, and to the excellence of the acting, much more than to any intrinsic merits of the play, which derived a sort of scandalous interest from a generally-credited report that the author, Alexander Dumas the younger, had merely dramatised an adventure of his own—altering, however, the catastrophe; for the play closes with the death of the lover, shot by the offended husband. Rumour went so far as to point to a foreign lady of rank as the original of the *Duchess Diana*, and the playwright was blamed for his indiscretion. Whether there were grounds for such censure, or whether the tale was a mere ingenious invention, industriously circulated by the author's friends to give a spurious popularity to a rather amusing but a very worth-

less piece, it is hard to decide—the one case being quite as probable as the other. The Gymnase, however, boasts of its *Diana* as a signal triumph—which she may be to its treasury, although in other respects she does the theatre no great credit, beyond displaying an excellent cast and admirable acting. That agreeable theatre needs something to console it for the loss of its most valuable and accomplished comedian, Bressant, summoned by the higher powers from the scene of his numerous triumphs to the classic boards of the *Francaise*. There he had the good taste to make his first appearance in a play of Moliere's in preference to the less sterling class of comedy with which he is more familiar; and, both by his acting, and by the enthusiastic greeting he met from a crowded house, he at once proved himself a valuable accession to the talent and popularity of the first French theatre. That establishment just now has greater need of good new plays than of good new actors. It is unfortunate in its authors, and the drama droops under the imperial régime. Alexander Dumas—whose outrageous vanity and fanfaronades, daily displayed in the columns of the new journal, the *Mousquetaire*, which he owns and edits, have lately made him the laughing-stock of Paris,—after writing two five-act historical plays in about as many days each, and having them both accepted by the committee, but prohibited before performance—probably because the authorities did not think the most important theatre in France a fit stage for such mountebank feats of rapid writing—has been fain to console himself (supposing his egregious self-conceit not to have set him above all need of consolation) by the cordial reception of a one-act comedy called *Romulus*, which has both humour and character. He has boasted of this little success almost as much as of the merits of his two great failures, the interdicted plays; has published the piece (the idea of which is derived from a passage in one of Auguste La Fontaine's tales)

in the *feuilleton* of his paper, where he also printed monstrous stories about his having written it in some wonderfully short space of time. But this clever silly man has made himself such a reputation as a Munchausen that none now believe him; and, moreover, it is very well known in Paris that the piece in question was planned, and in great part written, by an accomplished French actor, much esteemed in England, to whose cultivated taste and extensive reading some of the best dramatists of the day have on various occasions been indebted for advice and assistance, which they have not all been so slow as Mr. Dumas to acknowledge.

The expectations of many persons, conversant with the relative merits of the principal living writers for the French stage, were lately raised high by the announcement of a five-act comedy from the united pens of two of the most successful of these, Messrs Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau. Both of these gentlemen have distinguished themselves as dramatists, although M. Sandeau is perhaps best known as the author of some very clever and agreeable novels. Indeed, since the regretted decease of Charles de Bernard, few have been more successful in that branch of literature. His style is that in which modern French writers have best succeeded—the *roman de mœurs*, or novel of society, whose attraction and interest depend rather upon accurate delineation and delicate satire of the habits, follies, and foibles of the time, than in startling situations and complicated intrigues. The late Charles de Bernard, to whose charming talent we some years ago devoted an article, and whose collected works have just received the well-deserved honour of posthumous republication, was an adept in the style, and was also one of the most inventive writers of his day. Most of his novels and tales display, in addition to a refined and extensive knowledge of French society and character, much ingenuity of plot and originality of incident. Of the same school, Jules Sandeau has more pathos and sentiment, less originality and wit. Like that of

most novelists who are also dramatists, his dialogue is terse, spirited, and life-like, although less pointed and sparkling than that of the author of *Gerfaut*. Occasionally he reminds us of that clever whimsical writer, Alphonse Karr, but of Karr in his happiest moods, when he abjures triviality, and produces such novels as *Genevieve* and *La Famille Alain*. One of the favourite stock-pieces at the *Comédie Française*, *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*, is by Sandeau, founded on his own novel of the same name. Another of his tales, *La Chasse au Roman*, he dramatised conjointly with Augier, and the piece brought out the other day, *La Pierre de Touche*—The Touchstone—is also founded on a novel by Sandeau, entitled *Un Héritage*. How is it, many have asked, that, with an excellent subject—that of a highly popular romance—to work upon, M. Sandeau and the witty and experienced author of *Gabrielle*, *Philberte*, and other justly successful plays, have produced a comedy which has been more or less hissed every night of its performance, and which, instead of awakening the sympathies or exciting the admiration of the public, has produced an impression so manifestly unfavourable, that the authors deemed it necessary to publish a letter in explanation and vindication—a letter the publishers of the play have reproduced in the form of a preface? Before replying to this question, or sketching the plot of the play, we will give a slight outline of the novel on which it is founded. Our readers will hardly have forgotten another of M. Sandeau's novels, *Sacs et Parchemins*, of which we some time ago gave an account.* Those who have read, with the amused interest it could hardly fail to excite, M. Sandeau's account of the vaulting ambition of the retired draper Levrault, and of the desperate and ludicrous expedients of the ruined Viscount de Montflanquin, in his French Wolf's Crag, will not be unwilling to follow the same writer upon German ground, to the ancient castle of Hildesheim, and into the humble abode of Franz Muller, the musician of Munich. We will briefly

* "Cash and Pedigree," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCCCIV., for April 1850.

glance at the spirited and characteristic opening chapters of *Un Héritage*.

It was a great day for Master Gottlieb Kaufmann, notary in the little German town of Mühlstadt. Count Sigismund Hildesheim was just dead, and his will was to be opened in presence of his assembled relatives. Gottlieb, attired in suitable sable, the silver buckles of his shoes replaced by others of burnished steel, fidgetted to and fro between his study and his office, his office and his drawing-room, scolding his clerks, sending away clients, and watching the clock, whose lazy hands, he thought, crept more slowly than usual round the dial. Noon was the hour fixed for the reading of the will, and as yet it was but nine. It was an anxious morning for the worthy notary. The very pig-tail that dangled from his nape quivered with impatience. The cause of his excitement was his doubt whether the heir to the castle and fine estate of Hildesheim would continue to employ him. There were other notaries at Mühlstadt, and all were eager to secure so rich a client. Master Gottlieb had spared no pains to retain the lucrative employment. His drawing-room chairs, stripped of the cases that usually protected them from the pranks of the flies, were drawn round a table spread with an old scarlet velvet cover; near this table, another chair, elevated upon a temporary platform, seemed to preside over the absent assembly. From time to time, Master Gottlieb seated himself in it, studied his gestures and attitude, and contemplated his reflection in a glass, endeavouring to combine regret and obsequiousness in the expression of his habitually jovial physiognomy. His face was to do double duty—to deplore the departed and offer his services to the survivors. Further to propitiate the clients he desired to secure, Master Gottlieb—himself of a convivial turn, fond of a cool bottle and a merry catch—had prepared, in an adjoining room, an elegant collation. On a cloth of dazzling whiteness was temptingly displayed cold meats, fragrant fruits, and antique flasks, dim with venerable dust. The notary had spared nothing worthily to honour the me-

mory and regale the heirs of the departed Count.

Count Sigismund Hildesheim had passed, almost from his youth upwards, for an oddity, an original, slightly crazed, and only just sane enough to be intrusted with the guidance of himself and his affairs. In reality he was none of those things, but a misfortune in early life, acting upon a singularly sensitive and impressionable nature, had decided his whole destiny. As a youth, at the university of Heidelberg, he shunned the society of the students, and, of an evening, instead of devoting himself to beer, tobacco, roaring songs and political theories, he loved to walk out and watch the sunset from the summit of the beautiful hills that enclose the valley of the Neckar. Returning home, on a May night, from one of these solitary rambles, his attention was arrested, as he passed along the outskirts of the town, by a fresh and melodious voice, proceeding from a window decked and entwined with flowers. The song was one of those wild and plaintive ditties, often of great antiquity, heard in remote mountain districts, seldom written, but orally transmitted from generation to generation. Surprised and charmed, Sigismund paused and listened; then he cast a curious glance into the room. A young girl was seated at a piano, and by the light of a lamp he distinguished her to be of great beauty. Thenceforward, every evening, on his return from his walks, the pensive student lingered at that window. He was seldom disappointed; most evenings the young girl was at her piano; and the song that at first had fascinated him was evidently her favourite. At last—how this came about it is immaterial to inquire—instead of pausing at the window, Sigismund went in at the door, and became a constant visitor to Michaële and her mother.

The dwelling of the widow and her child was humble, but elegant in its poverty. War, which had robbed them of a husband and father, had left them but a scanty pension for their support. Sigismund was as much attracted by the mother's kind and graceful manners as he had been enchanted by the daughter's bright

eyes and sweet voice. He had lost his own mother when an infant; his father's harsh and haughty character had repelled his affection. He found a home, congenial to his tastes and sympathies, in the secluded cottage in Heidelberg's suburbs, and there he and Michaële formed plans of future happiness undisturbed by fear of obstacles to their union. But Michaële's mother, who at first partook their hopes, could not repress forebodings of evil when she remembered that Sigismund was the heir of an ancient and wealthy family. Her fears proved too well founded. When Sigismund, on quitting the university, spoke to his father of his projects, he encountered an insurmountable opposition, and was compelled to postpone them. As often as he could escape from Hildesheim he hurried to Heidelberg, to pass a few days of mingled grief and joy. Michaële never complained; she had always smiles and loving words to welcome Sigismund, but in his absence and in secret she pined away. At last his father died. A week after his funeral the young count was at Heidelberg. It was too late. Michaële was given up by the physicians; three days afterwards she breathed her last. More than once, during those three days of cruel anguish, the dying girl made Sigismund play the melody that had been the origin of their acquaintance, and which they both passionately loved. Often, in happier times, they had sung it together, with joy and gratitude in their hearts. It was an air that Michaële had learned when a child, in the mountains of the Tyrol. It had fixed itself indelibly in her memory, and when she died, in Sigismund's arms, the sweet melody was hovering on her lips.

There is something rather German than French in the strain of the early chapters of *Un Héritage*, but they are a mere prologue to the book, and are unheeded by the dramatist. After the death of his betrothed, Count Sigismund abandoned himself to the most passionate and despairing grief. He remained at Heidelberg with Michaële's mother, who would not quit the spot where she had dwelt with her daughter. She did not long survive her bereavement. Sigismund

followed her to the grave, and returned to Hildesheim, where he lived in complete retirement, avoiding intercourse with his neighbours. He would not be consoled, and lived alone with his sorrow. When this became calmer, he opened his piano and would have played the Tyrolean air he and his departed love had so often repeated. But in vain did he rack his memory and try every note of the instrument. The melody had fled, and would not return. It had departed with the soul of her from whom he had learned it. His long paroxysm of grief had utterly driven it from his recollection.

What does M. Sandeau now, but send his melancholy hero forth, a pilgrim over hill and dale, in quest of the lost melody so inextricably intertwined with the memory of her he had so tenderly and deeply loved. After innumerable efforts to seize the fugitive sounds; after bursts of impatience, anger, almost of frenzy, the enthusiastic Sigismund departed, wandering in search of an old song. The idea is fantastical; it may be deemed far-fetched; but it certainly is not unpoetical.

"He set out for the Tyrol; on the summit of the mountains, in the depths of the valleys, he listened to the songs of the shepherds: no voice repeated the air Michaële sung. After traversing Switzerland and Italy he returned to Germany, and his gentle, touching monomania then assumed a new form. He travelled on foot, like a poor student, listened to every fresh young voice that met his ear as he passed through the villages; in cities, on the public squares, when he saw a crowd gathered round a band of itinerant singers, he joined it, and stirred not from the place until the *al fresco* minstrels had exhausted their musical store. Whilst thus persisting in the pursuit of this Tyrolean air, which fled before him as did Ithaca from Ulysses, it will easily be understood that he paid little attention to the management of his estate. Before commencing his travels, which had lasted several years, he had installed in his castle, two old cousins of his mother, Hedwige and Ulrica von Stolzenfels."

Hereabouts M. Sandeau shelves sen-

timent and the pathetic, and strikes into a vein akin to satire, in which, as he showed us in *Sacs et Parchemins*, and some others of his books, he is by no means less happy. The two old Stolzenfels are a capital sketch. In the whole course of their lives, prolonged to a period it would be ungallant to guess at, they had had but one affection—for a scamp of a nephew, who had ruined them, but whom they still idolised, although hopeless of his conversion to better courses. For this handsome, reckless officer, whose innumerable follies were redeemed, in their partial eyes, by his good looks and prepossessing manners, they had emptied their purses, sold their diamonds, and left themselves with an income barely sufficient for their support. They would not have given a copper to a beggar; for Captain Frederick they would have stripped themselves of their last dollar, and have deemed themselves more than repaid by a visit from him in his full-dress of captain of hussars. When Sigismund offered them apartments in his castle, they gladly accepted them, at first merely as a comfortable home free of cost; but when they observed his absence of mind and his total neglect of his affairs, they formed other projects. By nature and habit haughty and sour to everybody but their beloved hussar, they forced themselves to be gentle and humble with Sigismund. Under pretence of watching over his interests, they gradually assumed the whole management of his house, and soon it might have been supposed that he was the guest and that they were his hostesses. When he set out upon his rambles, Frederick, who was in garrison in a neighbouring town, installed himself at the castle and disposed of everything as though it had been his patrimony, keeping horses, dogs, and huntsmen continually on their legs. The servants, accustomed to obey the two old ladies, and seeing that they obeyed their nephew, obeyed him likewise. Meanwhile Hedwige and Ulrica built castles in the air for their darling; or, it should rather be said, they grasped in imagination the one already built on the broad domain of Hildesheim. Sigismund, they were convinced, could not live long, leading the

strange, wandering, unhappy life he did. Why should he not leave part of his property to Frederick? Why not all? How could it be better bestowed? The hussar, to do him justice, entered into none of their schemes. He drank Sigismund's wine, thinned his preserves, knocked up his horses, and cared for little besides. When Sigismund came home for a few days, the captain made no change in his habits, and the count, for his part, in no way interfered with them.

To the infinite consternation of the old maids, there one day arrived at the castle a distant relative of Sigismund's father, of whom they had heard nothing for many years, and whom they sincerely trusted had departed for a better world. Had a thunderbolt dropped into their aprons they could hardly have been more thunderstruck. Major Bildmann, who had always been rather a loose character, had just lost his last ducat at the gaming-table. In this extremity, Dorothy, his wife, could think of nothing better than to have recourse to Count Sigismund. She was careful not to speak to him of her husband's irregularities, and concocted a little romance about faithless trustees and insolvent bankers, which Sigismund implicitly believed. He was touched by the tale of her misfortunes.

"My mother's two cousins," he said, after listening in silence, "occupy the right wing of the castle; come and install yourself with the major in the left wing. There will still be plenty of room for me."

Dorothy took him at his word. A week afterwards she returned with Major Bildmann, and with little Isaac, an abominable brat whom she had forgotten to mention. This mattered not. Sigismund had again quitted the castle in pursuit of his chimera.

The consternation of a pair of magpies disturbed in the plucking of a pigeon by the sudden swoop of a leash of sparrow-hawks, may give some idea of the feelings of Ulrica and Hedwige at this intrusion upon their territory. There was deadly hatred between the right wing and the left. When Sigismund returned home he did not observe this. The two maiden ladies certainly insinuated that the Bildmanns were no better than they

should be ; and the Bildmanns scrupled not to declare that the Stolzenfels were no great things ; but Sigismund, whilst they spoke, was thinking of his Tyrolese air, and when they paused, he thanked them for having made his house the asylum of every domestic virtue.

Leaving the inmates of Hildesheim to their dissensions and illusions, and passing over a few chapters, we seek a contrast in an humble dwelling in Bavaria's art-loving capital. It is the abode of Franz Müller, the musician, Edith his wife, and Spiegel their friend. Franz and Spiegel had been brought up together, and had passed the flower of their youth in poverty, working and hoping. Franz studied music, Spiegel was passionately fond of painting ; art and friendship scared discouragement from their doors. For the space of three years they wandered on foot, knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand, through Germany and the Tyrol, stopping wherever the beauty of the country tempted them, and purveying, each in his own manner, for the wants of the community. Sometimes Spiegel painted a few portraits, at others Müller gave lessons in singing or on the piano ; or when they arrived in a town on the eve of a great festival, he offered to play the church organ at the next day's solemnity. Art and liberty was their motto. In the course of their wandering existence they visited the most beautiful valleys, the most picturesque mountains, opulent cities, splendid picture galleries, and amassed a treasure of reminiscences for future fireside conversation. They resolved never to marry, lest domestic cares should interfere with their enthusiastic pursuit of art. Spiegel kept his word, but Franz, in a little Tyrolese town, saw and loved Edith. In vain did the painter draw an alarming picture of the inconveniences of matrimony ; Franz married, and thenceforward his friend deemed him lost to art. It was reserved for the gentle Edith to convince Spiegel of the contrary, and to tame his somewhat wild and vagabond nature. When first the newly-married pair settled at Munich, he seldom went to see them, but gradually his visits became more frequent

until one day, he hardly knew how, he found himself dwelling under their roof. In a small house Müller had taken, he had reserved a bedroom and studio for his friend. In that modest abode, situated outside Munich, between a front court whose walls disappeared under a drapery of vines and a little garden crowded with sweet flowers, happy years flew by. Happy, but not prosperous. At first Spiegel had painted pictures, with two or three of which he was tolerably satisfied, whilst Franz pronounced them masterpieces. But they found no purchasers, and the artist, once so ambitious, cheerfully resigned his hopes of fame, and gave drawing lessons. Müller had composed sonatas and a symphony ; they were as unsuccessful as Spiegel's pictures. Vanquished by the innumerable barriers that interpose between a poor and unknown musician and the public, he, too, submitted to give lessons. With strict economy they managed to live, but they laid by nothing ; and Müller was often uneasy when he thought of the future, and of the two beautiful children Edith had born him.

"One evening, during Spiegel's absence from Munich, Franz came home with a more care-laden brow than usual, and Edith sat down to the piano and sung a favourite air, which had more than once dispelled his momentary melancholy. The window was open, and her voice, fresh, pure, and sonorous, was audible outside the house. Franz listened, his gloom gradually softening into reverie, whilst Herman and Margaret rolled upon the carpet like kittens at play. That young woman, whose fair hair fell in abundant tresses upon her bare shoulders—those two fine children, joyously gambolling—the dreamer, whose hand sustained his thoughtful brow, composed a charming picture. Suddenly a stranger appeared, and paused upon the threshold of the apartment. He had entered so gently, that none had heard his steps or now observed his presence. Edith continued her song ; the intruder listened motionless, and in apparent ecstasy, whilst silent tears coursed down his pale cheeks prematurely furrowed by pain or sorrow."

At the stranger's entreaty, Edith again and again repeated the song, which was from her native Tyrol. He listened with deep emotion. By ordinary persons he might have been deemed mad or intrusive, and received accordingly; but he had had the good fortune to fall amongst artists. He passed the evening with them, conversing as kindly and familiarly as though they had been old friends. He found means to draw out Franz, to make him speak of himself, his hopes and wishes, his discouragements and disappointments, his long-cherished desire for fame, his uneasiness about the prospects of his children. Then he asked him to play a piece of his own composition. Müller played one of his best sonatas, to which the stranger listened with the attention of a judge who will not lightly decide. The piece played out, he seemed thoughtful, but said nothing. Poor Müller, who had expected applause, consoled himself by thinking that the eccentric stranger did not understand music. Instead of praising the fine composition he had just heard, the unbidden guest, so kindly welcomed, turned to Edith and asked her for a copy of the Tyrolese air. She had never seen it noted, she said, and doubted that it ever had been, but Franz would note it for him. "Most willingly" was the reply of the good-tempered artist, who could not repress a smile at the ill success of his own performance. In a very few minutes he had covered a sheet of music-paper with spots and scratches. Edith graciously offered it to the stranger. He seized it with an expression of grateful joy, glanced hastily over it, pressed Edith's hand to his lips, cast an affectionate glance at the children, and left the house, as he had entered it, swift and noiseless as a shadow. He had not mentioned his name; his kind hosts had not inquired it; they never saw him again.

On a certain evening, Count Sigismund returned to Hildesheim Castle, after one of his long absences, his countenance lighted up with a mysterious joy. He spoke to no one, put aside the servants who crowded round him, and shut himself up in his apartment. Soon his piano was heard resounding under his fingers; he at last

had found the air he so long had sought. But he did not long enjoy his victory. He had worn himself out in pursuit of his mania. One morning, subsequent to a night during great part of which the piano had been continually heard, a servant entered his room. Sigismund was still seated at the instrument, one hand resting on the keys, the other hanging by his side, his eyes closed, his mouth half open and smiling. He seemed to sleep, but he was dead.

There were present at the reading of Count Sigismund von Hildesheim's last will and testament the two ladies Stolzenfels; Major Bildmann, a broken-down gambler of braggadocio air and vinous aspect; his wife Dorothy, whose thin pale lips, and sharp, hooked nose, gave her no small resemblance to a bird of prey; and their son Isaac, a horrible urchin with the profile of a frog and a head of scrubby white hair, who, having been ordered by his mother to behave decorously and look sorrowful, had given his features a sulky twist, which considerably augmented their naturally evil expression. The opposed camps of Bildmann and Stolzenfels observed each other with dislike and distrust. After some waiting, the gallop of a horse was heard, and Captain Frederick entered whip in hand, and his boots covered with dust. All who were interested being thus assembled, Master Gottlieb broke the seals of the will, which the count had deposited in his keeping a month before his death. Divested of customary formalities and of preliminary compliments to the family, the contents of the document were in substance as follows:—

"My mother's two cousins, Hedwige and Ulrica von Stolzenfels, have at all times shown me the most disinterested affection. To leave me more leisure and liberty, they have kindly taken the management of my house, and have superintended, with unceasing zeal and activity, that of my estates. Frederick, by his youth and gaiety, has enlivened my dwelling. To him I am indebted for the only cheerful moments I for many years have known. Since their establishment under my roof, the Stolzenfels have proved themselves my affectionate and devoted friends; their

conduct has excited my admiration and respect, and I desire they should know that I duly appreciate it."

About this time Hedwige and Ulrica seemed to grow several inches taller, and cast a triumphant glance at the major and Dorothy. As to Frederick, who, since the reading began, had been sketching with the point of his horse-whip, upon the dusty surface of one of his boots, a likeness of Master Gottlieb, he gave the last touch to his work, and commenced upon the other foot the portrait of Isaac. The notary continued.

"The straightforward frankness and integrity of Major Bildmann have been, I here declare, a great consolation to me, after the deceptions of all kinds that I experienced in my youth. Mrs. Bildmann has vied with my mother's cousins in zeal and devotedness. The complete absence of all self-interested views has given a noble and affecting character to their rivalry. In return for so much attention and care, they neither asked nor expected other reward than my affection. The Bildmanns have an equal right with the Stolzenfels to my gratitude."

This became puzzling. A division of the property was the most natural inference. Master Gottlieb, dubious where to seek the rising sun, smiled benignly on all around. Urged by the impatient hussar, he resumed the reading of the will.

"At Munich, at No. 9, in the street of the Armourers, lives a young musician, Franz Müller by name. He has hitherto contrived, by hard work, by giving lessons, to support his wife and children, who tenderly love him. But Müller is no ordinary musician; and his genius, to develop itself, needs but leisure. It is to him, Franz Müller, residing at Munich, at No. 9, in the street of the Armourers, that I bequeath my entire property."

It is highly improbable that Master Gottlieb's peaceable parlour had ever before been the scene of such an uproar as this paragraph of the will occasioned. The major, Dorothy, and the two old maids, were for attacking the document on the ground of the testator's insanity; but Frederick, who could not restrain his laughter at this eccentric close to an eccentric life, firmly opposed this, and the bullying

major quailed before his resolute tone and mien. Franz Müller not being present, Master Gottlieb no longer troubled himself to smile on anybody; but, in an authoritative tone, called attention to the closing passages of the will.

"Desiring," the singular document proceeded, "to insure, after my death, the welfare of my farmers and servants, which I feel that I have neglected too much during my life, I make it a condition of my bequest that Franz Müller shall inhabit the castle for nine months of every year, and dismiss none of my people. As to my dear relatives, the Stolzenfels and the Bildmanns, nothing is to be changed in their manner of life, and they are to inhabit the castle as heretofore. Wishing to insure their independence, it is my will that Müller shall annually pay to Ulrica von Stolzenfels one thousand florins; to Hedwige von Stolzenfels one thousand florins; to Frederick von Stolzenfels one thousand florins; to Major Bildmann two thousand florins, with reversion, in case of his death, to Dorothy Bildmann. And that he should take from his first year's revenue a sum of ten thousand florins, the interest on which is to be allowed to accumulate until the majority of Isaac, to whom interest and capital are then to be paid over.

"I give to Frederick von Stolzenfels the free use of my horses and dogs, with right of chase over my estates.

"I annex to my present will a Tyrolese air; I desire that it may be engraved on my tomb and serve as my epitaph."

After listening to this strange document, which they declared worthy to have proceeded from a lunatic asylum, the ladies had no appetite for Master Gottlieb's collation. The major would gladly have tried the contents of the cobwebbed bottles, but his wife dragged him away, Frederick sprang upon his horse and galloped off, taking with him upon his boots the portraits of Isaac and the notary. This functionary, finding himself deserted by his guests, called in his head clerk to help him to drink the health of the absent legatee.

Poor, well-meaning, simple-minded Count Sigismund would have turned in his grave had he known all the

mischievous and unhappiness, envy, hatred, and discord, of which his extraordinary will sowed the seed and gave the signal. The journey from Munich to Hildesheim was, for Franz and Edith, a series of enchanting dreams. There was but one drawback to their joy; Spiegel had refused to accompany them. "No more drudgery, no more lessons!" Müller had enthusiastically exclaimed, when a letter from Master Gotglieb, expressing a hope of the continuance of the Hildesheim patronage, and enclosing a copy of the will, tied with blue ribbons, confirmed the intimation of good fortune he had already gleaned from a newspaper paragraph. "The world belongs to us; we are kings of the earth! You shall paint pictures, I will compose symphonies and operas; we will fill Germany with our fame." And he formed innumerable projects. Their life thenceforward was to be a fairy scene, a delightful and perpetual alternation of refined enjoyments and artistic toil. Edith partook her husband's enthusiasm; Spiegel at first said nothing, and when he did speak he gave his friends to understand that he could not share their prosperity. He did not like new faces; he preferred the cottage at Munich to the abode of a castle, and was proof against all entreaties. Franz and Edith secretly resolved to buy the little house as a gift to their friend. In nine months they would return to see him, and perhaps when they again set out for Hildesheim, he would consent to accompany them. Whilst preparing for departure, and burning useless papers, Franz laid his hand upon the only symphony he had found time to write. Carefully turning over its leaves, with a disdainful air, he was about to toss it into the fire, when Spiegel seized his arm, and rescued the composition.

Müller had written to the Hildesheim steward to announce his arrival, and to forbid all pomp, ceremony, and public rejoicings on the occasion. He thought his instructions too literally carried out, when, upon reaching, some hours after nightfall, the huge gates of the castle, all decorated with stag's horns, boars' tusks, and wolves' heads, he found no servant to receive him, not a light on the walls or in the windows, not a torch in the gloomy

avenues of the park. After the postilion had cracked his whip, and wound his horn for the better part of half an hour, a glimmering light appeared, a clanking of keys was heard, and the gates, slowly opening, disclosed the sour visage of Wurm the steward, muttering maledictions on the untimely visitors. Upon learning who they were, and at the rather sharp injunction of Müller, who was exasperated at the delay, he made what haste he could to awaken the servants, and ushered his new master and mistress into their apartments—immense rooms, nearly bare of furniture; for, even during Sigismund's life-time, the Stolzenfels and Bildmann, taking advantage of his frequent absence of mind, and from the castle, had stripped that part of the castle he had reserved for his own use. Edith mentally contrasted the vast gloomy walls with her snug abode at Munich, and thought it would have been but kind had the ladies Stolzenfels and Mrs. Bildmann been there to receive her. But a night's rest, a brilliant morning, and the view of the immense lawns and rich foliage of the park, effaced the first unpleasant impression, and, having previously sent to know when they could be received, she and her husband presented themselves in the apartments of Hedwige and Ulrica. On their entrance, the two old ladies, who were seated in the embrasure of a window, half rose from their seats, resumed them almost immediately, and pointed to chairs with a gesture rather disdainful than polite. Poor Edith, who, in the innocence of her heart, had expected smiling countenance and a friendly welcome, felt herself frozen by their vinegar aspect. She turned red, then pale, and knew not what to say. Müller, without noticing the ladies' looks, recited a little speech he had prepared for the occasion, expressive of his gratitude to Count Sigismund for having bequeathed him, in addition to his estates, his amiable family. He begged and insisted that they would change nothing in their mode of life, &c., &c. Why should they change anything? was Ulrica's sharp and haughty reply; the count had left them by his will what he had given them in his life-time; they had their rights and asked

nothing beyond them. Hedwige pitched it in rather a lower key. Their tastes were very simple. They had sought neither applause nor luxury at Hildesheim. Count Sigismund had always put his carriage and horses at their disposal. Müller hoped they would continue to make use of them. They were lovers of solitude, Hedwige continued, of silence and meditation. With Count Sigismund's consent they had planted a quickset hedge round a little corner of the park—not more than two or three acres. It would pain them, she confessed, to give up this little enclosure, whither they repaired to indulge their evening reveries. Franz eagerly assured them that none should disturb them in their retreat. Having obtained these assurances, and repelled, with chilling stiffness, Edith's warm-hearted advances, the amiable spinsters relapsed into silence, which all their visitors' efforts were insufficient to induce them to break, until the upset of a table of old china, occasioned by the gambols of Herman and a black cat, effectually roused them from their assumed apathy. The Müllers beat a retreat and went to call on Major Bildmann and his wife, whom they surprised in the midst of a domestic squabble—a circumstance itself sufficient, had others been wanting, to secure them a surly reception. Franz's mild and gentle bearing encouraged the Major to assume his most impertinent tone, whilst his falcon-faced spouse ventured offensive innuendoes as to the real motives of Count Sigismund's will—innuendoes whose purport was utterly unsuspected by the pure-hearted Müllers. Here, too, there was an enclosure in the case, where the major cultivated the flowers his dear Dorothy preferred, and where the infant Isaac loved to disport himself. As an old soldier, Major Bildmann added, he loved the chase, which was the image of war. The count had allowed him the range of his preserves. Müller eagerly confirmed him in all his privileges. On quitting the Bildmann wing he found Wurm waiting for him to pass the servants in review. He made them an affecting little speech, by which they seemed very little affected. Then Wurm named them. There was Mrs. Bildmann's waiting-

maid and the major's valet, the servants of the ladies Stolzenfels, the cooks of the right and left wings, Isaac's nurse, Major Bildmann's butler, Captain Frederick's grooms and huntsmen, &c., &c. Müller inquired for his own servants—those that had been Count Sigismund's. They were all before him. The two wings had swallowed up the body. Wurm felt secretly surprised at a musician's needing servants when the count had done without them. Müller dryly informed him that Count Sigismund's servants were his, and that he made him responsible for their attention to his service. He said nothing to Edith of this strange scene, and tried to dissipate the painful impressions she had brought away from their two visits, by praising the major's military frankness, and the aristocratic bearing of the sisters. But he was at a loss to explain why the apartments of the Stolzenfels and Bildmanns were richly and sumptuously furnished and decorated, whilst those the owners of the castle occupied exhibited little beside bare walls. Meanwhile the right and left wings, between whom there had been a sort of hollow alliance since the reading of the will, assembled in conclave. Never was there such a voiding of venom. The self-same idea had occurred to all these disappointed and charitable relations. Edith's beauty at once explained the count's frequent absence from home and his unjust will. She was the syren that had led him astray. Little Margaret was his very image. It was a crying shame, a burning scandal. The old maids clasped their hands and rolled their eyes. Ulrica was for attacking the will on the ground of immoral influence and captivation. The major had always been of the same opinion, but Frederick would not agree, and nothing should induce the major to fight a member of his family. The fact was, notwithstanding his Bobadil airs, Major Bildmann had very little fancy for fighting with anybody. The council broke up, all its members declaring they would quit the castle sullied by the presence of these adventurers—all fully resolved to remain and to wait the course of events.

We must compress into a few lines

the leading incidents of the second half of *Un Héritage*. Müller had not been a month at the castle, when great annoyances succeeded to the petty disagreeables he had encountered on his first arrival. Master Wolfgang the Hildesheim lawyer was his evil genius. There was a certain lawsuit, that had already lasted through three generations, in which, as Count Sigismund's heir, he found himself entangled. The whole matter in dispute was but half an acre of land, which Müller would gladly have abandoned, but Wolfgang proved to him, as clear as day, the impropriety of so doing, the disrespect to the memory of the late count, and so forth—and, the most cogent argument of all, he exhibited to him the sum total of the costs he would have to pay if he admitted himself vanquished. It was an alarming figure, and ready money was not abundant with Müller, whom the Stolzenfels and Bildmanns dunned for their first year's annuity and for the legacy to little Isaac; who had to pay for extensive repairs of the castle, for the costly mausoleum which, in the first effusion of his gratitude, he had ordered for count Sigismund, and various other charges. So the lawsuit went on—the delight of Master Wolfgang, and a daily drain upon Müller's purse. The harvest was bad, the farmers asked for time, and grumbled when worse terms than their own were proposed to them. Careless Count Sigismund had spoiled all around him by letting them do as they liked, and Müller's greater activity and vigilance, and his attempts to check fraud and speculation, speedily earned him the ill-will of the whole neighbourhood. Gentle-hearted Edith, anxious to expend a portion of her sudden wealth in improving the condition of the poor, was soon disgusted by their ingratitude, and was utterly at a loss to understand the chilling looks, ironical smiles, and mysterious whisperings of which she was the object whenever she went beyond the limits of her own park, to which she soon confined herself. Her servants showed no sense of the kindness with which she treated them; they, too, had adopted and spread the vile rumours first set abroad by the malice

of the two vixen spinsters and of the Bildmanns, with respect to the count's real motives for bequeathing his estates to the Müllers. Fortunately it was impossible for Edith, who was purity itself, ever to suspect the real cause of the ill-will shown to her. Captain Frederick, when his regimental duties permitted him to visit the castle, discovered at a first interview, with a rake's usual clear-sightedness in such matters, the utter falseness of the injurious reports in circulation. He became a constant visitor to the Müllers, and was in fact their only friend and resource in the solitude in which they lived; for the neighbouring squires, the *hobereaus* of the country around, had not returned Müller's visits, nor taken any notice of him beyond attacking him at law; some upon a question of water-power, which he had innocently diminished by winding a stream that ran through his grounds, others for damage done to their fields, by the trespasses of the Hildesheim hounds, followed by Captain Frederick and his huntmen. Nor was this all—there was discord yet nearer home; Müller's children, having trespassed upon the Bildmanns' private garden, were brutally ejected by the major, whom Müller angrily reproached. The major bullied and insisted upon satisfaction, which Franz, exasperated by a long series of annoyances, was perfectly willing to give him, and a duel would have ensued had not the major, when he saw that the musician, as he contemptuously called him, meant to fight, sent an apology. It was accepted, but next day Müller ordered his three gardeners to root up and clear away the hedges of the Stolzenfels and Bildmann enclosures. The knaves remonstrated and finally refused, and, when dismissed, they refused to go, alleging that the late count's will deprived Müller of the power of sending them away. More work for the lawyers. Müller sent for labourers, and the hedges disappeared. Notices of action from the ladies Stolzenfels and Major Bildmann. The villain Wolfgang chuckled and rubbed his hands, upon which he had now six lawsuits for Müller's account. In the count's crack-brained will, drawn up by himself, without

legal advice, the letter was everywhere at variance with the spirit. Müller's apartment was encumbered with law papers; he could not sit down to his piano, to seek oblivion of his cares in his beloved art, without being interrupted by Wolfgang's parchment physiognomy. As for composition, it was out of the question: he had no time for it, nor was his harassed mind attuned to harmony. He became morose and fanciful, jealous of the hussar's attention to Edith, who, for her part, grieved to see her husband so changed, and sighed for the cottage at Munich, where Spiegel, meanwhile, had worked hard, had sold some pictures, had paid the rent that Franz, in the midst of his troubles, had forgotten to remit to him, and had purchased, with the fruits of his own toil and talent, the little dwelling of which, when their prosperity first burst upon them, the Müllers had planned to make him a present. The contrast was striking between anticipation and realization.

No schoolboy ever more eagerly longed for "breaking-up" day, than did Müller for the termination of his nine-month's compulsory abode at Hildesheim. It came at last, and he and Edith and their children were free to quit the scene of strife and weariness, and to return to Munich and to Spiegel. On making up the accounts of the year, Müller found that, out of the whole princely revenue of the estates, he had but a thousand florins left. He had lived little better than at Munich (much less happily), and had committed no extravagance; annuities, legacies, repairs, monument, did not account for half the sum expended; all the rest had gone in law expenses. There remained about enough to pay travelling charges to Munich. Müller sent for Wolfgang, forbade him to begin any new lawsuit in his absence, and departed. He found a warm welcome at the cottage. Spiegel received his friends with open arms, and three happy months passed rapidly away. Upon the last day, when Edith and Franz were looking ruefully forward to their return to Hildesheim's grandeur and countless disagreeables, Spiegel insisted upon their accompanying him to the performance of a new sym-

phony, concerning which the 'musical world of Munich was in a state of considerable excitement. The piece, it was mysteriously related, was from the pen of a deceased composer, was of remarkable originality and beauty, and had been casually discovered amongst a mass of old papers. The concert-room was crowded. At the first bars of the music, Müller thought he recognized familiar sounds, and presently every doubt was dissipated. It was his own composition—the despised symphony he had been about to destroy, but which Spiegel had rescued. The audience, at the close of each part, were rapturous in their applause. When the finale had been played, the composer's name was called for with acclamations. The leader of the orchestra advanced, and proclaimed that of Franz Müller.

A few days later, Master Gottlieb the notary received a letter from the lord of Hildesheim. "According to the stipulations of the will," Müller wrote, "I am bound to inhabit the castle of Hildesheim for nine months in the year. I remain at Munich and forfeit my right to the property." Forthwith began a monster lawsuit, one of the finest Master Wolfgang had known in the whole course of his experience. It was between the Bildmanns and the Stolzenfels. It lasted ten years. The major and Dorothy died before it was decided. Isaac fell from a tree, when stealing fruit, and broke his neck. The Stolzenfels triumphed. The hussar redoubled his extravagance. The estate, already encumbered with law expenses, was sold to pay his debts. Ulrica and Hedwige died in poverty.

It ought surely not to have been difficult for practised dramatists to construct a pleasant and piquant comedy out of the leading idea and plentiful incidents of this amusing novel, which is by no means the less to be esteemed because it boldly deviates from the long-established routine, which demands a marriage as the wind-up of every book of the class. It is much more common in France than in England for playwrights to seek their subjects in novels of the day, and it is then customary, often indispensable, to take great liberties both with plot and characters,

and sometimes to retain little besides the main idea of the book. Upon that idea there is of course no prohibition against improving, but authors who vary it for the worse, manifestly do themselves a double injury, because the public, familiar with the merits of the book, are disgusted to find it deteriorated in the play. They look for something better, not worse, in the second elaboration of the subject, and certainly they have a right to do so, and to be dissatisfied when the contrary is the case. In the present instance, a most unpleasant play has been based upon a good novel. In Emile Augier, M. Sandeau has taken to himself a dangerous *collaborateur*. He should have dramatised *Un Héritage* unassisted—as he dramatised, with such happy results, his novel of *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*. That is a most successful instance of the French style of adaptation to the stage. There, too, as in the present case, great liberties have been taken. In two out of the four acts, scarcely anything is to be traced of the novel, which has as tragical an ending as the comedy has a cheerful and pleasant one. But the whole tenor of the play was genial and sympathetic. In the *Pierre de Touche*, as the present comedy is called, the reverse is the case, and no wonder that its cynical and exaggerated strain jarred on the feelings of the usually quiet audience at the *Française*, and elicited hisses rarely heard within those decorous walls, where silence and empty benches are the only tokens the public usually give of its disapprobation. From our acquaintance with M. Sandeau's writings, we do not think that he would of himself have perpetrated such a repulsive picture of human nature as he has produced in combination with M. Augier. They have obliterated or distorted most of the best features of the novel. In *Un Héritage*, the character of Franz Müller is at once pleasing and natural. He is not represented as perfect—he has his failings and weaknesses like any other mortal, and they are exhibited in the book, although we have not, in the outline we have traced of it, had occasion to give them prominence. But his heart is sound to the last. Wealth may momentarily bewilder, but it does not

pervert him. He is true to his affections, and has the sense and courage to accept honourable toil as preferable to a fortune embittered by anxiety and dissension. The reader cannot help respecting him, and feeling pained at his countless vexations and annoyances. No such sympathy is possible with the Franz of the play, who is the most contemptible of mortals. A more unpleasant character was probably never introduced into any book, and it is untrue to nature, for it has not a single redeeming point. The authors have personified and concentrated in it the essences of heartlessness, selfishness, and of the most paltry kind of pride. Somewhat indolent, and with a latent spark of envy in his nature, the needy artist, converted into a millionaire, suddenly displays his evil instincts. Their growth is as supernaturally rapid as that of noxious weeds in a tropical swamp. The play opens in the cottage at Munich. Edith, Franz's cousin, is not yet married to him. An orphan, she had been brought up by his father, at whose death Franz took charge of her. She was then a child, and Franz and Spiegel hardly perceived that she had become a woman until they were reminded of it by the passion with which she inspired both of them. Spiegel, a noble character, generously sacrifices to his friend's happiness his own unsuspected love. Edith (the names are changed in the play, but we retain them to avoid confusion) is affianced to her cousin, and on the eve of marriage. Just then comes the fortune. The authors have substituted for the Bildmanns and Stolzenfels an elderly spendthrift baron and an intriguing margravine and her pretty daughter. The love passages in the life of the deceased count are cancelled, and he is represented as an eccentric old gentleman, passionately fond of music, and cherishing a great contempt for his very distant relations, to whom he leaves only a moderate annuity. They have scarcely become acquainted with Franz when they discern the weak points in his character and conspire to profit by them. Treated with cutting contempt, as a mere *parvenu*, by the haughty nobility of Bavaria, Franz's pride boils over, and he con-

sents to be adopted by the baron and converted into the Chevalier de Berg-hausen, at the immoderate price of the payment of the old *roué* nobleman's debts. He finds Spiegel a wearisome Mentor; to his diseased vision Edith appears awkward contrasted with the courtly dames he now encounters. Their marriage is postponed from week to week, by reason of the journeys and other steps necessary to establish Franz in the ranks of the nobility of the land. Titled, and with armorial bearings that date from the crusades, how much more fitting an alliance, the baron perfidiously suggests, would be that of the margravine, who graciously condescends to intimate her possible acceptance of him as a son-in-law. We are shown the gangrene of selfishness and vanity daily spreading its corruption through his soul. He quarrels with his honest, generous friend, slights his affianced bride, and finally falls completely into the clutches of the intriguers who beset him. His very dog, poor faithful Spark, (his dog and Spiegel's)—which, as the painter, with tears in his eyes and a cheek pale with anger and honest indignation, passionately reminds him—had slept on his feet and been his comfort and companion in adversity—is killed by his order because he did not appreciate the difference between castle and cottage, but took his ease upon the dainty satin sofas at Hildesheim as upon the rush mat at Munich. Edith, compelled to despise the man she had loved, preserves her

womanly dignity, and breaks off the projected marriage just as the last glimmer of honour and affection are on the point of being extinguished in her cousin's bosom by the dictates of a despicable vanity. The curtain falls, leaving him in the hands of his hollow friends, and allowing the spectator to foresee the union of Edith and Spiegel. Not one kindly touch of natural feeling redeems Franz's faithlessness to his friend, and to his love his ingratitude—for he would many a day have been hungry, if not houseless, but for the generous toil of Spiegel, who had devoted himself to the drudgery of teaching, that Franz might have leisure to mature the genius for which his partial friend gave him exaggerated credit—his false pride and his ridiculous vanity. He is left rich, but miserable. That which he has wilfully lost can be dispelled neither by the enjoyments wealth procures, nor by the false friends who hang on him but to plunder him. In their vindication, the authors insist on "the terrible morality" of their *denouement*. We admit it, but do not the less persist in the opinion that their play, although by no means devoid of wit and talent, leaves a most painful and disagreeable impression upon the mind. It presents the paradoxical and complicated phenomenon of a comedy which has been censured by press and public and yet continues to be performed; which draws tolerably numerous audiences, and is invariably received with symptoms of disapprobation.

NEWS FROM THE FARM.

"THE Ayrshire Ploughman," glorious Burns, tells us that the muse of his country found him, as Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him. Grateful Caledonia sent her inspired child to an excise office! and in the discriminating patronage the wits of Grub Street found material for interminable sneers. Did the Southern, however, reward the author of the "Farmer's Boy," and indicate their appreciation of the many fine passages that grace his "News from the Farm," by a wiser or more generous patronage? The minister of the day (Lord Sidmouth, if we remember rightly) did bestow upon the poet some most paltry and ungenial office; but alas! poor Bloomfield died neglected in the straits of penury, and under the clouds of dejection. It had been better indeed, in every way, could it have been so arranged that the marvellous Robin should have been allowed to sing his lyrics

— "In glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain
side."

and that Bloomfield had been permitted to indite more "News from the Farm" amid the pleasant rural scenes that nursed his pastoral muse. But the patronage of genius has never been successful. Unusual peril seems the heritage of high gifts, and to minister rightly to such a man as Burns or Bloomfield is no easy task. It is not so with ordinary men, whose intellectual and imaginative powers harmonise with the common duties of their station, and raise no splendid incongruities to be subdued and regulated. But it is not with inspired ploughmen that our country gentlemen and tenant-farmers are called upon to deal, but with men of common clay—with the brawny peasants who till their fields and tend their herds, and whose toil has turned the sterile North into a garden of Ceres. Have

our agricultural labourers been neglected—have their physical well-being and their moral and educational training been overlooked and left uncared for, while the classes above them and around them have had their comforts and privileges, moral and social, infinitely multiplied? This were indeed sad "news from the farm;" but although this were unhappily proved to be true, we are not then prepared to pronounce sweeping censure upon the parties apparently most nearly implicated in the degradation of our rural population. Many, very many, of the owners and occupants of the soil, we know, are deeply alive to the duties which they owe to the labouring poor who live under them, and discharge them to the best of their ability, although not, it may be, to the extent their benevolent wishes would desire. The question that may be raised on such a subject is not, Have our rural labourers been left stationary while the classes above them have all been elevated in their social condition? but rather, Are they worse off, and do they enjoy fewer advantages, than those in the same class of life—the industrious poor who inhabit our large cities and manufacturing towns and villages? Is the ploughman in his bothy unfurnished with table or chair, and the peasant in his "clay-built biggin," damp and smoky though it be, more miserably accommodated with the comforts and conveniences of life than the haggard sons of toil, who are doomed to burrow in the murky lanes and blind alleys of our teeming seats of merchandise? Does the brawny arm and ruddy complexion of the ploughman bespeak deficient food or raiment, and manifest such dubious symptoms of health as the pinched countenance and pallid complexion of the attenuated artisans who live in "populous city pent?" Yes, responds promptly the inhabitant of the city; but that robust health is not due to the miserable bothy and the mud cabin, but to the pure air of the

Agricultural Labourers as they were, are, and ought to be, in their Social Condition. By the Rev. HARRY STUART, A.M., Minister of Oathlaw.

country, and the breezy gales of incense-breathing morn, and the healthful toil of the open field, which are the uncharted boons of a gracious Heaven, and in no respect the gifts of the lords of the soil. In the rejoinder of Mr. Urbanus there is no doubt substantial truth; but that very rejoinder, perhaps, contains an explanation of the neglect pointed at. The robust health of the peasant has not admonished the country gentleman of duty neglected, and no emaciated frame and loop-holed raggedness have appealed to his sympathies and rebuked his indifference. The opulent inhabitants of our cities have been addressed in a different strain, and the deadly typhus and the inscrutable plague of Asia have been the stern preachers to which they have been doomed to listen. If they have led the van in reformatory and sanitary measures for improving the social condition of the industrious poor, it is not very evident that their philanthropy has been quite spontaneous, or that it has been altogether uninfluenced by considerations suggested by a regard to their own personal safety and selfish interest. Those who may be disposed to range the country against the town, or curious to strike the balance of merit in the field of philanthropic enterprise betwixt our merchant princes and our country gentlemen, may prosecute such inquiries as have been indicated if they please; but for ourselves, we have no taste for such unprofitable investigation, and would rather lend a helping hand to a most interesting movement that has been lately originated towards improving the social condition of our agricultural labourers—a most loyal and peaceful race, forming, upon the whole, the best-conditioned part of the industrious classes of the kingdom.

Thanks to the Rev. Harry Stuart, of Oathlaw, if not for having originated the movement, for having at least given it a most unquestionable impetus, and for indicating the direction which it ought to take. We have read his *Agricultural Labourers, &c.*, with remarkable interest and pleasure—a pleasure very different, and we believe much higher, than the most elaborate writing of the most

brilliant pamphleteer could have given us. Mr. Stuart, indeed, has nothing of the *littérateur* about him, and his style is the very reverse of artistic. He tells us that his appeal has been “got up in great haste,” but we scarcely think it could have been better had more time been devoted to its composition. It had been no improvement, in our estimation, had his *Essay* been tricked out in rhetorical embroidery, and been embellished with well-poised and finely-polished periods. We are quite sick of the flash and sparkle of the journalists, of their stilted eloquence and startling antithesis. The editor of every country newspaper writes nowadays as grandly as Macaulay, and apes to the very life “the long-resounding march and energy divine” of Burke and Bolingbroke. It is really a relief in these times to be spoken to in plain, natural, homespun English. When an honest gentleman has anything of importance to communicate, for ourselves we are very well pleased that he should use the vernacular, and address us in simple Anglo-Saxon. This is exactly what Mr. Stuart has done. He writes from a full heart, and is manifestly so possessed with his theme that he has had no time to think of the belles-lettres and the art rhetorical. The minister of Oathlaw is peradventure no popular orator, and has never probably paraded himself on the platform, and his name is in all likelihood unknown to the sermon-fanciers of Edinburgh, but nevertheless he is quite a pastor to our taste. Living without pride amongst his people, going from house to house, knowing well the trials of every household, a patient listener to the homely annals of the poor, catechising the young, exhorting the unruly, helping the aged to trim their lamps and gird up their loins, we can understand how well and how quietly this worthy clergyman discharges the duties of the pastorate, reaping a nobler guerdon in the love of those amongst whom he lives and labours than ever the noisy trump of fame blew into ambition's greedy ear. We rejoice to think that there are many such pastors in our country parishes, who, with their families, constitute sympathetic links of kindly communication betwixt the

rich and the poor, and from whom, as from centres of civilization, are shed on all around the gentle lights of literary refinement and Christian charity. These are the men who form the strength of our Established Church, and not her doctors and dignitaries; and, indeed, over our retired rural parishes it is evident that nothing but an endowed resident parochial clergy can permanently exert the beneficent influence of the pastoral office.

The origin of Mr. Stuart's address he states as follows: He became a member of the Forfarshire Agricultural Association upon the understanding, that the improvement of the social condition of the agricultural labourers was to be one of the objects to which the Association should direct its attention. Such seems to have been the intention of the society, or at least its committee were so ready to welcome the idea, that they forthwith asked Mr. Stuart to address them upon the subject, and he did so accordingly. His auditors were so pleased, and, it may be, so instructed, that they requested the author to publish his address; and under the auspices of the Forfarshire Association it has been given to the world.

We have often thought that each of our counties has a distinct character of its own, and is distinguished by features peculiar to itself. While the Forfarshire coast has its populous towns, the seats of mercantile enterprise, and of thriving manufactures, the county has likewise been long eminent for its agriculture. By the symmetry and beauty of his Angusshire "doddies," Hugh Watson of Keillor has made the county famous for its cattle. In Forfarshire, Henry Stephens practised the art which he has so admirably illustrated in his book. The son of a small farmer in this county, while a student at college, invented and elaborated, without aid or patronage, in a rude workshop, that reaper which American ambition has now so covered with fame. Forfarshire gentlemen, although non-resident, are not disposed to forget the claims of their native county, and by means of "the Angusshire Society" they annually distribute among its schools numerous prizes, thus countenancing the cause

of education throughout the county, stimulating its ingenious youth to exertion, and animating its teachers in their honourable toil. And now the Forfarshire Agricultural Society, under the mild appeals of the Pastor of Oathlaw, have led the way in organising an association for raising the social condition of the agricultural labourers of the kingdom. So all hail to old Angus!—and may her proprietors, pastors, and tenant-farmers long be eminent in their spheres of duty, and cordially unite in the field of benevolent enterprise.

Mr. Stuart's pamphlet has been extensively read by landed proprietors and the better classes of our farmers. We wish it were universally so by these parties; and we wish, too, it were read and inwardly digested by the factors and agents to whom our large proprietors have committed the conduct of their business, and the care of their properties, and the welfare of those who cultivate them. It is impossible to read the speeches of the most interesting meeting held here on the 10th January last, and presided over by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, without feeling that Mr. Stuart's pamphlet has literally proved "news from the farm" to very many of the owners and occupiers of the soil—the very parties who ought to know best the habits and discomforts of our agricultural labourers. It is very remarkable, indeed, that the Duke of Buccleuch seems accurately informed upon the subject; that he has personally inspected the dwellings of the agricultural labourers on his estate; and that he has personally issued instructions regarding the improvement of their cottages. Considering the territorial extent of his Grace's estates, and the varied and momentous interests that claim and receive his Grace's attention, his conduct and example, as well as his benevolent and patriotic words, will carry a severer reproof to those landowners who shall hereafter continue indifferent to the comfort and welfare of the labourers, than the most biting speech of the most pungent pamphleteer. Why, it may be asked, has Mr. Stuart been left to make such a discovery? Why did the tenant-farmers, who are daily witnessing

with their own eyes the discomforts of the agricultural labourers, who are most deeply interested in their physical and moral condition, and to whom Providence has more immediately committed the care of their interests—why did they not complain, and call for some amelioration of an evil so discreditable? But the fact is that such men as Messrs. Watson, Finnie, Cowie, and many others we might name, have never ceased to avail themselves of every opportunity of directing attention to the condition of our agricultural labourers, but they have heretofore, for the most part, addressed themselves to unprepared and reluctant audiences. Moreover, for many years our tenant-farmers have been struggling with such difficulties of their own, as have left them little time or inclination for devising expedients for improving the condition of their labourers. And it is likewise to be remembered that many of the farmers are themselves so little elevated above the peasantry in point of education and habits and domestic tastes, that it would be idle to expect that they should see any necessity for elevating the condition of the agricultural labourers.

This class of tenants must consider the present movement as fantastic, and absurd, and uncalled for, and they will prove, we fear, the greatest obstructions in the way of its success. So that if the truth is to be spoken many proprietors would require first to improve the habits and elevate the character of their tenantry, before they attempt to elevate the social condition of their agricultural labourers. The nearer the tenant approaches the labourer in point of education and social habits, the more careless and indifferent is the former to the comforts of the latter, and the less inclined to ameliorate his condition. We think it by no means an impossible thing that there are not a few farmers throughout Scotland who are looking upon the present movement in behalf of our rural labourers not only as savouring of idle sentimentalism, but who are contemplating it with a jealous eye, as an attempt of the proprietors to place the condition of the servant upon the same platform with that of the master. There is, indeed, a class

of small farmers, highly estimable and worthy, and quite fit, in respect of capital, for their position, who cultivate their possessions by means of their own families, aided by perhaps one or two servant-lads. In these cases the servants live truly as members of the family, and are treated as such; and this is the farm-service which, above all others, virtuous and thoughtful parents desire for their children.

The tenant-farmers are, probably, likewise prepared to rebut any charge of indifference brought against them, by stating that they have found so great difficulty in getting proper house-accommodation for their own families, and suitable and enlarged farm-buildings to enable them satisfactorily to carry on the business of the farm, and to meet the requirements of an improved husbandry, that the idea of asking a better style of cottages for their labourers would have been Utopian. The farmer, too, has but a temporary interest in the land, and but a temporary connection with the agricultural labourers upon his farm; and with more immediate wants and difficulties of his own to contend with, to suppose that he should expostulate with a reluctant proprietor, and set himself devotedly to improve and remodel the houses of his labourers, is to expect from him an extent of philanthropic enthusiasm quite uncommon, and, therefore, quite unreasonable. The landowner occupies a very different position—but, however inexplicable it may seem, he has not hitherto had his attention directed to the cottages of the labouring poor upon his estate. This confession of previous ignorance was ingenuously made by the speakers at the Edinburgh meeting, and we believe that they did not misrepresent the information upon the subject that had hitherto generally prevailed among the landed proprietors of Scotland. Lord Kinnaird, at a meeting of the "Dundee Model Lodging-House Association," on 13th January, expressed himself as follows: "Until he had read that pamphlet (Mr. Stuart's), he had had no right idea of the bothies on his estate. Thinking such a matter was an arrangement purely between the farmer and his labourers, he had

not visited them till lately; but having now done so, he felt they were a reproach to him, and must be improved." And yet Lord Kinnaid resides for the most part upon his estate—he takes an anxious and most kindly interest in the moral, educational, and physical wellbeing of the people who live upon it,—and having such an acknowledgment from a nobleman so benevolent and active, the irresistible inference is, that other proprietors in his position are not only ignorant of the bothies, but of the condition of the cottages upon their properties.

It appears from Mr. Stuart, that the parochial clergy, the body to which he belongs, have for many years had their attention anxiously directed towards the case of the agricultural labourers. He tells us that the synods of Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, and Angus and Mearns have instituted inquiries regarding their condition—these inquiries being chiefly intended, as might have been expected, to ascertain the moral, religious, and educational state of our labourers, although the effects of the bothy system and of feeding-markets upon the social condition of servants are likewise investigated. Through the courtesy of a clerical correspondent, we have before us reports from twenty-seven parishes in Morayshire, in answer to a series of questions circulated by the synod of Moray in 1848, as well as a copy of the *Elgin Courier*, April 1848, containing a very full discussion by that ecclesiastical court on the moral and social condition of the agricultural labourers of that province. The synod of Angus and Mearns instituted an investigation of the same kind some fifteen years ago, and a most elaborate report, based

upon the information collected, was drawn up. Measures were suggested for elevating the condition of the farm-servants; and in some counties pastoral addresses were read from the pulpits of the Established Church upon the subject. It appears, however, that this agitation of the question by the Church met with no countenance or encouragement from the laity. We know, indeed, that Sir John Stuart Forbes, and two or three other proprietors, took *then* an interest in the inquiry, and were alive to its importance—but generally speaking, the proprietors and farmers seem to have been quite unprepared to take up the subject.

It is very curious, nevertheless, to observe that the very evils pointed out by Mr. Stuart in his pamphlet, and the very remedies suggested by him, are all embraced and expounded in the reports of the ecclesiastical courts now before us.* It is a remarkable instance, apparently, of the well-known mental phenomenon, that the mind previously must have undergone some preparation for the reception of the truth, before the truth can suitably affect. Mr. Stuart has had the sagacity, or good fortune, to fix upon the opportune moment for making his appeal, and to find a benevolently disposed auditory. He has done what his brethren, in synods assembled, could not do. He has effectually hit the nail upon the head—and we hope he will reiterate the blow again and again, until he sees the objects of his benevolent wishes in some good measure obtained.

It appears to us that on such a subject as the present everything approaching to exaggeration should be most

* The following excerpts from the reports of the clergy of Morayshire indicate how entirely they anticipated the views of Mr. Stuart, and how much they were alive to the necessity of such a movement as that which Mr. Stuart has been instrumental in originating. "I would add," writes one clergyman, "that as the moral condition of frail beings such as we are is often powerfully affected by circumstances of comparatively trifling amount, if masters attended a little to the physical comforts of their servants, by providing them with fire and light, &c., (when they live in bothies,) by means of a female servant, having their room in readiness when they leave off work, instead of allowing them to go to a bothy, cold and comfortless, they would be less induced to resort to ardent spirits, or to wander from home in search of company and comfort." Another reverend respondent says: "The greatest desideratum in respect of this class, and which would tend more than any other temporal means to their improvement, is the adoption by the landed proprietors and by agricultural societies of the plan of rewarding servants of long-established good character, by affording them facilities for becoming occupiers of small farms themselves."

anxiously avoided. There is a danger, now that the attention and interest of the public have been so awakened, that overdrawn pictures of the degraded condition of our Scottish peasantry will be indulged in; and this is all the more likely, as proving acceptable to the democratic classes, and as reflecting disgrace on the character of landed proprietors. In point of fact, we believe that it is unquestionable that our rural population, both in respect of their sanitary and moral condition, occupy a position very superior to that of the manufacturing classes of our towns. By the census of 1841, for every two deaths in agricultural districts there were more than three in our towns; and in towns exclusively manufacturing, such as Leeds and Birmingham, there were seven deaths for every two in agricultural localities. Glasgow is the only Scottish town where the statistics of mortality are noted, and there ten would die out of a population of three hundred, while out of the same number in agricultural counties there would be only three deaths. In the matter of moral statistics by the same census the commitments in manufacturing districts, compared with agricultural, were as five to one. We believe the statistics of drunkenness would report likewise in favour of the superior sobriety of our rural population, so that our agricultural labourers, it seems, are truly more healthy, more sober, more virtuous, at least in the eye of the criminal law, than those of the labouring classes in our towns. We believe that the agricultural labourers are better fed and better clothed, and, in many aspects of the case, as well housed as the labouring classes in our large towns and cities. In this fashion, if he pleases, the landowner may evade all appeals to his benevolence, and may scornfully reject all reproachful insinuations of having neglected the condition of the labouring poor upon his estates. He may well inquire how far he has contributed to raise the poor on his estate to a higher social condition in respect of health and sobriety, when contrasted with the poor of our towns; and if this has not been so much the necessary result of their circumstances and man-

ner of life, that a very slender portion of the merit can be appropriated by him. The opulent inhabitants of our cities are not bound by any especial tie of social duty to the degraded and dissipated poor of the cities. They are not their tenants, nor are they engaged in their employment. Though living in close proximity with them, the rich are, for the most part, profoundly ignorant of the condition of their poorer fellow-citizens, who breathe the mephitic exhalations of unventilated lanes, and whose homes are but dismal cellars, into which the meridian sun, struggling through dense masses of hovering vapour, fails to transmit anything stronger than a murky twilight.

If the country gentleman can persuade himself that he holds no nearer relationship to the tenantry and labourers upon his estate, than the wealthy citizen does to the industrious poor who live within the same municipal bounds, but who otherwise are totally unconnected with them, it would be unreasonable to expect from such a one those expressions of regret which have fallen so gracefully from the lips of others, or that he will find any difficulty in escaping all appeals addressed to him, not only as he is not conscious of having overlooked any duty, but because he is prepared to deny that he has any duty to discharge in the matter. Or if the country gentleman can take up the very elevated position which a certain school of economists have of late been expounding and pressing upon his attention, then he will have reached a region so pure, and so superterrestrial as to be infinitely raised above all vulgar care about the comfort and welfare of those who till the glebe and tend the herds of that "dim spot which men call earth." According to this high philosophy, the landowner is taught to look upon his land as a mere article of commerce, and that the great question with him ought to be to discover how, with the least possible outlay, he can raise from it the greatest possible revenue. To examine into the condition of the cottages upon the estate—to build new ones, and to improve the old—to do this personally, or, as that may be impossible, to order it to be done

by some competent and responsible party—all this seems out of his department as the owner of the land and the recipient of the rent. If the farmer is content that his labourers should live in miserable hovels, where their physical energies must be debilitated, and where the decencies of their moral condition must suffer wrong, where their fitness for their daily toil is being impaired by the discomforts of their homes, and where, from the same cause, the period in the ploughman's life of complete capability for his work must infallibly be abridged, what signifies all this to the landowner? His political economy saves him from all compunction. If the thews and sinews of the ploughman, by such treatment, become prematurely useless, it matters not—the wheels and pinions can be replaced, and other thews and sinews will be found to work the work. It is a devout hallucination upon the part of Mr. Stuart to fancy that he can persuade such a landowner as this, that, on mere pecuniary grounds, it would prove a wise economy in him to build new cottages and to remodel the old, and to improve and add to the bothy accommodation. Mr. Stuart's argument on such a subject would necessarily be largely leavened with moral considerations, which the economics of the landlord did not embrace, and the mere money-profit looms dubiously in the distance. Mr. Stuart would have no chance with such a stern philosopher as this, who could demonstrate by an irrefragable arithmetic that he could do the thing cheaper! We are sorry to think that any such party should be in the position of a landed proprietor. 'Tis a pity such a man had not had his money invested in the Three per Cents, or in a street of three-storeyed tenements suitable to accommodate the middle classes of society, who would take care of themselves, and, peradventure, of the laird likewise. We know no situation in human life so enviable as that of a country gentleman. His privileges are manifold, and his appropriate recreations and pleasures exquisite. His peculiar duties are indeed very responsible, but they are deeply interesting and delightful. Surely a country gentleman is knit by dearer and more sacred

ties to the people that live upon his estate, and that cultivate his fields, than the rich man of the city to the poor artisan, to whom he is united by the accident of his living in the neighbouring street. Nay, we hope that no country gentleman would care to be thought actuated by no warmer or kindlier feelings towards the pendiclers and poor cottagers that dwell on his estate, than the potent noblesse of the cotton-mills can reasonably be expected to be towards the shadowy troops of fallow girls that, like so many animal automata, ply their nimble fingers o'er the power-looms and spinning-jennies of their tall-chimneyed temples. If the accursed commercial element is henceforth to be the sole ruling motive in the management of landed property, the country gentleman will speedily sink to the level of a commercial gentleman. The charms of his position will die away—the honours now so spontaneously rendered to him will be withheld—and the ancestral influence of his house and name will become the poet's dream. We have contrasted the condition of the labouring poor in the country with that of the labouring poor in the town, but there can be no just comparison betwixt the position of a landed proprietor, and the duties which it entails towards the agricultural labourers on his property, and the position of a mill-spinner towards the people whom he employs; and we should be sorry if any landowner should seek in this way to vindicate his subsequent neglect of the duties which Providence has manifestly laid upon him. If our landed proprietors are not imbued with some just sense of the responsibilities of their station, and actuated by some steadfast determination to practise self-denial in other matters, that they may improve the condition of the industrious poor upon their properties, we despair utterly of any permanent practical good resulting from the present movement. If our farmers are, as a body, not prepared at present heartily to enter upon the work of reformation, we have to thank one class of politicians who have for years been industriously indoctrinating the farmer with the dogma that his business in its highest phase, was just

the manufacture of certain agricultural products from the soil. The farmer long listened in wonder to the lecturer, not knowing well what the high-sounding philosophy might mean. But he at last embraced the doctrine, and he now, we fear, too often entertains the feelings which the doctrine was so likely to engender. As a manufacturer, the farmer cannot for his life see that he has any more concernment than any other manufacturer with the condition, character, and habits of his operatives. For a year he hires them, and they go, and he sees them no more. The root of the evil Mr. Stuart correctly traces up to the altered feelings and conduct of proprietors and tenants towards their dependants.

Mr. Stuart, in speaking of our agricultural labourers, "as things were" some sixty years ago, adverts to a period when the servants lived in family with their masters—when the master sat patriarchally at the head of his table, surrounded by his children and domestics, and when all knelt at the same family altar to offer up the evening prayer. The social characteristics of the poor of that day were excellent; but their creature comforts were few, and their agriculture wretched. It was the era of run-rig, of outfield and infield—the former being scourged as the common foe—while on the latter our agricultural sires practised high farming. During the summer the men were half-idle, and in the winter they were wholly so, saving that occasionally in the forenoon that venerable implement the flail, wielded by a lusty arm, might be heard dropping its minute-guns on the barn floor. The women wrought the work in summer, and plied the wheel in winter. We are old enough to remember the spinning-wheel, and are disposed to echo the sentiment of the poet—

"Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend,
Now that the cottage spinning-wheel is
mute;
And care a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend."

Mr. Stuart reverts to this bygone age in a strain of tenderness; but he faithfully depicts its grievous physical disadvantages as they were experienced by the poor. There is a dash

of romance in Mr. Stuart's genial nature, and he has interwoven his narrative with some quaint old-world reminiscences; but his excellent sense conducts him always to the sound conclusion. He does not idly sigh for that which has passed away; and he sees that the habits of a former age, if they could be recalled, would not suit the taste of the present generation, nor meet the exigencies of the existing agriculture. In certain districts of Aberdeenshire and elsewhere, the farm-servants may be said yet to live in the family—that is, they get their food in the kitchen, and by the kitchen-fire they sit in the winter evenings until they retire to their beds, which are generally in the stable. But the master and his family are meanwhile in the parlour. The master's restraining presence is not in the kitchen; and upon the testimony alike of farmers and of clergymen, now lying upon our table, the results of the system are so deplorable, that bothies are asked for and preferred as the least of two evils.

In portraying the progress of agricultural improvement, Mr. Stuart discovers the origin of the bothy and bondager systems. The throwing two or three farms into one, and the gradual decay of the cot-houses, and the aversion of the proprietor to build new ones, from a mistaken economy, originated both modes of accommodating farm-servants. But if such were the causes of the evil, its cure is self-evident. We have only to retrace our steps, and we will recover the position which we have abandoned. It took, however, half a century to develop the evil, and not in a day can we hope to see the remedy accomplished. In building more cottages, then, you take the sure way of mitigating the evils of both systems; and by proceeding in this work, if you do not ultimately exterminate the evil, you will so circumscribe and diminish it that it must become all but innocuous. The practice of enlarging farms has gone far enough, but if the expense of their subdivision were not intolerable, we would not in this item undo what we have done. There can be no doubt that our large farmers have been the great improvers; not only have they led the way in improv-

ing the cultivation of the soil and the stock of the country, but they have been the parties who have introduced to public notice the new manures, and the new and better implements of husbandry, and to them we now look as indispensable and powerful auxiliaries in elevating the social condition of the labourers. On the large farm, all that is wanted is a proportionate increase of cottages to accommodate the staff of agricultural servants, with a few houses on the outskirts of the farm for jobbers and day-labourers, whose assistance, with that of their families, may be got at a busy season on the farm.

At all times, and in all places, and by all sorts of people, the bothy is condemned. Mr. Stuart condemns it, and laments the evil which it originates, and the habits which it induces, and the immoralities which it cherishes; but we are sorry to think that he writes so hopelessly about the possibility of its extinction. We would have been better pleased had he pronounced its doom, and had he proclaimed against it in unmistakable accents, a war of extermination, gradual but sure, and inexorable. It merits nothing but hearty and unhesitating condemnation. We are well acquainted with bothy economics, and we never knew but one that was even decently conducted. Mr. Stuart seems to think the evil necessary and irremovable, and that the only thing left to the philanthropist is to mitigate its horrors. But why so? The bothy system is partial and local. There are large provinces of the kingdom where it is totally unknown. We have the ocular demonstration, then, that it is not indispensable. But, Mr. Stuart says, that in escaping Charybdis, you sail the good ship Agriculture straight into the boiling quicksand of Syrtis—that, the bothy abandoned, you irretrievably encountered the evils of the bondager system. We are humbly of opinion, however, that our excellent friend somewhat overstates the evils of this latter system. There are inconveniences and disadvantages connected with it, but these are not for a moment to be compared with the discomforts, and with the temptations to nocturnal rambling and loose living, with which

the bothy system is so beset. The bondager system does not affect young ploughman lads in the slightest degree; it is limited to young women, and to them the system is the same as domestic service in the farmer's house, when field-work is associated with that service. But Mr. Stuart seems to confound the bondager with the cottage system, while in reality they have no necessary connection. There are two bugbears in the way of abolishing the bothy—the one the landlords, and the other the tenants. The landlord is alarmed at the expense of building the necessary cottages. This will be got over. The tenant is alarmed at the expense of maintaining the ploughman in the cottage when built—a most remarkable mistake. But so it is that, be-north the Forth, many farmers, from long habit, and from ignorance of the cottage system as it exists in the Border counties, have become so wedded to the bothy, that in accomplishing its abolition we expect more resistance from them than from landlords. The model bothy, in mere material accommodation, will effect nothing unless it has separate apartments, furnished with fire and light, and other necessary appliances; and if it be so, where will be its superior economy to either landlord or tenant, when contrasted with the expense of a separate cottage? Abrogate the bothy system entirely, for otherwise moralists may lament in vain, and parents bewail the ruined virtue of their children.

Considering apparently the system too firmly rooted to admit of eradication, Mr. Stuart strenuously inculcates the instant improvement of the bothy accommodation. But if he succeeds, will he not have stereotyped the bothy as a permanent part of the economy and constitution of the farm? and what, then, has been achieved? The physical discomforts of the bothy will have in a good measure disappeared, but the place is not disinfected of the moral contagion which the system communicates. Let half-a-dozen of ploughman lads be associated in a bothy, and however tidy and snug and commodious the apartments, yet when their age and circumstances are remembered—when it is considered that they are without a head, to con-

trol, counsel, and direct them, that each is his own master—we confess that to us it seems chimerical to expect that any desirable measure of decency, or sobriety, or order, will prevail within the walls of the bothy. It is in vain to tell a well-disposed lad that he can escape the pollution of a wicked associate in the bothy, by retiring to his own apartment. How can he sit there on a winter evening (winter is the season when bothy wickedness takes its swing), unaccommodated as it is either with fire or light? We fear, therefore, that the “model bothy” even would not arrest or extinguish the moral mischief that emanates from this system. It is remarkable that the speakers at the Edinburgh meetings do not say that they contemplate the improvement of the bothy system. Their resolution to encourage the multiplication of suitable cottages for the labourers on the farm, they saw, involved in due time the extinction of the bothy system. Moreover, we fancy that neither the Duke of Buccleuch nor the Marquis of Tweeddale has a single bothy upon their estates, unless one for the journeymen gardeners in the vicinity of their residences. Once erect a sufficiency of cottages, and the unmarried lads will find a sister, or aunt, or some female relative to keep house for them. Having such an object before them, they will be taught habits of economy, and will save money, that they may be ready to furnish a cottage. Once in it, they have a home and property, and will become attached to their situation. The bothy turns ploughmen into *nomads*, and gives them restless, undomestic, and migratory habits. Erect a sufficiency of cottages, and the bothy will die a natural death. No proprietor or tenant will erect or maintain a bothy for a solitary ploughman, who happens to have no female friend who can cook his food and keep his cottage. Infinitely he will find other accommodation. The boy, to whom the bothy is a very school of corruption, ought to live in family with the master, and it should be the master’s duty to watch over his morals, and to aid in some manner in his education. If he is a parent, let him say how he would like his own boy, when he leaves

the paternal roof, to be neglected, tempted, corrupted.

Mr. Stuart quotes from Mr. Laing’s book on Norway a description of the Norwegian *borststue* or bothy, which is commodious and comfortable, and well supplied with all conveniences; and then he asks, “Now, I would hold such to be a model bothy; and cannot the farming in Scotland afford to give what it affords to give in Norway?” No doubt of it, provided you demonstrate that the bothy is indispensable; but to that premise we demur. Mr. Laing communicates nothing to us of the moral effects of the *borststue*, which would be modified by the social habits of the people, and by the degree of kindly intercourse subsisting between master and servant. But in fact the example of Norway, neither in the matter of cottages nor bothies, is truly applicable to our country. In Norway the cottage is a loghouse, and costs nothing but the nails and the window-glass, while every Norwegian knows enough of loghouse-carpentry to erect a cottage for himself. With regard to the *borststue*, there is a necessity for it in Norway that does not exist here. The outdoor farm-work, which meets with but partial interruptions in our climate, is at an absolute standstill in Norway for six months of the year, from the severity of a protracted winter. The result is, that the outdoor work must be accomplished during a few weeks in spring, and of course a more numerous staff of servants must be maintained than with us; for, from the military and passport system prevailing in Norway, it is impossible to summon in an additional supply of workers to suit the emergency. The tenant-farmer is thus more dependent on the agricultural labourers; and we believe that there prevails in Norway more of that friendly interchange of sympathy and of kindness between master and servant than now unhappily characterises our social condition, which nevertheless, sweetens all toil, and turns aside the poisoned arrow of temptation, and plucks the sting from suffering, whether experienced in Scottish bothy or Norwegian *borststue*. For ourselves, we have only one prescription for the bothy system, and

that is, raze it. The system is too pregnant with all moral evil to be temporised with. We cannot consent to any parley, to negotiate for delay, and to write protocols anent its possible improvement. We are almost certain that the minister of Oathlaws agrees with us, but that he has thought it prudent to soften his voice when speaking of the bothy, in the fear that it would alarm his auditors at the revolutionary extent of his demands. But now that he has caught the ear of the noble and the good of the land, and awakened in generous hearts so magnanimous a response, let the lute become a trumpet in his hand, and let him blow a blast so loud and clear as shall scatter this disgrace of Scottish agriculture to the winds of heaven.

Most earnestly do we press upon our readers that our Scottish peasantry, and agricultural labourers, and common ploughmen, are highly deserving of consideration and kindness, and of every attempt that can be made to increase their comforts and to ameliorate their moral and social condition. There is an incredible and most criminal ignorance not only among the higher, but among the middle classes of society, regarding at once the habits and hardships of this important class of the community. The newspaper paragraphist, in his select vocabulary, describes the ploughman as a clown, a clodpole, a lout. That smart draper, with the exquisitely-tied cravat and his inimitably arranged hair, all redolent of musk, smiles complacently when he sees John the hind rolling along the pavement on his huge hobnailed boots, and considers him the very impersonation of stolidity. John's dress is appropriate, however, to his calling, and to see the draper in pumps and silk stockings floundering through a new-ploughed field, or picking his steps daintily through a feeding-byre, where the musk must yield to the ammonia, would, we fancy, be a phenomenon not less provocative of laughter. Nothing is so ridiculous as the very prevalent idea that our Scottish agricultural labourers are a stupid race. They are shrewd, sagacious, and intelligent about *their own business*; and because they are so, they

are continually being drafted away to England and Ireland. The employments of a common ploughman are various, and of a nature calculated to cultivate his powers of observation and of thought. Mr. Stephens, after describing the extent of observation, of judgment, and of patience, required in a good ploughman, adds—"To be so accomplished implies the possession of talent of no mean order."—*Book of the Farm*, vol. i. p. 163. Talent necessary for a ploughman! exclaims the incredulous and amazed citizen, and fancies that the author must speak ironically. Nay; he never wrote soberer truth in his lifetime, and in your ignorance you wonder.

There is another reason why not only the comforts, but why the moral and intellectual powers of the agricultural labourer should be cared for. The common ploughman has committed to his trust property which, on a very moderate computation, may be valued at £100. This property, of a nature so likely to receive injury from carelessness and inattention, is daily in his hands, and under his charge, and at his mercy. We need scarcely add, too, how deeply he may in other respects injure his employer, as, for, instance, by the imperfect ploughing or careless sowing of a field. To what common servant, in any sphere of life, is property so valuable so exclusively intrusted? It is plain that a party so confided in, as a ploughman must be, ought not to have his sense of responsibility and of moral obligation blunted and impaired by barbarous neglect. Hitherto our agricultural labourers have not occupied themselves with discussing "the rights of labour and the duties of capital." But if landlords and tenant are resolved to consider the whole management of land as a mere matter of commerce, we cannot see why these operatives should not be led to philosophise as well as others. The labourer may apply in all equity that principle to his own case which the landlord and tenant are severally applying to theirs. The severance between employer and employed has of late been developed to an extent never before witnessed in any age, and it threatens, at this moment, to throw a terrific chasm athwart the whole structure of society.

Not only among mill-masters and men but among many other classes very differently circumstanced, have we witnessed combination and counter-combination, and their disastrous consequences. A slight agrarian grumbling might possibly do good; and, from all that we can learn, there is sulky discontent slumbering in many an honest fellow's bosom, that could easily be fanned, by a skilfully experimenter, into a visible flame. It will be better, in every respect, to anticipate and ward off the evil. Its causes and its cure have been well expounded by Mr. Stuart. But if our agricultural labourers are too patient sufferers to complain, too sensible to imbibe the pestilent doctrines of Messrs. Newton and Cowel, and too wide apart to have it in their power to combine, whether for good or for evil—and if, on these accounts, there is no ground for alarm, is it wise, is it kind of you, to take advantage of their peaceful dispositions, and of their powerlessness to unite in proclaiming their wrongs, and in vindicating their rights? There is a remedy within the reach of many of them, and of which they are silently availing themselves. They can emigrate. They are doing so quietly, determinedly. They are not absolutely *astricti glebae*. The canker of neglect is eating away the ties that bind them to their Fatherland. Multitudes of the best of them have gone, and thousands would follow if they had the means. Emigration, if it proceeds unchecked, will render “strikes” unnecessary, even if we are inclined to consider such things as visionary and impossible among an agricultural population.

They who have not read Mr. Stuart's appeal, may conclude, from the professed object of that Association to which his appeal has conducted, that he has inculcated nothing more than the improvement of existing cottages, and the buildings of many new ones more commodious and comfortable. His philanthropy, however, is more comprehensive. With an excursive pen he reviews the whole moral, educational and social characteristics of the agricultural labourer's condition, and sketches the remedies for its various evils. When, therefore, Mr. Stuart merely proposed at the meet-

ing of the 10th January, as the main feature of the proposed Association, the establishment of an office in Edinburgh for the receptions of plans and models, and improved fittings and furnishings for cottages, accessible to all inquirers, it seemed to us, retaining as we did a delightful reminiscence of his pamphlet, a most impotent conclusion. He appeared to have descended from the high moral arena into the mortar-tub, and we were in terror lest some journalist, in a slashing leader, should cover his scheme with inextinguishable burlesque. It seemed likewise a mystery to us how there could be such extreme difficulty in erecting a commodious and comfortable cottage, as that an office in our metropolis should be required for the exhibition of right models. It might have looked that, instead of a labourer's cottage, it was a medieval temple of most intricate composite that was required, and for the conception of which the genius of Scottish architecture was unequal without the aid of unusual patronage. We feared, too, that the Association might be described by some malignant pen as a company of Scottish proprietors resolving to raise the marketable value of their estates by adding to the buildings thereupon. Such silly caricatures might perhaps have been anticipated, and in fact some small sneers were dropped by one or two of the Radical newspapers; but the admirable tone of the speeches at the meeting, when the Association was formed, seemed for the time to have stayed the old hatred of the democratic press towards our landed proprietors. That our readers may understand correctly the intentions and views of “The Association for promoting improvement in the dwellings and domestic condition of agricultural labourers in Scotland,” we recommend to their perusal the report of the committee now published, and which we hope may be widely circulated. The noblemen and country gentlemen composing the Association have combined, *not* for the purpose of raising their rentals, but for the purpose of improving the domestic condition of the agricultural labourers, by improving their dwellings. They have united together for the purpose of directing attention to the subject,

and of encouraging and aiding others in removing an evil which they candidly confess they have hitherto overlooked and neglected. The evil is of long standing and of gigantic dimensions, and it has been felt that the benevolent zeal and efforts of individuals required to be concentrated into the potent agency of one national association, to effect its abatement and to work out its final extinction. In the matter of house accommodation for our agricultural labourers, while on many estates a very great deal has been done to improve it, yet very generally over the kingdom it is a notorious fact that no improvement in their dwellings has taken place for the last half-century. One article of furniture in the cottages of our Scottish peasantry has excited the indignation of all but those who repose their weary limbs on it—we refer to the box-bed. The medical faculty time immemorial have denounced it as a very “fever case.” Mr. Stuart and his reverend brethren have lamented the stifling insalubrity of the formidable structure. Fine ladies and gentlemen have wondered at the stupid attachment of the Scottish peasant to a dormitory so barbarous. The Duke of Buccleuch has solved the riddle. He tells us, that when he ordered the box-bed to be taken out of the cottage down came the roof! And thus that which has been the stay and support of many a tottering tenement has been most ignorantly condemned. Nor is this all. So very damp and cold are too many of the cottages, that in order to exclude these evils in some measure by night, the box-bed is indispensable during eight months of the year: and we predict that unless comfortable cottages, rightly roofed, lathed, and floored are erected, the box-bed will prove stronger than Mr. Stuart, and will retain its hold on the affections of the labourer, upholding at once its own position and the roof of the dwelling that affects to shelter it from the elements. That there is likewise a lack of cottages in our agricultural districts is unquestionable. They have been allowed to decay and disappear, from economical considerations entirely delusive, to an extent extremely prejudicial. The dimin-

ished population of our rural parishes proves the fact; and if any one will contrast the census papers of 1841 with those of 1851, which exhibit the number of the inhabited houses in the several counties of Scotland, they will find a demonstration that may probably startle them. The Association takes it for granted that an improved domestic condition will follow in the wake of improved dwellings being given to the poor, and no thoughtful and observing person will doubt this. It has been beautifully said, “Between physical and moral delicacy a connection has been observed, which, though founded by the imagination, is far from being imaginary. Howard and others have remarked it. It is an antidote against sloth, and keeps alive the idea of decent restraint and the habit of circumspection. Moral purity and physical are spoken of in the same language; scarce can you inculcate or command the one, but some share of approbation reflects itself upon the other. In minds in which the least germ of Christianity has been planted, this association can scarce fail of having taken root: scarce a page of Scripture but recalls it.” It is of the very essence of every good system to develop the virtues necessary to its success; and to the humanising influence of a comfortable and commodious cottage, old habits of filthiness and sloth would gradually yield, and would every day become a lessening evil. Such cottages would secure at once the services of the best class of workmen, and thus a mercenary self-interest would find it to its advantage to follow where benevolence had led the way. The influence of example upon the rich, and the influence of superior house-accommodation upon the social condition of the poor, must be gradual. This has been duly contemplated.

It is scarcely necessary, we fancy, to expound this part of the case. It is now pretty generally understood. If, however, any of our readers have not considered this subject, or continue to entertain some lingering doubts regarding the effects of improved house-accommodation upon the social, sanitary, and moral condition of the people, we most anxiously

recommend to their perusal Dr. Southwood Smith's "Results of Sanitary Improvement, illustrated by the operation of the metropolitan societies for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes, &c." The pamphlet costs twopence, and it may take a quarter of an hour to read it; but never, we believe, were statistics ever given to the world so surprising and so encouraging,—matter at once so suggestive of deep thought, and so animating to the aspirations of practical philanthropy. Lord Shaftesbury is at present circulating this most pregnant epitome of the effects of sanitary improvement among the parochial boards of Scotland. It is a most reasonable missive—vindicating the speculations of Mr. Stuart, and placing on the basis of demonstration the certainty of the effect of the intended operations of the Duke of Buccleuch's association. The pecuniary element will be thought our main difficulty, but we are quite satisfied that the tendency is to exaggerate it. Be it remembered that we want no *cottages ornées*, and (with your leave, Mr. Stuart) no model bothies, but merely warm, dry, convenient houses for honest ploughmen to live in. Let wealthy proprietors, if they please, adorn their estates with picturesque villas, crowned with projecting roofs and ornamental chimneys; but the Association over which the Duke of Buccleuch presides does not desire a single sixpence to be spent which will not contribute to the comfort of the cottage. The reformatory change may proceed by degrees, and in no one year need the outlay be serious; but on this part of the subject we refer our readers to the views of Sir Ralph Anstruther, as contained in his speech on the 10th January, and more fully explained in his letter (*Courant*, January 20th). While the Association professes, in the mean time (and we think wisely and judiciously), to limit its attention to the improvement of the dwellings of agricultural labourers, and thereby to raise their domestic condition, it seems evident that the basis of its operations may be easily extended, and that the benevolent object in view will almost naturally widen that basis. That object is to ameliorate the domestic condi-

tion of the labourer; but if other causes as well as that of improved house-accommodation will contribute towards the wished-for amelioration, these, it may be expected, in due time will come to be embraced within the benevolent range of its fostering influence. To prevent misapprehension and remove ignorance, we would respectfully suggest the propriety of the Association instituting a statistical inquiry into the physical, moral, and educational condition of the agricultural labourers of the kingdom. Such statistics would form a valuable supplement to the agricultural statistics collected under the instruction of Mr. Hall Maxwell. Information seems necessary to enable the Association rightly to exercise its influence, even in improving the dwellings of the poor. In some parts of the west of Scotland a sort of mud cottage is raised at an expense of £3! and a fit model for one county may be utterly unfit for another. All requisite information we believe could be obtained, by addressing a schedule of inquiry to the parochial clergy, who are manifestly ready to lend their aid. In any event, our landed proprietors cannot well afford to have more "news from the farm" thrust upon them by the spontaneous exertions of volunteer philanthropists. The public, indeed, seem to have been infinitely surprised that our landed proprietors should have been so ignorant of the condition of the dwellings and of the circumstances of the people upon their estates; and the inference is, that there must have been something grievously wrong in the management of their affairs. No man, of course, can expect that the proprietor of a large landed estate should know minutely the condition of every cottage on it, and the discomforts of its poor inhabitant. But the ignorance confessed goes greatly beyond this. It was surely the more immediate duty of the tenant-farmer to have protected his dependants, and to have represented their disadvantages to the proprietor. And what has the factor been doing in the mean time? General Lindsay, at a meeting of the 10th January, in a speech overflowing with admirable feeling, said, that "the factor was afraid of increasing his expenditure." Quite right;

but why was he not afraid, too, of misrepresenting the kindly feelings of his constituent towards the industrious poor upon his estate—of concealing from him knowledge which, if he wished to do his duty, it was indispensable for him to possess—of alienating from him and his house the love and veneration of *his people*—of rendering his privileges odious now, and of imperilling his position on any coming convulsion of the commonwealth? We have not only now the evil of non-resident proprietors, but, in many cases, the evil of non-resident factors. The door of communication betwixt landlord and tenant is thus effectually shut up; and the poor cottager, who was wont to have access even to “his honour,” finds things so altered that an audience with the factor is become impossible. The accountant is as ignorant as his constituent “of the dwellings and domestic condition of the agricultural labourers,” and thus there is a complete abnegation of all the peculiar duties and responsibilities which Providence has manifestly laid on the owners of land. It is impossible to deny, on the other hand, that very many of the tenant-farmers, imitating the manners of their betters, have become sadly neglectful of the duties which they owe their dependents. To give as little and get as much as he can, is now, in too many cases, the short and simple rubric of that code which guides the landlord in his contract with the tenant. The tenant extends the principle, and looks upon the labour of his ploughman as a mere purchaseable article, that supplements the deficiency of machinery, and is necessary to guide the muscular energies of the horse. With the ploughman, however, the sale of his labour is the sale of himself—the devotion of his sentient nature, with feelings, affections, sympathies, as lively as those of his master, and with a pride and self-esteem as sensitive to unkindness and wrong. It was in every respect seemly that the present movement should originate with the proprietors, for the house-accommodation must plainly be given by them; but now that they have intimated, in so kind words, their good wishes and benevolent intentions, we hope the

farmers will consider whether expressions of “repentance” for the past are not due from them as well as from others, and whether works “meet for repentance” should not instantly be undertaken by them. Because the landlord has made his “confession,” it is conceivable that the tenant may now fancy that nothing remains but that he should make a clamorous onset on the laird for more cottages. We hope he will not be unreasonable, but will perceive that he must put his own shoulder to the work, and be prepared to make some sacrifices, and to practice some self-denial. We fear that some of the tenantry require to be instructed, stimulated, and watched in discharging that part of the duty which falls to them in promoting the desired reformation. We are quite of the opinion of the Duke of Buccleuch, that more cottages should not be let with the farm than the number necessary to accommodate the servants requisite for the work of the farm. The other cottagers should rent their holdings immediately from the landlord.

We know no class of workmen who have so few holidays, and so few opportunities for rational recreation, as our ploughmen. They may have the right to go to some annual fecing-market, and out of this solitary feast the poor fellows try naturally to extract as much pleasure as they can, turning the day into a carnival of many-coloured evil. All other classes of workpeople have their occasional holiday—their trip by an excursion-train—the Saturday afternoon, in a slack season, to see friends and kindred; but no such pleasures fall to the ploughman’s lot. In the winter, indeed, he is on “short time,” but what is done to make his evening hours pleasant, profitable, instructive? In the agricultural world we shall certainly have no “lock-out,” and perhaps no “strike,” but it may be wise, at least, to anticipate possible contingencies by acts of kindness and of well-considered indulgence. The yawning gulf betwixt the high and the low of the land is the most ominous evil of these times, and should be bridged over by sympathetic communication whilst it can. The wintry neglect of his superiors is worse to be

borne by the labourer than the cold of his miserable cottage. Let us listen to Mr. Stuart on an evil which seems to have entered like iron into his kindly soul. Addressing landlords, he says—

"Let their visits and their smile be frequently seen in the house of the poorest cottar, although he be but a hired labourer; for not fifty years ago, that same man would have been a crofter, or a small farmer, waiting on 'his honour,' and welcomed by 'his honour,' with his rent or his bondage. That he is not so now, is owing more to 'his honour's' change of customs for his own profit, than to the cottar's own fault, or to the profit of the cottar's own social position and feelings. Let there be some upmaking, then, for this change, so far as such things can be made up for, not in the shape of money, but in that which his forefathers valued much more than money, and which he will value as highly again, if 'his honour' will only but give him time and means whereby he may recover his self-esteem and his proper training; and one of the most powerful and most valued of all these means would, in a little time, be 'his honour's' friendly visits to his humble dwelling."

Now that the Scottish people know that the Duke of Buccleuch finds time to inquire personally into the condition of the peasantry on his estates, no proprietor, however ancient his lineage and proud his name, will be excused who fails to go and do likewise, or who fails at least to acquaint himself with the condition of the labourers who cultivate his fields. Personal inquiry we would recommend, although it should not lead to the rendering of one cottage more comfortable than it was before. We recommend it for the proprietor's own behoof. "The most certain softeners of a man's moral skin, and sweeteners of his blood, are, I am sure, domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, and *intercourse with the poor*," writes Arnold; and, as if he had felt the virtue flowing out of such intercourse, he repeats the thought thus in another place, "Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safeguards of spiritual life." One-half the world does not know how the other half lives, and one-half of the bitterness of human life arises from our not understanding one another. Little do the great ones

of the earth know how much they lose by avoiding kindly acquaintance with poor and humble neighbours.

We know of no public meeting that has taken place in our time, where the speeches delivered possessed a higher moral value than those that fell from the speakers at the meeting of the 10th January last. The turbulent, disrupted, and gloomy condition of the manufacturing classes, rendered them admirably seasonable. They have shed a benignant influence over the agricultural community. They have awakened hopes that were growing faint, and fine old Scottish feelings that were dying out, and have proved a healing anodyne to a wound that was rankling in many a bosom. The opening speech of the noble chairman we have read more than once, and ever with renewed delight. Many an honest labourer has read it too, with glistening eye and joyful heart, and its perusal has prepared him for fighting more heroically the battle of his life. Some of the sentiments of the noble Duke we cannot withhold from our columns:—

"He thought it would not be disputed that, generally speaking, throughout Scotland, the habitations of these labourers were very defective, especially in those accommodations for comfort and delicacy. In former days the farm-servant was accommodated in the farmer's house, where he took his meals, and so was under the moral control of his employers. But now the farm-labourer was put into a bothy, generally a most wretched place to live in, and often the worst building on the farm. He could not blink the question involved in the subject. They had not come there to bandy compliments to one another, but to speak the truth. It might be said to him and those who came there to find fault with the present system: You ought to come with clean hands, and be able to say that all the bothies on your estate were such as they ought to be. He confessed with shame that he could show as bad specimens on his property as could be found in Scotland. He would not conceal it that the condition of many of the cottages on his estate was as bad as could be. How this state of things had arisen it was not difficult to see. . . . He examined a number of their cottages himself, and found many of them quite in a falling-down state. In one of them, when he took a box-bed out of it, down came the

roof. Such things would be found not so very uncommon if these cottages were looked into. Then what an evil effect such houses had upon the moral feelings of those who occupied them! Many of the persons who lived in them were highly educated, and it might well be conceived that a person of refinement living in a place fit for a pig would be discontented, as well as unhappy. How could they expect, when they saw men, women and children all living and sleeping in one apartment, that they could be otherwise than demoralized? Could they wonder that all their delicacy of feeling was destroyed? Mothers had said to him, how could they bring up their daughters with respectability when there was not that separation of rooms which there ought to be? Then there was a great disinclination on the part of the tenantry to the landlord taking these cottages into his hand. They said they must have every single thing under their own control. It was all very well for them to say that as regarded the lodgment of their domestic and special farm-servants, but it did not follow that it was absolutely necessary that all the cottages of the agricultural labourers should belong to the farmer. He did not think that it was right that

the farm-labourer should be bound down to work for one man only. But the person who really benefited by the landlord taking the cottage into his own hands was the farm-labourer himself; and he had seen the moral effect produced by providing better houses for this class of labourers, in a quarter where thieving and poaching had formerly been the disgrace of the people; but since their houses were improved, there was a great and beneficial reformation in these respects. It was really gratifying to see the change which took place in the feelings of these people towards their landlord, when they knew he was taking an interest in their welfare. Here, when he passed, they showed they regarded him as their friend, and were not filled with unpleasant suspicions about him."

The gems in the ducal coronet never emitted a tenderer or more fascinating ray than when its noble owner entered the lowly cottage on his mission of kindness, and since the preceding sentiments were spoken, we believe that from many a Scottish heart the fervent prayer has been sent to heaven's gate, that "the good Buccleuch" may long be spared to his country.

ALEXANDER SMITH'S POEMS.

SOME time ago a volume of poems appeared, over which there arose a great roar of critical battle, like the conflict over the dead Valerius, when "Titus pulled him by the foot, and Aulus by the head." Many hailed the author as a true poet, and prophesied his coming greatness; others fastened on obvious defects, and moused the book like Snug the joiner tearing Thisbe's mantle in his character of lion. Now that the hubbub has subsided, our still small voice may be heard.

The poet in question has at once deprecated and defied criticism in a sonnet, (p. 232).

"There have been vast displays of critic wit
O'er those who vainly flutter feeble wings,
Nor rise an inch 'bove ground, — weak poet-
lings!
And on them to the death men's brows are
knit.

Ye men! ye critics! seems't so very fit
They on a storm of Laughter should be blown
O'er the world's edge to Limbo? Be it known,
Ye men! ye critics! that beneath the sun

The chiefest woe is this,—when all alone,
And strong as life, a soul's great currents run
Poesy-ward, like rivers to the sea,
But never reach't. Critic, let that soul moan
In its own hell, without a kick from thee.
Kind Death, kiss gently, ease this weary one!"

Alexander Smith is partly right and partly wrong. It is true that, throned in his judicial chair, the critic, more intent on displaying his own powers than on doing justice to his subject, is apt to drop the mild and equal scales, and brandish the trenchant glittering sword. He ought to say in his heart, Peradventure there shall be found ten fine lines in this book—I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

But, on the other hand, there is a class to which forbearance would be misapplied and criminal. It would too much resemble our prison discipline, where Mr. William Sykes, after a long course of outrages on humanity, is shut up in a palace, treated like a prodigal son, and presently convert-

ed to Christianity. An absurd monomaniac, who, like Joanna Southcote, mistaking a dropsical disorder for the divine afflatus, and demanding worship on no better grounds than the greatness of his own blown conceit, may, by mere force of impudent pretension, induce a host of ignorant followers to have faith in him, ought to be exposed and ridiculed. Not savagely, perhaps, for the first offence; the pantaloons should be loosed with a paternal hand, and the scourge mildly applied. If he still persists in misdoing, it should be laid on till the blood comes.

But Alexander Smith is far from coming under the latter denomination. A writer, especially a young writer, should be judged by his best; and there is enough excellence in the volume to cover many more sins than it contains, though they are numerous. And while it is a mistake to suppose that a fine poetic soul, however sensitive will "let itself be snuffed out by an article," yet there have been instances where undue severity has defrauded a writer of his just fame for many a long year; and though the critic, in the end, has been compelled to render up the mesne profits of applause, yet that is small consolation for the sense of wrong, and the deprivation of merited influence and reputation.

While foreign writers sketch us as the most matter-of-fact and pudding-eating of peoples — while we pique ourselves on sturdy John Bullism, and cheerfully accept the portrait of an absurd old gentleman in a black coat, and a broad-brimmed hat and gaiters, with his hands in his well-filled breeches pockets, as a just impersonation of the genius of the nation, it is an obvious fact that a poet never had such a certainty of being appreciated in England as now. Fit audience is no longer few. Let him sound as high a note as he can for the life of him, he will yet find echoes enough to constitute fame. There are homes in England almost as common as hothouses, where fine criticism is nightly conversation — where appreciators, as true as any one who review in newspapers, hail a good and great writer as a personal friend. Here may be found all the elements

necessary for the recognition of merit and the detection of imposture. Sturdy good sense refuses to believe in gaudy pretension; keen logic exposes emptiness; enthusiastic youth glows at the high thought, the splendid image; and the soft feminine nature responds, with ready tears and un-suppressed sighings, to all legitimate appeals to the heart.

With such tribunals more plentiful than county courts, a man is no longer justified in deerying fame, or appealing for justice to posterity. It must be an outward accident, indeed, that cheats an author of his due, when so many are eager to exchange praise for his fine gold. The demand for excellence in authorship exceeds the supply; and there are plenty of keen readers who, having traversed the realms of English poesy, yet thirst for fresh fields and pastures new. Therefore, if an ardent spirit finds the world deaf to his utterances, let him search uncomplainingly for the fault in his own mind, and never rashly conclude that for his fondly believed-in powers of thought and expression there is, as yet, no sympathetic public. Especially in poetry is the appetite of the time unsatisfied; mediocrity, which should be inadmissible, is indulgently received, and the poets of established reputation are on every shelf. Editions of Shakspeare appear in perplexing numbers, and the rusty armour in which a champion for his text appears, is contended for as if it were the heaven-forged panoply of Achilles.

Mr. Smith leaves his feelings on the subject of fame open to doubt. One might almost fancy him a poet who, having desired fame too ardently in his hot youth, had discovered its emptiness in riper age. A sonnet is devoted to the depreciation of fame; whereas Walter, in the *Life-drama*, is more than enthusiastic to achieve it. We have no doubt the ardent wishes which Mr. Smith expresses through his hero are genuine, and that the philosophy of the sonnet is a philosophy he only fancies he has acquired. Combativeness may inspire the soldier to achievement, rivalry the statesman; both may be, in some measure, indifferent to other fame than the applause of their contempo-

ries. But it is in vain for the poet to express indifference to the opinion of the world and of posterity. Why has he written, except that thoughts bearing his impress may sound in the ears of the future, and that the echoes they arouse may convey to him, in his silent resting-place, tidings of the cheerful day, assuring him of a tenure in the earth he loved, and a lasting position among the race who were his brothers? What would not man do to secure remembrance after death? For this Erostratus burnt Diana's temple; for this the Pyramids were built, and built in vain; for this kings have destroyed nations; for this the care-worn money-getter gives his life to the founding of a wealthy name; and if a man may gain it more effectually by the simple publishing of thoughts, whose conception was to him a pleasure, let him be thankful that what all so ardently desire was granted to him on such easy terms, and that he may continue to be a real presence on this earth, when most of his contemporaries are as though they had never been.

Taking it for granted, then, that when a young poet publishes a work wherein the hero expresses an ardent desire for fame, the poet is himself speaking through the character, it will be interesting to see how he proposes to achieve it. Mr. Smith tells us, through his hero, that his plan for immortalising himself is "to set this age to music." That, he says, is the great work before the poet now.

To set this age to music!—'tis a phrase we have heard before of late years. Never was an age so intent upon self glorification as this. Like the American nation, it spends half its time looking in the glass; and, like it, always with the same loudly-expressed approbation of what the mirror reveals. It has long been its habit to talk its own praises, and now they must be sung. When polkas were first introduced, many familiar sounds were parodied, to give character to tunes of the new measure. Among these was the Railway-polka, in which the noise of the wheels and the clatter of machinery were admirably imitated; while a startling reality was given to the whole, by the occasional hoarse scream of the engine. Now, we fear

that the effort of a poet to set the age to music would result in something resembling the railway polka—something more creditable as a work of ingenuity than of art, and embodying more appeals to the sense than to the heart or the imagination. To him who stands apart from the rush and roar, the many voices of the age convey a mingled sound that would scarcely seem musical even to the dreaming ear of a poet.

We see the spirit of the middle ages—the spirit of religious intolerance and superstitious faith—of deepest earnestness, and of bigotry springing out of that earnestness—reflected in Dante's page. Spenser shows us the days of the plume and the spear, when the beams of chivalry yet gilded the earth, when the motto of noble youth was—God and my lady. Another phase of the same era—the era of romantic discovery and adventure, when there were yet fairies on the green, and enchanted isles in the ocean—reappears in the works of Shakespeare. Pope has fixed for ever the time of courtliness, of external polish and artificial graces—the time when woman was no more divine—when Una had degenerated into Chloë—when love had given place to intrigue, devotion to foppery, faith to reasoning; yet a pleasant and graceful time. And it is no wonder that the poet, now, feeling that he too possesses "the vision and the faculty divine," should long to leave his name, not drifting over space, but anchored firmly on the times he lived in.

But none of these old poets went to work with the deliberate intention of setting his age to music. Where that, so far as we can see the meaning of the phrase, has been done, it is because the poet lived so much among the characteristic men and scenes of his age, that his mind, more impressionable and more true in its impressions than others, was imbued with its spirit, and moulded to its forms; so that, whatever his mind transmitted was coloured by those hues, and swayed by those outlines. The poet did not hunt about for the characteristics of his age, and then deliberately embody them: he chose a congenial theme when it offered itself, and it, unconsciously to him, became a picture of a phase of the time. When

our age, too, is set to music, if ever, it will be in this way.

If ever—For ages of the world, as worthy of note perchance as this, and more rich in materials for poetry, have passed away without being set to music. Every great change of society, and of mankind's opinion, does not necessarily call for a poet to sing it. It may be more suitably reproduced through some other medium than verse—in newspapers, for instance, or in advertising vans. Of course, no man in his senses would say a word against this age of ours; he could expect nothing less than to be immediately bonneted, like an injudicious elector who has hissed the popular candidate: yet we would have liked Alexander Smith to indicate the direction in which he intends to seek his materials. Does he see anything heroic in an ardent desire to secure ease and comfort at the cost of many old and once respectable superstitions, such as honour and duty? Can he throw over the cotton trade "the light that never was on sea or shore?" Or is popular oratory distinguished by "thoughts that breathe and words that burn?" Will the railway station and the electric telegraph figure picturesquely in the poet's dream? Yet, when the age is set to music, these chords will be not the most subdued in the composition. Mr. Macaulay said about as much as could be said for the spirit of the age, when he drew a contrast in popular prose between the present and the past. Had he tried the subject in poetry, he would have found the task much less congenial than when he sung so manfully "how well Horatius kept the bridge, in the brave days of old."

Alexander Smith has one characteristic in common with Tennyson, the author of *Festus*, and some other poets of the time. All seem to have great power in the regions of the dreary. Their gaiety is spasmodic; when they smile, 'tis like Patience on a monument, as if Grief were sitting opposite. If this is their way of setting the age to music, 'tis, if most musical, yet most melancholy. Tennyson, who possesses the power of conveying the sentiment of dreariness beyond most poets that ever lived, generally selects some suitable subject

for the exercise of it, such as *Mariana in the Moated Grange*; but Mr. Smith's hero, and Festus, are miserable from choice, and revel in their unaccountable woe, like the character in Peacock's novel, whose notion of making himself agreeable consists in saying, "Let us all be unhappy together." Not thus, O Alexander? sounds the keynote of the genial soul of a great poet.

Our author's notion of what constitutes a crushing affliction is altogether peculiar. A particular friend of his hero, after becoming quite blasphemous because he wanted "to let loose some music on the world," and couldn't (p. 137), commits suicide on a mountain, though whether by rope, razor, or prussic acid, we are not informed. However, being deranged, he no doubt received Christian burial. And Mr. Smith, speaking for himself in the sonnet already quoted, says that—

"Beneath the sun
The chiefest woe is this—When all alone,
And strong as life, a soul's great currents run
Posey-ward, like rivers to the sea,
But never reach it."

The chiefest woe!—the chiefest, Alexander! Neither Job nor Jeremiah have enrolled it among human afflictions. Is there no starvation, nor pain, nor death in the world? Is the income-tax repealed? We appeal from Alexander in travail of a sonnet, with small hope of safe delivery to Alexander in the tooth-ache, and we are confident he will change his opinion. Let him look at Hogarth's "Distressed Poet," and see what it is that moves his sympathy there. Not the perplexity of the poor poet himself—that raises only an irreverent smile—but the poor good pretty wife raising her household eyes meekly and wonderingly to the loud milkwoman, their inexorable creditor—the piece of meat that was to form their scanty dinner, abstracted by the felonious starveling of a cur,—these touch on deeper woes than the head-scratching distress of the unproductive poet.

To return to Mr. Smith's idea of setting the age to music. The first requisite clearly is, that the musician shall be pre-eminently a man of the age. It is at once evident that old-

fashioned people, with any lingering remnants of the heroic or dark ages about their ideas, would be quite out of place here. None but liberals and progressionists need apply. These are so plentiful that there will be no difficulty in finding a great number who embody the most prominent characteristics of the time. Having got the man of the age, a tremendous difficulty occurs. We are very much afraid there will not only be nothing poetical in the cast of his ideas, but that he will be the embodiment of everything that is prosaic. Call to mind, O Alexander! the qualities essential to a poet—at the same time, picture to yourself a Man of the Age—and then fancy what kind of music you will extract from him. Set the age to music, quotha! Set the Stocks to music.

Having thus signally failed to point out how the thing is to be done, we will tell Alexander how it will not be done. Not by uttering unmeaning complaints against Fate and Heaven, and other names of similar import which we will not set down here, like a dog baying the moon. Not by uttering profane rant, which as it would not have been justified by the mad despair of a Lear or an Othello, is horribly nonsensical in the mouth of a young gentleman who ought to have taken a blue pill because his liver was out of order. Not by pouring forth floods of images and conceits which afford no perception of the idea their author would convey. Not by making the moon and the sea appear in such a variety of ridiculous characters that we shall never again stroll by moonlight on the shore without seeing something comical in the aspect of the deep and the heavenly bodies. Not by——But we have just lighted on a passage which proves that Mr. Smith knows what is right as well as anybody can tell him:—

“Yet one word more—
Strive for the poet's crown, but ne'er forget
How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful
fruits.”

And again—

“Poet he was not in the larger sense—
He could write pearls, but he could never
write

A poem round and perfect as a star.

That is the point. Not to dismiss

images unprotected on the world, like Mr. Winkle's shots—which, we are informed, were “unfortunate foundlings cast loose upon society, and billeted nowhere”—but to mature a worthy leading idea, waiting, watching, fostering it till it is full-grown and symmetrical in its growth; and from which the lesser ideas and images shall spring as naturally, necessarily, and with as excellent effect of adornment, as leaves from the tree.

Whether Alexander can do this, yet remains to be proved. Some of the requisites he possesses in a high degree. Force, picturesqueness of conception, and musical expression, all of which he has displayed, will do great things when giving utterance to a theme well chosen and well designed; but at present they only tell us, like a harp swept by the wind, of the melodies slumbering in the chords. Such is the *Æolian* character of the Life-drama—fitful, wild, melancholy, often suggestive of something exquisitely sweet and graceful, but faint, fugitive, and incoherent. When our poet sounds a strain worthy of the instrument, our peans shall accompany and swell the chorus of applause.

The sonnets, as conveying tangible ideas, and such as excite interest and sympathy, have greatly exalted our opinion of the poet's powers. They have not been much quoted as yet by any of his discerning admirers, perhaps because there is little or nothing in them but what a plain man may understand, and they contain few allusions to the ocean or any of the planets. But here is one showing a fine picture—a picture that appeals to the imagination and the heart. It is at once manly and pathetic, representing a friendless, but independent and aspiring genius:—

“Joy, like a stream flows through the Christ-
mas streets,
But I am sitting in my silent room—
Sitting all silent in congenial gloom.
To-night, while half the world the other
grets
With smiles, and grasping hands, and drinks,
and meals,
I sit and muse on my poetic doom.
Like the dim scent within a budded rose,
A joy is folded in my heart; and when
I think on poets nurtured 'mong the throes,
And by the lowly hearths of common men—

Think of their works, some song, some swelling ode,
 With gorgeous music glowing to a close,
 Deep-muffled as the dead-march of a god—
 My heart is burning to be one of those."

As Mercutio says, "Is not this better, now, than groaning? Now art thou sensible—now art thou Romeo." We hope he will be "one of those," and think he may. Only he must believe that, however fine and rare the poetic faculties he has evinced, they cannot produce anything for posterity of themselves, but must build on a foundation of thought and art.

We are afraid, though we have not descended to verbal criticism, but have only indicated essential faults, that Alexander will think we have treated his book in an irreverent spirit; but, nevertheless, it is a truly paternal one. Even in such mood did we deal, of late, with our own beloved first-born, heir of his mother's charms and his father's virtues—a fine, clever fellow, in whom his parents take immense pride, though we judiciously conceal it for fear of increasing the conceit which is already somewhat conspicuous in his bearing. We rather think he had been led astray by the example of that young scoundrel Jones, who threatened to hang himself if his mother didn't give him five-and-twenty shillings to pay his score at the pastry cook's, and so terrified the poor lady into compliance. However that may be, our offspring, George, being denied of late, some unreasonable requests, straightway went into sulky heroics—spoke of himself as an outcast—stalked about with a gloomy air in dark corners of the shrubbery with his arms folded—smiled about twice a-day, in a withering and savage manner, though his natural disposition is cheerful and inclined to fun—and begged to decline to hold any further intercourse with his relatives. He kept up the brooding and injured character with great consistency (except that he always came regularly to meals, and eat them with his customary appetite, which is a very fine and healthy one), and was encouraged in it by his grandmother, who, between ourselves, reader, is a rather silly old woman, much given in her youth to maudlin sentimentalism, and Werterism,

and bad forms of Byronism. She would take him aside, pat his head, kiss his cheek, and call him her poor dear boy, and slip money into his pocket, which he neither thanked her for, nor offered to refuse; and he became more firmly persuaded than ever, that he was one of the most ill-used young heroes that ever existed. This we were sorry to see—like Mrs. Quickly, we cannot abide swaggers—and we bethought ourselves of a remedy. Some parents would have got in a rage and thrashed him—but he is a plucky young fellow, and this would only have caused him to consider himself a martyr; others would have mildly reasoned with him—but this would have given his fault too important and serious an air, so we treated him to a little irony and ridicule—caustic, not contemptuous, and more comical than spiteful. Just before beginning this course of treatment, we happened to overhear him making love, in the library, to Charlotte Jones (sister of the before-mentioned admirer of confectionary), a great, fat, lymphatic girl, who was spending a few days with her sisters, and who has no more sentiment or passion in her than so much calipee. However, he seemed to have quite enough for both, and poured forth his romantic devotion with a fervid fluency which I suspect must be the result of practice—for the young scamp is precocious, and conceived his first passion, at the age of nine, for a fine young woman of four-and-twenty. Charlotte, working away the white at a great cabbage-rose, not unlike herself, which she is embroidering in worsted, listened to his raptures with a lethargic calmness contrasting strongly with the impassioned air of the youth, who was no doubt ready, like Walter, Mr. Smith's hero, for the consideration of a kiss (if the placid object of his affections would have consented to such an impropriety), to "take Death at a flying-leap"—which is undoubtedly the most astonishing instance of agility on record since the cow jumped over the moon to the tune of "Hi, diddle, diddle." Our entrance, just when he had got on his knees, and was going to take her hand, somewhat disconcerted him: and we turned the incident to such

advantage, that our very first jest at him in the presence of the family caused him (the boy has a fine sense of humour) to retire precipitately from the room, for fear he should compromise his dignity by exploding in laughter. He strove to preserve his gloomy demeanour for a day or two; but finding it of no effect to maintain a stern scowl on his forehead, while his mouth expanded in an unwilling grin, he gave up the attempt; and now greets any allusion to his former tragedy airs with as hearty a laugh as anybody.

Our impression is very strong that Mr. Smith is not himself satisfied with his work, and that the indiscriminating applause he has met with in some quarters will not deceive him. He must know that the ornaments of the Life-drama are out of all proportion to the framework, and that the latter is too loosely put together to float far down the crowded stream of time. He has a strong leaning to mysticism, a common vice of the times, and should therefore exclude carefully all ideas which he cannot render clear to himself, and all expressions which fail to convey his meaning clearly to others. He should remember that, though a fine image may be welcomed for its own sake, yet, as a rule, similes and images are only admissible as illustrations, and if they do not render the parent thought more clear, they render it more cloudy. His great want is a proper root-idea, and intelligible theme which shall command the sympathies of other minds; these obtained, he will shake his faults like dew-drops from his mane; and he will find that his tropes, thus disciplined, will not only obtain double force from their fitness, but will also be intrinsically finer than the random growths of accident. It is true that Mr. Smith, through his spokesman, Walter, mentions a plan for a poem, his "loved and chosen theme," (p. 38). He says,

"I will begin in the oldest—Far in God,
When all the ages, and all suns and worlds,
And souls of men and angels lay in Him,
Like unborn forests in an acorn cup."

A prospect, the mere sketch of which fills us with concern. If we thought he would listen, we would say—No, Mr. Smith; don't begin in the oldest—leave the "dead eternities" alone, and don't let your "first chorus," on any account, be "the shouting of the morning stars." Rather begin, as you propose to end, with "silence," than in this melancholy way. Let your thoughts be based on the unalterable emotions of the heart, not on the wild driftings of the fancy. Observe all that strongly appeals to the feelings of others and of yourself—let art assist you to select and to combine—your warm imagination will give life to the conception, and your powers of fancy and language will vividly express it. Don't set down any odd conceit that may strike you about the relation of the sea and the stars, and the moon; but when you conceive an image which, besides being fine in itself, shall bear essential, not accidental, relation to some part of your theme, put it by till your main subject, in its natural expansion, affords it a fitting place.

Following this course, we trust that Alexander will prove worthy of the many illustrious scions of the house of Smith who have distinguished themselves since Adam, and maintain its precedence over the houses of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Sydney the Reverend—Horace and James of the Rejected Addresses—and William, of the modest and too obscure dramas (noticed by us before), might well become prouder of the patronymic to which they have already lent lustre, when Alexander, mellowed by time, and taught by thought and experience, shall have produced his next and riper work.

THE EPIDEMICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THIS extremely interesting work of Dr. Hecker's consists of three several treatises, or historical sketches, published at different times, and here collected in a single volume. They are translated and published under the direction of the Sydenham Society—a society which has been the means of introducing to the medical profession, and to the English reader, some of the most eminent works of German physicians and physiologists. It is seldom, indeed, that their publications are of the popular and amusing description of the one we have selected for notice; but, speaking of them as a series, they are of that high philosophic character which must render them acceptable to every man of liberal education. How far they are accessible to the public at large we have not the means of knowing, nor whether the purchase of any single volume is a practicable matter to a non-subscriber; but, at all events, means, we think, ought to be taken to place the whole series on the shelves of every public library.

The great plague of the fourteenth century, called in Germany *The Black Death*, from the dark spots of fatal omen which appeared on the bodies of its victims; the *Dancing Mania*, which afterwards broke out both in Germany and Italy; and the *Sweating Sickness*, which had its origin in England, but extended itself also widely upon the Continent—these form the three subjects of Dr. Hecker's book. The dancing mania, known in Germany as St. John's or St. Vitus's Dance, and in Italy as the poison of the Tarantula or Tarantism, will be most likely to present us with novel and curious facts, and we shall be tempted to linger longest upon this topic. Readers of all kinds, whether of Thucydides, or Boccaccio, or Defoe, are familiar with the phenomena and events which characterize a plague, and which bear a great resemblance to each other in all periods of history. We shall, there-

fore, refrain from dwelling at any length upon the well-known terrors of the Great Mortality or the Black Death.

Yet the subject is one of undying interest. The Great Plague is, in this respect, like the Great Revolution of France; you may read fifty histories of it, and pronounce it to be a topic thoroughly worn out and exhausted; and yet when the fifty-first history is put into your hands, the chance is that you will be led on, and will read to the very last page with almost undiminished interest. The charm is alike in both cases. It is that our humanity is seen in its moments of great, if not glorious excitement—of *plenary inspiration* of some kind, though it be of an evil spirit—seen in moments when all its passions, good and bad, and the bad chiefly, stand out revealed in full unfettered strength. And the history, in both cases, is of perpetual value and significance to us. Plagues, as our own generation can testify, are no more eradicated or banished from the cities of mankind than political revolutions. They read a lesson to us which, terrible as it is, we are still slow in learning.

We are often haunted with the dread of over-population. This fear may perhaps be encountered by another of a quite opposite description, when we read that in the fourteenth century one quarter at least of the population of the Old World was swept away in the short space of four years! Such is the calculation which Dr. Hecker makes, on the best sources of information within his reach. If such devastating plagues arise, as our author thinks, from great physical causes over which man has no control, from an atmospheric poison not traceable to his ignorance or vice, and which no advancement in science can prevent or expel, there is indeed room for an undefined dread of periodical depopulations, putting to the rout all human calculations and all human

The Epidemic of the Middle Ages, from the German of J. F. C. HECKER, M.D., translated by B. G. BABINGTON, M.D., F.R.S.

forethought. But on this point we have our doubts.

"An inquiry into the causes of the Black Death," says our author, "will not be without important results in the study of the plagues which have visited the world, although it cannot advance beyond generalisation without entering upon a field hitherto uncultivated, and, to this hour, entirely unknown. Mighty revolutions in the organism of the earth, of which we have credible information, had preceded it. From China to the Atlantic the foundations of the earth were shaken—throughout Asia and Europe the atmosphere was in commotion, and endangered, by its baneful influence, both vegetable and animal life." When, however, Dr. Hecker proceeds to specify the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and other terrific events which shook the foundations of the earth from China to the Atlantic, we do not find that the enumeration at all bears out this general description. A large proportion of such disastrous phenomena as he has been able to collect relate to China; and although the plague should be proved to have travelled from the East, it is not traced, as an identical disease, so far eastward as to China, and therefore is but vaguely connected with the great droughts and violent rains which afflicted that region of the earth. Nearer at home, in Europe, we have mention made of "frequent thunderstorms," and an eruption of *Ætna*, but thunderstorms and a volcanic eruption have not, on other occasions, given rise to a plague; not to add, that if the atmosphere of Europe was tainted from causes of this kind, springing from its own soil and its own climate, it would be quite superfluous to trace the disease to the East at all. We should merely say that a similar disease broke out in different countries at the same time, demonstrating some quite cosmical or universal cause. The most important fact which is mentioned here, as proving some wide atmospheric derangement, is the "thick stinking mist seen to advance from the East and spread itself over Italy." But Dr. Hecker himself adds, that at such a time natural occurrences would be transformed or exaggerated into miracles; and we are quite sure that any really extra-

ordinary event, occurring simultaneously with the plague, would, without further inquiry, be described as the cause of it. An unusual mist, just as a comet or any unusual meteor, appearing at the time, would be charged with the calamity.

On so obscure a subject we have no desire to advance any dogmatic opinion. There are facts connected with this and other great epidemics which, to men of cautious research, have seemed to point to some wide-spreading poison, some subtle, deleterious matter diffused through the air, or some abnormal condition of the atmosphere itself. Such there may be, acting either as immediate or predisposing cause of the disease. But to our apprehension, all plagues and pestilences have been bred from two well-known and sufficient causes—famine and filth. Scanty and unwholesome diet first disorders and debilitates the frame, fevers ensue, the foul atmosphere of crowded unventilated dwellings becomes impregnated by breathings that have passed through putrid lungs; and thus the disease, especially in a hot climate, attains to that malignity that the stricken wretch, move him where you will, becomes the centre of infection to all around him, and from his pestiferous dwelling there creeps a poison which invades even the most salubrious portion of the town; which, stealing through the garden-gate and over the flower-beds, enters even into the very palace itself. Doubtless other causes may co-operate, as unusual rains and fogs; the fact that a murrain amongst cattle sometimes accompanies or precedes a plague, indicates local causes of this description; but the true source of the disease lies in the city man has built, in his improvidence or injustice, his ignorance or his sloth.

It is thus that Dr. Hecker speaks of the manner in which the disease may be propagated, so far as the agency of man is concerned:—we do not seem to want any quite cosmical influence.

"Thus much from authentic sources of the nature of the Black Death. The descriptions which have been communicated contain, with a few unimportant exceptions, all the symptoms of the Oriental

plague, which have been observed in more modern times. No doubt can obtain on this point. The facts are placed clearly before our eyes. We must, however, bear in mind that this violent disease does not always appear in the same form; and that, while the essence of the poison which it produces, and which is separated so abundantly from the body of the patient, remains unchanged, it is proteoform in its varieties, from the almost imperceptible vesicle, unaccompanied by fever, which exists for some time before it extends its poison inwardly, and then excites fevers and buboes, to the fatal form in which carbuncular inflammations fall upon the most important viscera.

"Such was the form which the plague assumed in the fourteenth century, for the accompanying chest affection, which appeared in all the countries whereof we have received any account, cannot, on a comparison with similar and familiar symptoms, be considered as any other than the inflammation in the lungs of modern medicine, a disease which at present only appears sporadically, and owing to a putrid decomposition of the fluids is probably combined with hemorrhages from the vessels of the lungs. Now as every carbuncle, whether it be cutaneous or internal, generates in abundance the matter of contagion which has given rise to it, so therefore must the breaths of the affected have been poisonous in this plague, and on this account its power of contagion wonderfully increased; wherefore the opinion appears incontrovertible, that, owing to the accumulated numbers of the diseased, not only individual chambers and houses, but whole cities, were infected; which, moreover, in the middle ages, were, with few exceptions, *narrowly built, kept in a filthy state, and surrounded with stagnant ditches*. Flight was in consequence of no avail to the timid; for some, though they had sedulously avoided all communication with the diseased and the suspected, yet their clothes were saturated with the pestiferous atmosphere, and every inspiration imparted to them the seeds of the destructive malady which, in the greater number of cases, germinated with but too much fertility. Add to which the usual propagation of the plague through clothes, beds, and a thousand other things to which the pestilential poison adheres,—a propagation which, from want of caution, must have been infinitely multiplied; and since articles of this kind, removed from the access of air, not only retain the matter of

contagion for an indefinite period, but also increase its activity, and engender it like a living being, frightful ill consequences followed for many years after the first fury of the pestilence was passed."

It may be worth noticing that Dr. Hecker, or his translator, uses the terms contagion and infection indiscriminately; nor is the question entered into whether the disease is capable of being propagated by mere contact, without inhaling the morbid matter, or becoming inoculated with it through some puncture in the skin. Dr. Hecker nowhere gives countenance to such a supposition. The poison would hardly penetrate by mere touch through a sound and healthy skin. Such a belief, however, was likely enough to prevail at a time when we are told that "even the eyes of the patient were considered as sources of contagion, which had the power of acting at a distance, whether on account of their unwonted lustre or the distortion which they always suffer in plague, or whether in conformity with an ancient notion, according to which the sight was considered as the bearer of a demoniacal enchantment."

Avignon is here mentioned as the first city in which the plague broke out in Europe. We have a report of it from a contemporary physician, Guy de Chauliac, a courageous man, it seems, who "vindicated the honour of medicine by bidding defiance to danger, boldly and constantly assisting the affected, and disdaining the excuse of his colleagues, who held the Arabian notion, that medical aid was unavailing, and that the contagion justified flight." The plague appeared twice in Avignon, first in the year 1348, and twelve years later, in 1360, "when it returned from Germany." On the first occasion it raged chiefly amongst the poor; on the second more amongst the higher classes, destroying a great many children, whom it had formerly spared, and but few women. We presume that on the second occasion the plague was re-introduced at once amongst the merchant class of the city, and this would account for fewer women falling victims to it, because men of this class could take precautions for the safety of their wives and daughters. But why a greater number of children should have died, when the women were comparatively spared, is

what we will make no attempt to explain.

How fatal it proved at Florence, Boccaccio has recorded. It is from him we learn with certainty that other animals besides man were capable of being infected by the disease—a fact of no little interest in the history of the plague. He mentions that he himself saw two hogs, on the rage of a person who had died of plague, after staggering about for a short time, fall down dead as if they had taken poison. A multitude of dogs, cats, fowls, and other domesticated animals, were, he tells us, fellow-sufferers with man.

In Germany the mortality was not so great as in Italy, but the disease assumed the same character. In France, it is said, many were struck as if by lightning, and died on the spot—and this more frequently among the young and strong than the old. Throughout England the disease spread with great rapidity, men dying in some cases immediately, in others within twelve hours, or at latest in two days. Here, as elsewhere, the inflammatory boils and buboes were recognised at once as prognosticating a fatal issue. It first broke out in the county of Dorset. Few places seem to have escaped; and the mortality was so great that contemporary annalists have reported (with what degree of accuracy we cannot say) that throughout the whole land not more than a tenth part of the inhabitants had survived.

The north of Europe did not escape, nor did all the snows of Russia protect her from this invasion. In Norway the disease broke out in a frightful manner. Nor was the sea a refuge; sailors found no safety in their ships; vessels were seen driving about on the ocean and drifting on the shore, whose crews had perished to the last man.

It is a terrible history, this of a plague. Nevertheless, if we were capable of surveying such events from an elevated position, where past and future were revealed to our view, and the whole scheme of creation unfolded to our knowledge, we should doubtless discover that even plagues and pestilences play their parts for the welfare and advancement of the

human race. Nor are we without some glimpses of their utility. Viewing the matter, in the first place, in a quite physiological light, let us suppose that disease has been generated in a great city, that debilitated parents give birth to feeble offspring, that the fever or whatever it may be, is wasting the strength of whole classes of the population, is it not better that such disease should attain a power and virulence that will enable it to sweep off at once a whole infected generation, men, women, and children, leaving the population to be replaced by the healthier who would survive? would not this be better than to allow the disease to perpetuate itself indefinitely, and thus to continue to multiply from an infected stock? The poison passes on, and searches out other neighbourhoods where the like terrible remedy is needed. Ay, but it passes, you say, into cities and districts where no such curative process, no such restoration of the *breed*, was called for. But it is always thus with the great laws of nature, or of Providence. Thus far, and no farther! is said to the pestilence as well as to the ocean; but the line along the beach is not kept or measured with that petty precision which a land-surveyor would assuredly have suggested. Man's greatness arises in part from this struggle with an external nature, which threatens from time to time to overwhelm him. There is, according to this measurement of things, a dreadful surplus of power and activity, both in the organic and the inorganic world. Nowhere are the forces of nature exactly graduated to suit his taste or convenience. Happily not. Man would sink into the tameness and insipidity of an Arcadian shepherd, or the sheep he feeds and fondles, if every wind that blew were exactly tempered to his own susceptibility.

But the moral effects of plague and pestilence—what good thing can be said of them? A general dissoluteness, an unblushing villany, for the most part prevails: a few instances of heroic virtue brighten out above the corrupted mass. Well, is it nothing, then, that from time to time our nature should be fully revealed to us in its utmost strength for good or for

evil? A very hideous revelation it may sometimes be, but not the less salutary on this account. The mask of hypocrisy is torn off a whole city; in one moment is revealed to a whole people what its morality, what its piety is worth. Of the island of Cyprus, we are told, that an earthquake shook its foundations, and was accompanied by so frightful a hurricane that the inhabitants, *who had slain their Mahometan slaves* in order that they might not themselves be subjected by them, fled in dismay in all directions. Who had slain their Mahometan slaves! Their Christianity had brought them thus far on the road of moral culture! At Lübeck, the Venice of the North, the wealthy merchants were not, in this extremity, unmindful of the safety of their souls; they spent their last strength in carrying their treasures to monasteries and churches. Useless for all other purposes, their gold would now purchase heaven. To such intelligent views of Christianity had they attained! But the treasure had no longer any charm for the monks; it might be infected; and even with them the thirst for gold was in abeyance. They shut their gates upon it; yet still it was cast to them over the convent walls. "People would not brook an impediment to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair."

Did all desert their post, or belie their profession? No; far from it. Amongst other instances, take that of the Sisters of Charity at the *Hotel Dieu*. "Though they lost their lives evidently from contagion, and their numbers were several times renewed, there was still no want of fresh candidates, who, strangers to the unchristian fear of death, piously devoted themselves to their holy calling."

But how cruel had their fears made the base multitude of Christendom? They rose against the Jews. They sought an enemy. The wells were poisoned; the Jews had poisoned them. Sordid natures invariably strive to lose the sense of their own calamity in a vindictive passion against some supposed author of it. For this reason it is, that, whatever the nature of the public distress may be, they always fasten it upon some human antagonist,

whom they can have the luxury of hating and reviling. If they cannot cure, they can at least revenge themselves.

"The noble and the mean fearlessly bound themselves by an oath to extirpate the Jews by fire and sword, and to snatch them from their protectors, of whom the number was so small, that throughout all Germany but few places can be mentioned where these unfortunate people were not regarded as outlaws, and martyred and burnt. Solemn summonses were issued from Berne, to the towns of Basle, Freyburg, and Strasburg, to pursue the Jews as prisoners. The burgo-masters and senators, indeed, opposed this requisition; but in Basle the populace obliged them to bind themselves by an oath to burn the Jews, and to forbid persons of that community from entering their city for the space of two hundred years. Upon this all the Jews, in Basle, whose number could not be inconsiderable, *were enclosed in a wooden building, constructed for the purpose, and burnt together with it*, upon the mere outcry of the people, without sentence or trial, which indeed would have availed them nothing. *Soon after the same thing took place at Freyburg.* A regular diet was held at Benneseeld, in Alsace, where the bishops, lords, and barons, as also deputies of the counties and towns, consulted how they should proceed with regard to the Jews: and when the deputies of Strasburg—not, indeed, the bishop of this town, who proved himself a violent fanatic—spoke in favour of the persecuted, as nothing criminal was substantiated against them, a great outcry was raised, and it was vehemently asked why, if so, they had covered their wells and removed their buckets?" [The wells were not used in the mere suspicion that they were poisoned, and then the covering of them up became a proof with these reasoners that they *had* been poisoned]. "A sanguinary decree was resolved upon, of which the populace, who obeyed here the call of the nobles and superior clergy, became but the too willing executioners. Wherever the Jews were not burnt they were at least banished, and so being compelled to wander about, they fell into the hands of the country people, who without humanity, and regardless of all laws, persecuted them with fire and sword. At Spire the Jews, driven to despair, assembled in their own habitations, which they set on fire, and thus consumed themselves with their families."

The atrocities, in short, that were

committed against this unhappy people were innumerable. At Strasburg 2000 men were burnt in their own burial-ground. At Mayence, 12,000 are said to have been put to a cruel death. At Eslingen the whole Jewish community burned themselves in their own synagogue. Those whom the Christians saved they insisted upon baptising! And, as fanaticism begets fanaticism, Jewish mothers were seen throwing their children on the pile, to prevent their being baptised, and then precipitating themselves into the flames. From many of the accused the rack extorted a confession of guilt; and as some Christians also were sentenced to death for poisoning the wells, Dr. Hecker suggests that it is not improbable the very belief in the prevalence of the crime had induced some men of morbid imagination really to commit it. When a faith in witchcraft, he observes, was prevalent, many an old woman was tempted to mutter spells against her neighbour. The false accusation had ended in producing, if not the crime itself, yet the criminal intention.

When we remember what took place in England under the reign of one Titus Oates, we shall not conclude that these terrible hallucinations of the public mind are proofs of any very peculiar condition of barbarism. Then, as at the later epoch to which we have alluded, a very marvellous plot was devised and thoroughly credited. All the Jews throughout Christendom were under the control and government of certain superiors at Toledo—a secret and mysterious council of Rabbis—from whom they received their commands. These prepared the poison with their own hands, from spiders, owls, and other venomous animals, and distributed it in little bags, with injunctions where it was to be thrown. Dr. Hecker gives us, in an appendix, an official account of the “Confessions made on the 15th September, in the year of our Lord 1348, in the castle of Chillon, by the Jews arrested in Neustadt on the charge of poisoning the wells, springs, and other places, also food, &c., with the design of destroying and extirpating all Christians.” These confessions were, of course, produced by the rack, or by the threat of torture, and the manifest inutility of any defence or denial. Nor must

it be forgotten, that the official report was drawn up *after* the whole of the Jews at Neustadt had been burnt on this very charge. Amongst these confessions is one of Balavignus, a Jewish physician, arrested at Chillon “in consequence of being found in the neighbourhood.” He was put for a short time upon the rack, and, after being taken down, “confessed, after much hesitation, that, about ten weeks before, the Rabbi Jacob of Toledo sent him, by a Jewish boy, *some poison in the mummy of an egg*: it was a powder sewed up in a thin leathern pouch, accompanied by a letter, commanding him, on penalty of excommunication, and by his required obedience to the law, to throw the poison into the larger and more frequented wells of Thonon.” Similar letters had been sent to other Jews. All Jews, indeed, were under the necessity of obeying these injunctions. He, Balavignus, had done so; he had thrown the poison into several wells. It was a powder half red and half black. Red and black spots were produced by the plague; it was right that this poison should partake of these two colours.

Conveyed over the lake from Chillon to Clarens to point out the well into which he had thrown the powder, Balavignus, “on being conducted to the spot, and having seen the well, acknowledged that to be the place, saying, ‘This is the well into which I put the poison.’ The well was examined in his presence, and the linen cloth in which the poison had been wrapped was found. He acknowledged this to be the linen which had contained the poison; he described it as being of two colours—red and black.” We follow in imagination this Jewish physician. Taken from the rack of his cell, he repeats whatever absurdity his unrelenting persecutors put into his mouth. Rabbi Jacob of Toledo—mummy of an egg—what you will. Conducted to the well—yes, this was the well; shown the very rag—yes, this was the rag;—and the powder? yes, it was red and black. What scorn and bitterness must have mingled with the agony of the Jewish physician!

Amidst all this we hear the scourge and miserable chant of the Flagellants, stirring up the people to fresh

persecutions, and infecting their minds with a superstition as terrible as the vice it pretended to expiate. This was not, indeed, their first appearance in Europe; nor did the Flagellants do more, at the commencement, than exaggerate the sort of piety their own church had taught them. Happily, as their fanaticism rose, they put themselves in opposition to the hierarchy, and were thus the sooner dispersed. In their spiritual exultation they presumed to reform or to dispense with the priesthood. They found themselves, therefore, in their turn subjected to grave denunciations, and pronounced to be one cause of the wrath of Heaven.

All this time what were the physicians doing? In the history of the plague, written by a physician, the topic, we may be sure, is not forgotten. But the information we glean is of a very scanty, unsatisfactory character. As to the origin of the plague—"A grand conjunction of the three superior planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of Aquarius, which took place, according to Guy de Chauliac, on the 24th March 1345, was generally received as its principal cause. In fixing the day, this physician, who was deeply versed in astrology, did not agree with others; wherefore there arose various disputations of weight in that age, but of none in ours." The medical faculty of Paris pronounced the same opinion. Being commissioned to report on the causes and the remedies of this Great Mortality, they commence thus: "It is known that in India, and the vicinity of the Great Sea, the constellations which emulated the rays of the sun,—and the warmth of the heavenly fire, exerted their power especially against that sea, and struggled violently with its waters." Hence vapours and corrupted fogs; hence no wholesome rain, or hail, or snow, or dew, could refresh the earth. But notwithstanding this learning, quite peculiar to the age, they were not more at fault than other learned bodies have been in later times, in the practical remedies they suggested against the disease. They were not entirely occupied in fixing the day when Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, had combated the sun over the great Indian

Ocean. "They did," as Dr. Hecker says, "what human intellect could do in the actual condition of the healing art; and their knowledge of the disease was by no means despicable." When fevers have attained to that malignancy that they take the name of plagues, they have escaped, we suspect, from the control of the physician;—just as when fires take the name of conflagrations, you must devote all your efforts to the saving of what is yet unconsumed, and checking the extension of the flames.

Amongst the consequences of the plague, Dr. Hecker notices that the church acquired treasures and large properties in land, even to a greater extent than after the Crusades; and that, on the subsidence of the calamity, many entered the priesthood, or flocked to the monasteries, who had no other motive than to participate in this wealth. He adds, also, that,—

"After the cessation of the Black Plague, a greater fecundity in women was everywhere remarkable—a grand phenomenon, which, from its occurrence after every destructive pestilence, proves to conviction, if any occurrence can do so, the prevalence of a higher power in the direction of general organic life. Marriages were, almost without exception, prolific, and double and treble births were more frequent than at other times; under which head we should remember the strange remark, that after the 'great mortality' the children were said to have got fewer teeth than before; at which contemporaries were mightily shocked, and even later writers have felt surprise.

"If we examine the grounds of this oft-repeated assertion, we shall find that they were astonished to see children cut twenty, or at most twenty-two teeth, under the supposition that a greater number had formerly fallen to their share. Some writers of authority, as, for example, the physician Savonarola, at Ferrara, who probably looked for twenty-eight teeth in children, published their opinions on this subject. Others copied from them without seeing for themselves, as often happens in other matters which are equally evident; and thus the world believed in a miracle of an imperfection in the human body, which had been caused by the Black Plague."

That a fresh impetus would be given to population seems to us quite sufficiently accounted for, without calling into aid any "higher power in the direction of general organic life." Men and women would marry early; and the very fact of their having survived the plague would, in general, prove that they were healthy subjects, or had been well and temperately brought up. There would be the same impetus to population that an extensive emigration would cause, and an emigration that had carried away most of the sick and the feeble. The belief that double and treble births were more frequent than at other times, may perhaps be explained in the same manner as the belief that there were fewer teeth than before in the human head. No accurate observations had been at all made upon the subject.

We come next in order to *The Dancing Mania*—an epidemic of a quite different character. Not, indeed, as the name might imply, that the convulsive dance was a very slight affliction—it was felt to be quite otherwise; but because it belongs to that class of nervous maladies in which there is great room for mental or psychical influence. Such disorders spring up in a certain condition of the body, but the form they assume will depend on social circumstances, or the ideas current at the time. And thus Dr. Hecker finds no difficulty in arranging the *Convulsionnaires* of France, or the early Methodists of England and Wales, in the same category as the maniacal dancers of Germany. It was in all the cases a physical tendency of a similiar character, brought out under the influence of different ideas.

Dr. Hecker mentions a case which, from the simplicity of the facts, would form a good introduction to others of a more complicated character. In the year 1787, at a cotton-manufactory at Hodden Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl, who had a great dread of mice. It threw her into a fit, and the fit continued, with the most violent convulsions, for twenty-four hours. On the following day three other girls were seized in the same way; on the day after six

more. A report was now spread that a strange disease had been introduced into the factory by a bag of cotton opened in the house. Others who had not even seen the infected, but only heard of their convulsions, were seized with the same fits. In three days, the number of the sufferers had reached to twenty-four. The symptoms were, a sense of great anxiety, strangulation, and very strong convulsions, which lasted from one to twenty-four hours, and of so violent a nature that it required four or five persons to prevent the patients from tearing their hair, and dashing their heads against the floor and walls. Dr. St. Clare was sent for from Preston. Dr. St. Clare deserves to have his name remembered. The ingenious man took with him a portable electrical machine. The electric shock cured all his patients without an exception. When this was known, and the belief could no longer hold its ground that the plague had been brought in by the cotton bag, no fresh person was affected.

If we substitute for the cotton bag a belief in some demoniacal influence, compelling people to dance against their will, we have the dancing mania of Germany. Unhappily there was no St. Clare at hand, with his electrical machine, to give a favourable shock to body and mind at once, and thus disperse the malady before it gathered an overpowering strength by the very numbers of the infected.

"The effects of the Black Death," writes Dr. Hecker (whose account of the disorder we cannot do better than give, with some abridgments), "had not yet subsided, when a strange delusion arose in Germany. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame, and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries, since which time it has never reappeared. It was called the Dance of St. John, or of St. Vitus, on account of the Bacchantic leaps by which it was characterised, and which gave to those affected, whilst performing their wild dance, and screaming and foaming with fury, all the appearance of persons possessed. It did not remain confined to particular localities, but was propagated by the sight of the sufferers like a demoniacal epidemic, over the whole of Germany and the neighbouring

countries to the north-west, which were already prepared for its reception by the prevailing opinions of the times.

"So early as the year 1374, assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle. They formed circles hand in hand, and, appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in clothes, bound tightly round their waists, upon which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings; but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner, by thumping or trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing, they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out; and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high. Others, during the paroxysm, saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations."

The disease spread itself in two directions. It extended from Aix-la-Chapelle through the towns of the Netherlands, and also through the Rhenish towns. In Liege, Utrecht, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists already girt with a cloth or bandage, that they might receive immediate relief in the attack of the tympany. It seems that the crowd around were often more ready to administer relief by kicks and blows than by drawing this bandage tight. The most opposite feelings seem to have been excited in the multitude by these exhibitions. Sometimes an idle and vicious mob would take advantage of them, and they became the occasion of much

riot and debauchery. More frequently, however, the demoniacal origin of the disease, of which few men doubted, led to its being regarded with astonishment and horror. Religious processions were instituted on its account, masses and hymns were sung, and the whole power of the priesthood was called in to exorcise the evil spirit. The malady rose to its greatest height in some of the towns on the Rhine. At Cologne the number of the possessed amounted to more than five hundred, whilst at Metz the streets are said to have been filled (numbering women and children together) with eleven hundred dancers. Even those idle vagabonds who, for their own purposes, imitated their convulsive movements, assisted to spread the disorder; for in these maladies the susceptible are infected quite as easily by the imitation as by the reality.

The physicians stood aloof. Acknowledged as a demoniacal possession, they left the treatment of the disease entirely to the priesthood; and their exorcisms were not without avail. But it was necessary to this species of remedy that the patients should have faith in the church and its holy ministers. Without faith there would certainly, in such a case, be no cure; and, unhappily, the report had been spread by some irreverend schismatics that the disorder itself was owing—to what will our readers suppose?—to an imperfect baptism—to the baptism of children by the hands of unchaste priests. Where this notion prevailed, the exorcism, we need not say, was unavailing.

The malady first bore the name of St. John's Dance, afterwards that of St. Vitus's. This second name it took from the mere circumstance that St. Vitus was the saint appealed to for its cure. A legend had been framed with a curious disregard—even for a legend—of all history and chronology, in which St. Vitus, who suffered martyrdom, as the church records, under the Emperor Domitian, is described as praying, just before he bent his neck to the sword, that he might protect from the Dancing Mania all those who should solemnise the day of his commemoration, and fast upon its eve. The prayer was granted; a voice from heaven was heard say-

ing, "Vitus, thy prayer is accepted." He became, of course, the patron saint of those afflicted with the dancing plague. But the name under which it first appeared, of St. John's Dance, receives from Dr. Hecker an explanation which points out to us a probable origin of the disease itself, or of the peculiar form which it assumed.

"The connection," he says, "which John the Baptist had with the dancing mania of the fourteenth century, was of a totally different character. He was originally far from being a protecting saint to those who were attacked, or one who would be likely to give them relief from a malady considered as the work of the devil. On the contrary, the manner in which he was worshipped afforded an important and very evident cause for its development. From the remotest period, perhaps even so far back as the fourth century, St. John's day was solemnised with all sorts of strange and rude customs, of which the original mystical meaning was variously disfigured among different nations by superadded relics of heathenism. Thus the Germans transferred to the festival of St. John's day an ancient heathen usage—the kindling of the 'hodfyr,' which was forbidden them by St. Boniface; and the belief subsists even to the present day, that people and animals that have leaped through these flames, or their smoke, are protected for a whole year from fevers and other diseases, as if by a kind of baptism by fire. Bacchanalian dances, which have originated from similar causes among all the rude nations of the earth, and the wild extravagancies of a heated imagination, were the constant accompaniments of this half-heathen, half-christian festival."

In a note at a subsequent page, Dr. Hecker cites some curious passages to show what in the middle ages took place at "St. John's fires." Bones, horns, and other rubbish were heaped together to be consumed in smoke, while persons of all ages danced round the flames as if they had been possessed. Others seized burning flambéus, and made a circuit of the fields, in the supposition that they thereby screened them from danger; while others again turned a cart-wheel, to represent the retrograde movement of the sun. The last circumstance takes back the imagination to the old primitive worship of the sun; and perhaps the very fires of St.

John might date their history from those kindled in honour of Baal or Moloch. Dr. Hecker suggests that mingling with these heathen traditions or customs a remembrance of the history of St. John's death—that dance which occasioned his decapitation—might also have had its share in determining the peculiar manner in which this saint's day should be observed. However that may be, as we find that the first dancers in Aix-la-Chapelle appeared with St. John's name in their mouths, the conjecture is very probable that the wild revels of St. John's day had given rise, if not to the disease, yet to the type or form in which it appeared.

At a subsequent period, indeed, when the disorder had assumed, if we may so speak, a more settled aspect, the name of St. John was no otherwise associated with it than the name of St. Vitus. People danced upon his festival to obtain a cure. And these periodical dances, while they relieved the patients, assisted also to perpetuate the malady. Throughout the whole of June, we are told, prior to the festival of St. John, many men felt a disquietude and recklessness which they were unable to overcome. They were dejected, timid, and anxious; wandered about in an unsettled state, being tormented with twitching pains, which seized them suddenly in different parts; they eagerly expected the eve of St. John's day, in the confident hope that, by dancing at the altars of this saint, they would be freed from all their sufferings. Nor were they disappointed. By dancing and raving for three hours to the utmost scope of their desires, they obtained peace for the rest of the year. For a long time, however, we hear of cases which assumed the most terrific form. Speaking of a period which embraced the close of the fifteenth century, Dr. Hecker says:—

The St. Vitus's dance attacked people of all stations, *especially those who led a sedentary life*, such as shoemakers and tailors; but even the most robust peasants abandoned their labours in the fields, as if they were possessed by evil spirits; and thus those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately, from time to time, at certain appointed places,

and, unless prevented by the lookers-on, continuing to dance without intermission, until their very last breath was expended. Their fury and extravagance of demeanour so completely deprived them of their senses, that many of them dashed their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rapid rivers, where they found a watery grave. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that, by the high leaps they were tempted to take, their strength might be exhausted."

Music, however, was a still better resource. It excited, but it hastened forward the paroxysm, and doubtless reduced it to some measure and rhythm. The magistrates even hired musicians for the purpose of carrying the dancers the more rapidly through the attack, and directed that athletic men should be sent among them, in order to complete their exhaustion. A marvellous story is related on the authority of one Felix Plater: Several powerful men being commissioned to dance with a girl who had the dancing mania till she had recovered from her disorder; they successively relieved each other, and danced on for the space of four weeks! at the end of which time the patient fell down exhausted, was carried to an hospital, and there recovered. She had never once undressed, was entirely regardless of the pain of her lacerated feet, and had merely sat down occasionally to take some nourishment or to slumber, and even then "the hopping movement of her body continued."

Happily, however, this mania grew more rare every year, so that in the beginning of the seventeenth century we may be said to be losing sight of it in Germany. Nor shall we follow out its history further in that country, because the same disorder, under a different form, made its appearance in Italy, and we must by no means neglect to notice the dancing mania which was so universally attributed to the bite of the tarantula. Whatever part the festival of St. John the Baptist performed in Germany, as an exciter of the disease, that part was still more clearly performed in Italy by the popular belief in the venom of a spider.

We shall not go back with Dr. Hecker into the fears or superstitions

of classical times as to the bite of certain spiders or lizards; we must keep more strictly to our text; we must start from the period when men's minds were still open to pain and alarm on account of the frequent return of the plague.

"The bite of venomous spiders, or rather the unreasonable fear of its consequences, excited at such a juncture, though it could not have done so at an earlier period, a violent nervous disorder, which, like St. Vitus's dance in Germany, spread by sympathy, increasing in severity as it took a wider range, and still further extending its ravages from its long continuance. Thus, from the middle of the fourteenth century, the furies of *The Dance* brandished their scourge over afflicted mortals; and music, for which the inhabitants of Italy now probably for the first time manifested susceptibility and talent, became capable of exciting ecstatic attacks in those affected, and thus furnished the magical means of exorcising their melancholy."

Does the learned doctor insinuate that the Italians owed their natural taste for music to this invasion of Tarantism?

"At the close of the fifteenth century we find that Tarantism had spread beyond the boundaries of Apulia, and that the fear of being bitten by venomous spiders had increased. Nothing short of death itself was expected from the wound which these insects inflicted; and if those who were bitten escaped with their lives, they were said to be pining away in a desponding state of lassitude. Many became weak-sighted or hard of hearing; some lost the power of speech; and all were insensible to ordinary causes of excitement. Nothing but the flute or the cithern afforded them relief. At the sound of these instruments they awoke as if by enchantment, opened their eyes, and moving slowly at first, according to the measure of the music, were, as the time quickened, gradually hurried on to the most passionate dance. It was generally observable that country people, *who were rude and ignorant of music, evinced on these occasions an unusual degree of grace*, as if they had been well practised in elegant movements of the body; for it is a peculiarity in nervous disorders of this kind that the organs of motion are in an altered condition, and are completely under the control of the overstrained spirits."

This increased agility and grace of movement is by no means to be discredited by the reader. It is a symptom which distinguishes one class of epileptic patients. Some have attributed it to an over-excitement of the cerebellum. However that may be, there are greater wonders than this contained in our most sober and trustworthy books on the disorders of the nervous system. We continue the account:—

“Cities and villages alike resounded throughout the summer season with the notes of fifes, clarinets, and Turkish drums; and patients were everywhere to be met with who looked to dancing as their only remedy. Alexander ab Alexandro, who gives this account, saw a young man in a remote village who was seized with a violent attack of Tarantism. He listened with eagerness and a fixed stare to the sound of a drum, and his graceful movements gradually became more and more violent, until his dancing was converted into a succession of frantic leaps, which required the utmost exertion of his whole strength. In the midst of this overstrained exertion of *mind and body* the music suddenly ceased, and he immediately fell powerless to the ground, where he lay senseless and motionless until its magical effect again aroused him to a renewal of his impassioned performances.”

We have put the expression “*mind and body*” in italics, because we may as well take this opportunity to observe, that although convulsions of this kind are excited, and assume a certain form on account of the predominance of some idea, yet, when once called forth, they are almost entirely mechanical in their nature. Mere animal excitability—what is called the reflex action, or other automatic movements quite as little associated with the immediate operation of “*mind*”—carry on the rest of the process. And it is some consolation to think that the appearance of pain and distress which marks convulsive disorders of all descriptions, is, for the most part, illusory. The premonitory symptoms may be very distressing, but the condition of the patient, when the fit is on, is that of insensibility to pain.

The general conviction was, that by music and dancing the poison of the tarantula was distributed over

the whole body, and expelled through the skin; but, unfortunately, it was also believed that if the slightest vestige of it remained behind the disorder would break out again. Thus there was no confidence excited in a certain cure. Men who had danced themselves well one summer watched the next summer for the returning symptoms, and found in themselves what they looked for. Thus—

“The number of those affected by it increased beyond belief, for whoever had actually been, or even fancied that he had been once bitten by a poisonous spider or scorpion, made his appearance annually whenever the merry notes of the Tarantella resounded. Inquisitive females joined the throng and caught the disease—not indeed from the poison of the spider, but from the mental poison which they eagerly received through the eye; and thus the cure of the *Tarantali* gradually became established as a regular festival of the populace.

It was customary for whole bands of musicians to traverse Italy during the summer months, and the cure of the disordered was undertaken on a grand scale. This season of dancing and music was called “The women’s little carnival,” for it was women more especially who conducted the arrangements. It was they, too, it seems, who paid the musicians their fee. The music itself received its due share of study and attention. There were different kinds of the Tarantella (as the curative melody was called) suited to every variety of the ailment.

One very curious circumstance connected with this disease must not pass unnoticed—the passion excited by certain colours. Amongst the Germans, those afflicted by St. Vitus’s dance were enraged by any garment of the colour of red. Amongst the Italians, on the contrary, red colours were generally liked. Some preferred one colour, some another, but the devotion to the chosen colour was one of the most extraordinary symptoms which the disease manifested in Italy. The colour that pleased the patient he was enamoured of; the colour that displeased excited his utmost fury.

“Some preferred yellow, others were enraptured with green; and eyewitnesses describe this rage for colours as so extraordinary that they can scarcely find

words with which to express their astonishment. No sooner did the patients obtain a sight of their favourite colour than they rushed like infuriated animals towards the object, devoured it with their eager looks, kissed and caressed it in every possible way, and, gradually resigning themselves to softer sensations, adopted the languishing expression of enamoured lovers, and embraced the handkerchief, or whatever article it might be which was presented to them, with the most intense ardour, while the tears streamed from their eyes as if they were completely overwhelmed by the inebriating impression on their senses.

"The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarentum excited so much curiosity that Cardinal Cajetano proceeded to the monastery that he might see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the midst of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures endeavoured to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his scarlet robe, and to allay his intense longing by its odour. The interference of the spectators, and his own respect, prevented his touching it, and thus, the irritation of his senses not being appeased, he fell into a state of such anguish and disquietude that he presently sunk down in a swoon, from which he did not recover until the cardinal compassionately gave him his cape. This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstasy, and pressed, now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance as if in the frenzy of a love fit."

Another curious symptom, which was probably connected with this passion for colour, was an ardent longing for the sea. These over-susceptible people were attracted irresistibly to the boundless expanse of the blue ocean, and lost themselves in its contemplation. Some were carried so far by this vague passionate longing as to cast themselves into the waves.

The persuasion of the inevitable and fatal consequences of being bitten by the tarantula was so general that it exercised a dominion over the strongest minds. Men who in their sober moments considered the disorder as a species of nervous affection depending on the imagination, were themselves brought under the influence of this imagination, and suffered

from the disorder at the approach of the dreaded tarantula. A very striking anecdote of this kind is told of the Bishop of Foligno. Quite sceptical as to the venom of the insect, he allowed himself to be bitten by a tarantula. But he had not measured the strength of his own imagination, however well he had estimated the real malignancy of the spider. The bishop fell ill, nor was there any cure for him but the music and the dance. Many reverend old gentlemen, it is said, to whom this remedy appeared highly derogatory, only exaggerated their symptoms by delaying to have recourse to what, after all, was found to be the true and sole specific.

But even popular errors are not eternal. This of Tarantism continued, our author tells us, throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, but gradually declined till it became limited to single cases. "It may therefore be not unreasonably maintained," he concludes, "that the Tarantism of modern times bears nearly the same relation to the original malady as the St. Vitus's dance which still exists, and certainly has all along existed, bears, in certain cases, to the original dancing mania of the dancers of St. John."

In a subsequent chapter, our author informs us that a disease of a similar character existed in Abyssinia, or still exists, for the authority he quotes is that of an English surgeon who resided nine years in Abyssinia, from 1810 to the year 1819. We cannot pretend to say that we have ever seen the book, which the learned German has, however, not permitted to escape him—we have never seen the *Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce*, written by himself; but, judging by the extract here given, Nathaniel Pearce must be a person worth knowing, he writes with so much candour and simplicity. The disease is called in Abyssinia the Tigretier, because it occurs most frequently in the Tigre country. The first remedy resorted to is the introduction of a learned Dofter, "who reads the Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily." If this does not answer, then the relations hire a band of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; all the

young men and women of the place assembled at the patient's house, and she (for it is generally a woman), arrayed in all the finery and trinkets that can be borrowed from the neighbours, is excited by the music to dance, day after day if necessary, till she drops down from utter exhaustion. The disease is attended with a great emaciation; and the doctor says "he was almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength." He then proceeds to recount his own domestic calamity in a strain of the most commendable candour:—

"I could not have ventured to write this from hearsay, nor could I conceive it possible until I was obliged to put this remedy in practice upon my own wife, who was seized with the same disorder. I at first thought that a whip would be of some service, and one day attempted a few strokes when unnoticed by any person, *we being by ourselves*, and I having a strong suspicion that this ailment sprang from the weak minds of women, who were encouraged in it for the sake of the grandeur, rich dress, and music which accompany the cure. But how much was I surprised, the moment I struck a light blow, thinking to do good, to find that she became like a corpse; and even the joints of her fingers became so stiff that I could not straighten them. Indeed, I really thought that she was dead, and immediately made it known to the people in the house that she had fainted, but did not tell them the cause; upon which they immediately brought music, which I had for many days denied them, and which soon revived her; and I then left the house to her relations, to cure her at my expense. One day I went privately with a companion to see my wife dance, and I kept at a short distance, as I was ashamed to go near the crowd. In looking steadfastly upon her, while dancing or jumping, more like a deer than a human being, I said that it certainly was not my wife; at which my companion burst into a fit of laughter, from which he could scarcely refrain all the way home."

The capability of sustaining the most violent exercise, for a long time together, and on very little food, is not one of the least perplexities attendant upon these nervous or epileptic diseases. The partial suspension of sensation and volition, by sparing the brain, may have something to do with

it. But into scientific perplexities of this kind we cannot now enter. One plain and homely caution is derivable from all these histories. Good sense is a great preservative of health. Do not voluntarily make a fool of yourself, or your folly may become in turn the master of your reason. Epilepsy has been brought on by the simulation of epilepsy. We doubt not that a man might dance to his own shadow, and talk to it, as it danced before him on the wall, till he drove himself into a complete frenzy. A sect in America thought fit to introduce certain grimaces, laughing, weeping, and the like, into their public service. It was not long before their grimaces, in some of their numbers, became involuntary; the muscles of the face had escaped the control of the will. A decided *tongue-mania* was exhibited a short time amongst the Irvingites. Happily, in the present state of society, men's minds are called off into so many directions, that a predominant idea of this kind has little chance of establishing itself in that tyrannous manner which we have seen possible in the middle ages. But it is better not to play with edged tools. If people will stand round a table, fixing their minds on one idea—that a certain mysterious influence will pass through their fingers to move the table—they will lose, for a time, the voluntary command over their own fingers, which will exert themselves without any volition or consciousness on their part. They are entering, in fact, into that state which, in the olden time, was considered a demoniacal possession; so that, speaking from this point of view, one may truly say that "Satan does turn the table," but it is by entering into the table-turner. When we have been asked whether there is *anything* in mesmerism, we have always answered—a great deal more than you ought, without medical advice, to make trial of. Nor do we at all admire the performance of the so-called electro-biologists. Experiments in the interest of science are permissible; but is it fit that any one should practise the art of inducing a temporary state of idiocy in persons of weak or susceptible nerves, for the purpose of collecting a crowd, and passing round the hat?

The subject for the third treatise of Dr. Hecker is the *Sweating Sickness*. This third part is more miscellaneous than its predecessors, and we have no space to do justice to its varied and sometimes disputable matter. Dr. Hecker describes the sweating sickness as a legacy left us by the civil wars of York and Lancaster. It first developed itself in Richmond's army, which had been collected from abroad, over-fatigued by long marches in a very damp season, and probably ill supplied with rations. Its rapid extension through the cities he attributes to the intemperance of the English, to their overfeeding, and the want of cleanliness in their houses. Gluttony and the filth of the rush-covered floors, he detects even amongst the wealthiest of the land. For a minute description of the disease, and the Doctor's investigation into the nature of it, we must refer to the book itself.

On the physicians, and the manner in which they addressed themselves to the encounter of this strange calamity, there is a passage which it may be instructive to peruse:—

"The physicians could do little or nothing for the people in this extremity. They are nowhere alluded to throughout this epidemic, and even those who might have come forward to succour their fellow-citizen, had fallen into the errors of Galen, and their dialectic minds sank under this appalling phenomenon. This holds good even of the famous Thomas Linaere, subsequently physician in ordinary to two monarchs, and founder of the College of Physicians in 1518. In the prime of his youth he had been an eyewitness of the events at Oxford, and survived even the second and third eruption of the sweating sickness; but in none of his writings do we find a single word respecting this disease, which is of such permanent importance. In fact, the restorers of the medical science of ancient Greece, who were followed by all the most enlightened men in Europe, with the single exception of Linaere, occupied themselves rather with the ancient terms of art than with actual observation, and

in their critical researches overlooked the important events that were passing before their eyes. This reminds us of the later Greek physicians, who for four hundred years paid no attention to the small-pox, because they could find no description of it in the immortal works of Galen!"

Who shall say, in reading such passages, that the *New Philosophy* of Bacon, which reads now like old common sense, was not sadly wanted, if the learned physician, while feeling his patient's pulse, could see only with the eyes of Galen? In the fourteenth century we see the physician busied with his Astrology, and laboriously fixing the day when Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, did battle with the sun over the great Indian Ocean; in the sixteenth we find him, with quiet dialectic mind, absorbed in the study of his classical authorities; at the present time we may truly say that there are no inquiries conducted with a more philosophical spirit, or with greater zeal and energy, than those which relate to the human frame, its functions and its diseases. The extreme complexity of the subject renders our progress slow. And yet progress can hardly be said to have been slow. Let any one take up that admirable little manual on *The Nervous System*, by Dr. Herbert Mayo, and compare it with any work of a hundred years old: it is a new science; and that not only from the new facts which a Robert Bell and a Marshall Hall, and other distinguished men in France and Germany, have added to our knowledge, but from the fine spirit of philosophical inquiry which presides over the whole. We have not only left astrology behind, we have not only left behind the undue reverence to classical authority, but we have thrown aside that dislike and depreciation of physiology which the metaphysician had done his part to encourage, and have entered, as with a fresh eye and a beating heart, upon the study of the wonders of the human frame.

THE SONG OF METRODORUS.

Παντοίην βιότοιον τάμοις τρίβον. εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
 πύδα καὶ πυνταὶ πρῆξιες. ἐν δὲ δόμοις
 ἄμπαμ' ἐν δ' ἀγορῇς Φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσῃ
 κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξεινῆς, γῆ μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος·
 ἐν δ' ἀπορῆς, μόνος οἶδας. ἔχεις γάμον; ὄλεος ἄριστος
 ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερον.
 τέκνα πόθος· ἀφροντίς ἀπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες.
 βωμαλαίαι· πολλαὶ δ' ἐμπολιν εὐσεβέες
 οὐκ ἀρα τῶν δισσων ἐνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
 μηδέποτε, ἢ τὸ θανεῖν. πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίῳ.

METRODORUS was a rare old blade,
 His wine he drank, his prayers he said,
 And did his duty duly;
 But with grave affairs of Church and State
 He never fretted his smooth pate,
 For he said, and he said full truly,
 If a man about and about will go,
 To mend all matters high and low,
 He'll find no rest full surely.
 In his chair of ease a thorn will grow,
 The gall will in his bladder flow,
 Thick seeds of sorrow he will sow,
 And make his dearest friend a foe,
 And go to the grave prematurely.
 One day he sate beside the fire.
 With all things square to his desire
 —A wintry day, when Boreas blew
 Through the piping hills with a halloo—
 Just after dinner when the wine
 On the tip of his nose was glowing fine.
 A pleasant vapour 'fore him floats,
 The logs are blazing brightly,
 And in his brain the happy thoughts
 Begin to move full lightly.
 He never wrote a verse before,
 Though now he counted good threescore,
 And scarcely knew what poets meant,
 When in their high conceited bent
 They talked of inspiration.
 But now his soul a fancy stirred;
 He trilled and chirped like any bird;
 His bright imagination
 Poured forth a pleasant flowing verse,
 Which, if you please, I will rehearse
 For gentle meditation.
 'Twas Greek of course, but by the skill
 Made English, of my classic quill,
 As good, or better, if you will,
 In this my free translation.

1.

They may rail at this world, and say that the devil
 Rules o'er it, usurping the mace of the Lord;
 In my soul I detest all such impious cavil,
 While I sit as a guest at life's bountiful board.

I was young; I am old, and my temples are hoary,
 On Time's rocking tide I have gallantly oared;
 This wisdom I learned, 'tis the sum of my story,
 With blessings God's earth like a garner is stored.

2.

You blame your condition; by Jove I was never
 So placed that I could not with pride be a man:
 At rest or afloat on life's far-sounding river,
 Content was my watchword, enjoyment my plan.
 Where busy men bustle, to elbow and jostle
 What sport! then at home how delightful repose!
 What comfort and pleasure your body to measure
 At large in the elbow-chair, toasting your toes!

3.

A soldier? how gallant through smoke and through thunder
 To ride like the lightning, when Jupiter roars;
 A farmer? to gaze on the green leafy wonder
 Of April how sweet, and to think on the stores
 Of golden-sheaved autumn!—to dash through the billow
 Is dear to the merchant who carries his gains;
 How sweet to the poet on green grassy pillow,
 To lie when spring zephyrs are fanning his brains!

4.

When you find a good wife, Nature urges to marry;
 But art thou a bachelor, never complain;
 Less sail you display, but less burden you carry,
 And over yourself like a king you may reign.
 'Tis pleasant to hear children prattling around you,
 Thank Heaven you've arrows enough for your bow;
 But if you love quite, they'll only confound you,
 So if now you have none—may it ever be so!

5.

Art young? then rejoice in thy youth,—give the pinion
 Of passion free play—love and hate like a man;
 And gather around thee a mighty dominion
 Of venturous thoughts, like the crest-waving van
 Of a conquering host. Art old? reputation
 And honour shall find thee and pleasures serene,
 And a power like to Jove's, when the fate of the nation
 Shall wait on thy word in the hall of the queen.

6.

Blow hot or blow cold, with hearty endeavour
 Still witch out a virtue from all that you see;
 Use well what you get, giving thanks to the Giver,
 And think everything good in its place and degree.
 I've told you my thoughts, and I think you're my debtor,
 And if you don't think so, I wish you were dead;
 The sooner you rot on a dunghill the better,
 You're not worth the straw that they shake from your bed.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

WE feel compelled to address ourselves to an ungracious and disagreeable task. At this moment but one thought ought to be encouraged throughout the British empire—that of encountering and beating back the new and formidable aggressor on the liberties of Europe. We shall not enter now upon the history of past transactions. We shall not stop to inquire whether the Ministry acted foolishly or not in allowing themselves, in spite of repeated warnings and most pugnacious instances, to be deceived, cajoled, and outwitted, by the agents of Russian diplomacy. It is enough for us that the war has, to all intents and purposes, begun—that we are sending forth our armaments and making our preparations for such a struggle as has not been known during the lifetime of the present generation—and that we have, directly, the most colossal force in Europe to cope with, to which possibly may be united a central power of the Continent, with an army at its disposal more than twice as numerous as our own.

Gladly do we hail the spirit which at present animates the nation. It assures us that we have not degenerated during the long period of peace which we have enjoyed. It shows that we are still alive to our dignity as a people, to our duty as the enemies of outrage and aggression—that we have heart enough and will enough, at any sacrifice, to maintain our high position—and that the love of Mammon has not so occupied our souls as to render us insensible to the part which we are bound to take, as the freest state and most advanced community in Europe. We deny, on the part of the people of Great Britain, that they have either been rash or headstrong in this matter; they have submitted with remarkable patience, to negotiations protracted beyond hope, and with advantage to the enemy; and, so far from being precipitate or impetuous towards war, they have urged nothing upon the Ministry until, after unparalleled vacillation, the latter have been compelled to see that no other course was open to them but a final rupture with Russia.

This session of Parliament began as leisurely and lazily as though there were no combustible elements visible in Europe—as though there had been no aggression—as though no severe blow had been struck by Russia at Turkey, almost in the presence of, and in defiance of our fleet. Had we been at peace with all the world, Ministers could not have shown less symptoms of excitement. The meeting of Parliament was postponed to the last day; possibly on account of negotiations still pending, after Wallachia and Moldavia had been occupied by the Russian troops—after engagements had taken place upon the Danube—and after a Turkish fleet had been assailed and annihilated within the Turkish harbour of Sinope. Negotiation is long-lived. The Premier has even now such faith in protocols that he professes to believe the peace of Europe may be preserved—an opinion, the gallantry of which cannot be questioned, inasmuch as he stands alone; and for which he will certainly be entitled to immortal credit, if the Czar chooses to yield and withdraw after all that has taken place. But with Lord Aberdeen's opinions or convictions we have nothing, at the present moment, to do. We think that, considering the important nature of the crisis, and the vastness of the interests at stake, it was the duty of Ministers to have advised an earlier meeting of Parliament, so that the natural anxiety of the nation might not be prolonged, nor any feeling of distrust engendered. Such a step would at all events have been satisfactory to the public, as an implied assurance that it was intended to obliterate, by a decided course of action, the memory of the apathetic indifference and vacillating policy of the latter half of the bygone year.

Pass we from that, however, to the actual meeting of Parliament. No sooner were the members assembled, and, as it were, shaken into their places, than Lord John Russell, a Cabinet Minister announced that it was his intention to move for leave to bring in a bill for amending the representation of the country; and, not-

withstanding the urgent dissuasions both of friend and foe, grounded upon the exceeding impolicy, under present circumstances, of forcing on a measure for which there has been no call or necessity, he, on the evening of the 13th February, proceeded to develop his scheme.

Now, it is perfectly true that, in the course of last session, Lord John Russell, and, if we mistake not, Lord Aberdeen, stated that it was the intention of Ministers to bring forward some measure of the kind. It is true also that the former seems resolved with characteristic obstinacy, to effect some great change in the representation, and that his resolution is not of yesterday's date; for in 1852, just two years ago, he obtained leave to bring in a bill for the same object, but with provisions and machinery entirely different from this. It is not our intention in the present paper to compare the two schemes propounded by this consistent statesman for amending the representation. Whether, however, the present bill is insisted on or not, we certainly shall take an opportunity of instituting such a comparison, were it merely for the purpose of exposing, beyond the possibility of refutation or defence, the reckless, inconsistent, and almost crazy tamperings of the noble Lord with the fabric of our constitution. We shall not judge him by any other test than his own words and his own measures. He must either admit—and we shall challenge his warmest adherents or advocates to deny this—that he regards the British constitution as something that may be altered and adjusted to suit special circumstances and party ends: or that, in 1852, he, then First Minister of the Crown, introduced, with culpable want of consideration, a measure, the details of which he now repudiates. It has been the fashion, on the strength of a flippant saying of the late Sydney Smith, to talk of Lord John Russell as a man adequate, in his own conceit, to the conduct of any affair or enterprise, and rigidly and unalterably wedded to his own opinions. We cannot give him even that dubious credit now. He either committed a gross blunder in his former bill, which is no slight imputation upon the judgment of a Prime Minister, or he is acting just

now under the direct dictation of others. Nothing has occurred, during the last two years, to make the Reform Bill of 1854 totally and entirely different, not only in details, but in principle, from that which was proposed in 1852; and yet the new measure is utterly inconsistent with the older one. We all remember that, in 1852, Lord John failed to engage the public support—can it be that he is now playing the bad and unpatriotic game of which he was formerly suspected—that he is bidding for popularity and party power, irrespective altogether of the true interests of the country?

That comparison, however, we shall reserve for a future article. We have said already that it was intimated last session, on the part of the Ministry, that a bill for amending the representation would be introduced. The question now is, whether it is for the advantage of the country that such a resolution should be adhered to. That Ministers ought to keep faith with the public is a proposition which we shall never question. If it can be shown that the public, in any proper sense of the term, has become aware of the existence of a grievance, and has demanded a remedy or relief; and if, therefore, Ministers, toward the end of a session, have admitted the justice of the demand, but have been necessitated to postpone the remedy, they are certainly under ordinary circumstances, bound to come forward and redeem their pledge. But, even in such a case as that which we have supposed, when non-fulfilment of the pledge would naturally create dissatisfaction, circumstances may arise to justify Ministers in declining, on public grounds, to pursue a line of action which otherwise they would willingly adopt. The present is not even a case of that kind. There was no demand at all upon the part of the nation for any immediate measure of reform of representation; and although, beyond all question, there are serious points yet to be settled—for example, the relative representation of Scotland as compared with England—Ministers were not urged to undertake any specific measure, and the responsibility of having done so must rest entirely on themselves.

But we ask, in the name of common sense, is this a time to breed dissen-

sion in the country! Set aside such matters as this, which are not clamoured for in any way, and there is absolutely no party feeling among us. All that has been absorbed in the national and British feeling; and we are now sending forth our navy and our army—parting with our sons and our brothers—not knowing whether they may again return to us, but believing that they have gone to support a just cause, and knowing that, in the worst event, they will be mourned by more than ourselves. We shall be called upon, and we are ready, one and all, to submit to increased taxation, and to perform the part which our fathers performed when the integrity of the land was threatened. But is it the part of Ministers, *now*, at the very opening of the campaign, to do all in their power to excite angry feelings among us, to awake party jealousies, and to rouse antagonism between town and country?

In England the proposed disfranchisement of nineteen boroughs, returning twenty-nine members, and the reduction of thirty-three others, now returning two, to one member each, will, beyond all question, excite a vast deal of animosity and discussion. We are not by any means so bigotted or besotted in our admiration of the present system as to deny that a plausible argument may be maintained in favour of much of this disfranchisement and reduction; for the old Reform Act was eminently a party measure, and dealt tenderly with existing interests whenever these belonged to the Whigs. But when we look to the simple facts, that our system and arrangements for the distribution of the franchise, such as they are, stood the triumphant test of 1848, when every other state in Europe was rocking before the whirlwind of revolution—and that no clamour has been heard for their alteration—we humbly venture to think that this is not the time for any extensive experiment. Nor are we by any means convinced that the suppression of small constituencies in favour of larger ones which are already represented, would be a practical improvement. We would much rather see large existing constituencies subdivided, so that no elector should be allowed to vote for more than one member. This might very

easily be effected. Edinburgh, for example, would still return two members, but these would be elected by two distinct bodies of voters in different wards. In like manner, where there are two or more members for a county, these should be returned by separate votes in three departments or districts of parishes, which, indeed, would be simply an extension of the system now followed in the larger English counties. This would at once supersede the necessity of having recourse to such ridiculous and fantastic devices as “the representation of minorities,” which is contemplated by the present bill, and which is grossly unfair, inasmuch as its operation is only practicable in the case of constituencies returning three members. From what we have seen of their working, we are not at all enamoured of large constituencies. They have at present more power than they are entitled to; for we maintain it to be contrary to the just principle of representation that any elector should have more than one representative. If the other system, which Lord John Russell practically advocates, is a good one, why should not the three Ridings of Yorkshire be united, so that electors in the county might vote for six representatives? It is just as easy to divide a town as a county. The machinery is already supplied by the municipal arrangements; and if that system were to be adopted—and we earnestly recommend it for consideration—we should hear nothing more of the tyranny of majorities. Until some such plan, founded on principle and recommended by reason, is matured, we oppose the disfranchisement of any of the boroughs. But let us again revert to the time which has been selected for propounding these sweeping changes.

We have been told, in ridiculously pompous language, that Great Britain will present a magnificent spectacle to the world, if, while engaging in a deadly struggle with the most colossal power of Europe, she applies herself, at the same time, to the remodelment of her own constitution. With all deference to the speaker, we never listened to more atrocious nonsense. What should we think of the sanity of the man who, at the very

moment when his house was attacked from without, should set fire to it within, for the purpose of exhibiting the "sublime spectacle" of simultaneous external defence and internal extinguishment? Of course we should consider him as mad, clap a blister on his head, and have him instantly conveyed to bedlam. And yet that is, just now, the precise language of Ministers. We really are surprised that any of them should have the audacity to hazard such an argument; if, indeed, that can be called an argument which is no better than a preposterous hyperbole. They know, perfectly well, that this measure of theirs cannot be persevered in without exciting very general dissatisfaction in various parts of the country—that it must necessarily lead to protracted discussion, and a strong demonstration of party feeling in both Houses of Parliament; that if they are unsuccessful in carrying it through, they will have weakened their own influence at a time when it is most desirable that the hands of Government should be strengthened; and that if, on the contrary, they are successful, an immediate dissolution of Parliament, and a new general election, must take place. These are the obvious and inevitable consequences, if they persist in their present course; and we hesitate not to say that faction, in its worst spirit, could devise no more dangerous scheme for disturbing the unanimity of the country. "But," say some of the Whig and Liberal journals, "it is obvious that the present move is a mere indication of what may take place hereafter. Lord John Russell has no serious intention of pushing through this bill at the present time, nor would his colleagues permit him to do so—this is merely to be regarded as the fulfilment of his pledge, and in due time it will be withdrawn." If we are to take that as the true interpretation of the business—if we are to suppose that this measure has been introduced as a sham, without serious intentions of carrying it into execution, the sooner Lord John Russell retires from public life the better for his own reputation. Sham bills, we are aware, are not novelties. Of late years we have seen, with infinite sorrow and disgust, this species of deception practised upon

the public, but never at such a time and under such circumstances as now. It is no valid excuse to say that this is the mere redemption of a pledge, and that Lord John Russell could not act otherwise with honour. What is Lord John Russell, that considerations personal to him should be allowed to disturb the unanimity of the British people at such a crisis; or that his gratuitous pledges and random promises should interfere with the public weal? If such a step, in such a juncture, had been taken by a Tory instead of a Whig minister, the offence would not have been allowed, even on the first night, to pass without a storm of reprobation. Lord John himself would have risen, with an unblushing front, and a total disregard of antecedents, to prove from Whig tradition that any attempt to divide the country, at the moment when it was collecting its energies for action, was a crime worthy of impeachment. Mr. Macaulay would have been hurried from his books at the Albany to explain, in sonorous language, what course would have been taken by the Roman senate, in regard to any one who might have proposed, when the Gauls were at the gate, to undermine the Roman constitution; and the Tarpeian rock would, doubtless, have been suggested as the proper punishment. Sir James Graham would have started up to protest that this was not the time for "pottering" over constitutions, or revising constituencies, and have insulted the parent of the bill with the imperious airs of a Commodore Trunnon. Sir Charles Wood—but we shall not pursue the imaginary case further, because the name we have last cited is suggestive of a counting-out. What we mean to convey is, that the political changes contemplated by this bill, without reference to minor details, such as lowering of the franchise, &c., are so serious, that the Ministry, if they really intend, or intended, to carry them through, could not, by possibility, have selected a worse or more injudicious time; and that they are, by persevering, abusing the confidence of the country. If, on the contrary, this measure is to be regarded as a sham, or merely tentatory, then we say that the country has excellent reason for feeling indignant and disgusted that,

under present circumstances, such a hoax should be practised upon it.

Lord John Russell is unfortunate in his experiences. By accident rather than by choice—for he was then no eminent political character—his was the hand to open the floodgates more than twenty years ago. He heard the roaring of the pent-up waters, pouring down as if in jubilee, and his soul was big with triumph. Since then, he has heard nothing of the kind; but still his memory lingers on the far-off Niagara roll, and he wishes, before he dies, to have the sound repeated. Hence he is perpetually prowling about the locks of the constitution, devising schemes for another flood, just as the schoolboy, who has assisted at the sluicing of one dam, is energetic for a repetition of the experiment, regardless altogether of the havoc he may be making below. His Nemesis—as it is the fashion now to call it—has been more decided and humiliating than that of any public man of our age. He has sunk from a Premier to a subordinate, under the command of a chief to whom, for the better part of his life, he was diametrically opposed in politics. He was not even allowed to remain long as a recognized subordinate. He descended to the rank of an attaché, in which situation he now remains. He has affected partial retirement from politics, but, at best, he is only half a Cincinnatus. We do not know accurately what were the farming capabilities of the conquerer of the Volsci; but we know, accurately enough, what are the literary achievements of Lord John Russell. We regret, very sincerely, that he has not been able to establish for himself a name in letters; because, if he had done so, we might have hoped to get rid of him as a politician. But that remorseless public, upon whose fiat all authors and editors are dependent, stood in the way; and decreasing sales bore a lamentable evidence of the noble Lord's decreasing literary popularity. In order, if possible, to redeem his reputation, he touched, with doubtful gallantry, the shield of the most aged antagonist in the lists; and the result was that, like the Admiral Guarinos, in the Spanish ballad, the old warrior—though in bad case, and wretchedly battered armour—spurred out, and

overthrew him in a canter. Nettled at this discomfiture, he comes back to politics; and—availing himself of his position, which the Premier cannot well gainsay, inasmuch as he has no sure hold on the affections of the leading Whigs, who would pitch him over, if an opportunity were afforded, as freely as ever henceoap was given to the waves—he propounds a project of further reform, for which, we doubt not, he is frightfully objurgated by some of his associates in the Cabinet. But let them say their worst, he knows that he is still in power—that he can threaten them, in one way or another, with active opposition—and therefore they are constrained to let him appear as the author of the new Reform Bill; and although in their hearts they curse his recklessness, they dare not, in as many words, repudiate his false position. Such are the national advantages and inevitable results of that species of combination known as a “Coalition Ministry.”

Let us now see what changes are to be made in the electoral body. These are various and complicated, but we shall state them in order; and first, as to the new qualifications. The following are to be entitled to enrolment, either in town or country:—

1. All persons having salaries of £100 a-year, derived from public or private employment, provided they are paid by the half-year or quarter.
2. All persons in receipt of £10 a-year, derived from dividends from property, either in the Funds, or in bank for East India Company's stock.
3. All persons paying income or assessed taxes to the yearly income of 40s.
4. All graduates of any university in the United Kingdom.
5. All persons who, for three years, have had a deposit of £50 in a savings' bank.

So there is an end at once of property and occupancy as the basis of the electoral franchise. If you have five sons, and wish to qualify them for voting, you have simply to deposit £50 in name of each in a savings' bank, and in three years' time they will be placed on the register. And remark this, that, once on the register,

there they abide forever; for Lord John distinctly tells us, "we make the register of votes final." So that, on the day after your son is placed on the roll, you may reclaim your money with interest? Happy graduates of universities! They are entitled to the franchise in virtue of the magical letters appended to their names; and they may flit about from place to place, the adornment of twenty registers, because the register is to be final. Take out a game-certificate, and you may not only shoot partridges for the year, but may vote at elections in perpetuity! Any person who wears hair-powder, keeps a terrier, and has a crest engraved on his seal, for which valuable privileges he pays £2, 8s. 8d. of assessed taxes, is henceforward a voter! We are not joking. Such are absolutely the provisions of this precious Reform Bill, the result, as we are told, of the deliberate and collective wisdom of the Ministry.

Faintly, and, like a dream, the recollection of the beautiful old Whig moral sentiments steals upon our memory. We remember the touching pictures, limned some twenty years ago, of the industrious man working his way to the rank of the ten-pounders, in order to attain the glorious privilege of the franchise. We were told then that it was most desirable to have a distinct property qualification, in order that men might exert themselves to attain it, and by their exertions stimulate others in the like course of frugality and perseverance. Is that to be the case in future? Certainly not. Every common carrier who pays for his van £2, 6s. 8d. yearly, as the tax on an implement of trade, is to be as politically powerful as the aced squire, or the manufacturer who gives employment to thousands—every horse-dealer, dog-breeder, and tavern-keeper may vote in virtue of the assessed taxes—every clerk in a shop who has £100 a-year, and every warehouseman, who has either saved or succeeded to £50—are to be entitled to vote either in town or county. We said, long ago, when the Whigs were lauding their earlier measure as a grand incentive to industry, and as a splendidly devised scheme for stimulating deserving operatives, that before many years were over, the same party

would attempt to lower the qualification, so as to embrace all who were likely to forward and promote their designs. Our prophecy is now demonstrated to be true. We showed that, after the first successful attempt, there never can be an end of swamping, or, at all events, of proposals to swamp. The ten-pound householders, then in the full enjoyment of their monopoly, did not seem to believe us. Somehow or other they had been impressed with the idea that the Whigs were the devoted friends of the "middle classes"—that they had a firm faith in what was termed "shopocracy"—and that they never would attempt to supplant the power which they had created. And, certainly, the ten-pounders have done nothing to merit this treatment at the hands of the Whigs. They have clung to them, especially in the large towns, with a fidelity which we cannot but respect, and, in spite of occasional scurvy treatment, have shown themselves the most zealous of partisans. But the time has now arrived when their ascendancy is to give way. Respectability is no longer the fashion. If the ten-pounders, indeed, had been able to give the Whigs a large majority in Parliament, and to have insured their continuance in power, matters might have been different. There would then have been no occasion for lowering the franchise; because the Whigs, ever since they have been a party (which is now an old story), have never taken a single step except as means towards an end; and they would not, but for party necessity, have attempted to swamp their friends. But the old Reform Bill, though devised especially for the purpose of securing to the Whigs an unlimited range of power, did not succeed in its object. It was based essentially upon property, and, by degrees, property and Conservatism came to a common understanding. The Whigs lost ground every year: partly because their champions were either effete or insincere; partly because they were foolish enough to presume on their new ascendancy, and to insult the rooted Protestantism of the country; and partly, because they showed themselves in their arrangements grasping, greedy, and nepotical, to a degree

never yet paralleled even in a corrupted state. They wanted to make, and did in fact make, with scarce an exception, the Cabinet a mere family Junta. They married and forwarded marriages on the strength of political connexion, and jobbed out public employment accordingly. Grey, Russell, and Elliot, were the three names preferred; and Heaven only knows what amount of perquisites was absorbed by the scions of these illustrious races. Such things cannot be done in a corner, so secretly as to escape observation. The popular ire was roused at such an exhibition of awful selfishness, and the Whigs declined in character. Had Sir Robert Peel not been the Minister and type of expediency, he might have gained an easy and lasting victory over them; but unfortunately, both for the party which he then led and for himself, he had a weak perception of principle. The two rivals sate, on opposite sides of the table, watching each other at the game of popularity, but never for a moment reflecting that, in any event, Great Britain had to pay the loss. The game, though it had continued a great deal too long, was somewhat abruptly terminated. Those who had supported the Baronet while he played fair, withdrew their confidence; and the noble lord was left in possession of the field. Did he maintain it? By no means. He juggled and traversed until every one was weary of him, and at last he was ejected. The election of 1852 showed that parties were very nearly balanced; so nearly indeed that, but for the union of the Peelites with the Whigs, Lord Derby would have had a majority in the House of Commons. This state of things may be embarrassing to politicians, but it does not justify a violent change in the Constitution. However desirable majorities may be to either party, an attempt to obtain ascendancy by means of legislative enactment and tampering with the franchise, is so very reprehensible that it amounts almost to a crime.

But we must not lose sight of the bill by indulging in remarks upon the past. Its object is to swamp the present class of voters by a wholesale admission of others who have not been able to raise themselves to the enviable

level which is the limit of the existing qualification. The bill is ingeniously devised. Let it pass, and every tradesman will consider himself sure of three or four votes which he can direct. Because, of course, the clerk, with £100 a-year, dares not vote against his master; and, even if he is entitled, after dismissal, to remain on the register, the mere privilege of voting, perhaps once in seven years, will be a poor compensation for the immediate loss of employment. Can you call a clerk or book-keeper, with a bare £100 a-year, independent? To do so is a mere perversion of terms. He is more liable even than the operative to the influence of his employer, inasmuch as the nature of his employment is more precarious. We heard a great deal last year about Government influence being used among the persons employed in the dockyards, and it was gravely proposed by some of the leading Whig journals, that all such should be disfranchised, as they could not be expected to vote independently. But a Government official, however zealous and unscrupulous he may be, is amenable to public opinion and public censure, and cannot exercise the same stringent means of compulsion which are open to the tradesman or the attorney.

Then as to bribery; the tendency of lowering the franchise must be to increase that to a very great extent. In many places, even under the present system, votes are bought and sold; but if this bill is carried into effect, the corruption will become enormous. Experience has shown us, very clearly, that there is a large class in this country by whom votes are considered in the light of marketable commodities, and this bill seems specially framed for the purpose of adding to their numbers. The possession of £50 in a savings-bank is by no means a guarantee that the depositor will be inaccessible to the influences of a bribe. But besides the other changes which we have discussed, it is proposed that residence of two years and a-half in a house rated at £6 in a municipal borough shall confer the right of voting, and that previous payment of rates and taxes is to be no longer required! Can any one for a moment doubt that the consequence of this will be to render con-

attituencies venal to an extent never yet known in this country? If even under the present system it is found that bribery prevails, will not the offence become much more rank and general when you enfranchise a class peculiarly liable from their position to such influences? And remember this, that candidates or their agents are not always, nor indeed in the majority of cases, the tempters. Enough has been revealed to show us that, in a very large number of the English towns, there exist regularly organised clubs or societies of voters, who force their terms upon candidates. These fine patriots do not concern themselves much with party politics. They do not object to one man because he is a Tory, or to another because he is a Whig. Pledges as to future conduct are not at all in their line; they much prefer the immediate tender of a crisp bank-note or of a few shining sovereigns. They have their agents and their office-bearers, and must be bought in the lump. Let this bill pass, and there will hardly be an urban constituency in this kingdom without such a club. Is that a state of things to be envied? Is it fair to the honest and upright voter that he should be swamped by organised rascality, and that his privilege should be rendered of no avail? We can hardly express ourselves too strongly on this subject, for the provocation is very great. The Whig party, for years past, have affected to mourn over the corruption of the constituencies, and yet here is their accredited leader bringing in a bill which must necessarily have the effect of increasing that corruption tenfold.

But we have not yet quite done. Lord John Russell proposes to give 46 new members to the English counties; but then the county constituency is not to remain as before. Occupiers, not proprietors, of £10 a-year are to have votes in counties; and it is by no means contemplated that the house occupied by the voter should be of that value. "We propose," said Lord John Russell, "with respect to the county right of voting, that—with the exception of a dwelling house, which may be of any value, provided the voter lives in it—in all other cases the building must be of the value of £5 a-year. Supposing there is a house

and land, the house may be rated at £1 or £2 a-year, provided the voter resides in it; but if the qualification is made out by any other building—a cattle-shed or any other building of that kind—then we propose this check, that such building shall be of the value of £5 a-year. This, then, is the franchise we propose to give in counties for the future; and the House will see that it has a very considerable bearing upon the question of the increase of number of members which I have stated we propose. Out of the whole number I have mentioned I shall propose that 46 members shall be given to counties; but as these counties will hereafter include the £10 householders, it is obvious that the constituency will be less of a special character. It does seem to me that all the endeavours made to run down the agricultural interest, or to run down the manufacturing interest, are totally foolish and absurd, and that there can be no better system of representation than that which takes into consideration the whole of the great interests of the country, which contribute to its glory and prosperity." We have thought it right to insert these paragraphs, because they contain a doctrine quite new to statesmen, and one which has hitherto been unbroached. There is certainly a little obscurity in the language, but not enough to conceal the true nature of the sentiment. What Lord John Russell means to say is this:—It is absurd any longer to maintain the special character of constituencies—absurd to make distinctions between agriculture, manufactures, or any branch of industry—absurd to frame your system so that one member shall represent agriculture, another commerce, and another manufactures, because you should in every case combine the whole of the great interests of the country. Carry that doctrine into effect, and the distinction between counties and towns ceases altogether. But how can you bring it fairly into effect? In the towns which have the privilege of returning members, agriculture is not, and cannot be, represented at all. The urban voters are all engaged in other pursuits, and they send to the House of Commons members to represent

that branch of industry which is their staple. From the towns, therefore, the territorial interest, which is in reality the greatest and most enduring in England, never can be adequately represented. You may, however, easily enough swamp the agricultural interest in the counties, and that by the method which Lord John Russell proposes, namely, of admitting to the county-roll ten-pound occupiers from the towns, which do not send a representative to Parliament. It has often been remarked, as a special defect in the Act of 1832, that it allowed in many cases the votes of small proprietors in villages and towns to swamp the votes of the agriculturists; and in several counties in Scotland this is notoriously the case. The manufacturing towns in Forfarshire, in Roxburghshire, and in Fife, furnish so many votes, that the landed interest is entirely unrepresented; and as new seats of manufacture are laid down, the evil is always progressive. There can be no doubt that in the instances which we have referred to, the landed interest is incomparably greater than all the others; and yet, in so far as representation goes, it has virtually no voice at all. It has been proposed, more than once—and the scheme carries reason with it—that these anomalies should be removed by the attachment of the unrepresented boroughs to the nearest ones which have representation; thus increasing and consolidating a class of voters who have a distinct common interest. If this were done, and the counties freed from an incubus, there might be no objection to the lowering of the agricultural tenant's qualification, so that the man who paid £20 of yearly rent might be entitled to admission to the roll. But Lord John Russell takes exactly the opposite view. He wants to swamp the country constituencies altogether, and he proposes to effect that by letting in every man from the villages who pays £10 of rent! He himself admits that by this arrangement, persons occupying houses not rated at more than £1 or £2 a-year—in fact mere hovels—may become county voters, and this he considers a fitting method of combining “the whole of the great interests of the country!” And yet, mark his inconsistency. By the same bill which pro-

poses this amalgamation of interests in the counties, it is provided that University representation shall be extended, and that special members shall be allotted to the English Inns of Court. Surely there cannot be a more direct recognition of separate and exclusive interests than this; and yet, in counties, the agricultural interest is to be put down.

We have not the least fear that the law will be so altered; but that such proposals should emanate from a Ministry, is, we think, a disgraceful and a lamentable fact. They are no doubt entitled to have their opinion. They may think, though on what grounds we cannot divine, that it is good policy not to maintain any balance in the constitution, and that the franchise in town and country should be made the same. They may consider it advisable that small manufacturing towns, too unimportant to return members of themselves, should be allowed to furnish the majority of county voters, and that, virtually, the land should cease to have any representatives. If they think so, it is much to be regretted that they do not say so openly, so that we might have the opportunity of doing battle in a fair field. But this measure of theirs is intended to be deceptive, and convey a false impression that they are dealing impartially with all classes. In the first place, they take from the smaller boroughs no fewer than 66 members. Their principle is, that no borough having less than 300 electors, or less than 5000 inhabitants, ought to return a member; and that no borough having less than 500 electors, or less than 10,000 inhabitants, should return two members. Let us, for the sake of argument, admit the justice of this proposition. Does it therefore follow that it was wise to disfranchise such boroughs? That is by no means a necessary consequence. If the constituency is at present too small, extend it by all means. Wherever practicable, join these boroughs together; where that cannot be done, take an increased constituency from the nearest unrepresented town, until you reach the magic number, which is to be the minimum of representation. Bring in fresh blood, which it is quite easy to do, without exciting the clamour and dissatisfaction which the

abolition or curtailment of a privilege long enjoyed is sure to create. It cannot be denied that there is plenty of material at hand. There is also Parliamentary precedent and usage; for in Scotland, at the present moment, groups of small burghs return a single member, and some of these burghs are infinitesimally small. We have them so low, in point of voters, as 12, 14, and 22. Yet they are not disfranchised. They share their peculiar privilege along with others, making in the aggregate very respectable constituencies. Surely such an arrangement as that would be preferable to the Government's proposition, which does wanton violence to constituencies against which no accusation has been made. We fear, however, that the disfranchisement of the smaller boroughs was considered an indispensable preliminary to the grand attack upon the counties.

Having thus secured the disposal of sixty-six seats, the Government come forward with an immense show of liberality, and offer forty-six of these to the counties. But then it is only on condition that the counties will allow themselves to be swamped. Nine large towns are each to have an additional member; there are to be five new borough seats; the Inns of Court are to have two, and the London University one member; the remaining three seats are to be given to Scotland.

This brings us to a point which we are absolutely bound to notice, because it serves as a further illustration of the impropriety and folly of bringing forward such a bill at such a time. If the Emperor Nicholas had the direction of our internal affairs, he could not have devised a more notable plan for fomenting dissension among us; and it is but right to show that this measure, if pushed on, must excite an angry feeling in the country. We, who are opposing any change in the electoral franchise at the present time, mainly because we think it an unhappy and dangerous juncture for making experiments, cannot be blamed if we state our own views of what is really required when the proper time shall arrive for making a readjustment of the representation. We do not wish, by any means, to argue the question

at present; we state it simply to show the extent of the disagreement which may arise, if this measure is to be prosecuted just now.

Independent of the wholesale disfranchisement of English boroughs, which must necessarily excite great disgust and dissatisfaction, we take leave to tell Lord John Russell, and the other members of the Cabinet, that this bill of theirs is not likely to meet with any favour in the eyes of the Scottish people. The question of adequate representation has been mooted, discussed, and is now thoroughly understood by us; and we are determined, in the event of a change, to insist that our rights shall be recognised and allowed. This new bill, proposing to give us three additional members, whereas in respect either of population or of taxation we are entitled to twenty, cannot be satisfactory. It is not only right, but necessary, that our English friends should know the feeling in Scotland. We are not represented on the same scale or in the same manner as England is, and we complain of the inequality. We ask a common standard and a just proportion. Now, it does not appear that, by the present bill, the existing anomalies are to be removed, although, by the disfranchisement of so many boroughs, it would have been easy to have given Scotland her just share of members. If there be any reason why Scotland should have fewer proportional representatives than England, let it be boldly stated. If there is no reason at all, then let justice be done to us. We do not wish at present to go into details—indeed, that would be premature, until the new Scottish Reform Bill is before us; but as it is quite plain that the aggregate number of the House of Commons is not to be augmented, and as Lord John Russell proposes to give only three additional members to Scotland, we are perfectly entitled to enter our emphatic protest against a measure which has no solid principle for its foundation. The first point for consideration, in a redistribution of the representation such as is now contemplated, was undoubtedly the number of members which England, Scotland, and Ireland are entitled respectively to return. Lord John Russell either does not see the prin-

ciple, or he refuses to acknowledge it. Now, this is a matter which will cause much excitement, and create not a little angry feeling in Scotland; and it is as well that our English friends should be made aware of it. We are, of course, anxious for a proper increase of national representatives, and we are perfectly aware that we cannot attain that object without a general measure for altering and abolishing constituencies. But this measure, while it is sure to create a turmoil in England, hardly professes to benefit us at all, and avoids the principle for which the Scottish people are contending. Any arrangements which may be made as to the future distribution of the representation, ought to be well weighed, considered, and matured; for this country will not submit to the confusion of a new reform bill once in every three or four years. This measure seems to us to be utterly deficient in these respects, and to be so loosely conceived as to give some colour to the prevalent opinion that it furnished an agreeable relaxation to the noble Lord between the intervals of his more serious editorial labours.

In Scotland, therefore, the bill will be considered highly objectionable, as evading the only popular demand from that portion of Great Britain. Beyond an increase of numbers, we have no desire for any change—Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, being for once agreed.

But we are not so unreasonable as to wish to fight that battle now. We earnestly deprecate anything like internal discord, for we have other battles to fight, and the people of Great Britain ought now, if ever, to be cordially united in sentiment. Therefore, although we think that we are not altogether fairly treated, and that we have not only a strong case, but an absolute right to claim redress, we shall not be guilty of the lamentable folly of urging our claims for increased representation at such a time. We believe that to be the general feeling of the people of Scotland; but then their forbearance is entirely contingent upon the course which the Government may pursue in respect to the measure. There may be, and probably will be, agitation hereafter; but there need be none now, at least on the score of representation, if the

Ministry will but tacitly acknowledge their error, and remove this source of dissension.

There are several other points in this bill which are not only open to comment, but, as we think, decidedly objectionable. We shall merely refer to two of these. The first is, the preposterous notion of giving a member to minorities. The more we consider this plan, the more egregiously absurd does it appear. Why, in the name of all that is rational, should minorities be represented? And if that question can be answered satisfactorily, there is still another beyond it:—Why should only a limited number of constituencies be put in possession of such a privilege? But it may be worth while to suppose the new system in operation.

Manchester, under the new bill, will have three members. At present it has two, and these two are Liberals. On the hypothesis of Lord John Russell, though that by no means follows as a matter of course, the third, or minority member, will be a Conservative. What does that amount to but the cancelling, on any great political occasion, of two of the members for Manchester? The Conservative pairs off with one of the Liberals, or they go into the opposite lobby, which is exactly the same thing, and the opinions of Cottonopolis are only represented and enforced on a division, by a single member! We suspect that the present electorate of Manchester is much too shrewd and far-sighted to accept any arrangement of the kind; and that they would much prefer having two members whose votes tell on each division, to having nominally three, but, in reality only one. Suppose that a minority member dies during a session of Parliament, or accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, how is his place to be supplied? Is there to be an election with three candidates in the field, and is the lowest to be proclaimed the victor? If not, what becomes of Lord John Russell's "principle?" Then observe that, setting aside its absurdity, this crotchet would establish a new relation between representatives and represented. At present, the choice of the majority is recognised by all, and in matters of business there is free communication between the electors and the member, irrespec-

tive altogether of their party tendencies. This is a great privilege, and a great advantage. It has done much to soften acerbity, and, in some instances, has reconciled powerful parties to acquiesce in the return of a good and energetic member, albeit he might support a different policy from that to which they were inclined. But now the majority is to have its members, and the minority is to have its member, and the House is to be divided against itself. We seriously aver that we do not remember to have ever heard of a proposal more singularly silly, or more utterly absurd; and if this really be as we are told, the keystone of the New Reform Bill, we may be allowed to express a hope that Lord John Russell will, for the future, desist from all architectural experiments.

We have barely space or time to advert to one other portion of this Bill—namely, that whereby it is proposed that members accepting office under the Crown should not vacate their seats. So far from being inclined to approve of that proposition, we condemn it utterly. The existing rule is a safeguard, and a most valuable one, against profligacy in high places, and ought not, by any means, to be abolished. It is rather amusing to see that Lord John Russell has been compelled to reflect upon his own measure of 1832, in order to make a rational excuse for his new proposal. He says—"In those times, when a seat could always be found for any person for whom it was required, Ministers suffered little inconvenience from the act of Anne; but when the principle of popular representation was introduced into all our elections, the statute created difficulties which were hardly compensated by the advantage of having new elections."

What difficulties? There were no difficulties of any kind. If an honest man, with a clear conscience, who was the choice of a constituency, accepted office, he was sure to be returned again, and almost always without opposition; if, on the contrary, his conscience was not quite clear, he had to undergo a wholesome ordeal. But perhaps we owe this proposal to the clause about the minority members, since it is plain that an unfortunate senator in that position need not go down to his constituency unless, as we have already said, provision is made for his being returned, in virtue of his being lowest on the poll.

Whether the Ministry collectively have acted wisely or not in allowing this measure to be brought forward, we cannot say. They may have reasons which are not apparent to us. They may, for example, wish to allow Lord John Russell to expose himself, preparatory to some new arrangement. He is evidently a dangerous member of the Cabinet; for, while the Prime Minister is maintaining that there is still a chance of avoiding war with Russia, it is intolerable that a subordinate should use language of the most unguarded and opprobrious nature in respect to the Emperor. It is just a repetition of the offence of which both Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood were guilty in respect of Louis Napoleon; and although, in this case, the commentary may be just enough, we cannot but deplore such exhibitions on the part of Ministers. But if the Ministry intend seriously to proceed with this bill, at the present time, we shall be compelled to draw upon the noble lord, for terms sufficiently severe to express our indignation at their conduct.

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THE COMMERCIAL RESULTS OF A WAR WITH RUSSIA.

AFTER the enjoyment of nearly forty years of peace, during which two generations of men, whose fate it was to live in more troublous times, have passed to their account, we are entering upon a war which will inevitably tax all the energies of the country to conduct it to a successful and honourable conclusion. The enemy against whom our arms are directed is not one whose prowess and power can with safety be slighted. A colossal empire possessed of vast resources, wielded by a sovereign of indomitable character and vast ambition, who has for years been collecting strength for a gigantic effort to sweep away every barrier by which the realisation of that ambition has been impeded, is our opponent. The issue to him is most momentous. It is to decide whether he is hereafter to be a controlling power in Europe and Asia, to rule absolutely in the Baltic, to hold the keys of the Euxine and the Mediterranean, and to push his conquests eastwards, until he clutches Hindostan,—or to be driven back and confined within the limits of the original empire which Peter the Great bequeathed to his successors. Such a struggle will not be conducted by Russia, without calling forth all the vigour of her arm. An issue so far beyond her contemplation as defeat and extinction as a first-rate power in the world, will not be yielded until she has drained her last resources,

and exhausted every available means of defence and procrastination. Russia possesses too in this, the climax of her fate and testing-point in her aggressive career, a mighty source of strength in the enthusiasm of her people, whom she has taught to regard the question at issue between herself and Europe as a religious one, and the war into which she has entered as a crusade against “the infidel” and his abettors. The result may be seen in the personal popularity which the Emperor enjoys, and the ready devotion with which his efforts are aided by the Christian portion of the population of his empire.

On the other hand, Great Britain enters into the struggle with every recognised prestige of success in her favour. She has, as her active ally, the greatest military nation in the world, whose soldiers and sailors are about, for the first time for many centuries, to fight side by side against a common enemy. Little as we are disposed to decry the strength of that navy which Russia, by her wonderful energy, has succeeded in creating during the past few years, it would be absurd to compare it with the magnificent fleets which England and France combined have at present floating in the waters of the Black Sea, and about to sail for the Baltic. A comparison of our monetary resources with those of our opponent would be still more absurd. Another

feature in our position as a maritime country at present, is the vast facilities which we possess, by means of our mercantile ocean steamers, of transporting any required number of troops to the locality where their services are required, with a rapidity and comfort never dreamt of during the last European war. A veteran of our Peninsular Campaigns, witnessing the splendid accommodation provided in such noble vessels as the Oriental Company's steamer *Himalaya* at Southampton, the Cunard Company's steamer *Cambria* at Kingston Harbour, Dublin, and the same Company's steamer *Niagara* at Liverpool, and acquainted with the fact that each of these vessels was capable of disembarking their freight of armed men within five or six days of their departure hence in any port of the Mediterranean, must have been struck by the marked difference between such conveyances and the old troop ships employed in former days. Moreover, there is scarcely a limit to the extent of this new element of our power as a military nation. We enter, too, upon the approaching struggle with Russia backed by the enthusiastic support of all classes of our population. It is not regarded with us as a religious war, or one into the incentives to which religion enters at all. It is scarcely regarded by the mass as a war of interest. With that sordid motive we cannot as a nation be reproached. It is felt only that an unjust aggression has been committed by a powerful state upon a weak one: that the tyranny of the act has been aggravated by the gross breaches of faith, the glaring hypocrisy, amounting to blasphemy, and the unparalleled atrocity, by which it has been followed up; and that we should prove ourselves recreant, and devoid of all manhood, were we to stand tamely by and see a gallant people, differing though they do from us in religion, overwhelmed by brute force, and exterminated from the face of Europe by such butcheries as Russia has shown us, in the memorable example of Sinope, that she is not ashamed to perpetrate in the face of the civilised world, and in the name of Christianity.

There is one consideration, however, connected with the present war-like temper of our population, which

cannot with safety be permitted to escape remark. We have already stated that two generations of men have passed away since this country was in actual war with an enemy in Europe. The bulk of the present race of Englishmen have never experienced the inconveniences, and occasional privations, which attend upon war even in countries, like ours, which are happily free from the affliction of having an armed enemy to combat upon its own soil. We believe most firmly that we are not a degenerate people. We see evidence of this in the ready zeal with which large numbers of our hardy and enterprising youth are everywhere flocking to be enrolled under the flag of their country, both for land and sea service. We trust that this feeling will endure, and that we shall be found willing to bear up cheerfully under any temporary sacrifices which we shall be called upon to make; but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that a great change has taken place in our social condition, in our traditionary instincts, in our pursuits, and in our institutions, during the forty years of peace which we have enjoyed. We have become more essentially a manufacturing and commercial people. A larger number of our population than formerly are dependent for their daily bread upon the profitable employment of capital in our foreign trade. The more extensive adaptation of machinery to manufacturing purposes of every kind has led to the aggregation of large masses of our population in particular districts; and such masses, ignorant as we have unfortunately allowed them to grow up, are notoriously subject to the incendiary persuasions of unprincipled and bad men, and have been sedulously taught that cheapness of all the necessaries of life can only be secured by unrestricted communication with foreign countries. Moreover, we have had a large infusion of the democratic element into our constitution. Our House of Commons no longer represents the yeomanry and the property classes of the country; but, instead, must obey the dictates of the shopkeeping and artisan classes of our large towns. It is no longer the same body of educated English gentlemen, whose enduring patriotism, during the last war, stood

firm against the clamours of the mobs of London, Manchester, and other large centres of population, and turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of faction within its own walls; but a mixed assemblage of a totally opposite, or, at all events, a materially changed character, so far as regards a considerable number of its members. We have in it now a larger proportion of the capitalist class—men suspected of being rather more sensitively alive to a rise or fall in the prices of funds, stock, railway shares, &c., than to any gain or loss of national honour; more wealthy manufacturers, who would be disposed to regard the loss of a fleet as a minor calamity, compared with the loss of a profitable market for their cottons, woollens, or hardwares; and, lastly, more Irish representatives of the Maynooth priesthood, ready to sell their country, or themselves, for a concession to Rome, or a Government appointment. The honourable member for the West Riding—Mr. Cobden—showed a thorough appreciation of the character and position of a portion of the House, and of his own constituents, when he wound up his speech on the adjourned debate upon the question of our relations with Russia and Turkey on the 20th ult., with these words, which deserve to be remembered:—"He would take upon himself all the unpopularity of opposing this war; and, more than that, *he would not give six months' purchase for the popularity of those who advocated it on its present basis.*"

Under such circumstances it is material to examine what is the amount of interruption to the commerce of the country, which may be assumed as likely to occur, as the result of a state of war with Russia. What, in other words, is the amount and the nature of the pressure, to which the masses of our population may be called upon to submit, to prepare them for the purposes of those persons—happily few in number at present—whose voice is for peace at any sacrifice of the national honour, and any sacrifice of the sacred duties of humanity? We shall perhaps be excused if we examine first *the nature* of the pressure which is relied upon by such persons; and we cannot exemplify this better than by a quotation from the speech already referred to by

the same Mr. Cobden—their first volunteer champion in the expected agitation. The honourable gentleman remarked:—

"He could not ignore the arguments by which they were called upon by honourable and right honourable gentlemen to enter into a war with Russia. The first argument was one which had been a dozen times repeated, relative to the comparative value of the trade of the two countries. We were to go to war to prevent Russia from possessing countries from which she would exclude our commerce, as she did from her own territory. That argument was repeated by a noble lord, who told the House how insignificant our trade with Russia was, compared with that with Turkey. Now, that opinion was erroneous as well as dangerous, for we had no pecuniary interest in going to war. Our interests were all on the other side, as he was prepared to show. The official returns did not give him the means of measuring the extent of our exports to Russia, but he had applied to some of the most eminent merchants in the City, and he confessed he had been astonished by the extent of our trade with Russia. He used to be told that our exports to Russia amounted to less than £2,000,000. Now, Russia was still under the Protectionist delusion which had also prevailed in this country in his recollection. (A laugh.) Russia still kept up her protective duties upon her manufactures, but he would tell the House what we imported from Russia, and they might depend on it that whatever we imported we paid for. (Hear, hear.) He had estimated the imports from Russia as of much greater value than most people thought, and he was under the impression that they might amount to from £5,000,000 to £6,000,000 per annum. Now, here was a calculation of our imports from Russia which he had obtained from sources that might be relied upon,—

Estimated Value of Imports from Russia into the United Kingdom.

Tallow.....	£1,800,000
Linseed.....	1,300,000
Flax and hemp....	3,200,000
Wheat.....	4,000,000
Wool.....	300,000
Oats.....	500,000
Other grain.....	500,000
Bristles.....	450,000
Timber, deals, &c..	500,000
Iron.....	70,000
Copper.....	140,000
Hides.....	60,000
Miscellaneous.....	200,000

Now, last year our imports from Russia were larger than usual, and another house, taking an average year, had made them £11,000,000. In that calculation, the imports of wheat were taken at £2,000,000 instead of £4,000,000, and that made the difference. He was also credibly informed that Russian produce to the value of about £1,000,000 came down the Vistula to the Prussian ports of the Baltic, and was shipped thence to this country; so that our imports from Russia averaged about £12,000,000 sterling per annum, and included among them articles of primary importance to our manufactures. How was machinery to work, and how were locomotives to travel, without tallow to grease their wheels? (A laugh.) Look, too, at the imports of linseed to the value of £1,300,000. No persons were more interested than honourable gentlemen opposite in the reduction of the price of the food of cattle. Then take the articles of flax and hemp. There were districts in the West Riding which would suffer very serious injury and great distress if we should go to war and cut off our intercourse with Russia. (Hear.) Even with regard to the article of Russian iron, which entered into consumption at Sheffield, he was told it would be hardly possible to manufacture some of the finer descriptions of cutlery if the supply of Russian iron were interfered with."

We shall not here take the trouble of criticising Mr. Cobden's figures, but take them as they stand, although they are exaggerated enough. His argument is obviously, that we must submit to any amount of aggression which Russia may choose to make upon neutral countries, and even upon our own Indian possessions, because that country supplies us yearly with thirteen millions' worth of raw materials and food! The same was the humiliating position which the men of Tyre and Sidon, as recorded in Scripture, occupied towards Herod, when "they came of one accord to him, and having made Blastus, the king's chamberlain, their friend, desired peace, *because their country was nourished by the king's country.*" How, asks Mr. Cobden, is machinery to work without tallow to grease the wheels? We are to have an anti-war cry from the farmers for the lack of Russian linseed; the West Riding of Yorkshire is to be stirred up into insurrection by the want of flax and

hemp; and the fine cutlers of Sheffield cannot get on without the £70,000 worth of iron which they import from Russia! The main reliance of the peace-at-any-price party, we have no doubt, rests upon the probability of high prices of food, and their hope of producing in the minds of the masses the impression that the cause of those high prices is mainly the interruption of our usual imports of grain from the Russian ports of the Baltic and the Black Sea.

It is rather singular that it should not have struck so astute a man as Mr. Cobden, that Russia is very likely to feel the loss of so excellent a customer as England appears to have been to her, quite as much as we are likely to feel the want of her tallow, her flax and hemp, her linseed, or even her wheat. The vendor of an article is generally the party who feels most aggrieved when his stock is permitted to accumulate upon his shelves. The Russian landowners cannot very conveniently dispense with the annual thirteen millions sterling which they draw from this country. Mr. Cobden may depend upon it that, if we want it, a portion of their growth of staple articles will find its way to this country, through intermediate channels, although Russian ships no longer gain the advantages derived from its transport. The fact, however, of our absolute dependence upon Russia for these articles is too palpably a bugbear, either of Mr. Cobden's own creation, or palmed upon him by his friends, the "eminent merchants of the City," to be worthy of serious notice, did it not betray the direction in which we are to look for the agitation, by which that gentleman and his friends hope to paralyse the hands of Government during the coming crisis of the country.

In the effort to form a correct estimate of the extent of interruption to our commerce to be anticipated from the existence of a state of war between this country and Russia, we must have, in the first place, reliable facts to depend upon, instead of the loose statements of Russian merchants, who are, as a class, so *peculiarly* connected with her as almost to be liable to the imputation of having Russian rather than British interests nearest to their hearts. We have a right also to look at the fact that, so

far at least as present appearances go, Russia is likely to be isolated on every side during the approaching struggle, her principal seaports, both in the Baltic and the Black Sea, to be commanded by the united British and French fleets; whilst that produce, by the withholding of which she could doubtless for a time, and to a certain extent, inconvenience our manufacturers and consumers, may find its way to us either direct from Russian ports in neutral vessels, or through those neighbouring countries which are likely to occupy a neutral position in the quarrel. We have also to bear in mind that, with respect to many of the articles which we have lately been taking so largely from Russia, other sources of supply are open to us. It is remarkable to observe the effect produced by even temporarily enhanced prices in this country in extending the area on every side from which foreign produce reaches us. A few shillings per quarter on wheat, for example, will attract it from the far west States of America, from which otherwise it would never have come, owing to the inability of the grower to afford the extra cost of transport. All these considerations have to be borne in mind; and although it will perhaps have to be conceded that somewhat enhanced prices may have to be paid for some of the articles with which Russia at present supplies us, we think we shall be enabled to show that the enhancement is not at all likely to be such as to amount to a calamity, or cause serious pressure upon our people.

Before proceeding further, it may be desirable to explain the mode in which our trade with Russia, both import and export, is carried on. Russia is, commercially, a poor country. The description of her given by McCulloch, in an early edition of his *Dictionary of Commerce*, published two-and-twenty years ago, is as appropriate and correct as if it had been written yesterday, notwithstanding the vast territorial aggrandisement which has taken place in the interim. Her nobles and great landowners hold their property burdened by the pressure of many mortgages; and they are utterly unable to bring their produce to market, or to raise their crops at all, without the advances of European capitalists.

These consist chiefly of a few English Houses, who have branch establishments at St. Petersburg, Riga, and Memel on the Baltic, and Odessa on the Black Sea. The mode of operation is the following. About the month of October the cultivators and factors from the interior visit those ports, and receive advances on the produce and crops to be delivered by them ready for shipment at the opening of the navigation; and it is stated that the engagements made between these parties and British capitalists have rarely been broken. This process of drawing advances goes on until May, by which month there are large stocks ready for shipment at all the ports, the winter in many districts being the most favourable for their transport. The import trade is carried on in a similar manner by foreign capital; long credits, in many instances extending to twelve months, being given to the factors in the interior. A well-known statistical writer, the editor of the *Economist*, Mr. John Wilson, in his publication of the 25th ult., says upon the subject of the amount of British capital thus embarked in Russia at the period when her battalions crossed the Pruth: "The most accurate calculations which we have been able to make, with the assistance of persons largely engaged in the trade, show that at that moment the British capital in Russia, and advanced to Russian subjects, was at least £7,000,000, including the sums for which Houses in this country were under acceptance to Russia." We can perfectly believe this to have been the fact, under such a system of trading as that which we have described. We can believe, too, that a considerable number of British ships and sailors were at the same time in Russian ports, and would, in case we had treated the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia by Russian troops as a *casus belli*, very probably have been laid under embargo. We could sympathise with those "persons largely engaged in the trade," in rejoicing that, as one effect of a temporising policy, the whole of this capital, these ships, and these sailors, had been released from all danger of loss or detention. But we cannot bring ourselves to consider it *decent* in a gentleman holding an important office in the Government, whilst ad-

mitting, as he does, that we have been bamboozled by Russian diplomacy, to point triumphantly to this saving of "certain monies"—the property of private individuals, who made their ventures at their own risk and for their own profit—as in any sort balancing the loss of the national honour, which has been incurred by our tardiness in bringing decisive succour to an oppressed ally. Ill-natured people might suggest a suspicion that Mincing Lane and Mark Lane had been exercising too great an influence in Downing-street. And the public may hereafter ask of politicians, who thus ground their defence against the charges of infirmness of purpose and blind credulity, or "connivance," as Mr. Disraeli has, perhaps too correctly, termed it, upon this alleged saving of a few millions of the money of private adventurers—Will it balance the expenditure of the tens of millions of the public money which the prosecution of this war will probably cost, and which might have

been saved by the adoption of a more prompt and vigorous policy in the first instance? Will it balance the loss of life—will it support the widows and orphans—will it lighten by one feather the burden upon posterity, which may be the result of this struggle? It would be a miserable thing should it have to be said of England, that there was a period in her history when she hesitated to strike a blow in a just cause until she had taken care that the offender had paid her shopkeepers or her merchants her debts! We pass over this part of the subject, however, as scarcely belonging to the question which we have proposed to ourselves to discuss.

Our imports from Russia, upon the importance of which so much stress has been laid, were in 1852 as given below, from official documents. We have ourselves appended the value of the various item upon a very liberal scale; and we may explain that we select that year instead of 1853, for reasons which we shall hereafter explain.

Quantities of Russian Produce imported into Great Britain during the year 1852.

Corn, wheat, and flour,	qrs.	733,751	value	£1,540,499
Oats,	"	305,738	"	866,855
Other grain,	"	262,348	"	327,935
Tallow,	cwts.	609,197	"	1,187,700
Linseed, and flax seed, &c.	qrs.	518,657	"	1,125,000
Bristles,	lbs.	1,459,303	"	292,000
Flax,	cwts.	948,523	"	1,897,046
Hemp,	"	543,965	"	861,277
Wool (undressed),	lbs.	5,853,772	"	200,390
Iron (unwrought),	tons	1,792	"	17,920
Copper (do),	"	226	"	20,000
Do. (part wrought),	"	1,042	"	120,000
Timber (hewn),	loads	28,299	"	94,800
Do. (sawn),	"	189,799	"	759,196

£8,810,618

We have taken for the above estimate the prices which prevailed in the first six months of 1852, after which they were raised above an average by peculiar circumstances. The year selected, moreover, was one of larger imports than usual of many articles. For example, our imports of Russian grain in 1852 amounted, in round numbers, to £2,235,300 sterling, against only £952,924 in 1850. Yet we have less than nine millions as the amount of this vaunted import trade from Russia, the interruption of which is to be fraught

with such serious consequences to our internal peace, and to the "popularity" of the liberal representatives of our large towns.

But fortunately for the country, and rather *mal apropos* for those who would fain convert any diminution of our supplies of produce from Russia into the ground of an anti-war agitation, we have succeeded in procuring from that country during the past year supplies unprecedented in quantity. The following have been our imports from Russia in 1853, as compared with the previous year:—

Corn, wheat, and flour,	qrs	1,070,909	against	733,571 in 1852.
Oats, - - -	"	379,059	..	305,738 ..
Other grain, - -	"	263,653	..	262,238 ..
Tallow, - - -	cwts.	847,267	..	609,197 ..
Seeds, - - -	qrs	785,015	..	518,657 ..
Bristles, - - -	lbs.	2,477,789	..	1,459,308 ..
Flax, - - -	cwts.	1,287,988	..	948,523 ..
Hemp, - - -	"	836,373	..	543,965 ..
Wool, - - -	lbs.	9,054,443	..	5,353,772 ..
Iron, - - -	tons	5,079	..	1,792 ..
Copper (unwrought),	"	974	..	226 ..
Copper (part wrought),	"	656	..	1,042 ..
Timber (hewn), -	loads	45,421	..	28,299 ..
Timber (sawn), -	"	245,532	..	189,799 ..

If mercantile opinions are at all to be relied upon, these extra supplies ought to have a tendency to bring down prices, which the prospect of war has enhanced beyond what existing circumstances seem to warrant, even presuming that we had no other dependence than upon Russia for the articles with which she has heretofore supplied us. For example, we have paid during the past year, if we take present prices, for our imports of wheat alone from Russia, about £6,470,000 sterling, whereas, at the prices of the early part of 1852, we should have paid for the same quantity of wheat just half the money. And at the present moment, and since war has been regarded as inevitable, we have had a downward tendency in all our principal markets. It has been discovered that we hold more home-grown wheat than was anticipated; and, with a favourable seed-time and a propitious spring, hopes are entertained that we shall not in the present year be so dependent upon the foreigner as we have been during that which has passed. Tallow also is an article for which we have been lately paying the extravagant prices of 62s. to 63s. per cwt. In the early part of 1852, the article was worth about 37s. 6d. for the St. Petersburg quality. No English grazier, however, ever knew butcher's meat or fat at their present prices; and a propitious year for the agriculturist will most probably bring matters to a more favourable state for the consumer.

It is not, however, true that a state of war with Russia can shut us out from our supply of the produce of that country. It will come to us from her ports, unless we avail ourselves of our right to blockade them strictly, in the ships of neutral countries. A

portion of it—and no inconsiderable portion—will reach us overland, Russia herself being the greatest sufferer, from the extra cost of transit. There can be no doubt of every effort being made by her great landowners to make market of their produce, and convert it at any sacrifice into money; for it must be borne in mind that they are at the present moment *minus* some seven or eight millions sterling of British and other money, usually advanced upon the forthcoming crops. We need scarcely point at the difficulty in which this want must place Russia in such a struggle as that in which she is at present engaged. The paper issues of her government may for a time be forced upon her slavish population as money. But that population requires large imports of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, fruits, wines, and other foreign products; and it is not difficult to predict that there will be found few capitalists in Europe or Asia, willing to accommodate her with a loan wherewith to pay even for these necessities, much less to feed her grasping ambition by an advance of money for the purchase of additional arms and military stores. Moreover, we are not by any means so absolutely dependent upon Russia for many of the principal articles with which she has heretofore supplied us, as certain parties would wish us to believe. We could have an almost unlimited supply of flax and hemp from our own colonies, if we chose to encourage the cultivation of them there. In the mean time, Egypt furnishes us with the former article; and Manilla supplies us with a very superior quality of both. Belgium and Prussia are also producers, and with a little encouragement would no doubt extend their cultivation. Our

own colonies, however, are our surest dependence for a supply of these and similar articles. An advance of seeds and money to the extent of less than one quarter of the sums which we have been in the habit of advancing to the Russian cultivator, would bring forward to this country a supply of the raw materials of flax and hemp, which would be quite in time, with our present stock, to relieve us from any danger of deficiency for at least a season to come. With respect to tallow, we have a right to depend upon America, both North and South, for a supply. Australia can send us an aid, at all events, to such supply; and we may probably have next year a larger quantity within our own resources. With respect to seeds, we shall be able to derive these from the countries whence flax and hemp are cultivated for our markets; and our timber, derived at present from Russia, we can certainly dispense with. There is nothing valuable in Russian timber except its applicability for the masting and sparring of ships requiring large growth; and, with our mo-

dern method of splicing yards and masts, we can do perfectly well with the less tall timber of Norway and Sweden.

The real fact is, that the alleged short supply of the raw materials to be expected from Russia is a perfect bugbear. We could dispense with Russia as a country of supply, were we to employ British capital to assist our own colonies, and other countries, to provide us with such supply. There was once, however, a Russian Company; and the trade seems to have been conducted as a monopoly ever since.

But we must get rid of this strange argument, that the value of the trade with a country consists in the large amount of indebtedness which we contract with its dealers. We have now to consider the relative value of Russia and Turkey as consumers of British manufactured goods and produce. The following we find to have been the value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to the two countries for the five years from 1846 to 1850:—

	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
Turkey, £2,141,897	£2,992,280	£3,116,365	£2,930,612	£3,113,679	
Russia, 1,725,148	1,844,543	1,925,226	1,666,575	1,454,771	

Turkey thus took from us in 1850 £1,658,908 in excess of Russia's purchases, having increased that excess from £416,719 in 1846. The increased imports of the former country amounted in the five years to nearly a million sterling, or 50 per cent., whilst the imports of Russia fell off by £370,377, or above 20 per cent. There is this great difference, too, in the imports from this country of Russia and Turkey—The former takes from us raw materials, which we do not produce ourselves, deriving merely a mercantile or brokerage profit upon the supply; manufactured articles

which contain the smallest amount of British labour; and machinery to aid the progress of her population as our rivals in manufacturing pursuits. The latter takes our fully manufactured and perfected fabrics. So far as our cotton and woollen manufactures are concerned, Russia took in 1850—

Cotton yarn,	£245,625
Woollen and worsted do.,	304,016
Machinery and mill-work,	203,992

The remainder of her imports from us consisted of foreign produce. Turkey took from us, however, a large amount of labour and skill, or its reward, as will be seen from the following table:—

Imports of Manufactured Textiles to Russia and Turkey in 1850.

	Cotton.	Woollen.	Linen.	Silk.	Total.
Turkey,	£2,232,369	£154,558	£22,500	£13,221	£2,422,348
Russia,	61,196	66,256	5,414	8,579	140,455

Total excess to Turkey, - - - £2,280,903

Our exports to Russia have certainly increased in amount within the last two years, although our customs' reports do not convey to us the full truth as to their character. We have

been feeding that country with materials of mischief. She has had not only mill machinery, but the machinery of war-steamers from us; but most likely either Sir Charles Napier, or Admiral

Dundas, will be enabled to render us a profitable account of the property thus invested.

But a comparison of our exports to Russia and Turkey respectively does not by any means meet the true facts of our position. Within the past few years we have been carrying on a vast and increasing trade with those Asiatic countries which draw their supplies of merchandise from the various ports of the Levant, and from the Adriatic. Smyrna has become a commercial station so important that we have at this moment three lines of powerful steamers running to it from the port of Liverpool alone; and a very valuable trade is also carried on by English houses in the port of Trieste. Egypt, too, is largely tributary to us commercially. There is, in fact, no portion of the world whose transactions with Great Britain have expanded so greatly in amount and value within the past few years as those very countries which Russia is seeking to grasp and bring within her own control. Our "Greek

houses," through whose agency the bulk of this trade is carried on, are now regarded throughout the manufacturing districts as second to none in the extent and importance of their business; and, what is more, that business must rapidly extend, as increased facilities of communication are provided from the shores of the Levant and the Black Sea with the interior countries of Asia. Notwithstanding all the faults of the Turkish character and rule, we are inclined to believe that from the reign of the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, a vast amelioration of the condition of her people, and the cultivation by them of increased dealings and friendships with the more civilised communities of Western Europe will take place. Be these expectations, however, fulfilled or not, we cannot afford to lose such a trade as the following figures, which we take from Mr. Burns' *Commercial Glance*, show that we are at present carrying on with Turkey in the article of cotton goods alone:—

Exports of Cotton Goods to Turkey and the Levant in 1851 to 1853.

	1851.	1852.	1853.
Plain calicoes, yards .	49,387,614	57,962,893	51,224,807
Printed and dyed do. " .	40,433,798	39,394,743	47,564,743
Cotton yarn, lbs. .	8,015,674	12,171,045	10,563,177

These markets, in fact, have taken, during the past year, one sixteenth of our entire exports of plain calicoes, and one-eleventh of our exports of printed and dyed calicoes, whilst her imports of yarn—the article upon the production of which in this country the least amount of labour is expended—have been comparatively insignificant. The imports of cotton goods into Russia are, on the contrary, almost entirely confined to yarn for the consumption of the Russian manufacturer.

So far, therefore, as our export trade is likely to be affected during the coming struggle, we have manifestly got by the hands a more valuable customer than we are likely to lose in Russia; and we cannot discover in what way, with the means at present at her disposal, she can interrupt, or limit, that trade further than by destroying for a time the consuming power of those provinces of Turkey east of the river Pruth, which she has occupied with her troops. Our shipowners and manufacturers may

lose for a time some portion of the valuable trade with the population of Wallachia and Moldavia which is carried on through the ports of Galatz and Ibrail upon the Danube. It will probably, however, be one of the earliest aims of the combined powers of England and France to clear that portion of Turkey of the presence of the invader, and to maintain the long-established inviolability of the two eastern mouths of the Danube—the St. George's and Sulina—as outlets for her commerce with neutral countries. The remainder of our trade with Turkey must remain impervious to the efforts of Russia, unless her fleet, at present shut up in Sebastopol, first achieve the exploit of destroying, or capturing, the magnificent navies which England and France have assembled in the Black Sea, or her Baltic fleet succeeds in forcing its passage through the Cattegat or the Sound, and in making its way to the shores of the Mediterranean. Neither of these contingencies can be regarded as very likely to be realised by Russia

in the face of the superior power which will shortly be arrayed against her.

There is certainly the possibility that our commerce with Turkey may suffer to some extent through the drain upon the resources of her population, created by a necessarily large war-expenditure. No material symptoms of such suffering have occurred thus far, notwithstanding she has been for months past actually engaged in hostilities, the preparation for which must have been very costly. Her imports of textile fabrics fell off very little in 1853 from their amount in former years; and even this may in part be accounted for by the unsettled prices, in this country, which have resulted from strikes throughout our manufacturing districts, and other causes of an accidental or a purely domestic character. Moreover, to balance any such falling off in her ordinary imports, Turkey will most probably require from us large supplies of stores, munitions of war, arms, &c., as well as of produce of various kinds, to fill up the vacuum created by the partial interruption of her own foreign trade.

We have a further guarantee of commercial safety during this struggle, unless it should assume new features, in the fact that the commercial marine of Russia is blocked up, like her fleets, in the Baltic and the Black Sea. There is not at this moment a single Russian merchantman in the ports of Great Britain or France—the few vessels which are shut out from their usual winter quarters having been sold some time ago, to escape the risk of seizure. She is thus without the materials for inflicting the annoyance upon our colonial and foreign trade which she might have possessed, could she have armed any considerable portion of her mercantile navy for privateering purposes. It has been reported, indeed, that two of her cruisers have been met with somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Pacific, and suggested that their object may be to waylay and capture some of our gold ships. But that the report in question is not believed—and that any serious interference with our vessels engaged in the carrying trade, to and from the various ports of the world, is not feared by our best informed capitalists—is evident

from the fact, that there has as yet been no marked advance in the rates of insurance upon such property. It has been reported, too, that Russian agents have been lately engaged in the United States of America in negotiating for the purchase, or building, of large ships capable of being converted into vessels of war. Be this so, although we greatly doubt the fact. We cannot be taken off our guard, in the event of any such purchase being made, or such conversion taking place. Our fast-sailing ocean steamers will bring us the necessary information quite in time to enable us to take the steps most proper for the occasion: and whilst mentioning those noble vessels, we must remark upon the important change which the application of steam to navigation will effect in all future struggles between maritime countries. We do not refer here to the power which it gives of taking fleets into action, or of making more rapid sail to the localities where their services are required, although the effect of this power is incalculable in value. We allude merely to the advantage which we shall derive in such struggles from the vastly increased rapidity and regularity with which we are at present supplied with information of an enemy's movements, from all quarters of the world. We shall no longer have to witness the spectacle of rival fleets seeking each other in vain—proceeding from sea to sea only to discover that they have missed each other on the way. Traversed as the ocean is now in every direction by fast-sailing steamers, there can be little fear of such fleets, if their commanders are really anxious for an engagement, being unable to procure tolerably accurate information of each other's whereabouts. We shall no longer require the aid of powerful fleets as convoys for our merchantmen, in seas where it can be so readily known that an enemy is not to be met with; and, as another result, we shall probably see an end put to the injurious system of privateering. Few parties will be found to risk life and property in assaults upon the commerce of a powerful maritime country, with the certainty before them that every movement which they make must be so promptly made known, and every offence which they commit

must bring down upon them such speedy punishment.

There is, however, one element of commercial mischief which may make itself felt during the coming struggle, although such mischief, if it unfortunately should occur, could not be attributed properly to the mere fact of the existence of a state of war. It may, and very probably will, be proved that we cannot carry on a free-trade system, which involves the necessity of providing for enlarged imports concurrently with expensive military and naval operations both in the north and south of Europe, and possibly in Asia as well, with a currency restricted as ours is by the mistaken legislation of 1844. Already the note of alarm of this danger has been sounded from a quarter whose authority cannot be treated lightly on such a subject. Mr. William Brown, the eminent American merchant, and member for South Lancashire, emphatically warned her Majesty's Government, during the recent debate on the Budget, of the probability, and almost certainty of a severe monetary crisis as the consequence of persistence in carrying out in their full stringency the measures passed, at the instigation of Sir Robert Peel, in that and the following year. But for the operation of those measures, Mr. Brown contended that the calamity of 1847 would never have occurred. The country, he says, was paralysed by the effect which they produced; and the seven or eight millions sterling in bullion, held at the time in the coffers of the Bank, "might as well have been thrown into the sea," as retained there unproductive during a period of pressure. Should the same state of things occur again, therefore, during the approaching struggle—should the commerce and industry of the country be prostrated, and the government be rendered incapable of prosecuting with the required energy a just war, to which we are bound alike by every consideration of national honour, sound policy, and good faith towards an oppressed ally—we must not be told that the suffering and degradation which will be brought down upon our heads are the results of a war expenditure merely, or have

been caused by any natural interruption of our ordinary trading pursuits. The true cause of the calamity, it must become obvious to all the world, will be our dogged maintenance of an impracticable crotchet; and should the nation submit to be thus thwarted and fettered in its determination to maintain its high prestige—should it submit to sink down from its position as a leading power,—we may with reason be asked the question, "Of what avail is your possession of the noblest fleet which ever rode the seas in ancient or in modern days—of what avail is the possession of the best-disciplined and bravest soldiers which ever marched to battle—of what avail is your vast mercantile marine, your vast accumulations of capital, your almost limitless command over all the improved appliances which modern science and ingenuity have constructed for the purposes of war, if you cannot resent a national insult, or oppose the aggressions of an enemy, without commercial ruin, suspended industry, and popular disaffection and outrage being spread over the face of your whole empire?" We hope, however, for better things. We feel confident that a high-minded and honourable people will not submit to be thus stultified and degraded in the eyes of the world. We entertain, too, a reasonable hope that the unpatriotic faction, who would gladly involve the country in that degradation, will not be favoured in their unworthy efforts by the possession of the instrumentality—a suffering and dissatisfied working population—upon which they calculate to insure success. By the blessing of a bountiful Providence, clothing our fields and those of Western Europe and America with luxuriant harvests, we may this year be snatched from our position of dependence upon the growth of an enemy's soil for the food of our people, and be enabled to enter upon a period of plenty and cheapness, instead of that scarcity and high price of all the necessaries of life from which we have been suffering during the past twelve months—certainly without such suffering being attributable to a state of war, or to any but ordinary causes.

THE PUPPETS OF ALL NATIONS.

THE history of Puppets and their shows may at first appear but a trivial subject to fix the attention and occupy the pen of a learned academican and elegant writer. The very word history may seem misapplied to a chronicle of the pranks of Punchinello, and of the contortions of fantoccini. Puppet-shows! it may be said; troops of tawdry figures, paraded from fair to fair, to provoke the laughter of children and the grin of rustics—is that a theme for a bulky octavo at the hands of so erudite and *spirituel* an author as M. Charles Magnin? Had M. Magnin chosen to reply otherwise than with perfect candour to anticipated comments of this kind—the comments of the superficial and hastily-judging—he might easily have done so by saying that, whilst studying with a more important aim—for that history of the stage of which he has already published portions—he found the wooden actors so constantly thrusting themselves into the society of their flesh-and-blood betters, so continually intruding themselves, with timber joints, invisible strings, and piping voices, upon stages where human players strutted, that, to be quit of their importunity, he was fain to shelve them in a volume. This, however, is not the motive he alleges. He boldly breasts the difficulty, and stands up for the merits of his marionettes, quite deserving, he maintains, of a separate study and a special historian. He denies that time can be considered lost or lightly expended which is passed in tracing the vicissitudes of an amusement that, for three thousand years, has been in favour with two-thirds of the human race. And he summons to his support an imposing phalanx of great men—poets, philosophers, dramatists, musicians—who have interested themselves in puppets, taken pleasure in their performances, and even written for their mimic theatre. He reminds his readers how many pointed remarks and pre-

cious lessons, apt comparisons and graceful ideas, have been suggested by such shows to the greatest writers of all countries and ages, and heads the list of his puppets' patrons with the names of Plato, Aristotle, Horace, Marcus Aurelius, Petronius, in ancient times; and with those of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Ben Jonson, Molière, Swift, Voltaire, and Goethe, amongst the moderns; to say nothing of Charles Nodier, Punchinello's laureate, the assiduous frequenter of Parisian puppet-shows, who has devoted so many playful and sparkling pages to that favourite study of his literary leisure. M. Magnin begins to be alarmed at the shadows he has evoked. Is it not presumption, he asks himself, to enter a path upon which his predecessors have been so numerous and eminent? The subject, for whose frivolity he lately almost apologised, appears too elevated for his range when he reviews the list of illustrious names more or less connected with it, when he recalls the innumerable flowers of wit with which their fancy has wreathed it. So he marks out for himself a different track. Others have played with the theme; he approaches it in a graver spirit. "I am not so impertinent," he exclaims, "as to seek to *put* (as the Greeks would have said) *my foot in the dance of those great geniuses*. Too well do I see the folly of attempting to jingle, after them, the bells of that bauble." Following the example of the learned Jesuit, Mariantonio Lupi—who wrote a valuable although a brief dissertation on the Puppets of the Ancients—but allotting to himself a much broader canvass, M. Magnin purposes to write, in all seriousness, sincerity, and simplicity, a history of the "wooden comedians," not only of antiquity, but of the middle ages, and of modern times.

A subject of far less intrinsic interest than the one in question could not fail to become attractive in the hands

of so agreeable and skilful a *savant* as M. Magnin. But it were a mistake to suppose that the history of the Puppet family, from Euripides' days to ours, has not a real and strong interest of its own. The members of that distinguished house have been mixed up in innumerable matters into which one would hardly have anticipated their poking their wooden noses and permanently blushing countenances. They have been alternately the tools of priestcraft and the mouth-piece of popular feeling. During *improvisatori*, in certain times and countries, theirs was the only liberty of speech, their voice the sole organ of the people's opposition to its rulers. Their diminutive stature, the narrow dimensions of their stage, the smallness of their powers of speech, did not always secure impunity to their free discourse, which sometimes, as their best friends must confess, degenerated into license. So that we occasionally, in the course of their history, find the audacious dolls driven into their boxes—with cords cut and heads hanging—or at least compelled to revise and chasten their dramatic repertory. Sometimes decency and morality rendered such rigour incumbent upon the authorities; but its motive was quite as frequently political. It is curious to note with what important events the Puppet family have meddled, and what mighty personages they have managed to offend. At the present day, when the press spreads far and wide the gist and most salient points of a successful play, in whatever European capital it may be performed, allusions insulting or irritating to friendly nations and governments may be fair subject for the censor's scissors. It was only the other day that a Russian official journal expressed, in no measured terms, its high indignation at the performance, at a fourth-rate theatre on the Paris boulevards, of a drama entitled "The Cossacks," in which those warriors of the steppes are displayed to great disadvantage. The circumstances of the moment not being such as to make the French government solicitous to spare the feelings of the Czar, the piece continued to be nightly played, to the delight of shouting audiences, and to the no small benefit

of the treasury of the *Gaieté*. One hundred and twenty-three years ago, Russian susceptibility, it appears, was held quite as easy to ruffle as at the present day. In 1731, the disgrace of Menschikoff was made the subject of a sort of melodrama, performed in several German towns by the large English puppets of Titus Maas, privileged comedian of the court of Baden-Durlach. The curious playbill of this performance ran as follows: "With permission, &c., there will be performed on an entirely new theatre, and with good instrumental music, a *Haupt-und-Staats-action*, recently composed and worthy to be seen, which has for title—The extraordinary vicissitudes of good and bad fortune of Alexis Danfelowitz, prince Menzicoff, great favourite, cabinet minister, and generalissimo of the Czar of Moscow, Peter I., of glorious memory, to-day a real Belisarius, precipitated from the height of his greatness into the most profound abyss of misfortune; the whole with Jackpudding, a pieman, a pasorycotk's boy, and amusing Siberian poachers." Titus Maas obtained leave to perform this wonderful piece at Berlin, but it was quickly stopped by order of Frederick-William I.'s government, for fear of offending Russia. In 1794 a number of puppet-shows were closed in Berlin—for offences against morality, was the reason given, but more probably, M. Magnin believes, because the tone of their performances was opposed to the views of the government. In what way he does not mention, but we may suppose it possible that the *Puppenspieler* had got infected with the revolutionary doctrines then rampant in France. The Prussian police still keeps a sharp eye on exhibitions of this kind, which at Berlin are restricted to the suburbs. In France we find traces of a regular censorship of the marionette theatres. Thus, in the *Soleinne* collection of manuscript plays is one entitled: *The capture of a company of players by a Tunis rover, in the month of September, 1740*. This piece, whose name, as M. Magnin remarks, reads more like the heading of a newspaper paragraph than the title of a play, was performed in 1741 at the fair of St. Germain, by the puppets of the cele-

brated Nicolet, and annexed to it is a permit of performance, bearing no less a signature than that of Crébillon. It is not improbable that the puppet-show had fairly earned its subjection to a censorship by the irreverence and boldness with which it took the most serious, important, and painful events as subjects for its performances. In 1686, D'Harlay, then attorney-general at the parliament of Paris, wrote as fellows to La Reynie, the lieutenant of police:—"To M. de la Reynie, councillor of the king in his council, &c. It is said this morning at the palace, that the marionettes which play at the fair of St. Germain represent the discomfiture of the Huguenots, and as you will probably consider this a very serious matter for marionettes, I have thought it right, sir, to advise you of it, that you may so act as in your prudence shall seem fit." It does not appear what result this advice had; but as the date of the note is little more than three months later than that of the edict of revocation, when Louis XIV. was exulting in the downfall of heresy in France, and when those who still clung to Protestantism were looked upon as hardened sinners, no better than common malefactors, it is quite probable La Reynie thought it needless to interfere with the puppet-scoffers at the Huguenots. D'Harlay, it will be remembered, was intimate with some of the chiefs of the proscribed party, and a particular friend of the Marquis de Ruigny, although he some years afterwards betrayed, according to St. Simon, the trust that friend had reposed in him. But we are wandering from our wooden play-actors.

The first two sections of M. Magnin's work, devoted to the puppets of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages, are far briefer, and upon the whole, less interesting than the portion of his volume allotted to those of modern times. All those parts display extensive reading and patient research. The author commences by defining and classing his marionettes. "Everybody knows that marionettes are small figures of wood, bone, ivory, baked earth, or merely of linen, representing real or fantastical beings, and whose flexible joints obey the impulse given to them by strings, wires, or

catgut, pulled by a skilful and invisible hand." He divides them into three classes: hierarchical, aristocratic, and popular. In ancient times and in the middle ages, the first of these classes was decidedly the most important and influential. Auguries were obtained and miracles wrought by its aid, indispensable to priestly ambition and to idolatrous or erroneous creeds, dependent upon prodigies for support. Even at the present day, and in highly civilised countries, puppets of this kind are not wholly in disrepute, nor are the services of bleeding saints and nodding madonnas uniformly declined by the pastors of credulous flocks. The practice is very ancient—if that can give it respectability. The statue of Jupiter Ammon, when carried in procession on the shoulders of priests, previously to uttering its oracles, indicated to its bearers, by a motion of its head, the road it wished them to take. The golden statue of Apollo, in the temple of Heliopolis, moved when it had an oracle to deliver; and if the priests delayed to raise it upon their shoulders, it sweated and moved again. When the high-priest consulted it, it recoiled if it disapproved of the proposed enterprise; but if it approved, it pushed its bearers forward, and drove them, as with reins. M. Magnin quotes, from the writers of antiquity, a host of instances of this kind, in which machinery, quicksilver, and the loadstone were evidently the means employed. "In Etruria and in Latium, where the sacerdotal genius has at all times exercised such a powerful influence, hierarchical art has not failed to employ, to act upon the popular imagination, sculpture with springs. The ancient idols of Italy were of wood, like those of Greece, coloured, richly dressed, and very often capable of motion. At Præneste the celebrated group of the infants Jupiter and Juno, seated upon the knees of Fortune, their nurse, appears to have been movable. It seems evident, from certain passages in ancient writers, that the little god indicated by a gesture the favourable moment to consult the oracle. At Rome, feasts were offered to the statues of the gods, at which these did not play so passive a part as might be supposed. Religious imagination or

sacerdotal address aided their immobility. Titus Livius, describing the banquet celebrated at Rome in 573, mentions the terror of the people and senate on learning that the images of the gods had averted their heads from the dishes presented to them. When we meet with these old tales of statues invited to repasts, and manifesting their good or bad will by movements, we understand by what amalgamation of antique recollections and local legends was formed, in the Spain of the middle ages, the popular tale, so touching and so dramatic, of the *Conrado de Piedra*. Between these tricks of the priests of Jupiter and Apollo, and the devices resorted to by the Christian priests of the middle ages, a close coincidence is to be traced. M. Magnin touches but cursorily on this part of the subject, referring to the crucifix said to have bowed its head in approval of the decisions of the Council of Trent, to the votive crucifix of Nicodemus, which, according to popular belief at Lucca, crossed the town on foot to the cathedral, blessing the astonished people on its passage, and which, upon another occasion, gave its foot to kiss to a poor minstrel—perhaps himself a puppet-showman—and mentioning as a positive and undoubted fact the movement of the head and eyes of the crucifix in the monastery of Boxley in Kent, testified to by old Lambard in his *Perambulations* of that county. It is to be observed that these winking, walking, and nodding images were not always constructed with a view to delude credulous Christians into belief in miracles, but also for dramatic purposes, with the object of exciting religious enthusiasm by a representation of the sufferings of the Redeemer and the martyrs, and probably, at the same time, to extract alms from the purses of the faithful. When thus employed, they may be said to form the link between mechanical church sculpture, used by priests for purposes of imposture, and the player-puppets of more modern times. It is the point where the hierarchical and the popular classes of puppets blend. Scenes from the life and passion of the Saviour were favourite subjects for such representations; but incidents in

the lives of the Virgin and saints were also frequently acted, both in secular and monastic churches, and that almost down to our own times, notwithstanding canonical prohibitions. "In a synod held at Orihuela, a little Valencian bishopric, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, it was found necessary to renew the orders against the admission into churches of small images (*statuettes*) of the Virgin and female saints, curled, painted, covered with jewels, and dressed in silks, and resembling courtizans." The abuse, nevertheless, continued; and we believe there would be little difficulty in authenticating instances of it in Spain within the present century. That it was an actual puppet-show which the ecclesiastical authorities thus strove to suppress, or at least to expel from churches, is clearly proved by a passage M. Magnin quotes from the proceedings of the synod: "We forbid the representation, in churches or elsewhere, of the actions of Christ, of those of the most holy Virgin, and of the lives of the saints, by means of those little movable figures vulgarly called *titeres*." This last word is the exact Spanish equivalent to the French *marionettes* and the English puppet-show. It was a *titerero* who fell in with Don Quixote at a Manchegan hostelry, and exhibited before him "the manner in which Señor Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse, Melisendra," and whose figures of paste were so grievously mishandled by the chivalrous defender of dames. And it may further be remarked, as a sign of the ancient alliance in Spain between the church and the theatre, that an altar-piece and the stage or theatre upon which a puppet-show is exhibited are both expressed, to the present day, by the word *retablo*. To the *titeres*, by no means the least diverting and original of the European marionette family, we shall hereafter come. The precedence must be given to Italy, the cradle and the paradise of puppets.

The eccentric and learned physician and mathematician, Jerome Cardan, was the first modern writer who paid serious and scientific attention to the mechanism of marionettes. He refers to them in two different works, and

in one of these, a sort of encyclopedia, entitled *de Varietate Rerum*, when speaking of the humbler branches of mechanics, he expresses his surprise at the marvels performed by two Sicilians, by means of two wooden figures which they worked between them. "There was no sort of dance," he says, "that these figures were not able to imitate, making the most surprising gestures with feet and legs, arms and head, the whole with such variety of attitude, that I cannot, I confess, understand the nature of the ingenious mechanism, for there were not several strings, sometimes slack and sometimes tight, but only one to each figure, and that was always at full stretch. I have seen many other figures set in motion by several strings, alternately tight and slack, which is nothing marvellous. I must further say that it was a truly agreeable spectacle to behold how the steps and gestures of these dolls kept time with the music." Such variety and precision of movement prevent the possibility of confounding this exhibition with that puppet-show of the lowest class common in the streets at the present day, where a Savoyard boy makes a doll dance upon a board by means of a string fastened to his knee.* M. Magnin supposes that the single string, always at full stretch, was a little tube, through which passed a number of small strings connected with the interior of the puppet. A similar plan is general in Italy at the present day amongst the aristocracy of the marionettes—those whose performances are in regular theatres, and not in wandering show-boxes. The theatre and the mode of working of out-of-door puppet-shows is the same in most countries, and it appears more than probable, from the authorities adduced by M. Magnin, that the marionettes of Greece and ancient Italy had much the same sort of stage as that on which the *pupazzi* of Italian towns, the London Punch, and the Guignol and Gringalet of Paris, are to the present day exhibited; namely, a sort of large sentry-box or little fortress,

called *castello* in Italy, *castillo* in Spain, and *castellet* in France. In Persia, in Constantinople, in Cairo, the same form prevails. In modern times the extent of the stage has been diminished, and the apparatus lightened, so as to admit of theatre, scenery, actors, and orchestra being carried long distances by two men. Formerly, in Spain, as we gather from Cervantes and other authorities, a cart was necessary to convey the theatrical baggage of a *tilerero*, which was on a larger scale than at the present day, many more figures appearing on the stage, and the mode of working them being different from that now in use in strolling puppet-shows, where the usual and very simple process is for the show-man to insert his fingers in the sleeves of the actors, only half of whose body is visible. Master Peter's show was of a much more elevated style, and seems to have possessed all the newest improvements; as for instance, when the Moor steals softly behind Melisendra and prints a kiss in the very middle of her lips, we are told that "she spits, and wipes them with the sleeves of her shift, lamenting aloud, and tearing for anger her beautiful hair." If the Lady Melisendra really did spit—and that the word was not a figure of speech of Master Peter's boy, whose flippancy his master and the Knight of the Rueful Countenance had more than once to reprove—the civilisation of Spanish puppets must have been in a very forward state, for we find M. Magnin recording, as a novel triumph of puppet-mechanism, similar achievements in Germany in the present century. When Goethe's *Faust* gave a fresh vogue to the marionette exhibition, from which he had derived his first idea of the subject, Geisselbrecht, a Viennese mechanician, got up the piece with those docile performers, under the title of *Doctor Faust*, the great Necromancer, in Five Acts, with songs, and performed it at Frankfort, Vienna, and at Weimar, Goethe's residence. "He strove to excel Dreher and Schütz

* These common Italian marionettes have travelled far. Daniel Clarke found them in Tartary, all the fashion amongst the Cossacks of the Don.—*Vide his Travels in Various Countries*, part I.; *Russia*, &c., p. 233.

(other proprietors of marionettes) by the mechanical perfection of his little actors, whom he made raise and cast down their eyes. He even made them *cough* and *spit* very naturally, feats which Casperle,* as may be supposed, performed as often as possible. M. Von der Hagen, scoffing at this puerile marvel, applied Schiller's lines, from *Wallenstein's Camp*, to the Austrian mechanician:—

‘Wie er räuspert und wie er spuckt
Das habt Ihr ihm glücklich abgucken;
Aber sein Genie. . . .’†

As regards his puppets' expectorating accomplishments, Geisselbrecht appears merely to have revived the traditions handed down from the days of Gines de Passamonte. But we are again losing the thread of our discourse amongst those of the countless marionettes that glide, skip, and dance over the pages of M. Magnin. Having spoken in this paragraph of the general form and fashion of the ambulant puppet-show, and having in so doing strayed from Italy into Germany and Spain, we will go somewhat farther, to look at the most compact and portable of all exhibitions of the kind. This is to be found in China. There the peripatetic showman elevates himself upon a small platform, and puts on a sort of case or sheath of blue cotton, tight at the ankles, and widening as it approaches the shoulders. Thus accoutred, he looks like a statue in a bag. He then places upon his shoulders a box in the form of a theatre, which encloses his head. His hands, concealed under the dress of the puppets, present these to the spectators, and make them act at his will. The performance over, he shuts up actors and sheath in the box, and carries it away under his arm.

The higher class of marionettes, that have permanent establishments in all the towns of Italy and in various other Continental countries, and a co-

lony of whom lately settled in London, would surely feel a thrill of indignation through every fibre and atom of their composite bodies, were they to hear themselves assimilated to the hardy plebeian puppets that pitch their tent in the gutter or by the road-side, and jest for all comers on the chance of coppers. Here you have him at the street corner—Punch, the ribald and the profligate, maltreating his wife, teasing his dog, hanging the hangman, and beating the devil himself. Or, open this portfolio, containing Pinelli's charming collection of Italian picturesque costumes. Here is Pulcinella, with his black halfmask, his tight white jerkin, his mitreshaped cap. What a group he has gathered around him:—idle monks, stately and beautiful Roman women, swarthy and vigorous *Trasteverini*, children on tiptoes with delight, a lingering peasant, who has stopped his ass to enjoy for a moment the fascinating spectacle and pungent jokes. Nor is the audience always of so humble a description. Persons of rank and education have frequently been known to mingle with it; and tradition relates that the celebrated Leone Allacci, librarian of the Vatican under Alexander VII., author of many great theological works, and of the *Dramaturgia*, went nightly for recreation to the puppet-show. In social position, however, the *al fresco* performers are necessarily far inferior to the more elegant and tender puppets who have a settled habitation, a smart and spacious stage, a fixed price, and who, instead of having their master's hands rudely thrust under their petticoats, are decorously and genteelly manoeuvred by means of springs and wires. The difference is manifest: it is Richardson's booth to the Italian Opera; the *Funambules* to the *Comédie Française*. Moreover, the materials of the marionette aristocracy are very superior indeed to those of the common out-of-door jokers. They are

* Casperle is a comic countryman, who replaced Jack Pudding on the stage of the Austrian puppet-shows, and became so popular that the principal marionette theatre of the Vienna faubourgs received the name of the Casperle Theatre, and the coin which was the price of a place in the pit was called a casperle.

† “You have exactly caught his manner of clearing his throat and spitting, but as for his genius . . .”—*Wallenstein's Lager*, Scene vi.

by no means of the same clay or from the same mould. They are not cut out of a block, daubed with gaudy paint, and dressed in coarse and tawdry rags. M. Magnin lets us into the secret of their structure and motions. "Their head is usually of card-board; their body and thighs are wooden, their arms of cord; their extremities (that is to say, their hands and their legs) are of lead, or partially so, which enables them to obey the slightest impulse given them, without losing their centre of gravity. From the top of their head issues a little iron rod, by means of which they are easily transported from one part of the stage to another. To conceal this rod and the movement of the threads from the spectators, the plan was devised of placing in front of the stage a sort of screen, composed of very fine perpendicular threads, drawn very tight, which, blending with those that move the puppets, deceive the most attentive eye. By another still more ingenious invention, all the strings, excepting those of the arms, were made to pass within the body and out at the top of the head, where they were assembled in a slender iron tube, which served at the same time as the rod to move the figures. A totally different system was subsequently introduced by Bartholomew Neri, a distinguished painter and mechanician. It was that of grooves, in which the marionettes were fixed. Their movements were directed by persons beneath the stage, who also pulled their strings. These various systems, sometimes combined, have produced the most astonishing results. One of our countrymen, passing through Genoa in 1834, was taken to the marionette theatre *delle Vigne*, and witnessed the performance of a grand military drama, *The Siege of Antwerp*, in which Marshal Gerard and old General Chassé vied with each other in sonorous phrases, rolling eyes, and heroism. The fantoccini of the *Fiando* theatre at Milan are as celebrated and as much visited by foreigners as the dome, the arch of the Simplon, or the shrine of St. Charles. In 1823, a correspondent of the *Globe* newspaper spoke of them thus: "Such is the precision of movement of these little actors, their bodies, arms, head, all gesticulate with such

judgment, and in such perfect unison with the sentiments expressed by the voice, that, but for the dimensions, I might have thought myself in the Rue de Richelieu. Besides *Nebuchadnezzar*, a classic tragedy, they performed an anacreontic ballet. I wish our opera-dancers, so proud of their legs and arms, could see these wooden dancers copy all their attitudes and graces." Dancing is a department of their performances in which the Italian marionettes excel. A French author, Mr. Jal, who published, nearly twenty years ago, a lively narrative of a ramble from Paris to Naples, was wonder-struck by what he saw at the *Fiando*. The grand romantic drama in six tableaux, *Prince Eugene of Szvoy at the Siege of Temeswar*, which composed the bulk of the evening's performance, astonished him much less than the ballet between its acts. "The dancing of these wooden Perrots and Taglionis," he says, "is truly not to be imagined; horizontal dance, side dance, vertical dance, every possible dance, all the flourishes of feet and legs that you admire at the opera, are to be seen at the *Fiando* theatre; and when the doll has danced her dance, when she has been well applauded, and the pit calls for her, she comes out from the side scenes, bows, puts her little hand on her heart, and disappears only when she has completely parodied the great singers and the proud dancers of *La Scala*." But doubtless the greatest compliment these doll-dancers ever received, was the practical one paid them by the Roman authorities, who compelled the female marionettes to wear drawers! The completeness of the illusion in the case of these puppets suggested some curious reflections to a clever French critic, M. Peisse, with respect to reality in painting, and the laws of material illusion. Speaking of the Roman *burattini*, "These," he says, "are little figures worked by a man placed above the stage, which is arranged exactly like that of our theatres. For some minutes after the rising of the curtain, the puppets preserve their true dimensions, but soon they grow larger to the eye, and in a short time they have the appearance of real men. The space in which they move, the furniture, and all the surrounding

objects, being in exact proportion with their stature, the illusion is perfect, and is sustained so long as the eye has no point of comparison. But if, as sometimes happens, the hand of the manager shows itself amongst the little actors, it seems that of a giant.

. . . If a man suddenly came amongst the marionettes, he would appear a Gargantua.* Another well-known and esteemed French writer on Italy, M. Beyle (Stendhal),* tells of the realisation of this last ingenious supposition. He relates, that after the performance (at the Palazzo Fiano at Rome) of *Cassandrino allievo di un pittore* (Cassandrino pupil of a painter), a child coming upon the stage to trim the lamps, two or three strangers uttered a cry; they took the child for a giant. In all the principal towns of Italy through which he passed, M. Beyle waited upon the marionettes—now in theatres, then in private houses—and the pages he devotes to them are full of that fineness of observation which characterised his charming talent. We can hardly do better than extract his first impressions. “Yesterday, towards nine o’clock,” he says, “I quitted those magnificent saloons, adjacent to a garden full of orange trees, which are called the *Café Rospoli*. The *Fiano* palace is just opposite. At the door of a sort of cellar stood a man, exclaiming, ‘*Entrate, ô signori!* it is about to be begin!’ For the sum of twenty-eight centimes (three pence), I was admitted to the little theatre. The low price made me fear bad company and fleas. I was soon reassured; my neighbours were respectable citizens of Rome. The Roman people is perhaps in all Europe that which best loves and seizes delicate and cutting satire. The theatrical censors being more rigid than at Paris, nothing can be tamer than the comedies at the theatre. Laughter has taken refuge with the marionettes, whose performances are in great measure extemporaneous. I passed a very agreeable evening at the *Fiano* palace; the stage on which the actors paraded

their [small persons was some ten feet broad and four high. The decorations were excellent, and carefully adapted to actors twelve inches in height.” The pet characters with the Romans is Cassandrino, an elderly gentleman of fifty-five or sixty years of age, fresh, active, dandified, well powdered, well dressed, and well got up, with excellent manners, and much knowledge of the world, whose only failing is, that he falls in love with all the women he meets. “It must be owned,” says M. Beyle, “that the character is not badly devised in a country governed by an oligarchical court composed of bachelors, and where the power is in the hands of old age. I need hardly say that Cassandrino, although a churchman, is not bound by monastic rules—is in fact a layman—but I would wager that there is not a spectator who does not invest him in imagination with a cardinal’s red cap, or at least with the violet stockings of a *monsignore*. The *monsignori* are, it is well known, the young men of the papal court; it is the place that leads to all others. Rome is full of *monsignori* of Cassandrino’s age, who have their fortune still to make, and who seek amusement whilst waiting for the cardinal’s hat. Cassandrino is the hero of innumerable little plays. His susceptible heart continually leads him into scrapes. Disguised as a young man, he goes to take lessons of a painter, with whose sister he is in love, is detected by the lady’s aunt whom he had formerly courted, escapes from her into the studio, is roughly treated by the pupils, threatened with a dagger’s point by the painter, and at last, to avoid scandal, which he fears more than the poniard, abandons all hope of the red hat, and consents to marry the aunt. In another piece, tired of the monotony of his solitary home, he makes a journey to *Civita Vecchia*, and meets with all manner of ludicrous mishaps; and in a third, entitled *Cassandrino dilettante e impresario*, his too great love of music and the fair sex gets him into quarrels with *tenori* and *bassi*, and espe-

* The accomplished and lamented author of *Le Chartreuse di Parme*; *Le Rouge et le Noir*; *Rome, Naples, et Florence*, &c. &c., of whose complete works a new edition is now appearing at Paris, under the editorship of his friend, M. Prosper Mérimée.

cially with the *prima donna* whom he courts, and with the *maestro* who is his rival. This *maestro* is in the prime of youth; he has light hair and blue eyes, he loves pleasure and good cheer, his wit is yet more seductive than his person. All these qualities, and the very style of his dress, remind the audience of one of the few great men modern Italy has produced. There is a burst of applause: they recognise and greet Rossini."

Of the performances of marionettes in the houses of the Italian nobility and middle classes, it is naturally much less easy to obtain details than of those given in public. It is generally understood, however, that the private puppets are far from prudish, and allow themselves tolerable license in respect of politics. At Florence, at the house of a rich merchant, a party was assembled to witness the performance of a company of marionettes. M. Beyle was there. "The theatre was a charming toy, only five feet wide, and which, nevertheless, was an exact model of a large theatre. Before the play began, the lights in the apartment were extinguished. A company of twenty-four marionettes, eight inches in height, with leaden legs, and which had cost a sequin apiece, performed a *rather free* comedy, abridged from Machiavelli's *Mandragora*." At Naples the performance was satirical, and its hero a secretary of state. In pieces of this kind, there is generally a speaker for every puppet; and as it often happens that the speakers are personally acquainted with the voice, ideas, and peculiarities of the persons intended to be caricatured, great perfection and point is thus given to the performance.

When the passion of the Italians for marionettes is found to be so strong, so general, so persevering, and, we may add, so refined and ingenious, it is not to be wondered at that most other European countries are largely indebted to Italy for their progress, improvement, and, in some cases, almost for the first rudiments of this minor branch of the drama. Even the Spain of the Middle Ages, in most things so original and self-relying, was under some obligations to Italy in this respect. The first name of any mark which presents

itself to the student of the history of Spanish puppet-shows is that of a skilful mathematician of Cremona, Giovanni Torriani, surnamed Gianello, of whom the learned critic Covarrubias speaks as "a second Archimedes;" adding, that this illustrious foreigner brought *tières* to great perfection. That so distinguished a man should have wasted his time on such frivolities requires some explanation. The Emperor Charles V.'s love of curious mechanism induced many of the first mechanicians of Germany and Italy to apply themselves to the production of extraordinary automations. Writers have spoken of an artificial eagle which flew to meet him on his entrance into Nuremberg, and of a wonderful iron fly, presented to him by Jean de Montroyal, which took wing of itself, described circles in the air, and then settled on his arm—marvels of science which other authors have treated as mere fables. Gianello won the emperor's favour by the construction of an admirable clock, followed him to Spain, and passed two years with him in his monastic retreat, striving, by ingenious inventions, to raise the spirits of his melancholy patron, depressed by unwonted inactivity. "Charles V.," says Flaminio Strada, historian of the war in Flanders, "busied himself, in the solitude of the cloisters of St. Just, with the construction of clocks. He had for his master in that art Gianello Torriani, the Archimedes of that time, who daily invented new mechanisms to occupy the mind of Charles, eager and curious of all those things. Often, after dinner, Gianello displayed upon the prince's table little figures of horses and armed men. There were some that beat the drum, others that sounded the trumpet; some were seen advancing against each other at a gallop, like enemies, and assailing each other with lances. Sometimes the ingenious mechanician let loose in the room small wooden birds, which flew in all directions, and which were constructed with such marvellous artifice that one day the superior of the convent chancing to be present, appeared to fear that there was magic in the matter." The attention of Charles V., even in the decline of his genius, was not, however, wholly engrossed by

such toys as these. He and Torriani discussed and solved more useful and more serious problems—one, amongst others, with Gianello realized after the prince's death, and which consisted in raising the waters of the Tagus to the heights of Toledo. The improvements introduced by the skilful mechanician of Cremona into the construction of marionettes were soon adopted by the *titereros*. Puppets were already a common amusement in Spain, and had right of station on all public places, and at all fairs, and entrance into most churches. It is to be observed, that Italian influence can be traced in the Peninsula only in the material and mechanical departments of the marionette theatres.

The characters and the subjects of the plays have always been strictly national, notwithstanding that, from the beginning of the seventeenth century down to the commencement of the nineteenth—and probably even at the present day—the exhibitors of these shows were principally foreigners, including many gypsies. Punchinello succeeded in getting naturalised under the name of Don Cristoval Pulichinella; but he does not appear ever to have played a prominent part, and probably was rather a sort of supernumerary to the show, like Master Peter's ape. Occupation was perhaps hard to find for him in the class of pieces preferred by Spanish taste. The nature of these it is not difficult to conjecture. Spain, superstitious, chivalrous, and semi-Moorish, hastened to equip its puppets in knightly harness and priestly robes. "Moors, knights, giants, enchanters, the conquerors of the Indies, the characters of the Old and the New Testament, and especially saints and hermits, are," says M. Magnin, "the usual actors in these shows. The *titeres* so frequently wear monkish garb, especially in Portugal, that the circumstance has had an influence on their name in this country, where they are more often called *bonifrates* than *titeres*. The composition of *bonifrate* (although the word is old, perhaps older than *titere*) indicates an Italian origin." Legends of saints and the book of ballads (*Romancero*) supplied most of the subjects of the plays performed by Spanish puppets. Of this

we have an example in the drama selected by Cervantes for performance by Master Peter's *titeres* before Don Quixote. In the course of his researches, M. Magnin was surprised to find (although he ought, perhaps, to have expected it) that bull-fights have had their turn of popularity on the boards of the Spanish puppet-show. He traces this in a curious old *picaresque* romance, the memoirs of the *picara Justina*. This adventurous heroine gives sundry particulars of the life of her great-grandfather, who had kept a theatre of *titeres* at Seville, and who put such smart discourse into the mouths of his actors that, to hear him, the women who sold fruit and chestnuts and *turrone*s (cakes of almonds and honey, still in use in Spain) quitted their goods and their customers, leaving their hat or their *brasero* (pan of hot embers) to keep shop. The popular manager was unfortunately of irregular habits, and expended his substance in riotous living. His money went, his mules, his puppets—the very boards of his theatre were sold, and his health left him with his worldly goods, so that he became the inmate of an hospital. When upon the eve of giving up the ghost, his granddaughter relates, he lost his senses, and became subject to such furious fits of madness, that one day he imagined himself to be a puppet-show bull (*un toro de titeres*), and that he was to fight a stone cross which stood in the court of the hospital. Accordingly he attacked it, crying out, "*¡A perra! que te agno!*" (words of defiance), and fell dead. The sister of charity, a good simple woman, seeing this, exclaimed, "Oh the thrice happy man! he has died at the foot of the cross, and whilst invoking it!" At a recent date (1808), a French *savant*, travelling in Spain, went to the puppet theatre at Valencia. The *Death of Seneca* was the title of the piece performed. In presence of the audience, the celebrated philosopher, the pride of Cordova, ended historically by opening his veins in a bath. The streams of blood that flowed from his arms were simulated cleverly enough by the movement of a red ribbon. An unexpected miracle, less historical than the mode of death, wound up the drama. Amidst the

noise of fireworks, the pagan sage was taken up into heaven in a *glory*, pronouncing, as he ascended, the confession of his faith in Jesus Christ, to the perfect satisfaction of the audience. The smell of powder must have been a novelty to Seneca's nostrils; but doubtless the rockets contributed greatly to the general effect of the scene, and Spain, the country of anomalies, is not to be disconcerted by an anachronism.

Into whatever country we follow the footsteps of the numerous and motley family of the Puppets, we find that, however exotic their habits may be on their first arrival in the land, they speedily become a reflex of the peculiar genius, tastes, and characteristics of its people. Thus in Italy, the land of song and dance, of strict theatrical censors, and despotic governments, we find the *burattini* dealing in sharp but polished jests at the expense of their rulers, excelling in the ballet, and performing Rossini's operas, without suppressions or eurtailment, with an orchestra of five or six instruments and singers behind the scenes. The Spanish *titere* couches his lance and rides forth to meet the Moor and rescue captive maidens, marches with Cortes to the conquest of Montezuma's capital, or enacts, with more or less decorum, a moving incident from Holy Writ. In the *Jokken* and *Puppen* of Germany we recognise the metaphysical and fantastical tendencies of that country, its broad and rather heavy humour, its quaint superstitions, domestic sprites, and enchanted bullets. And in France, where puppet-shows were early cherished, and encouraged by the aristocracy as well as by the people, we need not wonder to find them elegant, witty, and frivolous—modelling themselves, in fact, upon their patrons. M. Magnin dwells long upon the puppets of his native land, which possess, however, less character and strongly marked originality than those of some of the other countries he discourses of. It is here he first traces the etymology of the word *marionette*—unmistakably French, although it has been of late years adopted in Germany and England. He considers it to be one of the numerous affectionate diminutives of the name of Marie, which crept into

the French language in its infancy, and which soon came to be applied to those little images of the Virgin that were exhibited, gaily dressed and tinsel bedecked, to the adoration of the devout. In a pastoral poem of the 13th century, he finds the pretty name of Marionette applied by her lover to a young girl called Marion. "Several streets of old Paris, in which were sold or exposed images of the Virgin and saints, were called, some *Rues de Marmouze's* (there are still two streets of this name in Paris), others *Rues des Mariettes*, and somewhat later, *Rues des Marionnettes*. As irony makes its way everywhere, the amiable or religious sense of the words *Marotte*, *Mariotte*, and *Marionette*, was soon exchanged for a jesting and profane one. In the 15th century there was sung, in the streets and taverns, an unchaste ditty called the *Chant Marionette*. The bauble of a licensed fool was called, and is still called, *marotte*: 'by reason,' says Menage, 'of the head of a marionette—that is to say, of a little girl'—which surmounts it; and at last mountebanks irreverently called their wooden actors and actre-ses *marmouze's* and *mariottes*. At the end of the 16th century and commencement of the 17th, several Protestant or sceptical writers were well pleased to confound, with an intention of mockery, the religious and the profane sense of the words *marmouze's* and *marionettes*. Henry Estienne, inveighing, in his *Apologie pour Herodote*, against the chastisements inflicted on the Calvinists for the mutilation of madonnas and images of saints, exclaims: 'Never did the Egyptians take such cruel vengeance for the murder of their cats, as has been seen wreaked, in our days, on those who had mutilated some *marmouze* or *marionette*.'" It is curious here again to trace the connection between Roman image-worship and the puppet-show. The marionette, at first reverently placed in niches, with spangled robe and burning lamp, is presently found perched at the end of a jester's bauble and parading a juggler's board. The question here is only of a name, soon abandoned by the sacred images to its disreputable usurpers. But we have already seen, especially in the case of Spain, what

a scandalous confusion came to pass between religious ceremonies and popular entertainments, until at times these could hardly be distinguished from those; and, as far as what occurred within them went, spectators might often be perplexed to decide whether they were in a sacred edifice or a showman's booth. With respect to the French term *marionette*, it had yet to undergo, after its decline and fall from a sacred to a profane application, a still deeper degradation, before its final confinement to the class of puppets it at the present day indicates. In the 16th century it came to be applied not only to mechanical images of all kinds, sacred and profane, but, by a strange extension of its meaning, to the supposed supernatural dolls and malignant creatures that sorcerers were accused of fostering, as familiar imps and as idols. From a huge quarto printed in Paris in 1622, containing a collection of trials for magic which took place between 1603 and 1615, M. Magnin extracts a passage showing how certain poor idiots were accused of "having kept, close confined and in subjection in their houses, *marionettes*, which are little devils, having usually the form of toads, sometimes of apes, always very hideous." The rack, the gallows, and the faggot, were the usual lot of the unfortunate supposed possessors of those unwholesome puppets.

There are instances on record of long discussions and fierce disputes between provinces or towns for the honour of having been the birthplace of some great hero, poet, or philosopher. In like manner, M. Magnin labours hard, and expends much crudition, to prove that the French *Polichinelle*, notwithstanding the similarity of name, is neither the son, nor in any way related to the Italian *Pulcinella*, but is thoroughly French in origin and character. That Harlequin

and Pantaloon came from south of the Alps he readily admits; also, that a name has been borrowed from Italy for the French Punch. But he stands up manfully for the originality of this jovial and dissipated puppet, which he maintains to be a thoroughly Gallic type. Whether conclusive or not—a point to the settlement of which we will not give many lines—the arguments and facts he brings forward are ingenious and amusing. After displaying the marked difference that exists in every respect, except in that of the long hooked nose and the name, between the Punchinello of Paris and that of Naples—the latter being a tall straight-backed active fellow, dressed in a black half-mask, a grey pointed hat, a white frock and trousers, and a tight girdle, and altogether of a different character from his more northern namesake—he has the audacity to broach, although with some hesitation, the bold idea that Polichinelle is a portrait of the great Béarnais. "To hide nothing of my thought, I must say that, under the necessary exaggeration of a royal caricature, Polichinelle exhibits the popular type, I dare not say of Henry IV., but at any rate of the Gascon officer imitating his master's bearing in the guardroom of the palace of St. Germain, or of the old Louvre. As to the hunch, it has been from time immemorial the appendage, in France, of a facetious, witty fellow. In the thirteenth century, Adam de la Halle was called the *hunchback* of Arras, not that he was deformed, but on account of his humorous vein.

On m'appelle bochu, mais je ne le suis mie.

The second hump, the one in front, conspicuous under his spangled doublet reminds us of the glittering and protuberant cuirass of men-at-arms, and of the pigeon-breasted dress then in fashion, which imitated the curve of the cuirass.* The very hat of Poli-

* M. Magnin here refers to an engraving at page 47 of the fifth volume of the *Théâtre de la Foire* (1722) to prove that Punch's humps, both in front and rear, were formerly much less prominent. It is easy to understand how, in the hands of ignorant showmen and manufacturers of puppets, that which was at first the reflection of a popular metaphor (of origin difficult to trace) was exaggerated into a senseless and scarcely ludicrous deformity. *Rire comme un bochu*, to laugh like a hunchback, is to the present day one of the vulgarest of French colloquial similes. It is not easy to say whence it arose, or why a hump between the shoulders should render the bearer more prone to laughter than his straighter made fellows.

chinelle (I do not refer to his modern three-cornered covering, but to the beaver, with brim turned up, which he still wore in the seventeenth century), was the hat of the gentleman of that day, the hat à la Henri IV. Finally, certain characteristic features of his face, as well as the bold jovial amorous temper of the jolly fellow, remind us, in caricature, of the qualities and the defects of the Bearnais. In short, notwithstanding his Neapolitan name, Polichinelle appears to me to be a complete national type, and one of the most vivacious and sprightly creations of French fancy."

The first puppet-showmen in France whose names have been handed down to posterity, were a father and son called Brioché. According to the most authentic of the traditions collected, Jean Brioché exercised, at the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign, the two professions of tooth-drawer and puppet-player. His station was at the end of the Pont Neuf, near the gate of Nesle, and his comrade was the celebrated monkey Fagotin. With or without his consent, Polichinelle was about this time dragged into politics. Amongst the numerous Mazarinades and political satires that deluged Paris in 1649, there was one entitled *Letter from Polichinelle to Jules Mazarin*. It was in prose, but ended by these three lines, by way of signature;—

"Je suis Polichinelle,
Qui fait la sentinelle
A la porte de Nesle."

It is also likely that the letter was the work of Brioché, or Briocchi (who was perhaps a countryman and protégé of the cardinal's), written with a view to attract notice and increase his popularity (a good advertisement, in short), than that it proceeded from the pen of some political partisan. But in any case it serves to show that the French Punch was then a great favourite in Paris. "I may boast," he is made to say in the letter, "without vanity, Master Jules, that I have always been better liked and more respected by the people than you have; for how many times have I, with my own ears, heard them say: 'Let us go and see Polichinelle!'" whereas nobody ever heard them say: 'Let us go and see Mazarin!'" The unfortunate Fagotin came to an un-

timely end, if we were to put faith in a little book now very rare (although it has gone through several editions), entitled *Combat de Cirano de Bergerac contre le singe de Brioché*. This Cirano was a mad duellist of extreme susceptibility. "His nose," says Ménage, "which was much disfigured, was cause of the death of more than ten persons. He could not endure that any should look at him, and those who did had forthwith to draw and defend themselves." This lunatic, it is said, one day took Fagotin for a lackey who was making faces at him, and ran him through on the spot. The story may have been a mere skit on Cirano's quarrelsome humour; but the mistake he is said to have made, appears by no means impossible when we become acquainted with the appearance and dress of the famous monkey. "He was as big as a little man, and a devil of a droll," says the author of the *Combat de Cirano*; "his master had put him on an old Spanish hat, whose dilapidations were concealed by a plume; round his neck was a frill à la Scaramouche; he wore a doublet with six moveable skirts, trimmed with lace and tags—a garment that gave him rather the look of a lackey—and a shoulder-belt from which hung a pointless blade." It was this innocent weapon, according to the writer quoted from, that poor Fagotin had the fatal temerity to brandish against the terrible Cirano. Whatever the manner of his death, his fame lived long after him; and even as certain famous French comedians have transmitted their names to the particular class of parts they filled during their lives, so did Fagotin bequeath his to all monkeys attached to puppet-shows. Loret in his metrical narrative of the wonders of the fair of St. Germain's in the year 1664, talks of "the apes and fagotins;" La Fontaine praises *Fagotin's tricks* in his fable of *The Lion and his Court*, and Molière makes the sprightly and malicious Dorine promise Tartuffe's intended wife that she shall have, in carnival time,

"Le sal et la grand 'branie, à savoir deux
mauettes,
Et parlois Fagotin et les marionnettes."

Great honour, indeed, for a quadrumane comedian, to obtain even inci-

dental mention from France's first fabulist and greatest dramatist. It was at about the time of *Tartuffe's* performance (1669) that puppet-shows appear to have been at the zenith of their popularity in France, and in the enjoyment of court favour. In the account of expenditure of the royal treasury is noted a payment of 1365 livres "to Brioché, player of marionettes, for the stay he made at St. Germain-en-Laye during the months of September, October, and November to divert the royal children." Brioché had been preceded by another puppet-showman, who had remained nearly two months. The dauphin was then nine years old, and evidently very fond of Polichinelle—to whose exploits and drolleries, and to the tricks of Fagotin, it is not however, to be supposed that the attractions of Brioché's performances were confined. He and his brother showman had doubtless a numerous company of marionettes, performing a great variety of pieces, since they were able to amuse the dauphin and his juvenile court for nearly five months without intermission. Like all distinguished men, Brioché, decidedly one of the celebrities of his time, and to whom we find constant allusions in the prose and verse of that day, had his enemies and his rivals. Amongst the former was to be reckoned no less a personage than Bossuet, who denounced marionettes (with a severity that might rather have been expected from some straight-laced Calvinist than from a prelate of Rome) as a shameful and impure entertainment, calculated to counteract his laborious efforts for the salvation of his flock. M. Magnin's extensive researches in Puppet chronicles leave him convinced that the eloquent bishop must have been in bilious temper when thus attacking the poor little figures whose worst offences were a few harmless drolleries. Anthony Hamilton, in a letter, half verse and half prose, addressed to the daughter of James II. of England, describes the fête of St. Germain-en-Laye, and gives us the measure of the marionette's transgressions. "The famous Polichinelle," he says, "the hero of that stage, is a little free in his discourse, but not sufficiently so to

bring a blush to the cheek of the damsel he diverts by his witticisms." We would not take Anthony Hamilton's evidence in such matters for more than it is worth. There was, no doubt, a fair share of license in the pieces arranged for these puppets, or in the jests introduced by their invisible readers; and as regards their actions, M. Mangin himself tells us of the *houzarde*, an extremely *gaillarde* dance, resembling that called the *antiquaille* mentioned in Rabelais. Notwithstanding which, the marionettes were in great favour with very honest people, and Charles Perrault, one of the most distinguished members of the old French Academy, praised them in verse as an agreeable pastime. The jokes Brioché put into the mouths of his actors were greatly to the taste of the Parisians; so much so that when an English mechanician exhibited other puppets which he had contrived to move by springs instead of strings, the public still preferred Brioché, "on account of the drolleries he made them say." That he was not always and everywhere so successful, we learn by a quaint extract from the *Combat de Cyrano*, already mentioned. Brioché, says the facetious author, "one day took it into his head to ramble afar with his little restless wooden *Æsop*, twisting, turning, dancing, laughing, chattering, &c. This heteroclit marmouzet, or, better to speak, this comical hunchback, was called Polichinelle. His comrade's name was Voisin. (More likely, suggests M. Magnin, the *voisin*, the neighbour or gossip of Polichinelle.) After visiting several towns and villages, they got on Swiss ground in a canton where marionettes were unknown. Polichinelle having shown his phiz, as well as all his gang, in presence of a people given to burn sorcerers, they accused Brioché to the magistrate. Witnesses declared that they had heard little figures jabber and talk, and that they must be devils. Judgment was pronounced against the master of this wooden company animated by springs. But for the interference of a man of sense they would have made a roast of Brioché. They contented themselves with stripping the marionettes naked. *O poverella!*" The same story is told by the Abbé

d'Artigny, who lays the scene at Sol-eure, and says that Brioché owed his release to a captain of the French-Swiss regiment then recruiting in the cantons. Punch at that time had powerful protectors. Brioché's son and successor, Francis, whom the Parisians familiarly called *Fanchon*, having been offensively interfered with, wrote at once to the king. It would seem that, without quitting the vicinity of the Pont Neuf, he desired to transfer his standing to the Faubourg St. Germain's end, and that the commissaire of that district prohibited his exhibition. On the 16th October 1676, the great Colbert wrote to the lieutenant-general of police, communicating his majesty's commands that Brioché should be permitted to exercise his calling, and should have a proper place assigned to him where he might do so.

The history of the French marionettes, during the first half of the eighteenth century, is given in considerable detail by M. Magnin, but does not contain any very striking episodes. It is to be feared their morals got rather relaxed during the latter years of Louis XIV's reign, and under the Regency, and Bossuet might then have thundered against them with greater reason than in 1686. Towards the middle of the century, a great change took place in the character of their performances: witty jests, and allusions to the scandal of court and city, were neglected for the sake of mechanical effects and surprises; the vaudeville and polished farce, for which the French stage has long been and still is famous, were replaced by showy dramas and *pièces à spectacle*, in which the military element seems to have predominated, judging from the titles of some of them—the Bombardment of Antwerp, The Taking of Charleroi, The General Assault of Bergen-op-Zoom. It was the commencement of the decline of puppet performances in France; the public taste underwent a change; the eye was to be gratified, wit and satire were in great measure dispensed with. "Vancanson's automaton, the flute-player, the duck, &c., were imitated in every way, and the people ran in crowds to see Kempel's chess-player. At the fair

of St. Germain's, in 1744, a Pole, named Toscani, opened a picturesque and anatomical theatre, which seems to have served as a prelude to M. Pierre's famous show. 'Here are to be seen,' said the bills, mountains, castles, marine views; also figures that perfectly imitate all natural movements without being visibly acted upon by any string; and, which is still more surprising, here are seen a storm, rain, thunder, vessels perishing, sailors swimming, &c.' On all hands such marvels as these were announced, and also (I blush to write it) combats of wild animals." Bull and bear baits, wolf and dog fights, in refined France, just a century ago, for all the world as in England in the days of buxom Queen Bess. M. Magnin copies an advertisement of one of these savage exhibitions, which might pass for a translated placard of the beast-fighting establishment that complained of the opposition made to them by Will Shakespeare and his players. Martin was the name of the man who kept the pit at the *barrière de Sèvres*; and after lauding the wickedness of his bull, the tenacity of his dogs, and the exceeding fierceness of his new wolf, he informs the public that he has "pure bear oil for sale." When Paris ran after such coarse diversions as these, what hope was there for the elves of the puppet-show? Punch shrugged his hump, and crept moodily into a corner. Bull-rings and mechanism were too many for him. Twenty years later we find him again in high favour and feather at the fair of St. Germain's, where Audinot, an author and ex-singer at the united comic and Italian operas, having quarrelled with his comrades and quitted the theatre, exhibited large marionettes, which he called *bamboches*, and which were striking likenesses of the performers at the Opéra Comique, Laruelle, Clairval, Madam Berard, and himself. Polichinelle appeared amongst them in the character of a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and found the same sort of popularity that Cassandrino has since enjoyed at Rome. The monarchy was in its decline, the follies and vices of the courtiers of the 18th century had brought them into con-

tempt, and a parody of them was welcome to the people. The fair over, Audinot installed his puppets in a little theatre on the boulevard, which is called the *Ambigu Comique*, to indicate the variety of the entertainments there given, and there he brought out several new pieces, one, amongst others, entitled *Le Testament de Polichinelle*. It was quite time for Punch to make his will; his theatre was in a very weakly state. It became the fashion to replace puppets by children; and one hears little more of marionettes in France until Seraphin revives them in his *Ombres Chinoises*. Few persons who have been in Paris will have failed to notice, when walking round the Palais Royal between two and three in the afternoon, or seven and nine in the evening, a shrivelled weary-looking man, standing just within the railings that separate the gallery from the garden, and continually repeating, in a tone between a whine, a chant, and a croak, a monotonous formula, at first not very intelligible to a foreigner. This man has acquired all the rights that long occupation can give: the flagstone whereon, day after day, as long as we can remember—and doubtless for a score or two of years before—he has stood sentry, is worn hollow by the shuffling movement by which he endeavours to retain warmth in his feet. He is identified with the railings against which he stands, and is as much a part of the Palais Royal as the glass gallery, Chevet's shop, or the cannon that daily fires itself off at noon. A little attention enables one to discover the purport of his unvarying harangue. It begins with "*Les Ombres Chinoises de Seraphin*"—this very drawlingly spoken—and ends with "*Prrrrrenez vos billets*"—a rattle on the r, and the word *billets* dying away in a sort of exhausted whine. In 1784, the ingenious Dominique Seraphin exhibited his Chinese shadows several times before the royal family at Versailles, was allowed to call his theatre "*Spectacle des Enfants de France*," and took up his quarters in the Palais Royal, in the very house opposite to whose door the monotonous and melancholy man above described at the present day "touts" for an audi-

ence. There for seventy years Seraphin and his descendants have pulled the strings of their puppets. But here, as M. Magnin observes, it is no longer movable *sculpture*—but movable *painting*—the shadows of figures cut out of sheets of pasteboard or leather, and placed between a strong light and a transparent curtain. The shadows, owing doubtless to their intangible nature, have passed unscathed through the countless political changes and convulsions that have occurred during the three quarters of a century that they have inhabited a nook in the palace which has been alternately Cardinal, Royal, National, Imperial—all things by turn, and nothing long. They have lasted and thriven, as far as bodiless shades can thrive, under Republic and Empire, Directory and Consulate, Restoration and Citizen Monarchy, Republic, and Empire again. We fear it must be admitted that time-serving is at the bottom of this long impunity and prosperity. In the feverish days of the first Revolution, marionettes had *sans-culotte* tendencies, with the exception of Polichinelle, who, mindful doubtless of his descent from Henry IV., played the aristocrat, and carried his head so high, that at last he lost it. M. Magnin passes hastily over this affecting phase in the career of his puppet friends, merely quoting a few lines from Camille Desmoulines, which bear upon the subject. "This selfish multitude," exclaims the *Vieux Cordelier*, indignant at the apathetic indifference of the Parisians in presence of daily human hecatombs, "is formed to follow blindly the impulse of the strongest. There was fighting in the Carrousel and the Champ de Mars, and the Palais Royal displayed its shepherdesses and its Arcadia. Close by the guillotine, beneath whose keen edge fell crowned heads, on the same square, and at the same time, *they also guillotined Polichinelle*, who divided the attention of the eager crowd." Punch, who had passed his life hanging the hangman, was at a nonplus impresence of the guillotine. He missed the running noose he was so skilful in drawing tight, and mournfully laid his neck in the bloody groove. Some say that he escaped, that his dog was dressed

up, and beheaded in his stead, and that he himself reached a foreign shore, where he presently regained his freedom of speech and former jollity of character. M. Magnin himself is clearly of opinion that he is not dead, but only sleeps. "Would it not be well," he asks, "to awaken him here in France? Can it be that the little *Æsop* has nothing new to tell us? Above all, do not say that he is dead. *Polichinelle* never dies. You doubt it? You do not know then what *Polichinelle* is? He is the good sense of the people, the brisk sally, the irrepressible laugh. Yes, *Polichinelle* will laugh, sing, and hiss, as long as the world contains vices, follies, and things to ridicule. You see very well that *Polichinelle* is not near his death. *Polichinelle* is immortal!"

To England M. Magnin allots nearly as many pages as to his own country, and displays in them a rare acquaintance with our language, literature, and customs. It would in no way have surprised him, he says, had the playful and lightsome muse of the puppet-show been made less welcome by the Germanic races than by nations of Greco-Roman origin. The grave and more earnest temper generally attributed to the former would have accounted for their disregard of a pastime they might deem frivolous, and fail to appreciate. He was well pleased, then, to find his wooden clients, his well-beloved marionettes, as popular and as well understood on the banks of the Thames, the Oder, and the Zuyder Zee, as in Naples, Paris, or Seville. "In England especially," he says, "the taste for this kind of spectacle has been so widely diffused, that one could hardly name a single poet, from Chaucer to Lord Byron, or a single prose-writer, from Sir Philip Sydney to Hazlitt, in whose works are not to be found abundant information on the subject, or frequent allusions to it. The dramatists, above all, beginning with those who are the glory of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., supply us with the most curious particulars of the repertory, the managers, and the stage of the marionettes. Shakespeare himself has not disdained to draw from this singular arsenal ingenious or energetic metaphors, which

he places in the mouths of his most tragic personages at the most pathetic moments. I can name ten or twelve of his plays in which this occurs." (The list follows.) "The contemporaries and successors of this great poet—Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton, Davenant, Swift, Addison, Gay, Fielding, Goldsmith, Sheridan—have also borrowed many moral or satirical sallies from this popular diversion. Thanks to this singular tendency of the English dramatists to busy themselves with the proceedings of their little street-corner rivals, I have found in their writings much assistance—as agreeable as unexpected—in the task I have undertaken. Deprived, as one necessarily is in a foreign country, of direct sources and original pamphlets, having at my disposal only those standard works of great writers that are to be met with on the shelves of every library, I have found it sufficient, strange to say! to collate the passages so abundantly furnished me by these chosen authors to form a collection of documents concerning English puppets more circumstantial and complete, I venture to think, than any that have hitherto been got together by the best-informed native critics." Others, if they please, may controvert the claim here put forward; we shall content ourselves with saying that the amount of research manifested in M. Magnin's long essay on English puppets does as much credit to his industry as the manner of the compilation does to his judgment, acumen, and literary talent. It must be observed, however, that he has not altogether limited himself, when seeking materials and authorities, to the chosen corps of English dramatists, poets, and essayists, but has consulted sundry antiquarian authorities, tracts of the time of the Commonwealth, the works of Hogarth, those of Hone, Payne Collier, Thomas Wright, and other modern or contemporary writers. At the same time, this portion of his book contains much that will be novel to most English readers, and abounds in curious details and pertinent reflections on old English character and usages. If we do not dwell upon it at some length, it is because we desire, whilst room remains, to devote a page or two to

Germany and the Northerns. We must not omit, however, to mention that M. Magnin joins issue with Mr. Payne Collier on the question of the origin of the English Punch. Mr. Collier makes him date from 1688, and brings him over from Holland in the same ship with William of Orange. M. Magnin takes a different view, and makes out a very fair case. He begins by remarking that several false derivations have been assigned to the name of Punch. "Some have imagined I know not what secret and fantastical connection between Punch's name, and even between the fire of Punch's wit, and the ardent beverage of which the recipe, it is said, came to us from Persia. It is going a great deal too far in search of an error. Punch is simply the name of our friend *Pulchinello*, a little altered and contracted by the monosyllabic genius of the English language. In the early period of his career in England we find the names Punch and Punchinello used indifferently for each other. Is it quite certain that Punch came to London from the Hague, in the suite of William III. ? I have doubts of it. His learned biographer admits that there are traces of his presence in England previous to the abdication of James II. . . . Certain passages of Addison's pretty Latin poem on puppet-shows (*Machine Gesticulantes*) prove that Punch's theatre was in great progress on the old London puppet-shows in the days of Queen Elizabeth." The personal appearance, and some of the characteristics of Punch, certainly induce a belief that he is of French origin ; and even though it be proved that he was imported into England from Holland, may it not be admitted as highly probable that he went to the latter country with the refugees, who for several years previously to the Revolution of 1688 had been flocking thither from France ? We risk the question with all diffidence, and without the slightest intention of pronouncing judgment on so important a matter. And as we have no intention or desire to take up the cudgels in behalf of the origin of that Punch, who, as the unfortunate and much-battered Judy can testify, himself handles those weapons so efficiently,

we refer the reader to M. Magnin for the *pros* and *cons* of the argument, and start upon a rapid tour through Germany and northern Europe. M. Magnin accelerates his pace as he approaches the close of his journey, and pauses there only where his attention is arrested by some striking novelty or original feature, to omit mention of which would be to leave a gap in the history he has undertaken to write.

Germany is the native land and head-quarters of wood-cutters. We mean not hewers of wood for the furnace, but cunning carvers in smooth-grained beech and delicate deal ; artists in timber, we may truly say, when we contemplate the graceful and beautiful objects for which we are indebted to the luxuriant forests and skilful knives of Baden and Bavaria. The Teutonic race also possess, in a very high degree, the mechanical genius, to be convinced of which we have but to look at the ingenious clocks, with their astronomical evolutions, moving figures, crowing cocks, and the like, so constantly met with in all parts of Germany, in Switzerland, and in Holland. This double aptitude brought about an early development of anatomical sculpture in Germany, applied, as usual, to various purposes, religious and civil, serious and recreative, wonderful images of saints, figures borne in municipal processions, and dramatic puppets. These latter are traced by M. Magnin as far back as the twelfth century. Even in a manuscript of the 10th century he finds the word *Tocha* or *Docha* used in the sense of doll or puppet (*puppa*), and also in that of mime (*mima*, *mimula*). Somewhat later the word *Tokke-spil* (puppet-show) occurs in the poems of the Minnesingers. One of these, Master Sigheer, when stigmatising the Pope's abuse of his influence with the Electors of the Empire, writes—

"Als der Tokken spilt der Welche mit Tutschen Fürsten."

"The Italian plays with the German princes as with puppets."

There still exists in the library at Strasburg a manuscript dating from the end of the 12th century, and adorned with a great number of curious miniatures, one of which,

under the strange title of *Ludus Monstrorum*, represents a puppet-show. Two little figures, armed *cap-à-pie*, are made to move and fight by means of a string, whose ends two showmen hold. The painting proves not only the existence of marionettes at that period, but also that they were sufficiently common to supply a symbol intelligible to all, since it is put as an illustration to a moral reflection on the vanity of human things. From the equipment of the figures it may also be inferred that military subjects were then in favour on the narrow stage of the puppet-show. And M. Magnin, zealous to track his fox to its very ear's, risks the word *Niibelungen*, but brings no evidence to support his surmise. In the 14th and 15th centuries we obtain more positive data as to the nature of the *puppen-spiel*, and of its performances. Romantic subjects, historical fables, were then in fashion—the four sons of Aymon, Genevieve of Brabant, the Lady of Roussillon, to whom her lover's heart was given to eat, and who killed herself in her despair. The history of Joan of Arc was also a favourite subject. That heroine had an episodical part in a piece performed at Ratisbon in 1430. "There exists," says M. Magnin, "a precious testimony to a performance of marionettes at that period. In a fragment of the poem of Malagis, written in Germany in the 15th century, after a Flemish translation of our old romance of Maugis, the fairy Oriande de Rosefleur, who has been separated for fifteen years from her beloved pupil, Malagis, arrives, disguised as a juggler, at the castle of Rigmont, where a wedding is being celebrated. She offers the company the diversion of a puppet-show; it is accepted; she asks for a table to serve as a stage, and exhibits upon it two figures, a male and female magician. Into their mouths she puts stanzas, which tell her history and cause her to be recognised by Malagis. M. Von der Hergen

has published this fragment from the MS. preserved at Heidelberg, in *Germania*, vol. viii., p. 280. The scene in question is not to be found either in the French poem or the French prose romance." The 16th century was an epoch in the annals of German puppets. Scepticism and sorcery were the order of the day. Faust stepped upon the stage and held it long.

It appears to have been the custom, rarely deviated from by the puppet-shows of any nation or time, to have a comic character or buffoon, who intruded, even in the most tragical pieces, to give by his jests variety and relief to the performance. There was nothing odd or startling in this in the Middle Ages, when every great personage—emperor, king, or prelate—had his licensed jester attached to his household. M. Magnin is in some doubt as to the name first given to this character in Germany, unless it was *Eulenspiegel* (a name which in modern times has acquired some celebrity as a literary pseudonym), or rather Master Hemmerlein, whose caustic sarcasm partakes at once of the humour of the devil and the hangman. Master Hemmerlein, according to Frisch, had a face like a frightful mask; he belonged to the lowest class of marionettes, under whose dress the showman passes his hand to move them. This author adds that the name of Hemmerlein was sometimes given to the public executioner, and that it is applied to the devil in the *Breviarium Historicum* of Sebald. This will bear explanation. The word *Hämmerlein* or *Hämmerling* (the latter is now the usual orthography) has three very distinct meanings—a jack-pudding, a flayer, and a gold-hammer (bird). The Herman headman, in former days, combined with his terrible duties the occupation of a flayer or knacker, charged to remove dead horses and other carrion; hence he was commonly spoken of as Master *Hämmerlein*.*

* Another strange office of the headsman, at least in some parts of Germany, was to collect the periodical fine or impost levied from houses of an infamous class. Some striking particulars of his various opprobrious functions in the Middle Ages, which the peculiar genius of the German people and their literature has environed with a ghastly mystery that at times borders on the supernatural, is to be found in a curious work, entitled *Das Malefiz Buch*, reviewed in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1848.

It is difficult to say by what grim mockery or strange assimilation his name was applied to the buffoon of the puppet show. We have little information, however, concerning Hammerlein the droll, who appears to have had but a short reign when he was supplanted by the famous *Hanswurst*, to whom out-spoken Martin Luther compared Duke Henry of Brunswick. "Miserable, choleric spirit" (here Martin addresses himself to Satan), "you, and your poor-possessed creature Henry, you know, as well as all your poets and writers, that the name of *Hanswurst* is not of my invention; others have employed it before me, to designate those rude and unlucky persons who, desiring to exhibit finesse, commit but clumsiness and impropriety." And that there might be no mistake as to his application of the word, he adds: "Many persons compare my very gracious lord, Duke Henry of Brunswick, to *Hanswurst*, because the said lord is replete and corpulent." One of the consequences in Germany of Luther's preachings, and of the more fanatical denunciations of some of his disciples and cotemporaries, was terrible havoc amongst church pictures and statues, including automatical images and groups, then very numerous in that country, and an end was at that time put to dramatic church ceremonies, not only in districts that embraced the new doctrine; but in many that adhered to Rome. Some of the performances were of the most grotesque description. They were particularly frequent in Poland, where, at Christmas time, in many churches, and especially in those of monasteries, the people were amused between mass and vespers, by the play of the *Szopha* or stable. "In this kind of drama," says M. Magnin, "*talki* (little dolls of wood or card-board) represented Mary, Jesus, Joseph, the angels, the shepherds, and the three Magi on their knees, with their offerings of gold, incense, and myrrh, not forgetting the ox, the ass, and St. John the Baptist's lamb. Then came the massacre of the innocents, in the midst of which Herod's own son perished by mistake. The wicked prince, in his despair, called upon death, who soon made his appearance, in the form of a

skeleton, and cut off his head with his scythe. Then a black devil ascended, with a red tongue, pointed horns, and a long tail, picked up the king's body on the end of his pitchfork, and carried it off to the infernal regions." This strange performance was continued in the Polish churches until the middle of the 18th century, with numerous indecorous variations. Expelled from consecrated edifices, it is nevertheless preserved to the present day, as a popular diversion, in all the provinces of the defunct kingdom of Poland. From Christmas-tide to Shrove Tuesday it is welcomed by both the rural and the urban population, by the peasantry, the middle classes, and even in the dwellings of the nobility.

In Germany, the last twenty years of the seventeenth century witnessed a violent struggle between the church and the stage, or it should rather be said a relentless persecution of the latter by the former, which could oppose only remonstrances to the intolerant rigour of the consistories. The quarrel had its origin at Hamburg. A clergyman refused to administer the sacrament to two stage-players. An ardent controversy ensued; the dispute became envenomed; the Protestant clergy made common cause; the anti-theatrical movement spread over all Germany. In vain did several universities, appealed to by the comedians, prove, from the most respectable authorities, the innocence of their profession, of which the actors themselves published sensible and judicious defences; in vain did several princes endeavour to counterbalance, by marks of esteem and consideration, the exaggerated severity of the theologians; the majority of the public sided with its pastors. Players were avoided as dissolute vagabonds; and although, whilst condemning the performers, people did not cease to frequent the performances, a great many comedians, feeling themselves humiliated, abandoned the stage to foreigners and to marionettes. The regular theatres rapidly decreased in number, and puppet-shows augmented in a like ratio. "At the end of the 17th century," says Flögel, "*the Haupt- und Staatsactionen* usurped the place of the real drama. These pieces were

played sometimes by mechanical dolls, sometimes by actors." The meaning of the term *Haupt-und-Staatsaction* is rather obscure, but it was in fact applied to almost every kind of piece performed by puppets. It was bound to include a great deal of incident and show, to be supported by occasional instrumental music, and to have a comic personage or buffoon amongst its characters. The tenth chapter of M. Magnin's fifth and final section shows us a strange variety in the subjects selected for these plays—in which, it is to be noted, each puppet had its own separate speaker behind the scenes. Weltheim, the manager of a company of marionettes in the last twenty years of the 17th century, and the beginning of the 18th, usually recruited interpreters for his puppets amongst the students of Leipzig and Jena. He was the first who performed a translation of Molière's comedies in Germany. In 1688, we find him giving at Hamburg, a piece founded on the fall of Adam and Eve, followed by a buffoonery called *Jack-pudding in Punch's Shop*. Then we come to such pieces as *The Lapidation of Naboth*; *Asphalides, King of Arabia*; *The Fall of Jerusalem*, and *The Death of Wallenstein*—a strange medley of ancient, modern, sacred and profane history. The following performance, at which M. Schültze, the historian of the Hamburg theatre, declares that he was present in his youth, must have been as curious as any we have named. "A little musical drama on the fall of Adam and Eve (performed at Hamburg rather more than a century ago), the characters in which, including that of the serpent, were filled by puppets. The reptile was seen coiled round the tree, darting out his pernicious tongue. After the fall of our first parents, Hanswurst addressed them in a strain of coarse pleasantry that greatly diverted the audience. Two bears danced a ballet, and at the end, an angel appeared, as in Genesis, drew a sword of gilt paper, and cut at a single blow the knot of the piece." Later than this a tailor named Reibehand, who kept a puppet theatre, contrived to burlesque the touching parable of the Prodigal Son. His play-bill ran thus:

"The arch-prodigal, chastised by the four elements, with Harlequin, the joyous companion of a great criminal." The merit of this most irreverent *Haupt-Action* consisted in the transformations it contained. Thus the fruit the young prodigal was about to eat changed itself into death's heads, the water he was about to drink, into flames; rocks split open and revealed a gallows with a man hanging from it. The limbs of this corpse swinging in the wind, fell off one by one, then assembled upon the ground and reconnected themselves, and then the dead man arose and pursued the prodigal. A very German and not very pleasing device. When Charles XII. of Sweden fell dead in the trenches at Friedrichshall, slain, according to popular superstition, by an enchanted bullet, his death was immediately taken advantage of by the indefatigable marionettes. A great historical piece was brought out at Hamburg, in which Friedrichshall was twice bombarded. In it a soldier excited great admiration as a prodigy of mechanism, by lighting his pipe and puffing smoke from his mouth. This feat was soon imported into France, and may be seen at the present day executed in great perfection at Seraphin's theatre in the Palais Royal.

The triviality, absurdity, and profanity that tarnished the German stage during the first half of the eighteenth century, were followed by a reaction in favour of better taste and common sense. Gottsched and Lessing gave the signal of the revival of art and poetry. The theatre resumed its importance; actors their proper place, from which they had been ousted by the intolerance of the consistories; puppets returned to the modest sphere which circumstances had permitted and encouraged them temporarily to quit, and resumed their old stock pieces, consisting of Biblical dramas and popular legends. Faust was exceedingly popular, and novelties were occasionally introduced. Lewis's *Bravo of Venice* was taken for the subject of a grand drama, performed by the Augsburg marionettes, which also played, with great success, a drama founded on the well-known story of Don Juan and his

marble guest. And this brings us to the time when a boy, Wolfgang Goethe by name—kept at home by his parents during certain gloomy episodes of the Seven Years' War, when Frankfort was occupied by the French—delighted his leisure with a marionette theatre, a Christmas gift from his grandfather, and so fostered his inborn dramatic taste and genius. In his memoirs, and in *Wilhelm Meister*, he tells us, in some charming passages, what pleasure he took in the management of his mimic comedians.

"We are indebted," says M. Magnin, "for what follows, to a confidential communication made by the illustrious composer Haydn, at Vienna, in 1805, to M. Charles Bertuch, one of his fervent admirers." And he relates that when Haydn was *mâitre de chapelle* to Prince Nicholas-Joseph Esterhazy, that enlightened and generous patron of art, and especially of music, he composed four little operas for a marionette theatre, which existed in the Esterhazy's magnificent Castle of Eisenstadt in Hungary. They were written between 1773 and 1780. "In the list of all his musical works, which the illustrious old man signed and gave to M. Charles Bertuch, during the residence of the latter at Vienna, occur the following lines, which I exactly transcribe:—*Opérette* composed for the marionettes: *Philémon and Baucis*, 1773; *Genièvre*, 1777; *Didon*, parody, 1778; *La Vengeance accomplie ou la Maison Brulée* (no date). In the same list the *Diable Boiteux* is set down, probably because it was played by Prince Esterhazy's marionettes, but it was composed at Vienna, in the author's early youth

for Bernardone, the manager of a popular theatre at the Corinthian Gato, and twenty-four sequins were paid for it. It was thought that these curious operas, all unpublished, had been destroyed in a fire which consumed a part of the Castle of Eisenstadt, including Haydn's apartment; but that was not the case, for they were seen in 1827 in the musical library of the Esterhazys, with a score of other pieces whose titles one would like to know."

Goethe has told us, in an interesting passage of his memoirs, that the idea of his great work of *Faust* was suggested to him by the puppet-show. M. Magnin, who takes an affectionate interest in the triumphs of the marionettes with whom he has so long associated, and whose career he has traced from their cradle, exults in the claim they have thus acquired to the world's gratitude—not always, it must be owned, shown to those who best deserve it. He concludes his history with a double recapitulation—first, of the celebrated persons who have taken pleasure in this class of dramatic performances; and, secondly, of the most distinguished of those who have wielded pen in its service. And he calls upon his readers to applaud, and upon the ladies especially to wave kerchief and throw bouquet at the graceful *FANTASIA*, the pretty fairy, the sprightly muse of the marionettes. We doubt not but that the appeal will be responded to; although her fairship may fairly be considered to be already sufficiently rewarded by meeting with a biographer in every way so competent.

THE QUIET HEART.

PART V.—CHAPTER XXV.

BUT this Menie Laurie, rising up from her bed of unrest, when the morning light breaks, cold and real, upon a changed world, has wept out all her child's tears, and is a woman once again. No one knows yet a whisper of what has befallen her, not even poor Jenny, who sobbed over her last night, and implored her not to weep.

Now, how to tell this—how to signify, in the fewest and calmest words, the change that has come upon her. Sitting, with her cheek leant on her hand, by the window where she heard it, before any other eyes are awake, Menie ponders this in her heart. Always before in little difficulties counsel and help have been within her reach; few troublous things have been to do in Menie's experience; and no one ever dreamt that she should do them, when they chanced to come to her mother's door.

But now her mother's honour is involved—she must not be consulted—she must not know. With a proud flush Menie draws up herself—herself who must work in this alone. Ah, sweet dependence, dear humility of the old times! we must lay them by out of our heart, to wait for a happier dawn. This day it is independence—self-support—a strength that stands alone; and no one who has not felt such an abrupt transition can know how hard it is to take these unused weapons up.

"Will you let me speak to you, aunt?" Menie's heart falters within her, as she remembers poor Miss Annie's unaccepted sympathy. Has she indeed been driven to seek refuge here at last?

"My love! how can you ask such a question, darling, when I am always ready to speak to you?" exclaimed Miss Annie, with enthusiasm.

"But not here—out of doors, if you will permit me," said Menie in a half whisper. "I—I want to be out of my mother's sight—she must not know."

"You delightful creature," said

Miss Annie, "are you going to give me your confidence at last?"

Poor Menie, sadly dismayed, was very ill able to support this strain of sympathy. She hastened out, not quite observing how it tasked her companion to follow her—out to the same green overgrown corner, where once before she had spoken of this same subject to Randall himself. With a slight shudder she paused there before the little rustic seat, from which she had risen at his approach; but Menie knew that she must harden herself against the power of associations; enough of real ill was before her.

"I want to tell you, aunt, if you will please to listen to me, that the engagement of which you were told when we came here is dissolved—broken. I do not know if there is any stronger word," said Menie, a bewildered look growing on her face. "I mean to say, that it is all over, as if it had never been."

And Menie folded her hands upon her breast, and stood patiently to listen, expecting a burst of lamentation and condolence; but Menie was not prepared for the laugh which rung shrilly on her ears—the words that followed it.

"My sweet simple child, I have no doubt you quite believe it—forgive me for laughing, darling; but I know what lovers' quarrels are. There, now, don't look so grave and angry; my love, you will make it all up to-morrow."

And Miss Annie Laurie patted Menie's shrinking shoulder encouragingly. It was a harder task this than Menie had anticipated; but she went on without flinching.

"This is no lovers' quarrel, aunt; do not think so. My mother is in some degree involved in this. I cannot consult her, or ask her to help me; it is the first time I have ever been in such a strait;" and Menie's lip quivered as she spoke. "You are my only friend. I am serious—as serious as mind can be, which feels that here

it decides its life. Aunt, I apply to you."

Miss Annie Laurie looked up very much confused and shaken; very seldom had any one spoken to her with such a sober seriousness of tone; she could not think it unreal, for neither extravagance nor despair were in these grave sad words of Menie. The poor frivolous heart felt this voice ring into its depths, past all superficial affectations and sentiments. No exuberance of sympathy, no shower of condoling words or endearments, could answer this appeal: and poor Miss Annie faltered before this claim of real service—faltered and shrank into a very weak old woman, her self-delusions standing her in no stead in such a strait; and the only answer she could make was to cry, in a trembling and strangely altered voice, "Oh, child, do not speak so. What can I do for you?"

Most true, what can you do, indeed, poor soul! whose greatest object for all these years has been to shut out and darken the daylight truth, which mocked your vain pretences? You could give charity and gentle words—be thankful; your heart is alive in you because of these: but what can you do in such a difficulty as this? where is your wisdom to counsel, your strength to uphold? This grave girl stands before you, sadly bearing her burden, without an effort to conceal from you that she feels it hard to bear; but you, whose age is not grave, whose heart has rejected experience, whose mind has refused to learn the kindly insight of advancing years—shrink into yourself, poor aged butterfly; feel that it is presumption to call yourself her counsellor, and say again—again, with a tremble in your weakened voice, "What can I do for you?"

"Aunt, I apply to you," said Menie Laurie; "I ask your help, when I resolve to decide my future life according to my own will and conviction of what is best. I have no one else to assist me. I apply to you."

Miss Annie melted into a fit of feeble crying; her hands shook, her ringlets drooped down lank about her cheeks. "I will do anything—anything you like; tell me what to do. Menie—Menie, my dear child."

It was pitiful to see her distress. Menie, whom no one comforted, felt her heart moved to comfort her.

"I will not grieve you much," said Menie gently; "only I beg you to give me your countenance when I see Randall—Mr. Home. I want you to be as my mother might have been in other circumstances; but I will not trouble you much, aunt—I will not trouble you."

Miss Annie could not stop her tears; she was very timid and afraid, sobbing helplessly. "What will I do? what can I do? Oh, Menie, love, you will make it up to-morrow;" for poor Miss Annie knew no way of conquering grief except by flying out of its sight.

Menie led her back to the house tenderly. Menie had never known before this necessity of becoming comforter, when she had so much need to be comforted. It was best for her—it gave her all the greater command over her own heart.

And to hear poor innocent July, in her own young unclouded joy—to hear her unsuspecting mother at their breakfast-table—to have Randall's name cross her now and then, like a sudden blow—Randall, Randall;—Menie knew nothing of all these depths, nor how such sorrows come in battalions; so, one by one, her inexperienced heart gained acquaintance with them now,—gained acquaintance with that sorest of human truths, that it is possible to love and to condemn—possible to part, and know that parting is the best—yet withal to cling and cling, and hold, with the saddest gripe of tenderness, the heart from which you part. Poor Menie! they said she looked very dark and heavy; that last night's exertions had wearied her—it was very true.

Miss Annie sent a message that she was not well, and would breakfast in her own room. In the forenoon, when she came down stairs again, even Menie was startled at the change. Miss Annie's ringlets were smoothed out and braided on her poor thin cheek—braided elaborately with a care and study worthy of something more important; her step tottered a little; when any one spoke to her, a little gush of tears came to her eyes; but notwithstanding, there was a

solemnity and importance in the hush of Miss Annie's manner, which no one had ever seen in her before. Half-a-dozen times that day she asked, in a

startling whisper, "Menie, when is he to come?" Poor Menie, sick at heart, could scarcely bear this slow prolonging of her pain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Aunt, he has come."

No one knows; July is out on a ramble in this pleasant heath, where she cannot lose herself; Mrs. Laurie has gone out for some private errands of her own. In her first day, Menie has managed well. True, they all knew that Menie has been wearied last night; that her eye looks dull and heavy; that her cheek has lost its slight bloom of colour; that she says something of a headache; but nobody knows that headache has come to be with Menie Laurie as with many another, only a softer word for heart-ache—no one suspects that the quiet heart, which feared no evil when this spring began, is now a battle-ground, and field of contest, and that sometimes, when she sits quiet in outward seeming, she could leap up with a start and scream, and feels as if madness would come to her underneath their unsuspecting eyes.

"Aunt, he has come."

Miss Annie Laurie is very nervous; she has to be supported on Menie's arm as they go down stairs. "You will make it all up, Menie; yes, my darling;" but Miss Annie's head nods spasmodically, and there is a terrified troubled expression about her face, which looks so meagre in its outline under that braided hair.

Slightly disturbed, something haughty, rather wondering what Menie has got to say for herself, Randall sits waiting in the drawing-room. It is no small surprise to him to see Miss Annie—especially to see her so moved and nervous; and Randall restrains, with visible displeasure, the words which rose to his lips on Menie's entrance, and coolly makes his bow to the lady of the house.

"My dear Mr. Home, I am very much grieved; I hope you are ready to make it all up," murmurs Miss Annie; but she trembles so much that it is not easy to hear what she says, except the last words, which flush Randall's cheek with a sudden

disdainful anger. A lovers' quarrel!—that he should be fancied capable of this.

"My aunt has come with me," said Menie steadily, "to give the weight of her presence to what I say. Randall, I do not pretend that my own feelings are changed, or that I have ceased to care for you. I do not need to seem to quarrel, or to call you by a less familiar name. We know the reason both of us; there is no use for discussing it—and I have come to have it mutually understood that our engagement is broken. We will go away very soon. I come to say good-by."

Before she concluded, Menie had bent her head, and cast down her wavering eyes upon Miss Annie's hand, which she held firmly in her own. Her voice was very low, her words quick and hurried; she stood beside Miss Annie's chair, holding fast, and twining in her own Miss Annie's nervous fingers; but she did not venture to look up to meet Randall's eyes.

"What does this mean? it is mere trifling, Menie," said Randall impatiently. "You hear a gossip's story of something I said; true or false, it did not affect you—it had no bearing on you; you know very well that nothing has happened to make you less precious to me—that nothing can happen which will ever change my heart. Menie, this is the second time; is this the conduct I have a right to expect from you? Deal with me frankly; I have a title to it. What do you mean?"

"My darling, he will make it up," said Miss Annie, with a little overflow of tears.

But Menie was very steady—so strange, so strange—she grew into a startling acquaintance with herself in these few hours. Who could have thought there were so many passionate impulses in Menie Laurie's quiet heart?

"We will not discuss it, Randall,"

she said again; "let us simply conclude that it is best for both of us to withdraw. Perhaps you will be better content if I speak more strongly," she continued, with a little trembling vehemence, born of her weakness, "if I say it is impossible—impossible—you understand the word—to restore the state of mind, the hope, the trust, and confidence that are past. No—let us have no explanation—I cannot bear it, Randall. Do we not understand each other already? Nothing but parting is possible for us—for me. I think I am saying what I mean to say—good-by."

"Look at me, Menie."

It is hard to do it—hard to lift up those eyes, so full of tears—hard to see his lips quiver—hard to see the love in his face; but Menie's eyes fall when they have endured this momentary ordeal; and again she holds out her hand and says, "Good-by."

"Good-by—I answer you," said Randall, wringing her hand, and throwing it out of his grasp. "Good-by—you are disloyal, Menie, disloyal

to Nature and to me; some time you will remember this; now I bid you farewell."

Something crossed her like an angry breath—something rang in her ears, confused and echoing like the first drops of a thunder-shower; and Menie can see nothing in all the world but Miss Annie weeping upon her hand, and, like a culprit, steals away—steals away, not knowing where she goes—desolate, guilty, forsaken, feeling as if she had done some grievous wrong, and was for ever shut out from peace or comfort in this weary world.

Yes—there is no one to see you. Lie down upon the ground, Menie Laurie—down, down, where you can be no lower. And cover your eyes from the cheerful light. How they pour upon you, these dreadful doubts and suspicions of yourself!—wisely—wisely—what should make it wise, this thing you have done? You yourself have little wisdom, and you took no counsel. If it was not wise, what then?—it is done, and there is nothing for it now but to be content.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"It must not be—I cannot permit it," said Mrs. Laurie. "Menie, is this all that your mother deserves at your hands? to take such a step as this without even telling me—without giving me an opportunity of remonstrance? Menie! Menie!"

And with hasty steps Mrs. Laurie paces backward and forward the narrow room. Beside the window, very pale, Menie stands with a half-averted face, saying nothing—very pale—and there is a sullen suffering in Menie Laurie's darkened face.

"I cannot have it—I will not permit it"—Mrs. Laurie is much excited. "My own honour is compromised; it will be said it is I who have separated you. Menie! it is strange that you should show so little regard either to Randall or to me. I must do something—I must make an effort—I cannot have this."

"Mother, hear me," exclaimed Menie. "No one shall do anything; I will not bear it either. In everything else you shall make of me what you will—here I am not to be swayed;

I must decide this for myself—and I have decided it, mother."

With astonished eyes Mrs. Laurie looked upon her daughter's face. Flushed with passion, full of a fierce unrespecting will—was this Menie Laurie? but her mother turned aside from her. "I am sorry, Menie—I am very sorry—to see you show such a spirit; another time I will speak of it again."

Another time!—Menie Laurie laughed a low laugh when her mother left the room. Something like a scowl had come to Menie's brow; a dark abiding cloud was on her face; and in her heart such bitterness and universal disappointment as killed every gentle feeling in her soul; disloyal to the one love, disrespectful and disobedient to the other—bitterly Menie's heart turned upon itself—she had pleased no one; her life was nothing but a great blot before her. She was conscious of a host of evil feelings—evil spirits waging war with one another in her vexed and troubled mind. Sul- lenly she sat down once more upon

the ground, not to seek if there was any comfort in the heavens above or the earth beneath, but to brood upon her grief, and make it darker, till the clouds closed over her, and swallowed her up, and not a star remained.

There is a certain obstinate gloomy satisfaction in despair. To decide that everything is hopeless—that nothing can be done for you—that you have reached to the pre-eminence of woe—no wonder Menie's face was dark and sullen—she had come to this point now.

Like a thunder-storm this intelligence came upon little July Home—she could not comprehend it, and no one took the trouble to explain to her. Lithgow, knowing but the fact, was surprised and grieved, and prophesied their reunion; but no hope was in Menie's sullen gravity—none in the haughty resentment of Randall Home.

And Mrs. Laurie once more with a troubled brow considers of her future—will Menie be best in the Dumfriesshire cottage, where no one will see their poverty, or pursuing some feminine occupation among the other seamstresses, teachers, poor craftswomen of a less solitary place? For now that all is done that can be done, there is no hope of recovering anything of the lost income,—and Mrs. Laurie will not live on Miss Annie's bounty. She is anxious with all her heart to be away.

Miss Annie herself has not recovered her trial; autumn winds grow cold at night—autumn rains come down

sadly upon the little world which has had its cheerfulness quenched out of it—and when Randall takes away his little sister to carry her home, Miss Annie looks a mournful old woman, sitting there wrapped up by the early lighted fire. These two or three mornings she has even been seen at the breakfast-table with a cap protecting the head which is so sadly apt to take cold—and Miss Annie cries a little to herself, and tells bits of her own love-story to Menie, absorbed and silent, who sits unanswering beside her—and moans to herself sadly sometimes, over this other vessel of youthful life, cast away.

But Miss Annie Laurie never wears ringlets, more. Strangely upon her conscience, like a reproach for her unnatural attenuated youth, came Menie's appeal to her for help and comfort. Feeling herself so frivolous and feeble, so unable to sustain or strengthen, Miss Annie made a holocaust of her curls, and was satisfied. So much vanity was relinquished not without a struggle; but great comfort came from the sacrifice to the heroic penitent.

And Jenny, discontented and angry with them all, furiously now takes the part of Randall Home, and wonders, in a puff and outburst, what Miss Menie can expect that she "lightlies" a bonny lad like yon. A great change has taken place on Menie; no one can say it is for the better—and sullenly and sadly this bright year darkens over the house of Heathbank.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"You're to bide away—you're no to come near this place. Na, you may just fecht; but you've nae pith compared to Jenny, for a' sae auld and thrawn as Jenny has been a' her days. It's no me just—it's your mamma and the doctor. Bairn! will you daur struggle wi' me?"

But Menie would dare struggle with any one—neither command nor resistance satisfies her.

"Let me in—I want to see my mother."

"You can want your mother for a day—there's mair than you want-

ing her. That pair auld haverel there—guid forgie me—she's a dying woman—has sairer lack o' her than you. Keep to your ain place, Menie Laurie—muckle made o'—muckle thocht o'—but you're only a bairn for a' that—you're no a woman of judgment like your mamma or me. I tell you to gang away—I will not let you in."

And Jenny stood firm—a jealous incorruptible sentinel in the passage which led to Miss Annie Laurie's room. "Miss Menie, ye'll no take it ill what I say," said Jenny; "there's

death in the house, or fast coming. I ken what the doctor means. Gang you ben the house, like a good bairn; look in your ain glass, and see if there should be a face like that in a house where He comes."

Menie looked silently into the countenance before her—the keen, impatient, irascible face; but it was easy to see a hasty tear dashed away from Jenny's cheek.

And without another word, Menie Laurie turned away. Some withered leaves are lying on the window-sill—the trees are yielding up their treasures, dropping them down mournfully to the disconsolate soil—but the meagre yew-tree rustles before her, darkly green in its perennial gloom. Rather shed the leaves, the hopes—rather yield to winter meekly for the sake of spring—rather be cut down, and rooted up altogether, than grow to such a sullen misanthrope as this.

And Menie Laurie looks into her own face; this gloomy brow—these heavy eyes—are these the daylight features of Menie Laurie?—the interpretation of her heart? Earnestly and long she reads—no lesson of vanity, but a stern sermon from that truthful mirror. Hush!—listen!—what was that?—a cry!

The doctor is leaving Miss Annie Laurie's room—the cry is over—there is only now a feeble sound of weeping; but a shadow strangely still and sombre has fallen upon the house, and the descending step rings like a knell upon the stairs. What is it?—what is coming?—and what did it mean, that melancholy cry?

Alas! a voice out of a startled soul—a cry of wild and terrified recognition—acknowledgment. Years ago age came gently to this dwelling—gently, with light upon his face, and honour on his grey hairs. There was no entrance for him through the jealous door; but now has come another who will not be gainsaid.

Gather the children, Reaper—gather the lilies—take the corn full in the ear—go to the true souls where thought of you dwells among thoughts of other wonders, glories, solemn things to come—leave this chamber here with all its poor devices. No such presence has ever

stood within its poverty-stricken walls before. Go where great love, great hope, great faith, great sorrow, sublimer angels, have made you no phantom—leave this soul to its toys and delusions—it is a poor triumph—come not here.

Hush, be still. They who have sent him have charged him with a message; hear it how it rings slow and solemn into the ear of this hushed house. "There is a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein." Stay your weeping, poor fool—poor soul; prayers have gone up for you from the succoured hearts of some of God's poor. Un-awares, in your simplicity, you have lent to the Lord. Your gracious debtor gives you back with the grand usury of heaven—gives you back opportunity—hope—a day to be saved—lays aside those poor little vanities of yours under the cover of this, His great magnanimous divine grace—and holds open to your feeble steps the way, where wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err any more for ever.

"I'll let you pass, Miss Menie, if you'll bide a moment," said Jenny, wiping her eyes; "he says it's no the fever he thought it was, but just a natural decay. Did you hear yon? she wasna looking for Him that's at the door, and He'll no wait lang where ance He's gi'en His summons—pity me! I would like to see him coming the road mysel, afore I just found him at my door-stane."

The room is very still; through the quiet you can only hear the panting of a frightened breath, and now and then a timid feeble sob. She has to go away—knows and feels to the depth of her heart that she must go upon this solemn road alone; but, with a sad panic of terror and curiosity, she watches her own feelings, wondering if this and this be death.

And now they sit and read to her while the daylight flushes in noon—while it fades and wanes into the night—the night and dark of which she has a childish terror—read to her this gracious blessed Gospel, which does not address itself alone to the wise and noble, but is for the simple and for fools. Safe ground, poor soul,

safe ground—for this is no scheme of eclecticism, no portal to the pagan heavens—and you cannot know yourself so low, so mean, as to escape the range of this great wide embracing arm.

"I have not done all that I ought to have done," murmurs poor Miss Annie. "Don't leave me:" for she cannot rest except some one holds her hand, and has a faint superstitious trust in it, as if it held her sure.

A little pause—again the fingers close tightly upon the hand they hold. "I never did any harm." The words are so sad—so sad—falling out slow and feeble upon the hushed air of this darkening room.

"But I never did any good—never, never." The voice grows stronger. "Does anybody think I did? I—I—I never was very wise. I used to try to be kind sometimes;" and in a strain of inarticulate muttering, the sound died away once more.

And then again the voice of the reader broke the silence. They scarcely thought the sufferer listened; for ever and anon she broke forth in such wavering self-justifications, self-condemnations, as these. But now there is a long silence; strange emotions come and go upon this old, old, withered face. The tears have been dried from her eyes for hours; now they come again, bedewing all her poor thin cheeks; but a strange excitement struggles with her weakness. Looking about to her right hand and to her left, the dying woman struggles with an eager defiance—struggles till, at a sudden climax, her broken voice breaks forth again.

"Who said it was me—me—it's not me! I never could win anything in this world—nothing in this world—not a heart to care for me. Do you think I could win Heaven? I say it is not me; it's for His sake.

"For His sake—for His sake." If it is a prayer that ends thus—if it is a sudden assurance of which she will not loose her hold for ever—no one can know; for by-and-by her panic returns upon Miss Annie. Close in her own cold fingers she grasps the hand of Menio Laurie, and whispers, "Is it dark—is it so dark to you?" with again a thrill of terror and trembling, and awful curiosity, wonder-

dering if this, perchance, is the gloom of death.

"It is very dark—it is almost night." The lamp is lighted on the table; let some one go to her side, and hold this other poor wandering hand. "Oh! not in the night—not in the night—I am afraid to go out in the night," sobs poor Miss Annie; and with a dreadful suspicion in her eyes, as if of some one drawing near to murder her, she watches the falling of this fated night.

A solemn vigil—with ever that tight and rigid pressure upon their clasped hands. Mother and daughter, silent, pale, keep the watch together; and below, the servants sit awe-stricken, afraid to go to sleep. Jenny, who is not afraid, goes about the stairs, up and down, from room to room, sometimes serving the watchers, sometimes only straying near them, muttering, after her fashion, words which may be prayers, and dashing off now and then an intrusive tear.

Still, with many a frightened pause—many a waking up, and little pang of terror, this forlorn heart wanders back into the life which is ending now—wanders back to think herself once more engaged in the busier scenes of her youth, in the little occupations, the frivolities and gaiety of her later years; but howsoever her mind wanders, she never ceases to fix her eyes upon the span of sky glittering with a single star, which shines pale on her through the window from which, to please her, they have drawn the curtain. "I am afraid to go out in the dark;" again and again she says it with a shudder, and a tightened hold upon their hands—and steadfastly watches the night.

At last her eyes grow heavy—she has fallen asleep. Little reverence has Miss Annie won at any time of all her life—but the eyes that look on her are awed and reverent now. Slowly the hours pass by—slowly the gradual dawn brightens upon her face—the star has faded out of the heavens—on her brow, which is the brow of death, the daylight glows in one reviving flush. The night is over for evermore.

And now her heavy eyes are opened full—her feeble form is raised; and, with a cry of joy, she throws out her

arms to meet the light. Lay her down tenderly; her chains are broken in her sleep; now she no more needs the pressure of your kindly hands. Lay her down, she is afraid no longer; for not in the night, or through the

darkness, but with the morning and the sun, the traveller fares upon her way—where fools do not err. By this time they have taken her in yonder at the gate. Lay down all that remains of her to its rest.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The curtains are drawn again in Miss Annie Laurie's house of Heathbank—drawn back from the opened windows to let the fresh air and the sunshine in once more to all the rooms. With a long breath and sigh of relief, the household throws off its compelled gloom. With all observances of honour, they have laid her in her grave, and a few natural tears have been wept—a few kindly words spoken—a reverent memento raised to name the place where she lies. Now she is passed away and forgotten, her seat empty—her house knowing her no more.

In Miss Annie's desk, a half-written paper—intimating vaguely that, in case of "anything happening" to her at any future time, she wished all that she had to be given to Menie Laurie—was found immediately after the funeral. But some superstitious terror had prevented her from finishing it, far more from making a will. Menie was her next of kin; it pleased them to have this sanction of her willingness to the inheritance of the natural heir.

Miss Annie had been rather given to speak of her savings; but no vestige of these savings was to be found. She had practised this on herself like many another delusion; and saving the furniture of Heathbank, and a profusion of ornaments not valuable, there remained little for Menie to inherit. Miss Annie's maid was her well-known favourite, and had been really attentive, and a good servant to her indulgent mistress. Her name was mentioned in the half-written paper, and Maria's own report of many conversations, modestly hinted at a legacy. Miss Annie's furniture, pretty and suitable for her house as it was, was not valuable in a sale; and Mrs. Laurie, acting for her daughter, bestowed almost the whole amount received for it upon

Maria, as carrying out the will of her mistress. Having done this, they had done all, Mrs. Laurie thought, and would now go home to live as they could upon what remained to them. Burnside, with all its plenishing, brought in no greater revenue than fifty pounds a-year, and Mrs. Laurie had two or three hundred pounds "in the bank." This was all. She began to calculate painfully what the home-journey would cost them, and called Jenny to consult about their packing. They were now in a little lodging in the town of Hampstead. They had no inducement to stay here; and Menie's face looked very pale—very much in want of the fresh gale on the Dumfriesshire braes. True, they knew not where they were going, but the kindly soil was home.

When her mother and Jenny began to take enumeration of the bags and boxes which must go with them, Menie entered the room. Menie looked very slight, very pale, and exhausted, almost shadowy in her mourning dress; but Menie's now was a face which had looked on Death. The conflict and sullen warfare were gone out of it. Dead and silent within her lay her chilled heart, like a stricken field when the fight is over, with nothing but moans and sighs, and voices of misery, where the music and pomp of war has so lately been. The contest was over; there was nothing to struggle for, or struggle with, in this dull unhappiness—and a heavy peace lay upon Menie like a cloud.

"There's a wee kistie wi' a lock. I set it by mysel for Miss Menie; and there's the muckle ane that held the napery at hame; but I'm no gaun owre them a'. I'll just lay in the things as I laid them when we came. Miss Menie! gang away your ways, like a good bairn, and read a book; your mamma's speaking about the

sitting, and I can only do as thing at a time."

"Are we going home, mother?"

"There is nothing else we can do, Menie," said Mrs. Laurie. "I suppose none of us have any inducement now to stay in London."

A flush of violent colour came to Menie's cheeks. She paused and hesitated. "I have, mother."

"Bless me, I aye said it," muttered Jenny quickly, under her breath, as she turned round with an eager face, and thrust herself forward towards the mother and daughter. "The bairn's come to hersel."

Mrs. Laurie coloured scarcely less than Menie. "I cannot guess what you mean," she said hurriedly. "You did not consult me before—I am, perhaps, an unsuitable adviser now; but I cannot stay in London without having a reason for it. This place has nothing but painful associations for me. You are not well, Menie," continued the mother, softening; "we shall all be better away—let us go home."

The colour wavered painfully on Menie Laurie's cheek, and it was hard to keep down a groan out of her heart. "I am not come to myself—my mind is unchanged," she said with sudden meekness. "I want you to stay for a month or two—as short a time as possible—and to let me have some lessons. Mother, look at these."

Menie had brought her little portfolio. With some astonishment Mrs. Laurie turned over its contents, and delicately—almost timidly too—lest Randall's face should look out upon her as of old. But all the sketches of Randall were removed. Jenny pressed forward to see; but Jenny, as bewildered as Menie's mother, could only look up with a puzzled face. What did she mean?

"They are not very well done," said Menie; "but, for all that, they are portraits, and like. I want to have lessons, mother. Once before, long ago,"—poor Menie, it seemed to be years ago,—"*I* said this should be my trade. I will like the trade; let me only have the means of doing it better, and it will be good for me to do it. This is why I ask you to stay in London."

Jenny, very fierce and red, grasping the back of the chair, thrust it suddenly between them at this point, with a snort of emphatic defiance.

"Ye'll no let on ye hear her!" exclaimed Jenny; "you'll let her get her whimsey out like ony ither wean!—ye'll pay nae attention to her maggots and her vanities! Trade! My patience! to think I should live to hear a bairn of ours speak of a trade, and Jenny's twa hands to the fore!"

And a petulant reluctant sob burst out of Jenny's breast—an angry tear glittered in her eye. She drew a long breath to recover herself—

"Jenny's twa hands to the fore, I say, and the bere a' to shear yet, and the 'taties to gather—no to say the mistress is to buy me twa kye, to take butter to the market! I would just like to ken where's the pleasure in working, if it's no to gi'e ease to folk's ain? I've a' my ain plans putten down, if folk would just let me be; and we'll can keep a young lass to wait upon Miss Menie," cried Jenny, with a shrill tone in her voice, "and the first o' the cream and the sweetest o' the milk, and nae occasion to wet her finger. You're no gaun to pay ony heed to her—you're no gaun to let on you hear what she says!"

Reaching this point, Jenny broke down, and permitted, much against her will, a little shower of violent hot tears to rain down upon the arms which she folded resolutely into her apron. But Jenny shook off, with indignation, the caressing hand which Menie laid upon her shoulder. Jenny knew by experience that it was better to be angry than to be sad.

"I would think with you too, Jenny," said Mrs. Laurie, slowly. "I could do anything myself; but a bairn of mine doing work for money—Menie, we will not need it—we will try first—"

"Mother," said Menie, interrupting her hastily, "I will need it—I will never be wilful again—let me have my pleasure now."

It was a thing unknown in the household that Menie should not have her pleasure. Even Jenny yielded to this imperative claim. The boxes were piled up again in Jenny's little bedchamber. Jenny herself, able to

do nothing else, set to knitting stockings with great devotion. "I'll ha'e plenty to do when we get hame, without ever taking wires in my hand," said Jenny. "Nae doubt it's just a providence to let me lay up as mony as will serve."

Their parlour was in the first floor, over one of the trim little ladies' shops, which have their particular abode in little towns of competence and gentility. Toys and Berlin wool—a prim, neat, gentle Miss Middleton sitting at work on some pretty bit of many-coloured industry behind the orderly counter—gay patterns and specimens about—little carts and carriages, and locomotive animals upon the floor—bats, balls, drums, shining tin breastplates, and glorious swords hanging by the door, and a linen awning without, throwing the little shop into pleasant shade. This

was the ground floor; above it was a very orderly parlour, and the sun came glistening in upon the little stand of flowers through the bright small panes of the old-fashioned window, and fell upon Mrs. Laurie, always at work upon some making or mending—upon Jenny's abrupt exits and entrances—her keen grey eyes and shining 'wires,' the latter of which were so nobly independent of any guidance from the former—and upon Menie's heavy meditations, and Menie's daily toil.

For toil it came to be, exalted from the young lady's accomplishment to the artist's labour. She worked at this which she harshly called her trade with great zeal and perseverance. Even herself did not know how deficient she was till now; but Menie worked bravely in her apprenticeship, and with good hope.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I wouldna ha'e come hame as I gaed away, if I had been you, Jenny." The speaker stands at the door of Jenny's little byre, looking on, while Jenny milks her favourite cow. "Ye see what Nelly Panton's done for hersel; there's naething like making up folk's mind to gang through wi' a thing; and you see Nelly's gotten a man away in yon weary London."

"I wouldna gang to seek a misfortune—no me," said Jenny; "ill enough when it comes; and I wonder how a woman like you, with twelve bairns for a handsel, could gie such an advice to ony decent lass; and weel I wat Nelly Panton's gotten a man. Puir laddie! it's the greatest mercy ever was laid to his hands to make him a packman—he'll no be so muckle at hame; but you'll make nae divert of Jenny. If naeboddy ever speered my price, I'm no to hang my head for that. I've aye keepit my fancy free, and nae man can say that Jenny ever lookit owre her shoulder after him. A' the house is fu' 'enow, Marget? we've scarcely done with our flitting: I canna ask you to come in."

So saying, Jenny rose with her pail, and closed the byre-door upon Brockie and her black companion. The wind came down keen from the hills; the

frosty wintry heavens had not quite lost the glow of sunset, though the pale East began to glitter with stars. Sullen Criffel has a purple glory upon his cap of cloud, and securely, shoulder to shoulder, this band of mountain marshals keep the border; but the shadows are dark about their feet, and night falls, clear and cold, upon the darkened grass, and trees that stir their branches faintly in the wind.

The scene is strangely changed. Heaths of other nature than the peaceful heath of Hampstead lie dark under the paling skies, not very far away; and the heather is brown on the low-lying pasture hills, standing out in patches from the close-cropped grass. Yonder glow upon the road is the glow of fire-light from an open cottage door, and on the window ledge within stand basins of comfortable Dumfriesshire "parritch," cooling for the use of those eager urchins, with their fair exuberant locks and merry faces, and waiting the milk which their loitering girl sister brings slowly in from the byre. It is cold, and she breathes upon her fingers as she shifts her pail from one hand to the other; yet bareheaded Jeanie lingers, wondering vaguely at the "bonnie" sky and deep evening calm.

Another cottage here is close at hand, faintly throwing out from this back-window a little light into the gathering-gloom. Brookie and Blackie are comfortable for the night; good homely sages, they make no account of the key turned upon them in the byre-door; and Jenny, in her original dress, her beloved shortgown and warm-striped skirts, stands a moment, drawing in, with keen relish, the sweep of cold air which comes full upon us over the free countryside.

"I'm waiting for Nelly's mother," says Jenny's companion, who is Marget Panton from Kirklands, Nelly's aunt; "she's gane in to speak to your mistress. You'll no be for ca'ing her mistress now, Jenny, and her sae muckle come down in the world. I'm sure you're real kind to them; they'll no be able now to pay you your fee."

"Me kind to them! My patience! But it's because ye dinna ken ony better," said Jenny, with a little snort. "I just wish, for my part, folk would haud by what concerns themselves, and let me abee. I would like to ken what's a' the world's business if Jenny has a good mistress, and nae need to seek anither service frae ae year's end to the ither—and it canna advantage the like o' you grudging at Jenny's fee. It's gey dark, and the road's lanesome; if I was you, I would think o' gaun hame."

"I wouldna be sae crabbit if I got a pension for't," returned Marget, sharply; "and ye needna think to gar folk believe lees; it's weel kent your house is awfu' come down. 'Pride gangs before a fa', the Scripture says. Ye'll no ca' that a lee; and I hear that Miss Menie's joe just heard it, and broke off in time."

"I'm like to be driven daft wi' aye and anither," exclaimed Jenny furiously. "If Miss Menie hadna been a thrwart creature hersel, I wouldna have had to listen to the like o' this. Na, that micht ha'e been a reason—but it was nane of the siller; she kens best hersel what it was. I'm sure I wouldna have cast away a bonnie lad like you if it had been me; but the like of her, a young lady, be-hoooves to ha'e her ain way."

"Weel, it's aye best to put a guid face on't," said Jenny's tormentor. "I'm no saying anything at my ain

hand; it's a' Nelly's story, and Johnnie being to marry July Home—it's a grand marriage for auld Crofthill's daughter, such a bit wee useless thing—we're the likest to ken. Ye needna take it ill, Jenny. I'm meaning nae reproach to you."

"I'm no canny when I'm angered," said Jenny, setting down her pail in the road; "ye'll gang your ways hame, if you take my counsel; there's naething for you here. Pity me for Kirklands parish, grit and sma'! with Nelly at the Brokenrig, and you at the Brigend; but I canna thole a lee—it makes my heart sick; and I tell ye I'm no canny when I'm angered. Guid nicht to you, Marget Panton; when I want to see you I'll send you word. You can wait here, if you maun get yon puir decent woman hame wi' you. I reckon I would get mony thanks if I set her free; but I dinna meddle wi' ither folks' business; you can wait for her here."

And, taking up her pail again rapidly, Jenny pattered away, leaving Marget somewhat astonished, standing in the middle of the road, where this energetic speech had been addressed to her. With many mutterings Jenny pursued her wrathful way.

"Ye've your ainsel to thank, no anither creature, Menie Laurie; and now this painting business is begun, they'll be waur and waur. What for could she no have keepit in wi' him? A bonnie aye, to ha'e a' her ain way, and slaving and working a' day on her feet, as if Jenny wasna worth the bread she eats; and the next thing I'll hear is sure to be that she's painting for siller. Pity me!"

Full of her afflictions, very petulant and resentful, Jenny entered the cottage door. It was a but and a ben—that is to say, it had two apartments, one on each side of the entrance. The larger of the two was boarded—Mrs. Laurie had ventured to do this at her own expense—and had been furnished in an extremely moderate and simple fashion. It was a very humble room; but still it was a kind of parlour, and, with the ruddy fire-light reddening its further corners, and blinking on the uncovered window, it looked comfortable, and even cheerful, both from without and within. Mrs. Laurie, with her never-failing work, sat by a

little table; Menie, whose day's labour was done, bent over the fire, with her flushed cheeks supported in her hands; the conflict and the sullen glow had gone out of Menie's face, but a heavy cloud oppressed it still.

Conscious that she is an intruder, divided between her old habitual deference and her new sense of equality, as Johnnie Lithgow's mother, with any Mrs. Laurie under the sun, Mrs. Lithgow sits upon the edge of a chair, talking of Nelly, and Nelly's marriage.

"Nelly says you were real kind, I'm sure naething could be kinder than the like of you taking notice of her, when she was in a strange place her lane, though, nae doubt, being Johnnie's sister made a great difference. I can scarcely believe my ainself whiles, the awfu' odds it's made on me. I have naething ado but look out the best house in Kirklands, and I can get it bought for me, and an income regular, and nae need to do a thing, but be thankful to Providence and Johnnie. It's a great blessing a good son."

As there was only a murmur of assent in answer to this, Mrs. Lithgow proceeded:—

"I'm sure it's naething but neighbourlike—you'll no take it amiss, being in a kindly spirit—to say if there's onything ane can do—There's Nelly gotten her ain house noo, and wonderful weel off in the world; and for me, I'm just a miracle. If there was ought you wanted, no being used to a sma' house, or ony help in ae way or anither, from a day's darg wi' Jenny, to——"

But Mrs. Lithgow did not dare to go any further. The slight elevation of Mrs. Laurie's head, the sudden erectness of that stooping figure by the fireside, warned the good woman in time; so, after a hurried breathless pause, she resumed;—

"I would be real glad—it would be naething but a pleasure; and I'll ne'er forget how guid you were to me when I was in trouble about Johnnie. and aye gied me hope. Poor laddie! next month he's coming down to be married—and I'm sure I hope he'll be weel off in a guid wife, for he canna but be a guid man, considering what a son he's been to me."

"He will be very well off," said

Mrs. Laurie; "and poor little July goes away next month, does she? Has Jenny come in yet, Menie? We have scarcely had time to settle in our new house, Mrs. Lithgow; but I will remember your kind offer, and thank you. How dark the night grows—and it looks like snow."

"I'll have to be gaun my ways," said the visitor, rising; it's a lane-some road, and I'm no heeding about leaving my house, and a' the grand new things Johnnie's sent me, their lane in the dark. I'll bid you good night, ladies, kindly, and I'm real blithe to see you in the countryside again."

She was gone, and the room fell into a sudden hush of silence, broken by nothing but the faint rustling of a moved hand, or the fall, now and then, of ashes on the hearth. The bustle and excitement of the "flitting" were over—the first pleasure of being home in their own country was past. Grey and calm their changed fate came down upon them, with no ideal softening of its everyday realities. This sliding panel here opens upon their bed; this little table serves all purposes of living; these four dim walls, and heavy raftered roof, shut in their existence. Now, through the clear frosty air without, a merry din breaks into the stillness. It is little Davie from the cothouse over the way, who has just escaped from the hands which were preparing him for rest, and dares brothers and sisters in a most willing race after him, their heavy shoes ringing upon the beaten way. Now you hear them coming back again, leading the truant home, and by-and-by all the urchins are asleep, and the mother closes the ever open door. So good night to life and human fellowship. Now—none within sight or hearing of us, save Jenny humming a broken song, on the other side of the wooden partition, which, sooth to say, is Jenny's bed—we are left alone.

Menie, bending, in her despondent attitude, over the fire, which throws down, now and then, these ashy flakes upon the hearth—our mother, pausing from her work, to bend her weary brow upon her hand. So very still, so chill and forsaken. Not one heart in all the world, except the three

which beat under this thatched roof, to give anything but a passing thought to us or our fate ; and nothing to look to but this even path, winding away over the desolate lands of poverty into the skies.

Into the skies!—woe for us, and our dreary human ways, if it were not for that blessed continual horizon line ; so we do what we have not been used to do before—we read a sad devout chapter together, and have a faltering prayer ; and then for silence and darkness and rest.

Say nothing to your child, good mother, of the bitter thoughts that crowd upon you, as you close your eyes upon the wavering fire-light, and

listen, in this stillness, to all the stealthy steps and touches of the wakeful night. Say nothing to your mother, Menie, of the tears which steal down between your cheek and your pillow, as you turn your face to the wall. What might have been—what might have been ; is it not possible to keep from thinking of that ? for even Jenny mutters to herself, as she lies wakefully contemplating the glow of her gathered fire—mutters to herself, with an indignant puff, and hard-drawn breath, “I wish her muckle pleasure of her will : she’s gotten her will : and I wadna say but she minds him now—a bonnie lad like yon !”

CHRONOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES : WHAT SHALL WE COLLECT ?

Is knowledge, like Saturn, destined to devour her own masculine offspring, and leave only the weak to live to propagate follies ? If Common Sense, the strong born, has escaped, it is because Knowledge has been deceived, like Saturn, with a stone, not very easy of digestion, nor promising to add much to her substance. But this survivor, Common Sense, has the effeminate yet numerous progeny to contend with, who, with a busy impertinence, multiply absurdities, and put them forth under the glorifying name of their parent, Knowledge. We rejoice, therefore, to see a laudable attempt being made to rescue knowledge from the cramming in of uncommon and worthless things, and to substitute for the people’s use a knowledge of “common things.” And we hope an aggregate addition of the bone and muscle of a little more common honesty, and true genuine natural feeling, will be the result of the wholesomer food. The people have been long enough imposed on by false titles ; or the “Useful Knowledge,” the pretence of the age, has been exhausted, and resort had to a very useless substitute.

It is not long since that we read the question and answer scheme of an examination of a retired village school, consisting of labourers’ children ; one of the questions being, “What is chronology ?” “What is its deriva-

tion ?” Answer, “Derived from two Greek words,” &c. Will any one think that children so taught become wiser or better ? This may not be an isolated instance. It seems possible that chronology may become rather too fashionable a study, and engage a host of collectors of valueless nothings. The neglected science has certainly some arrears to make up. Some few years ago we were authoritatively told that “History” is nothing but an “old Almanac.” Since which time, History and her sister, Chronology, have been discarded servants—out of place, and glad to pick up a few pence here and there as charwomen, in all sorts of odds and ends of corners, to sweep away time-collected dust and rubbish. Their industry seems likely to be rewarded at last. A few of the old worshippers, taking advantage of this exhaustion of “useful knowledge,” benevolently lend them a helping hand, and are trying to persuade the public that the dust was gold dust, or better than gold dust, and the rubbish a treasure, and advising that it should all be swept in again—and where ?—into our National Gallery ! and doubtless their next step will be to appoint a Parliamentary Commission, not so much for the purpose of sifting it, as of issuing treatises and lectures upon the value and national importance of this new-old treasure trove. So that

the public may look to this, that, instead of having their eyes gratified by the beauties of art, they will be disgusted with its deformities; while their heads will be so stuffed with its history, as to leave no room for a thought of its excellence, or a sentiment to be derived from it.

Let not the reader be alarmed at the very mention of the National Gallery. We are not about to inflict upon him the evidence in the Blue Book respecting the picture-cleaning, the doings and misdoings of trustees, the "discrepancies" of opinions and statement of facts, the faults of a system which is inconsistently at once condemned and recommended for continuance, the labyrinth of question and answer leading to no conclusion, the blame here and the flattery there, the unwilling admissions, and unreserved condemnations: most people we see are perhaps inclined to believe, in this instance at least, that a "big book is a big evil." We do not, therefore, intend in this place to reopen the discussion which made the subject of our former papers.

The difficulty under which the Commission laboured was visible from the beginning. The trustees had approved of the cleaning. The task of very decidedly condemning this approval was naturally distasteful; therefore, what is too evidently wrong is charged upon a "system," while the honourable personages are praised and flattered as if they had never had anything to do with it.

The case must for a while rest where it is, and we should have waited with patience the leisure of our now busy Parliament for its resumption, were it not that a very grievous mischief is left in the Blue Book, where it meets with much favour, to be taken up and made the key-note, the first and last principle of every future discussion respecting a national gallery. It might be thought that, after thirty years of its establishment, we should not have now to come to the question, what a national gallery should be. But so it is. There has been as yet no "fixed principle," we are told upon which a national collection is to be formed. We have no charge to bring against the trustees on that account; indeed, we rejoice that they

had no fixed principle, if by fixed principle is meant such scheme and system as we see pertinaciously and insinuatingly urged upon the public notice in parts of the evidence, and more particularly in the appendix of this voluminous Report.

We give our reader credit for good taste and common sense, and doubt not he will think it sufficient that a national gallery should consist of good pictures—the best that are to be had. But no: common sense is too unrefined for this knowledge-age, and good taste is of private purveyorship, and of very little importance in forming a public collection. However absurd this may seem to be we assure the reader that it is an idea put forth with a good deal of authority, and perhaps no little presumption, on the part of some of its advocates; we see its dressing up into a substantial image of magnitude, and mean to take up the sling and the stone, and do battle with it. There are always a multitude of dilettanti who, loading their memories with names, love to talk with apparent learning about art, and yet have little feeling for its real excellences. To such, a history of art is better than art itself. They would make a national gallery a lumber-house of chronological curiosities. They have a perverse love for system and arrangement: very good things in their proper places, and with moderation, keeping a very subordinate position, not without value in a national gallery; but the value is little indeed, if put in any degree in competition with what should be the great primary aim—to gather together the finest works of the best painters. The chronological arrangement should be the after-thought, arising out of what we possess, not directing the first choice. This whim of the dilettanti school is not new with us. It may be seen in the Report of the Commission of 1836—and is repeated in the present Report.

"The intelligent public of this country are daily becoming more alive to the truth, which has long been recognised by other enlightened nations, that the arts of design cannot be properly studied or rightly appreciated by means of insulated specimens alone; that, in order to understand

or profit by the great works, either of ancient or modern schools of art, it is necessary to contemplate the genius which produced them, not merely in its final results, but in the mode of its operation—in its rise and progress, as well as in its perfection. A just appreciation of Italian painting can as little be obtained from an exclusive study of the works of Raphael, Titian, or Correggio, as a critical knowledge of English poetry from the perusal of a few of its masterpieces. What Chaucer and Spenser are to Shakespeare and Milton, Giotto and Massaccio are to the great masters of the Florentine school: and a national gallery would be as defective without adequate specimens of both styles of painting, as a national library without specimens of both styles of poetry. In order, therefore, to render the British National Gallery worthy the name it bears, your committee think that the funds appropriated to the enlargement of the collection should be expended with a view not merely of exhibiting to the public beautiful works of art, but of instructing the people in the history of that art, and of the age in which, and the men by whom, those works were produced."

There is but little said here in many words, and that little based upon an erroneous presumption. We do not believe that the "intelligent public" are becoming alive to "the truth," which is a fallacy, that they cannot profit by great works without having before them the previous failures, experiments, and imbecilities of the earlier practitioners in art. If the public have any intelligence at all, they will appreciate the "Madonna de Sisto," for instance, without disgusting their eyes with such Byzantine "specimens" as that shown to Mr. Curzon in the monastery, where the monk in his strange ignorance inquired if "all women were like that?" Nor is the parallelism between poetry and painting here fortunate. For, besides that books may sleep on shelves and not offend, and pictures (for the purpose intended) must obtrude themselves on the eye, we do not see that Chaucer and Spenser at all bear the relation to Shakespeare and Milton that Giotto and Massaccio do to the great mas-

ters of the Florentine school. All these were men of great, mostly independent genius, worthy of galleries and libraries for their own sakes. But they are here placed as screens to hide the chronological deformities behind them. The "not merely exhibiting to the public beautiful works of art" would seem to infer, to give any force to the passage, that not only the painters Giotto and Massaccio had no "beautiful works," but that Chaucer and Spenser were poor poets, having no beauties, and no other or little merit but that of being the warning precursors to Shakespeare and Milton, to enable them to eschew their faults.

The committee very cautiously abstained from defining any chronological limits, for we are not to infer that they are to begin with Giotto. However they may consider him the founder of the Italian school, the appendix shows that the Byzantine and very early Italian art (if to be obtained) are desired specimens. "The specimens more especially fitted for a gallery of paintings commence with movable paintings on wood, by the Byzantines, representing the Madonna and child, single figures of saints, and sometimes extensive compositions on a minute scale," going back even to the ninth century, and so to the earlier Italian "influenced by Byzantine art." And more decidedly to show the mere chronological object, it is added "In the case of works without names, or inscribed with names before unknown, the test of artistic merit must chiefly determine the question of eligibility." Artistic merit *only* in these cases, and then "chiefly" so that in other cases names are everything.

And all this is for the purpose of instructing the people, not in art but in the history of art, which may be quite well enough learnt from books by the curious, or in some museum of curiosities, better than in a national gallery, where the real and proper instruction would only be hindered by the sight of things antagonistic to any beauty. We do not doubt that this idea, carried out, would lead to a pictorial chronological mania, if it does not commence with it, not unlike the Bibliomania, ever in search of works, only rare because worthless. Such a national gallery as this scheme con-

templates would be the exhibition of a pictorial Dunciad, in which we hope the *veræ effigies* of the first schemers and promoters would not be omitted, that some future satirist may give them also their merited immortality. Why cannot a committee upon a national gallery confine themselves to the objects for the consideration of which they are appointed, and not run needlessly into the duties of an educational committee, and talk of *instruction*, when the preservation and advantageous exhibition of the monuments of antiquity and fine art "possessed by the nation" are what they are required to give their attention to? There is enough to be done in the line pointed out to them, and no need of bewildering themselves or the public, led astray by this *ignis fatuus* of a chronological whim. We are weary of the daily cant; everything is to be *instruction*, works of art are to be "specimens." Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, are to be known only by and as "specimens." The "people" must be ever in a worry of knowledge, flying about from specimen to specimen; it is for knowledge alone they are to come to a national gallery—we hear nothing of enjoyment, of an indulgence in the repose of taste; and we do sometimes smile, in turning over the leaves of the Blue Book, when meeting with much talk about *instructing* the people, and turn our thoughts for a moment to the happy "specimens" of instruction the walls of our or any National Gallery exhibit. Is moral instruction or art instruction to be gathered in by the people's eyes, with their astonishment at "Susanna and the Elders," and that other Guido purposely purchased as a companion to it, the "Lot and his daughters?" very costly specimens of instruction, the one amounting to £1680, the other £1260, and neither thought very good specimens for instruction in art—not that the severe criticism upon Guido in the evidence is quite to be depended upon. The great flustering "Rape of the Sabines" is not of very nice instruction, perhaps, either in morals or art. There are the "Three naked Goddesses" by Rubens, to whom the caterers of public instruction took the part of Paris, and threw the golden apple, and a very large one

too;—what are their Flemish nudities to teach? A stern moralist showed his insulted purity by dashing one offending specimen to atoms.

We do not, however, profess to be such purists as to desire an irruption into the Gallery of a mob of mad Savonarolas, not easily gathered together in these Latter-day-Saints' times knowing as we do the real why and wherefore of collecting; yet we cannot but smile at the pretence of instruction, which is sometimes put upon moral, and sometimes shifted to pictorial, grounds. But there is a class of pictures we could wish to see more sought after—pictures of a pure sentiment. It is true they are rare, in comparison to those of a far other character; but they are the most precious and the really improving. Nevertheless, at once to get rid of this pretence and sham of instruction, we would ask, to whom are such works of sentiment precious, and whom are they likely to improve?—Certainly not the multitude, who would look at them with indifference, and pass them by. They are precious to cultivated minds and pure tastes: minds which, either from natural dullness or evil habits, cannot receive, or even admit, the perception of common virtues, will be altogether untouched by their pictorial representations. Fortunately, there are enough works of a simply pleasing character, that excite little emotion, and none of a high caste, so that, to a certain degree, those may be gratified, and receive a pleasure, who will neither receive instruction nor improvement from a national gallery. And it is this modicum of pleasure to all which justifies expenditure for a national gallery. The real, solid benefit, delight, and improvement are very great, but they are the luxury of the few.

It must be that the multitudes go to such an exhibition more from curiosity than from any love of art. Nor is love of art likely, in the first place, to be there implanted; for in most cases, a certain love of art, commencing, perhaps, with a mere love of imitation, precedes taste—that perception of what is good. If we were to collect only for the masses, we should have a very worthless gallery. Nor would "the people" ever even learn,

from a chronological collection, that history of art, which it seems, in the opinion of the Commissioners, so desirable to teach them. Art, which is not valued for itself, will not, in general, be valued for its history; and without the love for itself, a knowledge of its history is nothing but pedantry. High art is a common prate; it is in every one's mouth, but in very few hearts. It is not difficult to find the "reason why." High art treats of high and noble sentiments, of generous actions, fortitude, patience, sublime endurance—all that is great and good, and pure—all tending to a real "elevated taste." If it be true that "*Similis simili gaudet*," the recipients of delight from this High art should, in some degree at least, be recipients of these high virtues themselves. It must be a large nature for High art. Such a nature may not always be good; but if it be large even if it be viciously great, it may be possible that it will have a perception of what is great in art, though it may lose its finer qualities. But narrow and utterly selfish minds are altogether out of art's pale. There are degrees of narrow-mindedness and of selfishness, and there is a condition which may be free from these vices, yet of no very elevated virtue. We do not wish to put all our fellow-men in the worst category, but we do maintain that there is a general lack of moral training—of moral habit—and not confined to one branch of society, which operates as a bar to the acquirement of a real taste for art. We live in too mercenary an age. There is too great a worship of mere money; there is cold calculation where there should be feeling. The romance of life is a term of contempt. What is useful supersedes what is good. Take classes with their characteristics, and see if they be fit for the enjoyment of the Fine Arts. The Parliamentary class have established new maxims. Expediency has taken the place of honour, and perhaps of integrity. To say one thing and mean another not only meets with no reprobation, but is justified and applauded. Statesmen make sham speeches and false promises; politicians bribe and are bribed. Is it likely that *High art*, whose essential being is good, great,

and noble, and, beyond all, truth, should find a real love among such? We deny not exceptions, we speak of that which prevails. View the large and important class, the manufacturing, the great fabricators of wealth—they are encouragers of art, but of what quality? Shall they who thicken their cotton goods with flour, to give them a deceitful substance; shall the common traders, who adulterate everything, whether it be what we put in our mouths or on our backs—nay, to a fearful extent even the drugs, for the lack of whose genuineness miserable sufferers die—shall these, we say, stand with delight before the grand dignity wherewith Michael Angelo has embodied our common nature; or before the pure "*Spoza-litio*" of Raffaele; or, to come to a "*specimen*" in our National Gallery, before the lovely countenance of the pure-minded St Catherine, beaming with every grace of truth, of love, of faith, and of fortitude, that appears too much natural instinct to have the effort of strength? Will they, whose pursuits are the material things of a material world, stand for a moment to receive one impression that shall produce an unusual awful thought, before the solemn miracle, the "*Raising of Lazarus*" of Sebastian del Piombo? No one will deny that there is but little feeling for works of this kind; and that there is so little, characterises our utilitarian times.

It may be as well here to notice what is said in the body of the evidence with regard to this chronological principle. The questioning is not very extensive, and was, perhaps, purposely limited. J. Dennistoun, Esq., is examined, and says, "The only further observation I would venture to make is the extreme desirableness of something like an arrangement of the pictures. I believe that is a matter felt to be so important that it is hardly necessary for me to speak upon it. I think a chronological arrangement in schools is desirable; but, in the meanwhile as that would be totally impossible in the present building, I think, as far as possible, an arrangement of the pictures might be made chronologically, without reference to schools,—even that would be

a step." We observe that Mr. Dennistoun subsequently, as if alarmed at the chronological prospect, very much qualifies this his opinion. To *Question 6901*, he says: "I have already stated that I think they should omit no favourable opportunity of obtaining any monument illustrative of the progress of art in any school, such as pictures authenticated by signature or date, and of sufficient interest to be specimens of art of that period. But I think it is desirable that they should, in the first place, bestow their attention and dedicate their funds to that more particularly interesting and valuable period of Italian art, which I have already considered in the course of my evidence." This puts the chronological arrangement happily a little more in the background. As might have been expected from the accomplished and learned author of the *Dukes of Urbino*, we find in Mr. Dennistoun a nice appreciation of the immediate predecessors of Raffaele, but he has no very long list; he only mentions twenty whose works should be collected, not merely on account of their historical relation to Raffaele, but for their merit.

No one is more thoroughly acquainted with the Italian schools than Sir Charles Eastlake, both as an artistic critic and historical scholar. He is (*Q. 6512*) consulted with regard to chronological arrangement. He evidently fears the subdivisions of the whimsical process. *Q. 6515*: "Would you then propose to arrange the Italian school in a chronological series as a whole, or would you subdivide it into separate schools?"—"I would certainly not separate the schools needlessly; but I would not take out the finest works and put them apart." *Q. 6015*: "Then you do not approve of having separate apartments for paintings of the Venetian, Florentine, and other schools?"—"I see no objections to a separation, but I do not see that there would be anything gained by having a mere historical series independent of merit."

We rejoice to find that the influence of Sir Charles, deservedly great, will not tend to turning our National Gallery into an hospital of invalids and imbeciles. We now come to Mr. Dyce's evidence. *Q. 7471*: "You

have also, in your published work, made suggestions as to the mode of carrying into effect the historical and chronological principle in the arrangement of the collection?"—"I have touched on the subject very slightly, though I have laid it down as a primary rule in the formation of the National Gallery, that the historical arrangement of the works should be had regard to." *Q. 7472*: "You insisted that an endeavour should be made, as far as possible, to show the origin and progress of a school of art, independently of showing the excellence of its highest and most perfect work?"—"Yes." As Mr. Dyce's pamphlet, a *Letter addressed, by permission, to H.R.H. the Prince Albert, K.G.*, may be considered the first, and perhaps authorised, movement towards the fully setting up the chronological system, we shall make it the subject of our comments more at large; preliminary to which it may be useful to show the reader the number of painters in the several lists furnished in the Appendix, which, we are yet told, is imperfect—in fact, deficient, by many omissions; so that the actual lists—as the mania of making fresh acquisitions would become very restless and busy—would be possibly doubled and trebled. Sir Charles Eastlake, in his suggestions in the Appendix, not very strenuously, we think, notices the object, keeping it somewhat subordinate; and we discover here why Mr. Dyce has dedicated his letter, by permission, to H.R.H. the Prince Albert. "The idea of a catalogue of the masters, who might sooner or later be represented in a national gallery, has occurred to many; but the actual formation of such a list has only been recently undertaken, according to a plan suggested by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and for His Royal Highness' use. With reference to that list, I may add, that the catalogue of the Italian masters was prepared by myself, and that relating to the other schools by Mr. Wornum. The series cannot be considered complete; there are probably both omissions and redundancies; but it may, at least, be taken as the ground-work for such a guide." We find the lists for this chronological collection to contain

(the Byzantine curiosities not included) one thousand five hundred and fifty-five names, and it is probable that as many more might be collected. So that these specimens, if even confined to one for each name, would very soon exhaust the public purse, and possibly so disgust the nation, by their exhibition, as to cause a stoppage of supply for a national gallery. Seeing this array of names, Mr. Dyce may well add, when he asks, "What ought a national collection of pictures to be?" — "extensiveness will, I think, suggest itself as one of those characteristics."

We are not denying that catalogues of this kind are of value—far from it; they are parts of the history of Art; but surely a dictionary of painters is one thing and a collection of pictures another. An army and a navy list are valuable documents, but would be rather unwieldy national incumbrances if accompanied by each individual's portrait at full length—especially viewing the collection, as is the case with this gallery scheme, "independently of merit." It may be well said, that it is absurd to think of such a scheme with our present building; and it would be difficult to find a site of sufficient area for these specimens by thousands, and at the same time provide for the increase at the present ratio of art propagation.

We proceed to consider Mr. Dyce's pamphlet, or letter—happily not very long—for we have seldom met with so much serious nonsense in so few pages. He blunders on the very threshold of his work; for, as shown, he makes extensiveness a characteristic, whereas it must be but the accident of finding good things to collect. He considers it as a museum, having evidently in view a collection of curiosities, the thing above all others a National Gallery should not be. "Then, again, as every collection has in view some definite purpose, the systematic fulfilment of that purpose on the most enlarged basis—in other words, systematic arrangement, and a *wholeness* or completeness in relation to its particular purpose, seem necessary to the idea of a national collection." Words, words, words! all to envelop a commonplace truth that no one need be told. Of course,

every man, woman, and child, having a "purpose," should suit the matter in hand to it. If the man had been destined to manufacture small-clothes instead of writing about art, he wouldn't begin at the wrong end, and stitch on the buttons before he had cut out his shapes. Of course, he would have had his arrangement and his "chronological" measure too, and not put the boy's fit on the aged father. There is no end to writing in this style; there may be, if a writer pleases, miles of verbiage before reaching a place of rest of tolerable entertainment, without any prospect of the journey's end. Then he goes on thinking, and "thinks" what nobody ever doubted: "I think we may assume that a public museum ought to fulfil its purpose" (so ought a pipkin)—but more—"and, secondly, that the objects contained in it ought not merely to be coextensive with that purpose, but illustrate it with the greatest possible fulness and variety; that is to say, the collection ought to be at once extensive and complete." Extensive and complete—or we would put it plainly, as with regard to the pipkin, that care should be taken that as much be put into it as it will hold without boiling over, preserving in the simmering every variety in the broth—the meat, the bone, the fat, and the vegetables. Notwithstanding this his very clear explanation, he immediately again gravely asks, "But what are we to understand by the completeness of a collection of pictures?" The reply to this question (a reply which may well astonish any inquirer) "depends upon the view we take of its purpose;" that is, to pursue our illustrations, whether the small-clothes be to be made for grandson or grandfather; whether the pipkin is to hold porridge for breakfast, or broth for supper. "Now all, I imagine, will agree, that the object of our National Gallery is, to afford instruction and enjoyment" (a discovery which he very shortly annihilates, by taking out the enjoyment, and making the instruction doubtful); "that it is, or ought to be, an institution where the learned study art, and the unlearned enjoy it, where *docti artis rationem intelligunt, indocti sentiunt voluptatem*; so that we have to

consider how that instruction and enjoyment which the gallery is calculated to afford ought to be provided for." Not a doubt of it. But why, Mr. Dyce, ride your poor hobby-horse round this circle? Don't you see you haven't advanced ten paces beyond the stable door. In fact, you have said but the same thing over and over again; but you have taken out of the pack-saddle a scrap of Latin, which, however well it may sound, and your own hobby may prick up his ears at it, is really a piece of arrant nonsense; indeed the reverse of it is the truth; for it is the *unlearned*, of course, who come to your lecture, that they may understand "*intelligunt*," and the learned, the "*docti*," they who know something about the matter, only who can perceive, "*sentiant*," the "*voluptatem*," the pleasure of art. But we said Mr. Dyce would annihilate enjoyment, and see if he does not do the thing, and most astonishingly. After the passage last quoted, follows: "Now, if there be any, and at this time of day it is to be hoped there are very few, who think that the purpose of the National Gallery will be served by what in popular phrase is termed 'a selection of the best works of the best masters'" (we rejoice to find so sensible a phrase is popular), "I will simply beg them to apply their opinion to the case of any section of a national library to convince themselves how utterly untenable it is."

Now the Curiosity Museum is a Library, and a Museum of Curiosities and a library are, *ergo*, moulded into one—a National Gallery; whereas the materials will not amalgamate,—not one is a bit like the other. To go on is really to get deeper and deeper into the quagmire of nonsense, the only kind of *depth* to be met with in the whole pamphlet. It must sadly have tired the patience of his Royal Highness, if he did read it; and if Mr. Dyce wrote it with any view of giving his Royal Highness a lesson in the English language, which was not needed, he has furnished as bad a "specimen" as could be well met with. But to the matter and the argument:—"the best works of the best masters" is as silly an idea, he thinks, as to supply a library with the best dramatists, Shakespeare, of course, in-

cluded. He is an advocate for the worst, such as no one would read—and why?—the very sound of it is truly asinine. "Would such a proceeding be tolerated for a single moment? Would it be endured that they, that any body of men, however eminent, should possess the right to withhold from the public any attainable materials for literary knowledge and criticism?"—for which purpose Mr. Dyce does not withhold this pamphlet. His materials it is not difficult to decide. It certainly could never have been intended for knowledge but under the greatest mistake; supposing it then to be for criticism, we take him at his word, and indulge him accordingly, or, as he says, "in relation to its particular purpose." But he is not satisfied yet; having nothing more to say, he must say that nothing in more words. He continues—"that, in fact, they should have it in their power" (that is, the any men, however eminent) "actually or virtually to pronounce a judgment on the comparative merits of authors, the accuracy of which could only be tested by the very comparison which the judgment has the effect of preventing. Yet there is no difference between such a proceeding and the restriction of the national collection of pictures to such works as might happen to be considered the best." What a circular jumble of words is here!—"a judgment on comparative merits" not to be pronounced, not to be endured to be pronounced, because such judgment has the effect of preventing the said judgment, which is here made at once both desirable and undesirable.

The reader sees how much nonsense may be comprised in less than two pages, for we have not advanced further in the pamphlet. A library, to be a good library, ought to contain the veriest rubbish, even Mr Dyce's letter, because without comparison therewith we shall never be able to appreciate the styles of Swift, and Addison, and Milton, nor Shakespeare's dramas, without ransacking the "condemned cells" of Drury Lane. And when at length, by these forbidden comparisons, we have discovered the best works of the best masters, it is not to be endured that "any men, however eminent," show^{1,2}

prefer them to the worst, or at least not give the worst equal honour. Our letter-writer thinks he strengthens his argument by quotations from the evidence, which, if there be anything in them, are quite against him, for they tend to show that selection should be of the best: thus Mr. Solly is asked, Q. 1855—"Is it your opinion the study of these earlier masters is likely to lead to a purer style on the part of our own painters, than of the later and more effeminate school?"—"Certainly. I perfectly agree with the questions that have just been put to me, and I am not aware that I could add anything to them, as I think they comprehend all that I should have thought of suggesting myself upon the subject."

It would have been surprising if Mr. Solly had not agreed with questions so manufactured by epithets—for "purer" and "effeminate" make an undeniable difference. The questioner might as well have said, Don't you think good better than bad? Don't you think virtue better than vice? This is a specimen of the art of dressing up a false fact, to knock down with it a true one; but even here according to the Dycian theory, the only earthly reason for preferring the purer is that it is the earlier; if the effeminate had by chance changed places with it, it would have had his chronological post of honour.

In this next quotation the pamphleteer is intent on giving a blow to his compeers of the English school. Mr. Leigh confirms Mr. Solly's view—is questioned, Q. 1913: "You say the more chaste works of the Italian school—do you refer to an earlier era?"—"I allude to that particular period so justly referred to in the questions put to Mr. Solly." Q. 1914: "Do you mean the historical painters who were contemporaneous or prior to *Rafaele*?"—"Yes." Q. 1915: "You prefer these to the schools of *Bologna*?"—"Yes: it is a school whose works we are exceedingly in want of, to enable us to correct the tendency of the English style towards weakness of design, effeminacy of composition, and flauntiness of colouring." But Mr. Dyce has altogether forgotten his own rule, that it is not to be endured to give a judgment, &c.—

that is, to pronounce what is good, what is "best" and "of the best," and that if proved best, we have nothing whatever to do with that accident. We have just warned the public, by showing the probable number of specimens for this new "Old Curiosity Shop," to be called our National Gallery. Page 18, Mr Dyce says, "Still, if it be remembered that only fifteen years after the commencement of the Royal Gallery of Berlin it possessed works of all classes, from the rude Byzantine down to productions of the last century, to the number of nearly twelve hundred, we need entertain no great misgiving as to the possibility of forming even a very considerable collection within a moderate period." The public, we hope, do entertain a very great misgiving of the consequences of so frightful an inundation, especially as it is to begin with the rude Byzantine. But as the "rude Byzantine" may stand as high art, or fine art, in comparison with still more rude beginnings; and as antiquity lore is ever increased as it looks backward, and is not confined to country, there may be cause for misgiving whether there may not be an attempt to ransack China and Japan for new old schools—to discover picture mines in Peru, for monstrosities in paint and design; for all become legitimate sources under the ever-growing chronological mania, this outrageous pedantry of the "The history of Art." And here the writer of the pamphlet, having perhaps momentary misgivings himself as to the quality of the stuff to be collected, goes backwards and forwards in oscillating contradictions, from best to any specimens, and from any specimens to best, ending in such wise conclusion as he generally comes to, that it is "best" to get the "best" specimens we can, but no matter whether we get them or not, provided we get any. For he insists that the one object is to have "a collection illustrative of the history of the art, and (*in italics*)" the formation of it must be undertaken expressly with that view." Moreover, "secondly, that though it be desirable that all works collected should be of the highest order—that is to say" (he loves to explain himself thus by duplicate) "that every master should be repre-

sented by one or more of his best works, yet as such works are not essential to the completeness of the collection, considered as an historical series, but serve rather to enrich it as a mere assemblage of beautiful works," &c. &c. Can anything show more his contempt of mere beautiful works, as in no way being an object in collecting? In fact, the whole pamphlet is to recommend, if not to enforce, the gathering together an enormous mass of curiosity lumber, and building a labyrinth of "Chambers of Horrors" to hold them. And it must be taken into account that this absurd, tasteless scheme, is not confined to pictures. It is proposed, in most views of our future gallery, that statues are to be added, and architecture is to claim its due share as one of the Fine Arts; and where are we to begin, and where end? Is statuary to find its rude commencement in the "Cannibal Islands," its progress in Tartary, its rise and deification in joss-houses, Burmah furnishing "specimens," even the wheels of Juggernaut moving slowly and majestically to a new enthronement in Kensington gardens, or wherever our grand, national, amalgamated museum is to be? Pagodas will yield up their deformities to the new idolatry of chronological worshippers; the old monsters of Nineveh will be revived; and to prove Lord Jeffrey to be right, that there is no principle of beauty, many a hideous image will in arrangement claim affinity to the Venus de Medicis and the Apollo Belvidere. Really, all this is but a natural consequence of the first step in the system. It is to be, not art, but a history of art, to be shown by "specimens;" nor will it do to bring a brick even from Babylon as a specimen of its architecture. The public may rejoice in its ruin, or it would have to be brought in bodily, and a hundred or two crystal palaces added to our wonder of the world; as it is, there must be an "*hiatus maxime defendus*." We should have architecture, and "specimens" of architects of all the several countries and schools, as of pictures and painters. The English progress would be delightful to see. Hollingshed says, that within the memory of many in his

days, chimneys were rare; of course, we must have "specimens." We might go on indeed to weary the reader with absurdities, and it would only be following out Mr. Dyce's chronological idea in all its collateral branches; for, getting warm in riding his hobby, his heated imagination looks out for inconceivable vanishing points, which recede as fast as he finds them, till he sees in the unbounded space of art, which he thinks he has himself created, arts and sciences flying about in every direction, and crossing each other like so many dancing comets. The reader must look for a little incomprehensible language and confused utterance when Mr. Dyce descends, having breathed the bewildering gas of his extraordinary sphere, to put his thoughts on paper, and thus he writes: "What I was going to say was in substance this—that if the idea of a complete museum of the fine arts involved the illustration of decorative art, and of physical science in its relation to art, to an extent which, though not unlimited, is nevertheless indefinite, if the *vanishing point*" (the italics of Mr. Dyce), "so to speak, of such a museum lies somewhere in the region of practical science, one is immediately led to consider whether, as the reverse is true—viz., that practical science finds its vanishing point in the region of fine art—the true idea of a museum of arts would not be that which embraced the whole development of the artistic faculty, and commenced, therefore, on the one hand, with those arts which are solely, or almost solely, dependant on *æsthetical* science, and terminated on the other with those which are solely or chiefly dependant on *physical* science. Such an institution would start at the one extreme from physical science, and at the other from fine art; and these two would meet and cross one another, the influence of each vanishing and disappearing towards the opposite extremes." So that, if there is anything to be understood and unriddled from this confusion of wordy ideas, it is this, that these arts and sciences, *æsthetical* and *physical*, do not meet to kiss and be friends, but to cross each other, and, having simply blazed awhile in each other's faces, to fly off

to their own vanishing points, more distant than ever, disappearing beyond the hope of that happy junction which, nevertheless, it had been the whole purpose of Mr. Dyce's pamphlet to bring about, and which, perhaps, he thinks he has brought about, or intends to bring about, unconscious of the impossibility which he has set in their way.

Lest the reader think we have needlessly brought in this body of architecture, we must again quote Mr. Dyce. He certainly, to do him justice, does admit that specimens of architecture may be too big; but if he enumerates and measures his "fragmentary remains" from the British Museum and elsewhere, "models of whole structures, or models and casts of details," "adequate to the great purpose of exhibiting the development of architecture, both as it is a science and a fine art, in all the various stages of its history," and if some genii could bring them all together and throw the brick and plaster down before him, we doubt if his, or any known human agility, would enable him to escape the being buried under the dust that would be made by the deposit.

"But secondly, there is a peculiarity in the case of architecture which deserves to be specially noticed. It is this:—that the examples required to illustrate the history of architectural construction and decoration lead us at once into the province of *practical science* and of *decorative art*; and thus the door is opened to a more extended view of the contents of a National Gallery of Art." When he told us in the commencement that extensiveness was one of the characteristics of a National Gallery, we never thought of an extensiveness that should have no termination. The opening of this, his one door, shows a wearying vista—but there are so many doors to open to "complete" his scheme, that it is past all comprehension where he will find door-keepers, or the nation means to pay them.

Let us imagine these ten thousand chronological galleries built, and inhabited by all the arts and sciences. Who could preside over such a seraglio of beauties and uglinesses?

—who could possibly know anything about one-half of them? We should doubt even Mr. Dyce's powers to interpret their languages, which would be wanted, considering that the object in view is instruction in their history. And yet Mr. Dyce, in his scheme of government for the National Gallery, looks to some one "coming man." "Some officer should be appointed to take charge of all business relating to the National Gallery, to be responsible for the immediate management, and to whom the public should look for the success or failure of the undertaking." He must be a very wonderful man indeed: if Mr. Dyce has any such in his eye, he ought to have named him; for no one besides ever saw a man on earth equal to so much; and if he is to be general instructor too, he would be wondered at, as when—

"— still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew."

Yet upon the appointment of this one officer Mr. Dyce again insists in the conclusion of his letter, and under the idea of his duty embracing sculpture and architecture, as well as painting, under which heads also are included unlimited and undefined æsthetical and practical arts and sciences.

In our former articles on the National Gallery, we advocated the appointment of one responsible person; in what then, it may be asked, do we differ from Mr. Dyce? Simply, that we would confine his attention to one thing which he might be able to know—to the collection of pictures. Even if it were thought desirable to place statues under the same building, we would put them under the direction of a person specially acquainted with sculpture.

The interest of the nation has been now awakened with regard to the National Gallery, to the pictures only, to their collection and preservation. A national museum, such as Mr. Dyce and others propose, is far too large a subject, to discuss which seriously would be only drawing away the public mind from that which is a pressing necessity. As the system holds at present, we are neither able to buy pictures properly, nor to preserve them when we have them. Mr. Dyce's own experience in the art qualifies

him to speak upon this point, and in justice to him we add, that, excepting the times when the chronological mania is upon him, he writes fairly and sensibly; and we willingly add his modicum of assent to the general opinion, upon the matters which the blue-book has brought before the public. Indeed, in this pamphlet he has two styles of writing: the pages might be well thought the work of two hands. Whatever relates to his chronological scheme is redundant, confused, and ambitiously laboured. He does not appear very clearly to know what he has to say. He is, we suppose, in the midst of his theoretic arrangements, as a painter of eminence visited with some misgivings as to the worthless trash the fulfilment of his scheme would introduce. He writes like one under an adopted whim, against his first instincts, with the verbosity of an untutored and awkward advocate. When he knows clearly what he is writing about, he writes like other people.

He successfully exonerates the keepers of the National Gallery, those appointed subsequently to Mr. Seguer, from much of the blame that had been cast upon them. He shows that the responsibility had been, for the most part, taken out of their hands, with regard to the purchase of pictures; that the trustees superseded the keepers, and were afterwards themselves superseded by the Treasury as to active operations. The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, from the nature of their appointment, are sure to be more incompetent than the trustees themselves. It is in evidence that the Lords of the Treasury had no confidence in the trustees; nor, perhaps, much in themselves. Therefore, in 1845, when the trustees recommended the purchase of the Guido from Mr. Buchanan, the Treasury do not comply with the request unconditionally—they require Mr. Seguer to be consulted as to the condition of the picture; and also “two other eminent judges of the merit and pecuniary value of Italian pictures.” They even point out the individuals for selection: “Mr. Woodburn and Mr. Farrer might probably be selected with advantage for the purpose, or any others whom Mr. Eastlake might consider prefer-

able.” The Lords of the Treasury then preferred the opinion of two dealers in pictures to that of the trustees or Mr. Eastlake; the latter being more competent than all the others put together to decide upon the subject. The only surprising thing is, that the trustees, upon this slight put upon them, did not resign their appointments, which, if honourable in other respects, were now marked with the character of incompetency. We have already strongly insisted that picture-dealers should in no case be consulted. They are too much interested, and wish to keep up the value (artificial) of pictures; and the world knows too well the nature of their trafficking, to place implicit confidence in their decisions. We say not that a judicious choice might not be made of skilful and honourable men; but looking to all times, and with some knowledge of the temptations of trade, we should be sorry to see the practice of consulting dealers become a habit or a rule. Take the case which has occurred—the Treasury nominate judges; at a subsequent meeting of the trustees these very judges have pictures to be recommended—are other trading judges to be called in? In that case decisions will have to go the round of these dealer judges. They will either be shy of pronouncing against the interests of each other, or be under the temptation to give each other a good turn, or, at any rate, keep up the market, which they themselves supply. The public have of late been let a little too much into the secrets of picture trafficking, and of picture manufacturing. Is there truth in the exposure that an overbaked would-be Raffaele was spoiled for that master, but would make an admirable Correggio? With all the respect we owe to individuals, we confess that there is a strong resemblance between picture-dealing and horse-dealing. The habit of appointing dealers as judges would certainly end in a council of dealers, who would, in actual operation, supersede all others. The fiat of the Treasury transferred to the fiat of Wardour street. We are glad to quote Mr. Dyce on this subject;—“This, then, is the present state of matters. The right to entertain a proposal to purchase any picture resta-

with the trustees; the ultimate opinion of its merits, on which the purchase depends, is not theirs, but that of certain 'eminent judges' of such points. The trustees decide what may be and shall be purchased, if it be worth purchasing; the eminent judges decide whether it be worth purchasing, and worth the money asked for it. It may be said that this is an extreme and exaggerated case; that the Treasury, though reposing confidence in the recommendation of the trustees, might nevertheless think it desirable, on several accounts, to have this recommendation fortified by the opinions of eminent judges. True: but as it cannot be supposed that the trustees would press a recommendation, in any case, in the face of an adverse opinion given by the judges they had summoned to their assistance—in other words, since they cannot make a recommendation at all without both summoning such assistance, and obtaining a favourable opinion—it is perfectly clear that the favourableness of opinion they have obtained, not their concurrence in it, must be looked upon by the Treasury as the real warrant for adopting their recommendation. Nor, on the other hand, is it refining too much to say that the *ex officio* trusteeship of the heads of the financial department of the Government, not only annihilates the responsibility of the trustees, but prevents the due exercise of the control which that department ought to have over their proceedings." . . . "If the trustees were to be superseded in a matter of such importance, they surely ought to have been counselled, not only as to the manner in which they might, with the greatest advantage, avail themselves of professional assistance, but as to the class of persons who were to afford it. But no discretion was left to them; and who, let me ask, were the 'eminent judges' fixed upon by the Treasury? Will it be believed that not only the class of persons, but the very individuals chosen to give an opinion, on which the purchase of pictures was to depend, were those who were in the habit of offering, and *actually at the time were offering pictures to the trustees for sale?* At the very meeting (held February 2, 1846) at which the communication from the Treasury was read, I find the

trustees considering a proposal for the sale of a collection of pictures by Mr. Woodburn, one of the judges nominated by the Treasury. At the next meeting (held March 2, 1846), I find that "the trustees *again* took into consideration the offer of a picture, by Spagnoletti, for sale by Mr. Farrer," the other "eminent judge" recommended by the Treasury. So that, in fact, the "eminent judges" were by turns competitors for the patronage of the trustees, and by turns sat in judgment on one another's wares."

Constitutions grow—they are not made. We never knew one from any manufactory, paper-made, that could hold together; yet we go on with the conceit that we have consummate skill in that line; we make ourselves, as it were, sole patentees for all people and nations, and wonder at the folly of those who reject the commodity, and yet we never attempt the thing on a small scale at home, or a large one abroad, but the result is a failure. The School of Design is a parallel case with the National Gallery. The committee of management of that school was in the same relation with the Board of Trade as the National Gallery with the Treasury. The action of the body was stopped if no official representative of the Board of Trade was present; and if present, the council felt themselves to be a nullity. Yet the council could not at once be easily dismissed, for the Parliamentary grant was voted for the council of the School of Design. In 1842, therefore, this constitution is remodelled. The School is put "under the *management* of a director and of a council, subject to the control of the Board of Trade." But here again is a failure. The council and director cannot arrange responsibilities. The director resigns, another succeeds: as before, there is no working together. The constitution has to be remodelled again. The Board of Trade takes the management, assisted by the artist members of the old council. This fails also; and at last that is done which should have been done at the beginning—an officer is appointed, "under the authority of the Board of Trade, to superintend and be responsible for the business of the schools."

In our democratic tendencies we are jealous of one responsible director; and on the other hand, with our aristocratic tastes and habits, we devolve upon men of rank and wealth, solely on account of their rank and wealth, duties which they are not qualified to perform (and, we think, the greater honour would consist in their declining such positions), and which, if in other respects qualified to perform, they will not, simply because it is not their distinct personal business, and of a paid responsibility. And thus it that the really qualified persons, eminent for their knowledge in art, science, and habits of business, are ever excluded. Can we be surprised if there be perpetual failures?

The best boon the trustees of the National Gallery can confer upon the nation, is to resign in a body. Surely there is now little to induce them to remain where they are, and as they are. This step would compel the Government to do what they have found it necessary to do in other cases—appoint a paid and responsible minister; and, if it be thought worth while to have a National Gallery at all, to provide liberally the means of obtaining it. It will never do, on every trifling occasion, to have to go to Parliament, and to be met in a huckstering spirit. We must break some of the shackles which the modern utilitarian school is ever imposing; we must learn to view the fine arts as a constitutional part of the liberal arts, which must be treated liberally, if we would have them permanently established.

We must now return for a little space to the subject which, in the commencement of this paper, we proposed to discuss: "What are we to collect?" We shall make a great mistake indeed, if we are led by Mr. Dyce as an authority, to pass contempt upon either the works of, or the admiration felt for, the genius of the greatest men in art—if we put chronological series in competition with excellence. He overdoes his part, and can gain nothing by such language as this:—"Turgid, unmeaning panegyrics of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, and the rest." These "*and the rest*" are such pre-eminently great masters,

that, in some shape or other, we would have their works ever before the public. Where we cannot have originals, we would have copies, and the best that either have been made and can be acquired, or that can now be made. We cannot think a gallery perfect without them. We would have a portion set apart especially for copies of the best works, and also for prints. In them we might have the designs, and the light and shade, the great and beautiful ideas represented: and here we cannot but lament, that the perfection to which the art of engraving has been brought should in this country be given up to inferior and almost to worthless things. Our engravings indicate the public taste, the causes of the low state of which we have already remarked upon. If there be really a desire to instruct the public—and without instruction there will not be an encouragement for a better devotion of that beautiful art—let the collecting the best engravings, whether old or new, be a great object with the purveyors of a National Gallery. Nor would we have the grand works to which we allude put away in portfolios, but glazed, and hung upon walls specially appropriated to them. Let us have, at least, good things—the best originals we can procure, and the next best, copies, and engravings of the best; and not waste time and squander means in searching out for chronological histories, the attenuated deformities of the Byzantine schools, the hideous performances of those predecessors in art, who had not yet acquired the knowledge of drawing with any tolerable correctness.

We are earnest to make this protest against the chronological scheme, and we hope it will be dissipated by the general voice, because Mr. Dyce's pamphlet seems to have found favour in the eyes of the commissioners. They almost adopt his language—or at least, with little variation of phrase, his argument, and his illustration. They too speak of an "intelligent public," which has no existence as to art, and is but the translation of Mr. Dyce's Latin quotation, "*docti artis rationem intelligunt.*" With him, they snub the admirers of "Raffaele, Titian, and Correggio,"

and adopt his literary illustration, and a very bad illustration it is, for the rubbish of books in the world is even greater in bulk than the picture rubbish. Some of the book rubbish may indeed bear affinity to art, and come within the scope of the scheme's arrangement. The woodcuts of our earliest spelling-books, of Jack the Giant-killer, of Pilgrim's Progress, and the "specimens" heading last dying speeches and confessions, may yet be discovered with some pains, and no very large cost, if a Parliamentary commission would bespeak Mr. Dyce's acceptable labours. How gratifying to such collectors would it be to trace the rise and progress of that particular branch of the art now so much in fashion, from the earliest "specimens" of designs in popular editions of *Æsop's Fables*, to Mr. Landseer's last costly print. Nor should the old glazed picture tiles, that used to amuse our early childhood, when the glow of firelight illuminated the "*animali parlanti*," warmed our young affections, and heated our incipient imaginings, be omitted. The "intelligent public" might perhaps hence learn not only a little in the history of art and its progress, but somewhat also of the history and progress of cruelty, when they see how much artistic labour has been bestowed, and what a large price is given, in our modern improvement days, in getting up and in the sale of that "perfect specimen," Mr. Landseer's "*Otter Hunt*," where the poor creature is writhing upon the spear of the huntsman, and the howling brute dogs are in sympathetic delight with the human bigger brute than themselves. It will be then not uncreditable if the "intelligent public" retrograde in their taste, and for once agree with Mr. Dyce in rather admiring the attenuated and ill-drawn deformities, which, after all that can be said against them, were a less libel upon man and brute than some later and more perfect "specimens." To this extent the chronological idea must go for completion, for Mr. Dyce, the favourite of connoisseurs and dilettanti, will not allow them to stop short of it. "Notwithstanding appearances," he says, "I do not imagine the trustees of the National

Gallery ever seriously contemplated the establishment of an *index expurgatorius* of pictures." Such opinions he considers obsolete. We must have all "specimens," however bad; for he says, in emphatic italics—"The collection can aim at no lower object than to exhibit the whole development of the art of painting; the examples of which it consists must therefore range over its whole history!" The "*σηματα λυγρα*" of Zellerophon were not of a more deadly character than would the contemplated collection be to all true notions of the Beautiful in art—the collection of inhumanities, the doleful horrors of saints and demons, and worse and more awful representations which preceded perceptions of the Beautiful.

We ought to be glad to learn from any who know better than ourselves, but we very much question if our perpetual appeal to the practice of foreign galleries, in the way in which it is made, is at all a healthy sign. We are not sure that some of the examples we seek may not rather be warnings. It is a confession of imbecility and mistrust in themselves of trustees and commissioners. Foreign architects, foreign directors, and foreign galleries, bear too prominent a part in our blue-books and our pamphlets. We are confident in our own men, if not in the "intelligent public." We have men quite able to devise galleries, and to know how to fill them. The misfortune has been, not that we lack men of ability, but we do not employ them. And why? Our governments have no better taste, no better knowledge, no better desires, with regard to the arts, than the "intelligent public." They have never entertained serious views upon the subject. In conclusion, we would ask if the series of Hogarth's pictures have been removed from our National Gallery, on which they conferred an honour and importance of a kind that no other gallery in Europe can boast of possessing, with the object of forming a chronological series of the British school. We hope to see them transferred to their old places. Our National Gallery should not be deteriorated, to give a grace to Marlborough House, however much it may want it.

THE REFORM BILLS OF 1852 AND 1854.

THE postponement of the second reading of Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill, until a later, and it may be a protracted period of the Session, is suggestive of some important considerations. It shows, in the first place, that even the author of the bill is by no means confident in his power of carrying it through the House of Commons, else we may be perfectly certain that no departure from the original arrangements would have taken place. It shows, moreover, that other members of the Cabinet—or, we should rather say, the members of the Cabinet collectively—do not consider the provisions of this measure of so much importance as to justify them in allowing it to interfere with the more immediate exigencies of the state. In one sense of the word, Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues are thoroughly conservative. They want to keep their places; and they have no idea whatever of sacrificing themselves through the impulse of Quixotic gallantry, or of allowing Lord John Russell's pledges to imperil their tenure of office. But they have an obstinate and pragmatical man to deal with, and cannot afford to affront him. Without Lord John Russell, the Coalition could not stand, and therefore, in some matters, they are compelled to allow him more license than is agreeable to their own inclination, or in accordance with the interests of the country. Thus, they not only permitted him to prepare his measure during the recess, but they gave it real importance, by introducing it as a material part of the ministerial programme, as announced by her Majesty from the throne. At that time there was no more probability of a pacific settlement of the Eastern question than exists just now; so that every objection to the measure, founded on the impropriety of exciting internal agitation at such a crisis, must have been foreseen. There was still time before the development of the measure, and the publication of its intended details, to have postponed it without any loss of credit. No one would have blamed the Ministry

had they done so—even the most ardent reformer could scarcely have maintained that they were bound to force it through Parliament, just as if no war were expected, or as if the country emphatically demanded it. But Lord John Russell would not consent to that. He was determined that the whole details of his project should be laid before the public; and he accordingly did so in a speech which fell flat on the ear alike of the House and of the country. He fixed a day for the second reading; but before that day arrived, postponed his bill until a later period of the Session, with a statement that, even then, it would depend upon circumstances whether he should proceed with it or not.

This is not such conduct as the country has a right to expect from the ministers of the Crown. They were entreated, both by friends and opponents, not to bring forward their measure in the midst of warlike preparations, and in the total absence of any demand on the part of the country for an immediate change in the representation. Those entreaties were met by silly, bombastical, and vapouring speeches about the sublime spectacle which Great Britain would afford to the world, if, while waging war abroad, she applied her energies to the remodelment of the constitution at home! We need not pause now to demolish that most pitiful pretext. It has virtually been given up by the Ministry; for they now acknowledge, that the time originally fixed for the second reading of the English bill was not seasonable; and they indicate, that if we should be actively engaged in war on the 27th of April, the bill will not be proceeded with; so that the notion of the "sublime spectacle" is thrown aside, whilst the cause of the irritation, made worse by the divulgence of the scheme in detail, is still continued.

No really united cabinet would have ventured to act in such a manner. It is in vain to tell us of concert and cordiality, when the public measures of one week belie the bragging lan-

guage used in that which immediately preceded it—when bluster is followed by postponement, and extreme recklessness by an affectation of patriotic caution. The prevalent opinion is, that the bill will not be proceeded with; and if the Ministry had said even so much as that, there would have been no occasion for any further discussion; but they will not say it. Lord Aberdeen, on the 9th of March, when urged by Earl Grey to withdraw the bill altogether, is reported to have replied, that “the second reading of the bill had been postponed by Lord John Russell till the 27th of April, in *sincerity and good faith*. Whether it would then be proceeded with, depended upon the state of Europe; for no one could tell what a day or an hour would bring forth. Government, however, would act consistently with the interests of the country, and with a due regard to their own honour.”

We cannot predict what the Government may do hereafter, but we know what they have already done with respect to this matter; and it is our humble but deliberate opinion, that they have neither consulted the interests of the country nor their own collective credit. We should have been very glad, indeed, had they allowed the subject to drop; for we should then have been spared the necessity of criticising their conduct. But, threatened as we are, though by no means agitated or alarmed by the suspension of a most clumsy weapon over our heads, we must take the liberty of reviewing the proceedings of these Dionysians.

Let us assume, which we really believe and devoutly hope to be the case, that, notwithstanding the professions about sincerity and good faith, this bill has been absolutely sent to limbo. Let us look upon it in the light of a scheme abandoned. That, however, cannot acquit Ministers from the serious charge of having played fast and loose with the country, by embodying in the Queen's speech, at the opening of Parliament, a distinct recommendation of internal organic change, when war was staring us in the face. They knew then perfectly well that there existed no probability of the settlement of the Eastern dispute without a direct appeal to arms; and it was their bounden

duty to have interdicted the mootings of such a question at such a time. We maintain, that no cabinet has a right to countenance this species of deception. No specific measure should be announced by a Ministry, much less recommended by the Crown, unless it is seriously intended that it shall be carried through, not at some indefinite future period, but in the course of the existing session. This is not the first time that the country has been annoyed by this indecent and reprehensible practice, introduced, we believe, by Lord John Russell, of rash ministerial pledges. We do not think that even a premier is entitled, towards the close of one session, to announce distinctly the ministerial policy of the next, or to bind himself by a specific pledge; for even a premier is not allowed by our constitutional custom to act autocratically—he must carry along with him at least the majority of the cabinet. He cannot accurately predict who may be his colleagues at the opening of the ensuing session—he cannot foresee what events may occur or causes arise to render a change of the intended policy not only expedient, but necessary. If a premier is not entitled to do this, still less is a subordinate like Lord John Russell; and yet we see him, session after session, blabbing about future schemes, and pledging himself unconditionally to their introduction. This is really intolerable, and it is full time that the nuisance should be abated. If the noble lord is of opinion that, notwithstanding all which we have heard and seen, he has still power and reputation enough to head an independent party—let him leave the Cabinet, and then, as a plain member of Parliament, he may pledge himself to his heart's content. But while he remains a minister and servant of the Crown, he is bound to maintain the dignity of his position, and preserve a due decorum, instead of acting like a popularity-hunter and a partisan. Of late he has let himself down woefully. We are not accustomed, in this country, to see ministers, while in office, engaging in literary squabbles—and exposing themselves in damaging rejoinders by petulant paragraphs and absolutely deplorable sneers. Their duty is, not

to write or edit gossip and scandal, but to devote themselves, heart and soul, to the affairs of the nation and the service of their sovereign; and, if they are not willing to abandon their favourite pursuits, they ought at once to withdraw. With less than this the nation will not be satisfied; and we really think we are acting a friendly part to Lord John Russell to tell him so, in as many words. If he doubts our sincerity, let him ask the opinion of his colleagues upon the point; and we are ready to stake our existence that they will be unanimous in their agreement with us. We believe also, that, if the question were fairly put them, they would be unanimous in recommending him, for the future, so long as he is a member of the Cabinet and acting along with them, to abstain from that system of specific pledging, the result of which, in the present instance, has by no means tended to raise them in the estimation of the country.

But it may be asked, why, when the Ministry have postponed for the present, and may abandon, the Reform Bill, we should harp upon a string not intended, for some time at least, to vibrate in the ear of the country? To that we reply that we have many good reasons for doing so. The vibration has already been made. If a man is told that it was intended, by virtue of a parliamentary act for which Ministers were to be responsible, to make some decided change in his property or condition, but that, in respect of certain external circumstances, it was deemed expedient to allow him a respite—surely he is entitled to use the interval in examining into the nature of the proposed change; and, if need be, in preparing his defence. It would perhaps be too strong a phrase to say that we know what is to come—for Lord John Russell is such an experimentalist, so entirely dependent upon suggestions from others, and so utterly devoid of any fixed principles to guide his own judgment, that no one can venture to predict what his views may be six months from the present moment. As a constitution-monger, the Abbé Sièyes was in reality, less erratic. But we know this—that his lordship in 1852 brought forward a bill for amending the representation, which bill,

owing to certain circumstances which we need not recapitulate, went to limbo; and that in 1854 he has brought forward another, bearing in no respect any likeness to the former one. Indeed the issue of *Banquo* and of *Macbeth* could not have been more dissimilar. No. 3, however, is a great deal more sweeping in its innovations than No. 2 (for we must recollect that more than twenty years ago the noble lord carried No. 1); and No. 4 may be still more progressive. Heaven only knows what we shall have proposed, when the number of his Reform Bills equals that of his Jew Bills, or the volumes of his *Biography of Moore*! He seems to think that the story of the Sybilline books was written expressly for his guidance and conduct, and that he is entitled, after each successive failure and rebuff, to charge the constitution with an additional percentage of radicalism by way of penalty. He becomes louder and broader in his demands whenever they are negatived or postponed, and seems in the fair way to adopt some of the views of the Chartists.

We do not say this lightly—by way of banter—or in regard of general political disagreement. We never, at any time, reposed much faith in the judgment or sagacity of Lord John Russell; and, of late years, our opinion of him, in these respects, has, we confess, materially declined. We have been, in our own sphere of action, engaged in most of the political struggles which have taken place within the memory of the present generation; and we trust that these have not passed by without some wholesome lessons. To change of opinion, where honestly induced and through conviction, every one is bound to be fair and lenient; because, undeniably, in our own day there has been a great unravelment of social questions, and mere party prejudice is no longer allowed to be paramount. Perhaps the only living statesman of eminence, who cleaves to the old system, and is inveterate in his addiction to party intrigue, and what he calls “tradition,” is Lord John Russell. Put him into Utopia, and his first thought would be how he might establish the exclusive supremacy of the Whigs. He is so much and so inveterately a party

man, that he seems to care little what becomes of the country, provided only that he, and his, sit at the receipt of customs. He showed that long ago—not in the days of his hot youth, but in those of his pragmatic manhood. He—the Whig Constitutionalist—characterised the opinion of the Upper House as “the whisper of a faction;” and did not disdain the violent and fanatic sympathy of mobs when such demonstration tended to his own particular purpose, or aided the ascendancy of his party. Ever since he has pursued the same course. No man can tell when he is in thorough earnest, or when he is not. He invited, by word and deed, Papal aggression; and, when the aggression came, he started up at once, as an indignant Protestant champion, and flung down his diminutive gauntlet, in name of Great Britain, to the Pope! And yet, at the bidding of the Irish Roman Catholic phalanx, we find this second Luther a strenuous supporter of Maynooth, and of the nunneries! Had his ancestor John, the first Lord Russell—who in 1540, and 1550, obtained grants from the Crown of the possessions of the Abbey of Tavistock and the Monastery of Woburn—been equally zealous for the protection of convents, he probably would have remained, as he was born, an utterly unacred gentleman.

The proposed Reform Bill of 1852 did not attract a large share of the public attention, and that for two reasons. In the first place, the country was quite apathetic on the subject; and in the second place, it was introduced at a time when the Whigs were tottering to their fall. Nevertheless, it is a remarkable document, inasmuch as we may conclude it to embody the experiences and observation of Lord John Russell upon the working of our representative system during a period of exactly twenty years. That there should have been some defects in the machinery of the engine which he invented in 1832, is not wonderful; nor can we call him rash for essaying, after so long an interval, to remedy these defects according to the best of his judgment. His position in 1852 was this:—He told the House, that he, the mechanist of 1832, was now prepared, from

the results of twenty years' observation, to introduce certain improvements which would have the effect, for a long time coming, of preventing the necessity of any further change. The improvements he proposed were these:—The qualification in towns was to be reduced from £10 to £5; and in counties from £50 to £20. Every man paying 40s. a-year of direct taxes was to be entitled to vote. There was to be no disfranchisement of boroughs, but the smaller ones were to receive an infusion of fresh blood by the incorporation of adjoining villages. No property qualification was to be required for members, and the parliamentary oaths were to be modified, so as to allow the admission of Jews and other unbelievers in the Christian faith. Such were the chief features of the proposed measure of 1852, as laid before the House of Commons by Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister. Wise or unwise, they were the conclusions which he had formed as to the change necessary to be made in the English representative system; and we must assume that he had not formed them without due thought and matured investigation. That both the necessity for, and the nature of the change were seriously considered by him and his colleagues in the Cabinet, it would be unfair and irrational to doubt; and we must therefore hold that the provisions of the bill were regarded by them not only as wise and salutary, but as the very best which their collective wisdom could devise.

If, in 1852, this bill had been rejected by a majority of the House of Commons, Lord John might either have remodelled it, so as to meet the more obvious objections, or have again introduced it, without alteration, for the consideration of another parliament. But it was not rejected by the House, and its merits were never thoroughly discussed throughout the country. It was, as we have said, introduced at a time when the Whig ministry were obviously in the death throes, and in February of that year they tendered their resignation. The bill accordingly fell to the ground before judgment could be pronounced upon it. The public at large seemed to care nothing

about it. There was no enthusiasm manifested at its introduction, and no disappointment expressed at its withdrawal.

The scheme, therefore, of 1852, was not only untried but uncondemned. Nothing had occurred that could reasonably shake the confidence of the deviser in its prudence, correctness, or aptitude for the necessities of the country; unless we are to suppose that he felt somewhat disappointed by the exceedingly cold and indifferent nature of its reception. That, however, could not be taken as any distinct criterion of its merits. We are not to suppose that Lord John Russell, in framing that bill, merely looked to the popularity which he and his party might attain thereby, or the future advantages which it might secure to them. We are bound, on the contrary, to assume that he, being then Premier, and in the very highest responsible position, was acting in perfectly good faith, and had embodied in the bill the results of his long experience and observation.

Now, mark what follows. In 1853, he again pledges himself to introduce a measure for the amendment of the Parliamentary representation; and redeems his pledge by bringing out, early in 1854, a measure totally different from that which he recommended in 1852! The great points of difference are these: By the one, the boroughs were to be preserved, and in some cases enlarged; by the other, they are to be disfranchised to the amount of sixty-six members. The bill of 1852 maintained the distinction between town and county qualification—that of 1854 abolishes such distinction. The first proceeded upon the plain principle that majorities alone were to be represented—the second, in special cases, assigns a member to minorities. In short, the two bills have no kind of family resemblance. They are not parallel, but entirely antagonistic schemes; and it is almost impossible, after perusing them both, to believe that they are the productions of the same statesman.

Nothing, it will be conceded on all hands, has occurred during the last two years, to justify such an extraordinary change of sentiment. We

have had in the interim a general election, the result of which has been that a Coalition Ministry, numbering Lord John Russell among its members, is presently in power. Trade, we are told, is in the highest degree flourishing; and the prosperity of the country has been made a topic of distinct congratulation. Search as closely as you please, you will find no external reason to account for so prodigious a change of opinion. The potato-rot and famine were the visible reasons assigned for Sir Robert Peel's change of opinion on the subject of protective duties—but what reasons can Lord John Russell propound for this prodigious wrench at the constitution? He cannot say that the proposals in *both* his bills are sound, safe, and judicious. The one belies and utterly condemns the other. If his last idea of disfranchising and reducing sixty-six English borough constituencies is a just one, he must have erred grievously in 1852 when he proposed to retain them. So with the other provisions. If he intends to maintain that he has now hit upon the true remedy, he must perforce admit that he has acquired more wisdom in 1853 than was vouchsafed him during the twenty previous years of his political career. He must admit that he was totally and egregiously wrong in 1852; and he has no loophole for apology on the ground of intervening circumstances. Really we do not believe that there is a parallel instance of a British minister having voluntarily placed himself in such a predicament. How is it possible that he can expect his friends, independent of the mere official staff, to support, in 1854, a measure diametrically opposite to that which was propounded in 1852? No wonder that Earl Grey and other influential Whigs are most desirous to have the measure withdrawn without provoking a regular discussion. Some of them may not have approved of the former bill; but those who did so, or who were at all events willing to have let it pass, can hardly, if they wish to be consistent, give their sanction to the present one. It is not Lord John Russell alone who is compromised; he is compromising the whole of his party. If they thought him right, in 1852, they must think him wrong in

1854; for he cannot point to the smallest intervening fact to justify his change of principle. And if they think him wrong, how can they possibly support him? We do not believe that he can reckon on the support of the high-minded Whigs of England. They have principle and honour and character to maintain; and we think it exceedingly improbable that they will allow themselves to be swept into the howling Mælstrom of Radicalism. Rather than that, we venture to predict that they will toss the rash little pilot, whose incapacity and want of knowledge are now self-confessed, overboard, and trust to the direction of an abler and more consistent member of the crew.

Be that as it may, we must try if possible to ascertain what cause has operated to produce this singular and rapid change in the opinions, or rather convictions, of Lord John Russell on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. As we have said already, there are no external circumstances, either apparent or alleged, to account for it. The boroughs have done nothing to subject them to the penalty of disfranchisement; the counties have done nothing to entitle them to a considerable addition of members. To use diplomatic language, the *status quo* has been rigidly observed. Well, then, in the absence of any such tangible reason, we must necessarily fall back upon motives, the first of which is the advice and representation of confederates.

We at once acquit Lord Aberdeen and the majority of the Cabinet of any real participation in the scheme of Lord John Russell. What may be the mind of Sir James Graham and Sir William Molesworth on the subject, we cannot tell, but we are tolerably sure that no other minister regards the bill with favour. Even the members of the Manchester party do not seem to consider it as an especial boon. Mr. Bright knows well enough that a new reform bill, if carried, cannot be disturbed for a number of years to come; and as this one does not come up to his expectations, he is ready to oppose it. Indeed, it seems to satisfy none of the extreme party beyond old Joseph Hume, who, for some reason or other to us unknown, has of late

years been in the habit of spreading his ægis from the back seats of the Treasury bench over the head of the noble Lord, the member for London. The voice of the ten-pounders, as a body, was not favourable in 1852 to the lowering of the franchise; and we have heard no counter-clamour from the class who were and are proposed to be admitted to that privilege. The Whig aristocracy, naturally enough, regard this bill with peculiar bitterness. Therefore we do not think that the astonishing change of opinion, or rather of principle, exhibited by Lord John Russell, is to be traced either to the advice of colleagues, or the influence of more matured democrats. Our own theory is this—that he never had, as regarded improvements on the form of the constitution or the representation, anything like a fixed principle—that he was striking just as much at random in 1852 as in 1854; and that, so far from having any settled or original ideas of his own, he grasps at any which may be presented to him with extreme recklessness and avidity.

We are quite aware that it would be, to say the least of it, gross impertinence to make any such statement, or to express any such opinion, without reasonable and rational grounds. We should be very sorry to do so at any time, but more especially at the present, when we wish to see Ministers disembarassed of all perplexing questions at home. But it is their fault, not ours, if we are forced to make the disclosure; and to show that, in reality, the grand mechanist of 1832 had so forgotten his craft, if he ever had a due knowledge of it, that after his last abortive effort, in 1852, he was fain to derive new notions from the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. In saying this, we intend anything but an insinuation against the talents of the author of the articles to which we refer. We can admire the ingenuity of his arguments, even while we question their soundness. We have no right to be curious as to what section of politicians he belongs. He may represent the philosophic Liberals, or he may be the champion of Manchester in disguise. All we know is, that he has written three plausible articles, after the

manner of Ignatius Loyola, the result of which has been that poor Lord John Russell has plunged into the marsh, misled by the *ignis fatuus*, and is at the present moment very deep in a quagmire.

Some of our readers will doubtless remember that, during the autumn of 1851, various pompous paragraphs appeared in the Whig newspapers, announcing that Lord John Russell had withdrawn himself to country retirement, for the purpose of maturing a grand and comprehensive scheme of Parliamentary Reform. The task was entirely gratuitous and self-imposed; for although the venerable Joseph Hume, Sir Joshua Walmsley, and a few other Saint Bernards of the like calibre, had attempted to preach up an itinerant crusade, their efforts met with no response, and their harangues excited no enthusiasm. Nobody wanted a new Reform Bill. The class which, of all others, was most opposed to innovation, embraced the bulk of the shopkeepers in towns, who, having attained considerable political and municipal influence, were very unwilling to share it with others, and regarded the lowering of the franchise not only with a jealous but with an absolutely hostile eye. It was upon the shoulders of that class that the Whigs had been carried into power; and it really seemed but a paltry return for their support and devotion, that a Prime Minister, upon whom they had lavished all their honours, should attempt to swamp their influence without any adequate reason. It would be absurd or unfair to charge them with selfishness. The first Reform Bill, acceded to and hailed by the great mass of the people, had established a certain property qualification for voters; and no one could allege that popular opinion was not sufficiently represented in the House of Commons. Nay, many of the Whigs began to think that popular opinion was too exclusively represented therein, and did not scruple to say so. Anyhow, the Bill had so worked that there, in 1851, was Lord John Russell, its parent and promoter, in the office of Premier of Great Britain, and in the command of a parliamentary majority. Small marvel if the ten-pounders asked them-

selves the question, what, in the name of gluttony, he could covet more?

They were quite entitled to ask that question, not only of themselves, but of the singular statesman whom they had been content to follow. Could he state that there was any measure, not revolutionary, but such as they and other well-disposed subjects of the realm desired, which he was prevented from introducing by the aristocratic character of the House of Commons? Certainly not. The triumph of the Free-trade policy was a distinct proof to the contrary. Was there any discontent in the country at the present distribution of the franchise? Nothing of the kind. The apathy was so great that even those entitled to enrolment would hardly prefer their claims. Even the enrolled cared little about voting—so little, indeed, that it was sometimes difficult to persuade one-half of a large constituency to come to the poll. All attempts at public meetings, for the purpose of agitating a reduction of the franchise, had been failures. The people were quite contented with things as they stood, and grumbled at the idea of a change. And yet this was the time, selected by a Prime Minister who had everything his own way, for getting up a fresh agitation!

Every one, beyond himself, saw the exceeding absurdity of his conduct. The leading Whigs became positively angry; and from that period we may date his rapid decadence in their estimation. The real nature of his scheme, consisting of an arbitrary lowering of the franchise, was quite well known; and as that could not, by any possibility, be carried even through the House of Commons, his own friends thought it advisable to put the noble Lord upon another scent.

There appeared, accordingly, in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1852, an article on "The Expected Reform Bill," which took most people by surprise on account of its apparently moderate, philosophic, and even Conservative tone. It would be difficult to analyse it—it is difficult, even after reading it, to draw any distinct conclusion from its propositions and argument. But this, at all events, was admitted, that "clearly there is no call for Parliamentary Reform on the

part of any large or influential class. There is no zeal about it, one way or the other. An extension of the franchise is wished for by some, and thought proper and desirable by many; but it is not an actual want largely felt, nor is the deprivation of the franchise a practical grievance, clear enough, tangible enough, generally recognised enough, to have given rise to a genuine, spontaneous, exclusive demand for redress. There is a general languor and want of interest on the subject, manifested nowhere more plainly than in the tone and character of the meetings got up by the Reform Association for the sake of arousing public feeling. *The nation, as a whole, is undeniably indifferent; the agitation is clearly artificial.* Then, again, we are told that "*Quidam non movere* is, in political matters, as often a maxim of wisdom as of laziness;" and a great deal more to the same effect, which could not have had a very exhilarating effect on the mind of Lord John Russell, supposing, as we do, that he was in total ignorance of the article in question before it was given to the public. Certainly, on this occasion, he had but a poor backing from his friends.

The view of the writer in question seemed to be this—that instead of arbitrarily lowering the franchise on the footing of a property qualification, it is important to discover some criterion by means of which persons morally and educationally qualified, who have not the franchise at present, may be admitted to that privilege. We are not reviewing or discussing the article—we are simply pointing out the sources from which Lord John Russell has derived most of his new ideas. Therefore we shall simply quote one passage from this article.

Source of Lord John Russell's new idea of the Savings' Bank Deposit qualification.—"Our present system is defective and unjust in this—that it selects two kinds or forms of property only as conferring the franchise. Let us continue to maintain a property qualification; but let us not insist that the property, so favourably and honourably distinguished, must be invested in one special mode. If a man has accumulated by diligence or frugality £50 or £100, and spends it either in the purchase of a

freehold, or in removing his residence from an £8 to a £10 house, his realised property confers upon him the distinction of a vote. But if he invests the same sum, earned by similar qualities, in the savings' bank, or in railway shares or debentures, or in the purchase of a deferred annuity—which would probably be much wiser modes of disposing of it—it carries with it no such privilege. This seems neither equitable nor wise. It might easily be rectified, and such rectification would be at once one of the safest, simplest, justest, and most desirable extensions of the franchise that could be suggested. *Let the production before the registration courts of a savings' bank book, showing a credit of £50, of at least six months' standing, or of a bona fide certificate of shares to the same value in a valid railway, or of coupons to the same amount, be held to entitle a man to be inscribed upon the list of voters for that year.*" —*Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1852, p. 265.

Adhering to our original intention of not discussing the merits of the different proposals of this and the other articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, we shall not comment upon the unblushing impudence of such a project as this, which would place the representation of the country principally in the hands of millionaires and railway directors. It is unparallegedly impudent. But we notice it now simply as the germ of Lord John Russell's £50 savings' bank qualification.

By the time this article appeared, Lord John Russell's Bill was prepared; though no one expected that it would be carried. The Whig party were conscious that the hour of their doom was approaching, but they wished to bear with them into opposition a weapon which might be available for future warfare. Lord John's ideas had not then penetrated beyond a lowering of the franchise and the admission to the register of parties who paid 40s. a-year of direct taxes. These were his deliberate impressions before the schoolmaster of the *Edinburgh Review* appeared abroad.

After this, Lord John Russell went out of office; but the *Review* kept harping on Reform. The writer had already stated, "that a new measure of Parliamentary Reform was de-

manded, rather in the name of theoretical propriety than of practical advantage." It seems to us that such an admission was nearly tantamount to an argument against the policy of making any change at all; more especially when we were told, nearly in the same page, that "there was no call for Parliamentary Reform on the part of any large or influential class." If that were true, we should like to know who "demanded" the new measure? But we must not be too critical regarding the advances of the new Lycurgus.

In October 1852, a second article appeared, the preamble of which was very moderate—indeed, rather calculated to impress the casual reader with the idea that the author would have much preferred if "the vexed question of the franchise" could have been left alone. Nevertheless it appeared to him that there were "many reasons which make it impossible either entirely to shelve or long to postpone the question of Parliamentary Reform;" and, having stated these, he dashes again into his subjects. He is, however, a great deal too knowing to commence with the proposal of innovations. He treats us to several pages of high Conservatism, condemnatory of universal suffrage; and having thus established a kind of confidence—acting on Quintilian's advice, to frame the introduction so as "*reddere auditores benevolos, attentos, dociles*"—he begins to propound his new ideas. In this article we have:—

Source of Lord John Russell's new proposal to swamp the Counties by the admission of £10 occupants.—"The other plan is to extend the £10 qualification to counties, by which means every householder (to the requisite value) throughout the land would possess a vote; if he resided in a small town or a village, or an isolated dwelling, he would be upon the county register. The only objection we can hear of to this plan is, that in the country districts and in hamlets a £10 occupancy generally includes some land, and would not, therefore, indicate the same social station as the living in a £10 house in town, and that it might lead to the creation, for the sake of augmenting landlord influence, of a numerous and dependent class of tenant voters. But in the

first place, the occupier of a £10 house in villages and small towns belongs to a decidedly higher social grade than the occupier of a £10 house in cities; and, in the second place, it would not be difficult to meet the objection, by requiring that the qualifying occupancy shall be, in the county register, a house, and not a house and land, or by fixing a sum which shall, as nearly as can be ascertained, be generally an equivalent to the £10 occupancy contemplated by the present law."—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1852, p. 472.

That is the second instance of appropriation on the part of the wise, ripe, deliberate statesman, who for twenty years had been watching the progress of his own handiwork with the view to introducing repairs. Before this article in the *Edinburgh Review* appeared, it had never occurred to him how convenient it might be to swamp the counties, and how very simple were the means of doing so! Now for appropriation third:—

Source of Lord John Russell's proposal to admit all Graduates of Universities to Town and County franchise. "It is, of course, desirable, and is admitted to be so by every party, that all educated men shall be voters; the difficulty is to name any ostensible qualifications which shall include them, and them alone. But though we cannot frame a criterion which shall include all, there is no reason why we should not accept one which will include a considerable number of whose fitness to possess the franchise there can be no question. We would propose, therefore, that the franchise be granted to all graduates of Universities," &c.—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1852, p. 473.

Another hint adopted by Sir Fretful Plagiarism! Next we come to a more serious matter:—

Source of Lord John Russell's proposal for disfranchising the lesser English boroughs.—"The great majority of them are notoriously undeserving of the franchise, and those who know them best are least disposed to undertake their defence. The plan of combining a number of them into one constituency would be futile or beneficial according to the details of each individual case. If a close or a rotten borough were amalgamated with an open or a manufacturing town, much

advantage might possibly result; if two or three corrupt or manageable constituencies merely united their iniquities, the evil of the existing things would only be spread farther and rooted faster. We should propose, therefore, at once to reduce the 61 boroughs with fewer than 500 electors, and now returning 91 members, to one representative each."—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1852, p. 496.

We shall see presently that this proposal was amended, as not being sufficiently sweeping. Only thirty seats are here proscribed; but it was afterwards found expedient to increase the black list to the number of sixty-six. Pass we to the next instance of palpable cribbage.

Source of Lord John Russell's proposal that Members accepting office shall not be obliged to vacate their seats.—"The most desirable man cannot be appointed Colonial Minister, because his seat, if vacated, might be irrecoverable. Administrations cannot strengthen themselves by the alliance of colleagues who possess the confidence of the general public, because the place for which they sit has been offended by some unpopular vote or speech. We need add no more on this head: the peculiarity of the case is, that we have no adverse arguments to meet."—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1852, p. 501.

The writer is decidedly wrong about the non-existence of adverse arguments; and we shall be happy to convince him of the fact if he will be kind enough to accord us a meeting. In the mean time, however, he has humbugged Lord John, which was evidently his special purpose. Even while we deprecate the morality of his proceeding, we can hardly forbear expressing our admiration of his skill. We know not his earthly name or habitation; but he is a clever fellow, for he has led, with equal audacity and success, the ex-Premier of Great Britain, and the father of Reform, by the nose!

But we have not yet done. The article last referred to was penned and published before the new Parliament met, towards the close of 1852, and before the balance and state of parties could be ascertained. The result of the election showed that parties were in effect almost equally balanced—so much so, that, but for

the junction of the Peelites with the Liberals, Lord Derby would have obtained a majority. The election, it will be remembered, took place under circumstances peculiarly unfavourable to the Government; and never perhaps was misrepresentation of every kind more unscrupulously employed than by the Liberal press on that occasion. Still it became evident that Conservatism was gaining ground in the country; and it was a natural inference that, after the question of Protection was finally set at rest, its progress would be still more rapid. This was not exactly what the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* had calculated on. He now saw that it would be necessary, if the Liberal party was to be maintained in power, to go a good deal further than he at first proposed; and accordingly when he appears again before us in October 1853, we find him armed this time, not with a pruning-hook, but with a formidable axe. We hear no more about "theoretical propriety"—he is evidently determined upon mischief. Now, then, for his developed views, as adopted by his docile pupil.

Source of Lord John Russell's proposal that freemen shall have no votes.—"There is no doubt in the mind of any man, we imagine, that incomparably the most openly and universally venal portion of borough constituencies are the old freemen, so unhappily and weakly retained by the Reform Act of 1832. . . The disfranchisement of the freemen is, perhaps, of all steps which will be urged upon Parliament, the most clearly and indisputably right and necessary, and, added to the plan already suggested for pursuing individual cases of venality, will probably sweep away the most incurably corrupt class of electors."—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1853, p. 596.

We have already seen that, in Oct. 1852, the reviewer proposed to abstract thirty members from the smaller English boroughs. It became evident, however, that so paltry a massacre of the innocents would not suffice, more especially as it had become part of the scheme to swamp the English counties. Accordingly we are told, in an off-hand and easy manner: "To all that we said on a former occasion as to the theoretical propriety and justice of the small

borough representation, we unreservedly adhere. But, unfortunately, it is too notorious that these boroughs are generally in a condition which, for the sake of electoral purity, imperatively demands their disfranchisement, partial or entire. *Here again it is true that parliamentary statistics do not altogether bear out our conclusion.* Of the seventy-two boroughs convicted of bribery between 1833 and 1853, only twenty-one can properly be called small—as having fewer than five hundred electors—while some of the more constantly and flagrantly impure places number their votes by thousands.” So, according to the admission of even this writer, there is no case established, on the ground of corruption, for the wholesale disfranchisement of the small boroughs. Nevertheless we are to assume them to be impure, because he says it is notorious that they are so; and by this short and summary process of assertion he gets rid of the trouble of investigation. The boroughs are not put upon their trial, for there is no specific charge against them; but they are condemned at once because the writer has a low opinion of their morality. This is worse than Jeddart justice, where the trial took place after the execution. In the case of the boroughs there is to be no trial at all. The following conclusion is therefore easily arrived at: “There can be no doubt in the mind of any reformer that, in some way or other, these small boroughs ought to be suppressed; that we must have, if possible, no more constituencies under one thousand electors.” So much for the disfranchisement; now for the redistribution.

Final scheme suggested to Lord John Russell for disfranchising the small boroughs and swamping the counties.—“The third method proposed is to merge all these small boroughs into the county constituencies, by depriving them of their members, and reducing the county franchise to a £10 occupancy. In this way the class would still be represented, and the individuals would still retain their votes, and the electoral lists of counties would be considerably modified and greatly enriched. This plan would, we think, be far the fairest

and most desirable, inasmuch as it would give us constituencies large in number and varied in character, and, therefore, to a great extent secure against illicit and undue influences.”—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1853, p. 602.

The next and last point which we shall notice is the representation of minorities. We do not know to whom the credit of having invented this notable scheme is really due. There are various claimants in the field. Mr. G. L. Craik, of Queen's College, Belfast, asserts that he was the original discoverer, having propounded a plan of this nature so early as 1836. Ingenious as the idea may be, it will hardly rank in importance with the discovery of the steam-engine, nor do we think that its originator is entitled to any exorbitant share of public gratitude or applause. We shall give it as we find it in the *Review*.

Source of Lord John Russell's proposal to give members in certain cases to minorities.—“The mode by which we propose to insure the constituent minorities their fair share in the representation—i. e. to make the majorities and minorities in the House of Commons correspond as nearly as may be to majorities and minorities in the country, or in the electoral bodies—is, to give (as now) to each elector as many votes as there are members to be chosen, and to allow him to divide these votes as he pleases among the candidates, or to give them all to one. But as at present most places return two members, it is obvious that, under the proposed arrangement, wherever the minority exceeded one-third of the total number of the electors, they would be able to return one member, or to obtain one-half the representation, which would be more than their fair share, and would place them on an equality with the majority, which would never do; while, if they fell short of one-third, they would be, as now, virtually unrepresented and ignored. To obviate this, it will be necessary so to arrange our electoral divisions, that as many constituencies as possible should return three members: one of these a minority, if at all respectable, could always manage to secure.”—*Edin. Review*, Oct. 1853, p. 622.

Here, at all events, is the notion

about the representation of majorities, and the establishment of as many constituencies as possible, returning three members. Lord John Russell's method of working this, is to restrict each elector to two votes.

Thus we see that all the leading features and peculiarities of Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill—the disfranchisement of the boroughs, the swamping of the counties, the ten-pound occupancy clause, the qualification by deposit in the savings' bank, the voting of graduates, the retention of their seats by members accepting office, and the representation of minorities—are contained in the articles published in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1852 and 1853. This is, to say the least of it, a very singular coincidence. Of course we do not mean to maintain that Lord John Russell was debarred from availing himself of any useful hints which might be offered him, or from adopting the notions of any political sage, or harum-scarum cobbler of constitutions; we entirely admit his right to gather wisdom, or its counterfeit, from any source whatever. What we wish to impress upon the public is this, that, down to 1852, not one of these notions had occurred to our grand constitutional reformer, who for twenty years had been sedulously watching the operation of his original measure! Nay, more than that: two years ago, his ideas on the subject of Parliamentary Reform were diametrically opposite to those which he has now promulgated; and that not only in detail, but in absolute essence and form! Had he come before us this year with a scheme based upon the principle of 1852, which was a lowering of the franchise, without any farther disturbance of the constitution of the electoral bodies, it would have been but a poor criticism to have taunted him with a minor change in the details. He might have used his discretion in elevating or lowering the point where the franchise was to begin, without subjecting himself to any sneer on account of change of principle. But, wonderful as are the changes which we have seen of late years in the views of public men, this is the most astounding of them all. Never before, perhaps, did a statesman pass such a decided censure on his own judgment, or make such an

admission of former reckless error. If he is right now, he must have been utterly wrong before. The constitution of 1852, as he would have made it, must have been a bad one. One-tenth of the members of the House of Commons would still have been returned by constituencies which he now regards as unfit to be constituencies any more. If the maintenance of the small boroughs is a blot on the constitution, how was it that Lord John Russell did not discover that blot until 1853, after the articles we have referred to were published? Did he take his ideas from those articles? If so, was there ever a more humiliating confession of entire poverty of mind? If he did not take his ideas from those articles, what was it that produced so entire a change of opinion?—what eminent political oculist has removed the film which impeded his vision but two short years ago? This is, in reality, a very grave matter. We are accustomed in this country to associate measures with men, and sometimes to accept the former on account of our belief and confidence in the sagacity of those who propose them. But what faith can we repose in a man who thus plays fast and loose upon a question with which he has been occupied all his life? This is not a case of expediency arising out of unforeseen circumstances. That the question is of the deepest import no one in his senses can deny. We know how the constitution, as framed at present, works; but we do not know how it may work if very materially altered. And yet we find the same mechanist proposing, within two years, two separate kinds of alteration! The first was simple enough, and had at least this much in its favour, that it did not require any violent displacement of the machinery. The second is so complex that the whole machinery must be re-arranged. It was our sincere hope that the country had seen the last of sudden conversions of parties—at no time edifying events, and sometimes attended by disastrous consequences—but we must, it seems, prepare ourselves for another conversion on the part of the Whigs, if this bill is to be carried through. They must, supposing them inclined to support Lord John Russell, either

unsay what they said, or were prepared to have said, in 1852, or be ready to maintain that they were then greatly in advance of their leader. The dilemma, we admit, is an unpleasant and an odious one; but there is no escape from it, if the Whigs are determined, at all hazards, to follow their erratic leader.

That there is room for certain changes in the national representation we are by no means disposed to deny. It is impossible to devise any system so perfect as to preclude the idea of amendment; indeed, we suppose that there never was a constitution, or phase of a constitution, in the world, which gave entire and perfect satisfaction to all who lived under its operation. We may be told that the present system is theoretically wrong, that its principle is to exalt property and to exclude intelligence, and that in some parts it is incongruous, inconsistent, and contradictory. Possibly there may be some truths in such allegations; but then we must never lose sight of this, that the real test of a constitution is its practical working. It is undeniable that under the present system the middle classes have gained, not only power, but preponderance in the state; and accordingly we find that they are not favourable to a change which would certainly operate to their disadvantage. The ulterior aims of the men of Manchester may prompt them to desire a still further infusion of the democratic element, but neither the members nor the doctrines of that school have found favour with the British public. If public opinion generally, and the great interests of the nation, are well and effectively represented in the House of Commons, it does seem to us a very perilous experiment to disturb that state of matters. We should like very much to hear from Lord John Russell a distinct exposition of the results which he anticipates, should this scheme of his be carried. Is there any real point of interest to the nation which he is at present debarred from bringing forward by the exclusive constitution of the House of Commons? What are the existing grievances which call for so radical an alteration?

We apprehend that the noble lord would be greatly puzzled to frame an intelligible answer to such queries. Well then, we are, perforce, compelled to fall back upon theory, and to assume that he vindicates his proposal, not because future measures will be of a better kind, or better discussed than heretofore, but because it is desirable, for symmetry's sake, that the representation should be readjusted.

Be it so. We are content to take that view, albeit a low one, and to examine his scheme without any partial leaning to the present constitution of the House of Commons. And first, let us see what regard he has paid to the principle of equal representation.

It will not, we presume, be denied by any one that the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, ought to be put upon an equitable footing as regards one another in this matter of representation. If imperial measures were all that the House of Commons had to discuss, this relative equality might be of less importance; but with separate laws and separate institutions guaranteed to and existing in the three kingdoms, it is proper that each should be fairly represented in the grand council of the nation. At present that is not the case. If we take the test of population, Scotland ought to have 18 more members than are now allotted to her; if we take the test of taxation and revenue, she ought to have 25 more. Combining the two, there is a deficit of more than 20 members to Scotland in her share of the national representation. Now, that is a matter which ought, in the very first instance, to have occupied the attention of the noble lord, and would have so occupied it, had he laid down for himself any fixed principles of action. It is nonsense to talk of inequalities between one borough and another, or between town and country qualification, before the first grand inequality is remedied. Apply the double test of population and revenue, and you will find that Ireland is upon an equality in point of representation with England, but that Scotland is not; and no reason has been, or can be, assigned for this anomaly. The quota for Scotland was fixed by the Act of Union at 45 members. It was increased by the

Reform Act of 1832 to 53, but the number is still insufficient. Lord John Russell proposes, out of the 66 disfranchised seats, to give *three* to Scotland, but he has assigned no reason for doing so. The people of Scotland are not in the position of men supplicating for a boon. They are demanding that, when such a change as this is made, their political rights shall be respected and allowed; and they will not be satisfied with less than a measure of perfect justice. We think it right to put forward this point prominently, because it lies at the foundation of the whole question of the readjustment of the representation.

The question of the disfranchisement of the boroughs is one which should be approached with very great caution. In 1852, as we have already seen, Lord John Russell did not propose to touch them—now he has made up his mind to lop away 66 members from this branch of the representation. This is, in our opinion, by far too reckless a proceeding. We can see no good ground or principle for the entire disfranchisement of any of the boroughs, a step which we think ought never to be taken, except in case of absolute and proved corruption. When constituencies are too small, the proper and natural plan is, to annex and unite, not to abolish; and we believe that this could be effected with very little difficulty.

The new Schedule A contains a list of 19 boroughs, returning at present 29 members, which are to be wholly disfranchised, on the ground either that the number of the electors is under 300, or that of the inhabitants under 5000. Therefore the privilege is to be taken from them, and the voters are to be thrown into the counties. We agree with Lord John Russell, that some constituencies are too small, but we do not agree with him in his scheme of disfranchisement, and we utterly object to his proposal of quartering the electors on the counties. They are borough voters, and so they ought to remain; and it is a very poor pretext, indeed, to make this disfranchisement the excuse for altering the county qualification. Let a union of the boroughs, by all means, take place; let the number of their members, if necessary, be considerably reduced; but let us have no disfranchisement, or assimilation between the town and county qualification, which would quite upset the whole system throughout the kingdom.

We do not profess to be conversant with local details, so that we cannot speak with perfect confidence; but it appears to us that some such arrangement as the following, which would unite the smaller boroughs, and at the same time diminish the number of members, might be adopted with advantage:—

County.	Borough.	Present Electors.	Combined Electors.	Present Members.	Future Members.
Devonshire,	Ashburton,	211	520	1	1
"	Dartmouth, ...	309		1	
"	Honiton,	335	649	2	1
"	Totness,	314		2	
Dorsetshire,	Lyme Regis, ..	297	665	1	1
Somersetshire,	Wells,	368		2	
Sussex,	Arundel,	208	493	1	1
"	Midhurst,	285		1	
Wiltshire,	Calne,	151	641	1	1
"	Marlborough, .	254		2	
"	Wilton,	236	642	1	1
Yorkshire,	Richmond,	342		2	
"	Northallerton, .	303	506	1	1
Essex,	Harwich,	299		2	
Norfolk,	Thetford,	217		2	
				22	7

Thus, without any disfranchisement, or violent displacement, fifteen boroughs, at present returning twenty-two members, might be formed into seven respectable constituencies, returning one member each to Parliament. There are, however, four others — Knaresborough, Evesham, Reigate, and Andover—which cannot

be so easily thrown together. We would proceed with these on the same principle, by adding them to boroughs at present returning two members, but which Lord John Russell proposes to restrict to one member each. The following is our view :—

County.	Borough.	Present Electors.	Combin'd Electors.	Present Members	Future Members
Yorkshire,	Knaresborough,	226	583	2	1
"	Ripon,	357		2	
Worcester,	Evesham, . . .	396	755	2	2
"	Tewkesbury, . .	359		2	
Surrey,	Reigate, . . .	297	1124	1	2
"	Guilford, . . .	595		2	
Hampshire,	Andover, . . .	232		2	
				13	5

Here there are twenty-three seats set at liberty, without disfranchisement in any one instance. In justice to ourselves, we must state that we have implicitly followed the schedule attached to Lord John Russell's bill, and not indulged in speculations of our own. Had the latter been the case, we might have been tempted to ask why Westbury, with an electorate of 289, is to be spared, while Wells, with 368, is to be blotted from the list of boroughs?

Besides these, Lord John Russell proposes that thirty other seats shall be made vacant, by restricting boroughs now returning two members to one. (His number is thirty-three, but we have already noticed Ripon, Tewkesbury, and Guilford.) If it could be shown that there is a really clamant case for representation elsewhere, the reduction might be allowed, but only to the extent required. It seems to us perfect madness to proceed with wholesale disfranchisement, until the necessity of transferring seats to other places is satisfactorily established. We can very well understand why some of the smaller boroughs which have now two members should be restricted to one, in

order to satisfy the just requirements of some rising township which has hitherto been unrepresented. We have no doubt that Lord John Russell is quite right in his proposals to give members to Birkenhead, Burnley, and Staleybridge, and to erect Chelsea and Kensington into a Parliamentary borough to return two members. We think that two additional members each might be granted to the West Riding of Yorkshire and to the county of Lancaster—that Salford should return two members instead of one—and that the London University should be represented. We think that these are rational demands, and such as might be accorded; and the necessary number for these purposes, and for putting Scotland on a fair footing of equality with England and Ireland, would amount to the vacation of about thirty or thirty-two existing seats. We have already shown how, without entirely disfranchising any borough, twenty-three seats may be obtained; and if nine others are required, it would be no hardship to take from each of the following boroughs one out of the two members which they presently return :—

County	Borough.	Constituency.
Hampshire,	Lymington,	328
Cumberland,	Cockermouth,	330
Buckinghamshire,	Marlow (Great),	335
Wiltshire,	Chippenham,	345
Buckinghamshire,	Buckingham,	349
Devonshire,	Tavistock,	352
Cornwall,	Bodmin,	360
Wiltshire,	Devizes,	363
Buckinghamshire,	Wycombe (Chipping),	365

This would take out of Schedule B no less than twenty-one seats which are now included in it; and it would be obviously unwise to exhaust, all at once, the only source from which new rising constituencies can be endowed. Lord John Russell seems to think—and we agree with him—that the present number of the House of Commons (654) is quite large enough; and although there is no principle to fix members, it may be as well to maintain them as they are. It is but natural to expect that, in future years, some places will decrease, and others increase, and that partial changes will be required. For that very reason we deprecate too hasty a reduction of the boroughs, and an apportionment of their seats to places and constituencies which do not require them. Suppose that in ten years after this, new seats of commerce and manufacture, like Birkenhead, Burnley, and Staleybridge, start into existence—that places like Salford increase immensely—and that new Chelseas require to be conjoined with new Kensingtons—where are we to find members for them, without unduly swelling the bulk of the House of Commons, if all the smaller borough seats are to be disposed of at the present time? The Legislature may say just now, with perfect propriety, to the men of Lymington—“Your borough is the smallest in the country which returns two members to Parliament. Birkenhead is a place of such importance that it requires a member; and therefore, as it is not expedient to increase the aggregate number of the national representatives, we shall take a member from you and give one to Birkenhead.” That is quite intelligible; but why disfranchise boroughs when you do not know what to do with the vacancies? It is true that Lord John Russell tells us what he means to do with them;

but we entirely demur to every proposal of his beyond those which we have already noticed. He proposes, we observe, to give three members instead of two to the following cities and boroughs whose constituencies we have noted;—

Towns.	Constituencies.
Birmingham,	8,780
Bristol,	10,958
Bradford,	2,723
Leeds,	6,400
Liverpool,	15,382
Manchester,	17,826
Sheffield,	5,612
Wolverhampton,	3,499

It must strike every one that there can be no principle in this. The constituencies both of Manchester and Liverpool are more than five times larger than that of Bradford, and yet all of them are to have three members; whereas the Tower Hamlets with 25,366, Marylebone with 20,377, and Lambeth with 18,522 electors, are but to have two each as heretofore. Even the sage of the *Edinburgh Review* has borne testimony to the impropriety and injustice of adding to the number of representatives returned for large towns. In his article of October 1852, he says:—

“It would appear that the large towns have their full share of the representation; since, if we add the small boroughs to the counties, on the supposition of their returning a somewhat similar class of members, and containing a somewhat similar constituency, the comparison would stand thus:—

	Population.	Members.
Counties and small boroughs,	10,250,000	259
Large towns and cities,	6,660,000	206

whereas the proper arithmetical proportion for the cities would be 169, instead of 206.”

The fact is, that Lord John Russell has assigned an additional number to

each of these towns, not because they require one, but in order to make the extraordinary experiment, to which we have already alluded, of the representation of minorities in Parliament. For that reason, also, he proposes to give thirty-six additional members to so many counties and their divisions, making each up to the number of three, so that minorities may be represented on rather an extensive scale. We shall have occasion presently to say a word or two on that subject. The notion seems to us not only impracticable, but positively silly; and such as no man of ordinary sense could entertain for a moment. Even were it more feasible than it appears, that would not justify an unnecessary disfranchisement of the boroughs. We can see no more reason for parting with them so abruptly—many for retaining them; because, undoubtedly, they keep the balance even between town and country, and so perform a very valuable function in the Legislature. We do not dispute the propriety of their remodelment or curtailment. Our views, in that respect, are, we submit, sufficiently liberal; for we think it just that from them, as small constituencies, any palpable defect or positive need in the national representation should be supplied. But we will not consent to their sacrifice merely for theoretical experiment; or in order to give colour to the proposal for assimilating the town and county franchise—in other words, for swamping the latter representation. We are greatly surprised that Lord John Russell should, in his mature years, have thus been led astray. In the popular ferment of 1831–2—the particulars of which are better known to his lordship than to us—almost any proposal might have gone down; but now reason instead of passion must be appealed to and satisfied, before any one can be allowed to make a material inroad on the Constitution. Lord John is singularly unfortunate. Mr. Bright is quite as much opposed to the notion of the representation of minorities as we are; and we venture to say that the collective voice of the counties, to which he proposes to give an additional member, will be raised against him. We need not press the point that the borough electors will

be especially unwilling to lose their existing privileges. And if it should so happen—as we know, and as every man who knows the political feeling of the country, must be the case—that both the disfranchised parties, and those whose franchise is thereby nominally increased, hold the scheme in detestation and contempt, how is it possible that he can hope to carry it even through the House of Commons? He has no enthusiasm to back him. He is not attempting to give voice to the opinion of any large section of the public—he is simply repeating, parrot-like and without examination, in opposition to all he has heretofore said, the opinions enunciated by another. He is theorising, contrary to his own experience; and sacrificing, for a mere crotchet, his own arrangements, which, for twenty years, and until 1852, he deemed to be mathematically correct.

We now come to the question of qualification. This is a very serious one, and cannot be properly treated without reference to our existing fiscal arrangements. Indirect taxation has been reduced to the lowest possible limit; and, in order to make up the deficiency in the revenue occasioned by numerous relaxations, we are forced to submit to an income tax which amounted last year to more than five and a half millions, levied from these persons only who are in receipt of more than £100 yearly. From Mr. Gladstone's financial statement, it appears that the Government does not intend to increase the amount of the national debt by contracting fresh loans, but that the inevitable expenses of the war, however large, are to be defrayed by additional yearly taxation. Further, we are told that it is not proposed to raise any portion of this by again resorting to indirect taxation, but that the whole of it is to be charged upon those persons who are already rated to the income-tax. We subscribe in theory to the opinion, that it is not advisable for the interests of posterity to increase the amount of the national debt; which might, however, have been cleared off during the years of peace but for the insane system pursued by successive Ministries, of abandoning indirect taxation for the sake of im-

mediate popularity. In practice, it may be found impossible to avoid the contraction of fresh loans. It is not likely, for some time at least, that any Ministry will be bold enough to resort to the customs and excise duties, for the supply of the yearly deficiency, so that there really seems no other available course than that of taxing property and income still farther. The effect of this is, that a certain limited class is made to pay for the others, and that the great bulk of the population are exempted. How long this can be endured we shall not venture to predict. We have demonstrated over and over again, in the pages of the Magazine, the extreme impolicy and ultimate danger of continuing a war tax in time of peace, and the result shows the soundness of our warning. The day will arrive when this burden will become so great as to be intolerable; and then, perhaps, it may be discovered that, in abandoning easy and evident sources of revenue, our commercial legislators have committed a most grievous error. At present, however, we can only look to the fiscal arrangements which have been proposed. It is obvious, at least to us, that it would be highly inexpedient, and even dangerous, to lodge political power in the hands of those who are not called upon to contribute directly to the necessities of the State. If you are to select a certain class as peculiar rate-payers, and to compel them, year after year, to make up the deficiency of the national income, whatever that may be, you are bound also to give them peculiar privileges. We care not how low you make the assessment. Indeed, we are of opinion that it should be brought down to the lowest possible limit, which, probably, would be fixed, as regards income, at £60 per annum. But whatever that limit may be, this principle ought to be established, that no man, not rated to the property and income tax, shall hereafter be capable of voting, or of being enrolled. This is the only good security we can have against confiscation. It is said that the idea of a war is peculiarly popular in the country. No wonder that it should be so. The artisan is informed that no additional tax will be laid in consequence upon

any article of his consumpt; that the price of his beer, spirits, tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, will not be raised; and that others will defray the cost of equipping those fine fleets, and maintaining those splendid troops, which he cheers as they leave our shores. Very different are the feelings of the unfortunate individual who, by dint of industry, has worked his way to an income of £150 a year, and has a wife and family to support. Last year he had to pay £4, 7s. 6d. directly to the Exchequer, and was consoling himself with the vision that, after April 1855, his contribution would be lowered to £3, 15s. Down upon him, like a vulture, swoops the tax-gatherer, with a demand for £7, 11s. 3d., to be increased if the war goes on. You cannot expect that man to be quite as enthusiastic as the artisan, whose voice, like that of Sempronius, is still for war, so long as he escapes untaxed. It is easy to be patriotic when there is nothing whatever to pay. What we advocate, therefore, is, an extension of the property and income tax to the lowest available limit, and an exclusion from the franchise of all those who do not contribute to it. It is a proposition not only fair and reasonable, but imperatively necessary under the circumstances in which we are placed; and no one can complain of injustice in being excluded from a privilege for which he does not pay, either from want of means, or because he fraudulently evades the tax.

Of course, this is tantamount to a rejection of Lord John Russell's proposal, that persons having £50 for a certain period of time deposited in a savings' bank, shall be entitled to the franchise. This is a proposal which really will not bear examination. In the first place, it would lead to a prodigious deal of fictitious registration and wholesale manufacture of votes; in the second place, it is a most invidious and senseless preference given to one species of property beyond another. Why a savings' bank? Are chartered, joint-stock, or private banks not as good? And why give a vote for £50 in the shape of a deposit only? Money is only equivalent to money's worth. The man who expends £50 in the furnishing of

his house, or in purchasing a share in some small business, or in fifty other ways of investment, is as good or better than his neighbour, who lets his money lie in the savings' bank. It is utterly absurd to select one only kind of deposit for the franchise, practically excluding hundreds of thousands, who have more money invested in a different way. Then, again, what means are to be devised for ascertaining the right of parties so registered to continue on the roll? The tenure is obviously of the most precarious kind. An election takes place to-day, and a depositor votes in virtue of his £50; to-morrow he withdraws it from the bank. How is that to be ascertained? We presume it is not contemplated that the savings'-bank books shall be open to the inspection of the public; and if not, where are the means of ascertaining the continued qualification of parties? In like manner, we object to the qualification of £10 of yearly dividend from the Funds, or from bankstock. It is reasonable enough, perhaps, on account of their educational attainments, that graduates of universities should be admitted to vote either in town or county, *provided that they are assessed to the property and income tax, but not otherwise*; and the receipt of £100 a-year of salary, as it implies direct rating, may be taken as a sufficient qualification for borough or town voting.

But we are not at all prepared to agree to the proposed assimilation of the town and county franchise. It is a direct and dangerous innovation on the principle of the British constitution, which is, that the county representation shall be kept apart from that of the towns and boroughs. The Act of 1832 admitted the proprietor of a £10 house, not situated within the boundaries of a borough, to a county vote; and the result of that, in some localities, has been, that the voters in villages and small towns which were not boroughs, have been numerous enough to swamp and overpower the proper county constituency. That was bad enough; but it is now proposed that *occupiers* shall have the franchise; and, as we remarked last month, it is not by any means necessary that the house which the voter occupies should be of the

yearly value of £10. We must again quote the words of Lord John Russell: "We propose, with respect to the county right of voting, that—with the exception of a dwelling-house, *which may be of any value, provided the voter lives in it*—in all other cases the building must be of the value of £5 a-year. Supposing there is a house and land, the house may be rated at £1 or £2 a-year, provided the voter resides in it; but if the qualification is made out by any other building—a cattle-shed, or any other building of that kind—then we propose this check, that such building shall be of the value of £5 a-year. This, then, is the franchise we propose to give in counties for the future." Thus the English counties are to be inundated, 1st, By £10 occupiers, not resident within borough boundaries; and, 2dly, By the voters of sixty-six disfranchised boroughs, who are to be thrown loose upon them! We are confident that, in any case, such a proposal as this will be rejected. The counties do not want additional members at the expense of the boroughs; and we think it is, on principle, most important that the two kinds of representation should be preserved distinct. Indeed, but for the crotchet of giving representation to minorities, by assigning to as many constituencies as possible three members each, we should probably have heard nothing of this transfer of borough representation. That the county franchise may be advantageously lowered as regards tenants, we are ready to admit. Let them be enrolled from £20 upwards, provided they pay property and income tax, which, according to our view, ought to be made an indispensable condition to the franchise.

But we shall be asked, what is to become of £10 occupants residing beyond borough boundaries, who are really rated to the income-tax? Are they to remain unrepresented? Our reply is, that they ought to be represented, and can be represented, without sending them to the county-roll. The true, sound, and equitable method is to enlarge the parliamentary boundaries of boroughs, so that persons of this class may be enrolled in the nearest borough to their residence. Such enlargement may be made irrespective of other persons who are

entitled to the county franchise, and who would still claim to be placed upon that roll. In this way, no one really entitled to vote would be excluded; both counties and boroughs would be preserved; and the latter would receive a very considerable augmentation of numbers from a class of men who at present do not enjoy the franchise.

There is but one point more to which we shall specially refer, and that is the proposed representation of minorities. We have shown, in a former article, that this is perfectly unworkable, and moreover greatly to be deprecated, as entirely changing the relations of the electors and their representatives. It can only, according to Lord John Russell's admission, be attempted in constituencies which are to be allowed three representatives; and the simple fact of its being the exception, and not the rule, seems to us sufficient to condemn it. We have already put the case of the death or resignation of one of these minority members, and we cannot see how his place can be supplied, unless it is enacted that the candidate lowest on the poll is to be returned. It is neither sensible nor equitable to challenge the authority of majorities. If you leave a question, whether it relate to men or measures, to be decided by a certain number of people, you must perforce adopt and acquiesce in the verdict of the majority. But it is within our power to render the majorities less oppressive, by multiplying as much as possible the number of the tribunals of appeal.

This brings us to the consideration of a topic which we broached in the last number of the Magazine, and which, we venture to say, is well worthy of the attention of our statesmen. It cannot be denied that in many places, especially large towns, there is an immense degree of apathy on the part of those who are entitled to the franchise. Men who are in the possession or occupation of property far more than sufficient to entitle them to vote, do not even take the pains to place themselves on the roll; and many of those who are on the roll will not give themselves the trouble to vote. It is remarkable also that these are generally men of wealth,

station, and intelligence—belonging, in short, to the class most likely to use the franchise with discretion and independence. The reason of this apparent apathy is, that they know quite well that they will be outvoted. In urban constituencies of four thousand or upwards, returning two members each, every one knows beforehand how the election will go, and consequently no effort is made by a desponding minority. We grant that such ought not to be the case; because an elector, though he may not be able to find a candidate of his own way of thinking, can always exercise a wholesome control, by voting for the man who, in his judgment, is the best in the field—but there can be no doubt that the case is as we represent it. For example, at last election, there voted, in round numbers, at London, only 7,500 out of 20,000 electors—at Finsbury, 9000 out of 20,000—at Lambeth, 8000 out of 18,000—at Manchester, 9000 out of 13,000—at Westminster, 800 out of 14,800—at Sheffield, 3,500 out of 5,300—at York, 2,500 out of 4,100—at Edinburgh, 3,500 out of 6,900—at Glasgow, 5,000 out of 16,500. These represent the actual numbers on the register, but not the number of those entitled to be enrolled, but who have not lodged claims. In short, the activity in voting and enrolling seems to decline in proportion to the size of the constituency.

There is but one way of remedying this, and that is by recurring to the simple principle *that no man shall be entitled, in one place, to vote for more than a single member*. We do not mean by this that large populations should be restricted to a single member—that would be unfair, and even proposterous. We mean that each county, division of a county, city, town, or borough, which has more than one member allotted to it, should be subdivided into parishes, districts, or wards, each to return a member, according to the votes of the majority of the qualified electors within it. Thus London would be divided into four electoral districts; Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and others into two; and the counties would, in the same way, be partitioned into so many districts as there were

members to be returned. This system is at present in partial operation in the counties of England, which are split into divisions, and there undoubtedly the system has worked well and satisfactorily. No man in his senses would propose that each county elector of Yorkshire should have six votes; and we really cannot see why one man, because he happens to live in a large town, should have double the personal political influence of another who resides in a small borough. It does not necessarily follow, by any means, that the members to be returned under the operation of the system which we propose should be antagonistic to one another. It would we are convinced, materially tend to improve the representation, by infusing fresh energy into the constituencies; it is already recognised and partially in effect; and it is not liable to any of the objections which it requires no ingenuity to rear against Lord John Russell's absurd scheme for giving members to minorities.

We might say a great deal more on the subject of the present bill, but we think that further comment is needless. We have shown, by absolute demonstration, that it is not the result of Lord John Russell's own Parliamentary experience—that, for twenty years of his public life, dating from 1832, he had failed to see the proper method of amending the representation of the people—and that he

was at last enlightened by a series of articles, which display as little consistency as wisdom. We have shown also that he has not probed the great question of the relative proportional representation of the three united kingdoms—that he proposes to demolish borough representation, without any necessity for doing so—and that he wishes entirely to change, or rather to abrogate the ancient distinction between town and county franchise. We have shown that he has not taken at all into consideration the recent fiscal changes, and that he proposes to place those who are heavily and directly taxed on the same footing with those who are allowed to escape that burden. We have shown that other parts of his scheme are either merely fantastical, or dictated by party motives; and having said so much we are content to abide by the decision of the country.

If this bill is again brought forward on the 27th of April, or a later day in the session, we do not believe that it will ever pass into the statute-book. If it is withdrawn, on the score of inconvenience or otherwise, we are perfectly certain that it will not again appear in its present shape; for, many as are the legislative proposals which we have had occasion to consider, this is, beyond comparison, the worst digested, most incoherent, and most rambling measure of them all.

THE BLUE BOOKS AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the imposing aspect of these azure tomes, technically termed *Blue Books*, we confess we do not look upon them without a feeling of suspicion or incredulity. No doubt the usages of Parliament and the will of the Crown require the production of documents relating to every important transaction connected with our foreign policy, and they are intended to furnish ample and accurate details of our international acts, and to unfold to the public the intricacies of complicated and tedious negotiations. Such is the object of those expensive publications; but, for the attainment of that

object, they should be not merely authentic, but complete. And when we say that we do not regard the *Blue Books* with all the respect that full confidence inspires, it is because we know that the papers they contain are well sifted and culled; those parts which would prove the weakness, the ignorance, and the imprudence of a Minister, are so carefully kept out of sight, and so curtailed, and those in his favour so prominently brought forward, that we have, after all, a very partial, and consequently a very imperfect view of the manner in which a negotiation has been conducted. Truth, they say, lies at the

bottom of a well: the Foreign Office may be that well, but the eye of the public is not always enabled to pierce its depth. Moreover, we have heard it related that some Ministers indulge a vicious habit of communicating instructions to their diplomatic agents in notes or letters marked *private*, or evidently meant to be so from their familiar style and tone; and that some letters contain hints or instructions sometimes contrary to the official despatches. This is unjust to the public, and unfair to the diplomatic agent himself, who, in case his conduct should become subject of inquiry or censure in Parliament, is thus debarred from defending himself, because the real instructions on which he acted bear the stamp of privacy, which delicacy forbids him to violate; and it is quite certain that the *Blue Books* contain no trace of those confidential missives. There is one personage in particular whose name has been more connected than any other with our foreign policy, who is said to carry this habit to such a point as to force complaints from his own subordinates.

We are not exempt from human weakness: we confess that we have more than once cast a curious and a longing glance on those plethoric Jacks which daily issue from Downing Street, and the safe conveyance of which to their distant destination costs the country annually a handsome sum of money. We have often desired to dive to the very bottom of these round white leathern envelopes, which are so tenderly handled and so scrupulously guarded. What profound thoughts, what foresight, what eloquence, and what wisdom, must be contained, we have often thought, within that mysterious covering of calf, of more than aldermanic rotundity, tightly closed at the neck with whipcord, and the genius of England protecting the orifice in the form and fashion of a huge red seal. It is true that idle or blabbing clerks, and supercilious or rollicking messengers—the external “gentlemen” of the Foreign Office—are said to indulge occasionally in a laugh, whilst lounging in their waiting-room, at the reverential awe with which the vulgar are wont to look upon the “despatch

bags.” Strange stories, too, are said to be current of the miscellanies which sometimes fill them, the curious *olla podrida*, the several parts of which are so well adapted to the tastes of the youthful *employés* of our foreign embassies. Packages of pomatum, bottles of hair-dye, pots of varnish, patent leather boots, and dress-coats, are occasionally conveyed to the capital, where we are blessed with a representative who unites in his own person the conflicting tastes of dandyism and parsimony. Gossiping tongues speak of even more important cargoes—not, of course, in the bag, but outside it—that were sometimes conveyed, at her Majesty’s expense, to her “Honourable” or “Right Honourable” representative, under the care of some bustling “gentleman,” whose official character is indicated by the Windsor uniform, and a minute badge with the royal arms, and the effigy (a harmless irony) of a greyhound—the latter symbolical of the speed at which he is presumed to travel.

Taking the present *Blue Books* at the value set upon them by the Government, we believe that every impartial man who has glanced over their contents, and who has read the debates in Parliament, will be convinced of the blindness, the weakness—we will not say the criminality—of the Cabinet, in all that relates to the Eastern question. It is in vain that we attempt to defend their conduct on the ground of *ignorance*, for there are abundant proofs in the documents before us, however imperfect they may be, that they were not ignorant, and were not unwarned of what was going on. The evidence is too clear even for audacity to deny, or hypocrisy to diminish. They themselves have been forced to admit that they were outwitted and duped as no men were ever duped before; and however a generous and forgiving people may pardon the fault for the frankness of the confession, such imbecility in the past is but poor encouragement for the future. The noble lord who holds the post of Prime Minister is indeed unfortunate in his general estimate of men and things. When the Revolution of February was on the point of bursting forth, he is said

to have declared his firm conviction that King Louis Philippe and his dynasty were firmer than ever on the throne of France. After a long, and, we presume, conscientious study of the President of the new French republic, the same acute intellect pronounced Louis Napoleon to be little better than an idiot, and in contemptuous terms described him as incapable in thought and action. When the votes of millions approved and confirmed the daring illegality of the act of December, 1851, he believed that his rule could not last three months; and in the latest exercise of his discrimination and knowledge of the world, our great statesman laughed to scorn the fear that the Emperor Nicholas ever contemplated any attack against the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and this at the moment when every post was bringing home news of the hostile attitude of Russia; when the newspapers teemed with accounts of the movements of armies in the south of Russia; when that force was placed on a war footing, and provisioned as if on the eve of a campaign; when a fleet was at Sebastopol ready to weigh anchor; when wood was cut down for the construction of pontoons and bridges for the Pruth and Danube; and when Constantinople itself was menaced with a *coup de main*;* when the magazines

of Odessa were gorged with military stores, for the complete equipment of 150,000 men; when troops had already marched to the Turkish frontier; when Prince Menchikoff was outraging the Sultan in his own capital, and dictating who should, or who should not, be his minister; and with the reports of our own diplomatic and consular agents confirming all those facts, the noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government was smiling complacently at the compliments lavished on him by that great master of irony, Count Nesselrode, who chuckled with his imperial master at the simplicity of the statesman refusing to believe the evidence of his senses. We have seldom witnessed so much prevarication, so much barefaced misstatement as have been exhibited on this question. It was denied in the most positive manner in the House of Lords that Russia had ever required from the Sultan the dismissal of his minister Fuad Effendi; or that the resignation of that minister was voluntary. The repeated warnings in the public press, the official communications of his own agents in Turkey and Russia, went for nothing. The intentions of the Emperor of Russia were in his eyes moderate and pacific, even so late as the end of April. The arrogant language of the Russian Envoy at Constantinople, the

* On the 31st May M. Drouyn de Lhuys wrote to Count Walewski, the French Ambassador in London, in the following terms:—"Monsieur le Comte, as I have already several times mentioned, there is by the side of diplomatic negotiations another action to exercise, and it is the attitude assumed by the Cabinet of St Petersburg itself which has shown the necessity of it. When we knew that the army cantoned in the south of Russia was on a war footing, that it was provisioned as on the eve of a campaign—when the fleet at Sebastopol was ready to weigh anchor—when considerable purchases of wood were made for throwing bridges over the Pruth and the Danube—if all this did not indicate that hostilities were declared, it at least showed that they were approaching, and that their commencement only depended on a word. Who could guarantee us that, under the influence of a first movement, that word would not be pronounced at St Petersburg, and that, if it had been, that the city of Constantinople would be protected from a *coup de main*? It was a danger of this kind that we feared, and as, if it were to be realised, the game would be lost at the outset, prudence imposed on us the duty of doing everything to prevent it. In what could such a measure of foresight more resemble a provocation than did the armaments of Russia herself? Why should not France and England, for the object of maintaining the treaty of 1841, have the right of doing that which one of the Powers which signed that convention was going with such very different designs? Such are the considerations which determined us to send our fleet to Salamis, and which we now recommend to draw closer to the Dardanelles, not to take the initiative in an aggression, not to encourage Turkey to refuse every arrangement, but to secure her against an immediate danger, and to reserve in case of need to diplomacy the resources which it would no longer have if it had to struggle against *faits accomplis*."

menaced occupation of the Principalities, were, because Count Nesselrode pronounced them to be so, not merely exaggerated, but "destitute of any foundation whatever." The "*beau rôle*" which the wily chancellor of the Russian Empire congratulated Lord Aberdeen for having preferred, was in point of fact the meanest subservience; and we are satisfied that it was to the conviction that this "*beau rôle*"* was to be played out to the end, that we owe all that has since taken place. The same truckling spirit characterised even those acts of the Government which had the appearance of energy. When our ships entered the Dardanelles, and anchored before Constantinople, the country was made to believe that their presence in the Bosphorus had no reference to the acts of Russia, but to the protection of British subjects and property, and to the defence of the Sultan from the violence of his own subjects at a moment when it was known that not the slightest danger menaced either the one or the other. Abdul Medjid must have felt indignant at the imputation thus cast by his friends on the loyalty of his subjects, and even Lord Aberdeen's own ambassador declined to accept such an explanation of movement of the fleet without a pretext. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, while expressing his thanks for the interest taken by the British Government in the preservation of British life and property at Constantinople, said, at the same time, that he applied his gratitude also to that part of the instructions which authorised him to consider the presence of her Majesty's squadron, if he thought proper to require it, as intended to embrace the protection of the Sultan in case of need; from whom the Sultan most needed protection, no man knew better than the English ambassador. The defence set up for the delays, the hesitations, and the inaction of the Aberdeen Cabinet, was, it seems, the doubt entertained of the co-operation of France. Now, nothing is more clearly shown, even in the *Blue Books*, that the contrary

was the fact. It is proved by the despatches of the French Ambassador in London, and of the English Ambassador in Paris. They show, beyond the possibility of doubt, not only that such was not the case, but that every proposition of active measures, from the very beginning when the squadrons appeared in the Bay of Salamis to their entering the Black Sea, originated exclusively with the French Government. The despatch of Lord Cowley of the 28th January confirmed the intelligence published in the London papers, that it was the French Government who had invited the English to join the French fleet in the expedition to the Greek waters, and the fact is corroborated in the despatch of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to his ambassador in London, dated the 5th June. Again, on the 13th July the French Ambassador proposed to Lord Clarendon that, in the event of Russia not accepting the Vienna note, or showing a disposition to persist in a violent policy, the French and English fleets should forthwith enter the Dardanelles. That proposition was repeated in the beginning of September by the French Government; and once more, on the 23d of the same month, Count Walewski urged the presence of the fleets in the Black Sea as *indispensable*. On this important point there was not the slightest divergence of opinion between the head of the French Government and his Minister of Foreign Affairs; their views were the same, their opinions identical; and the *Blue Books* prove no fact to be more indisputable, more certain, than that their conduct throughout the whole of the affair was frank and straightforward. It is not alone in the French despatches that we find this proof. We see it in the correspondence of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Cowley. The latter noble lord, who had the best opportunity of ascertaining the truth, and who is not a person to be easily deceived, repeatedly informs his Government that he invariably received from the Emperor, or from his minister, the same assurances

* It is but fair to say that the noble Lord seemed to feel the sarcasm conveyed in the term "*beau*," as the word is translated "important" in the papers laid before Parliament.

of a desire to act in concert and in cordial alliance with England, and that he never could discover, though he was evidently on the watch, the slightest difference between them. It is all very well to say that the time which has been spent in, as it now appears, useless negotiation, has not been lost, and that the Government has been enabled to prepare the means of resisting the encroachments of Russia, and of wresting from her the territory she has seized. It is a poor defence to allege that fortune has, after all, favoured us, and that we are not in so bad a condition as we might have been. A blunder is not the less a blunder because its results are not so mischievous as they might be. But if we are prepared at this moment, as there can be little doubt, the credit is not due to Ministers who have exhibited throughout a credulity and a simplicity we believe to be unexampled. We have no reason to believe that if, in the very commencement, a firm and imposing attitude had been assumed by our Government, the Emperor of Russia would not have recoiled before he had yet placed himself in a position, to retire from which, without striking a blow, is shame and dishonour. Had it been announced that the squadrons would enter the Black Sea the moment the Russians crossed the Pruth, we believe that that passage would not have taken place, and in that menace we are confident that France would have joined us.

On perusing the despatches published by the French Government in its official organ, we have been particularly struck by the clearness of views and the intrepidity, mingled with good sense, which pervade them. From the moment that the question assumed a more general character; when it ceased to refer exclusively to French interests, we remark the masterly view which the emperor's minister of foreign affairs took of the whole question as it then stood; of the accuracy with which he judged of the future conduct of the Czar, and the marked line of conduct which he proposed to follow. Yet the difficulties in the way of the French Government were great. With the cunning which distinguishes the policy of Russia, this power had the tact to

present the Eastern question, from the outset, in a light most disadvantageous to France; and the excessive zeal and indiscretion of M. de Lavalette, indisposed the other powers, and afforded a pretext to our own Government to stand aloof. In this country the policy and person of the French Emperor had been unpopular. With the prejudice, mistrust, and ill-feeling which his name inspired, it is not to be wondered at that all his acts were viewed with suspicion; and the question of the holy places was at once, and as this result has shown, unfairly interpreted as the forerunner of new and more important pretensions,—as the continuation, in fact, of the plans of his uncle, whose hostility to England he was supposed to have inherited with his crown. It was at the moment of the invasion panic—which was so far useful that it roused us to strengthen our defences, and organise a naval and military force which we then little thought would be employed against Russia—that the French minister at Constantinople succeeded in obtaining immunities in favour of the Latin church, of which France assumed to be the protector. We will not now examine whether these privileges were of the exorbitant and unjust character ascribed to them. It is sufficient that they were so considered by Russia, and that the advantages extorted from the Porte for the monks of the holy cities were understood as placing the Greek communion in a condition of relative inferiority, and as realising a triumph over Russia in those places where she had long reigned supreme, and where she would brook no rival, much less a superior. From such a quarrel between rival churches, with the dogmas of which we had nothing in common, England properly kept apart, and France was left to find her own way, unaided, out of the unpleasant position in which her agents had placed her. No moment could be more propitious to Russia, ever watchful as she has always been of dissension between the western powers, and ever ready to take advantage of it. The French Government soon saw and met the danger. Its ambassador was recalled and disavowed. Explanations were promptly and

frankly given, and readily received ; and M. de Nesselrode himself, however disappointed or checked, was forced to admit that these explanations were perfectly satisfactory, and that the redress obtained in favour of the Latins was not of a nature to trench upon the immunities of the Greeks. That admission completely closed the question of the holy places in which France was exclusively interested. But scarcely had it terminated when the mission of Prince Menzchikoff assumed all at once a strange and startling aspect. It was soon seen that the holy places were but the mask which covered pretensions of far greater moment. The French Government, struck by the haughty and menacing tone of the Russian envoy, quickly understood the true cause of the vast military preparations of Russia, and became aware that they were the prelude to a state of things which would endanger the independence of the Sultan and the security of his states. It considered that France was bound by the treaties of 1841, to which she was a party, as well as by its position in Europe, not to regard with indifference the proceedings of Russia ; and, as a precautionary measure, it ordered the Mediterranean fleet to proceed on the 20th March to the Greek waters, and to remain there until further events rendered a nearer approach to the Sultan's capital necessary. When that order was issued, France alone declared its belief in the grave and threatening character of the pretensions of the Czar. Austria affected to give credit to the repeated assurances of Russian moderation, and continued to keep aloof ; and Lord Aberdeen, whose attention had been drawn by the public press, and, no doubt, by his own agents, to the coming storm, could perceive no cloud, no angry speck in the political horizon. The French government, as is proved by the despatches in the *Moniteur*, persisted in its conviction that the most serious dangers were at hand ; and that Russia believed that the long expected moment had arrived for realizing her traditional policy in the East—the annihilation of the Ottoman Empire, or its absorption, by the process of previous degrada-

tion. France considered that under such circumstances complete obstruction was impossible, and that, so far as England was concerned, the necessity of maintaining her maritime superiority ought to be a sufficient motive for her participation in a more active policy. The instructions to M. de Lacour, dated the 22d March, presupposed the adherence of the British Government to that policy ; the co-operation of the English squadron was anticipated for months previously, and, in his despatch of the 3d June, M. Drouyn de Lhuys presumed that the policy of the French Cabinet would soon become that of the Powers who were equally, if not more interested than France in the maintenance of the Treaties of 1841. This energetic conduct, and the conviction which began to creep over the slow mind of Lord Aberdeen, produced some effect. On the 3d June, the English squadron received orders similar to those of the French, and at length it sailed for Besiea Bay. In the course of the same month, Austria and Prussia, roused to a sense of the impending danger, mustered courage enough to show symptoms of resistance to the pretensions of Russia, and in the month of July these two Powers united with England and France in the Vienna note, with the avowed object of maintaining peace. We are bound to admit that throughout this operation the French Government acted in a manner that redounds to its honour, and that subsequent events have fully justified its original apprehensions and precautions. The Vienna note, was very properly regarded by the Divan as leaving a door open to the encroachments of Russia. The instinct of impending danger rendered the Porte more acute than usual, and its fears, which had been termed puerile, were completely justified by the commentary of M. de Nesselrode, who accepted the note for the same reasons that made the Sultan reject it. The plenipotentiaries were confounded (or at least affected to be so) on learning that the elaborate state paper, which had been so carefully worded, and which had stood the scrutinizing glance and the keen criticism of the collective statesmanship of the Four Cabinets, was, in

point of fact, nothing less than the Menzchikoff *ultimatum*, which had been indignantly rejected by the same conference that adopted the Vienna note. Matters now became more complicated and alarming. The war which began to rage on the banks of the Danube, with every prospect of a long duration, produced its fatal effects on the commerce of western Europe; and as the hope of preserving peace became weaker each day, the union of the four great Powers was found to be more necessary. The consequence of this resolution was a new conference, which opened on the 5th December 1853. The note of the 13th January was the result. It was, no doubt, intended as the bond by which the Powers pledged themselves to act together for the peace of Europe; for, notwithstanding the suspicious conduct of Austria, it was clear that she, even more than any other, was interested in resisting any attempt to violate international law. The French Government acted throughout this affair with much prudence, foresight, and loyalty. We have it on record that Louis Napoleon and his Government saw from the commencement the aim of Russia, and fully appreciated the grave and alarming character of the events which were preparing in the East. The Emperor of the French had, as we have said, been exposed to a great deal of obloquy in this country. He had encountered the sullenness or hostility of our Government; he had to contend with the intrigues of political parties in France, the most selfish and unprincipled of all, the *Fusionists*; and he exhibited throughout the sagacity which foresaw, and the judgment which estimated, the full importance of the situation—as well as the courage to face it. He who had been suspected of a design to trample all obligations under foot, to disregard faith and honour, stood forth boldly, first, and alone, to defend the inviolability of treaties; and he summoned the nations of Europe to co-operate with him. Insulted by suspicions of his good faith, and baffled in his attempts to conciliate his enemies, he yet did not abandon the task he had undertaken. He at length succeeded in bringing over England. Austria

and Prussia, ever timorous, hesitating, and slow, inclined to the manly policy of which France had set the example, and the question of the Holy Places, which had been confined to Russia and France, soon lost its original character, and assumed another, which now interests and agitates the whole of the European continent. We live in strange times! One of the strangest events to which the Eastern question has given rise is, that Napoleon III.—the “idiot,” as a noble lord in the present Cabinet was wont to call him—the penniless adventurer, the man regardless of all ties, of all faith, should be the person to remind the Conservative Governments of Europe of the treaties they themselves had framed, and to summon them to execute them faithfully. Louis Napoleon is no longer an outcast; nor is France isolated. His alliance, on the contrary, is courted; and among his former foes are some who find no terms too extravagant to celebrate his disinterestedness and his loyalty. The French despatches do honour to the sovereign who inspired, and the minister who drew them up; and they are in every respect worthy of the great nation whose title to our friendship is, that she has been the most formidable and honourable of our enemies.

Foresight, moderation, and firmness are, as we have observed, the characteristics of French policy in the Eastern question. In these despatches we see the French minister anticipate the moment when negotiation would become fruitless, and when all honourable mode of arrangement would be rejected by Russia. In its earlier stages we find the French ambassador in London, earnestly and repeatedly urged to come to an understanding with the English Cabinet on the conduct which, in such an emergency, it would be necessary to adopt. It is to the repeated instances of M. Drouyn de Lhuys we owe it, that identical instructions were given to M. de Lacour and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, which directed that the fleets should enter the Dardanelles if the Russians did not evacuate the Principalities which they had invaded. Yet the fatal hesitation of Lord Aberdeen may be traced even in the resolves of

the French minister. In the decided measure adopted by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, there appeared an unwillingness to break off rudely with Russia. In his despatch of the 1st September, that minister informs Count Walewski, that the presence of the fleets at the entrance of the Dardanelles—*outside the castles*—if demanded by the Porte—was rather a measure of precaution against the weather, than an encouragement to the Porte in its refusal to the reasonable demands of Russia. It may be that such a declaration was with a view to allay any alarm which might be felt by the German states at the onward movement of the fleet. We find additional evidence of the unwillingness to occasion fresh embarrassment in the cause assigned for the first appearance of a detachment of the squadron before Constantinople. That pretext was the apprehension of insurrection against the Sultan by the *Ulemas*, and the massacre of the Christian population. We have no doubt that there was considerable dissatisfaction manifested by the Turks at the delays of their *soi-disant* allies; and that there existed much irritation at the conduct of the western Courts, who had advised the Porte to resist the demands of Russia; excited it to use all the means at its disposal to maintain that resistance; and who, when Turkey was left exposed to the wrath of her formidable enemy, still lingered at the mouth of the Dardanelles. But we look in vain for satisfactory proofs of the plots of insurrection and massacre attributed to the Mussulman population, and assigned as the cause of the presence of the fleets at Constantinople. We regard the whole thing as one of those paltry subterfuges, of which we find so many instances throughout this proceeding. Nothing was, however, gained by it; and neither the Emperor of Russia nor the public was deceived. The Christian population of Stamboul showed no sign of apprehension, and we have reason to believe that they disclaimed, so far as they were concerned, any such motive. The Turks were offended at being accused of a crime which they had not contemplated, and outraged by being falsely accused by Christians of treason to their own sovereign. With the arrival

of the fleets before Constantinople, vanished the danger of the Christians, of which, however, they were perfectly unconscious; as also of the Sultan, who, though informed that the vengeance of his subjects had placed his crown and life in danger, yet, in all the consciousness of security, had not ceased for a single day to appear in public, in the streets and public places where the population is in greatest number;—that population which our Ministers pretended to believe was watching the first favourable occasion to depose or assassinate him. He never failed to pray at the stated hours in the *mosque*, when the plotting *Ulemas*, and the fanatical *Soflas* explained or studied the Koran. Not only no insult was offered to him in word, act, or perhaps thought; but his highness was on all occasions received with the same respect, reverence and affection which Abdul-Medjid, ever since his accession to the throne, has proved himself deserving of.

The fleets having gone up for a special service, which it was not called upon to perform, the next question was, what was to be done with them, and where they should go next? An extract from the despatch of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to Count Walewski of the 4th, shows the anxiety of the French Government to get as quickly as possible out of the awkward position in which their assent to that contemptible policy placed them. The French minister took up the matter with courage, and like a man of business:—"The question now is to determine as to the employment of our naval forces. The Emperor is of opinion that our fleet is destined to play an important part in the defence of the Ottoman empire. It might serve to cover Constantinople, and to operate, if necessary, on the western coast of the Black Sea, as far up as Varna, &c." This plan was not, however, executed. Some difficulty arose on the part of Austria and Prussia, and these powers did not think, notwithstanding the intended massacre of the Christians, and the deposition of the Sultan, that the appearance of the combined forces in the Bosphorus, much less their entry into the Black Sea, was sufficiently called for. Whether right or wrong, their influence

arrested the further proceedings, which, if we are to credit M. Drouyn de Lhuys, had been already contemplated by the Emperor of the French. The fleets of France and England remained, therefore, in a state of inactivity near the Golden Horn, and negotiations again commenced. New collective notes were drawn up, and the idea of another quadruple intervention, with, of course, a view to a pacific solution, was again revived. The prospect grew brighter. The inexorable Czar appeared to take pity on our cabinet; to smile graciously on the minister of the "*beau rôle*," the gentle and confiding friend of Nesselrode. The Emperor of Russia, whose preparations were not as yet complete, showed a disposition to treat: and, false throughout, gave assurances that he would not assume the offensive on any point. "Our latest intelligence," says M. Drouyn de Lhuys, so recently as the 15th December—"our latest intelligence from St. Petersburg is to the effect that Russia is resolved to treat, and, above all, to adopt no offensive measures, and our confidence in this may suffice to explain the inactivity of the fleets." But the pacific declarations of Russia, which we fear M. Castelbajac too readily believed, were but the cloak under which the attack on the Turkish squadron of Sinope, and the massacre which followed, were concealed. With such a deed perpetrated at so short a distance from the spot where the flags of England and France were floating together, the fleets could not linger any more in the Bosphorus. They entered the Black Sea, and what was termed a *policy of action* commenced. Prussia and Austria were startled from their propriety, but they still followed on in the pursuit of that peace, which, when nearest, always eluded their grasp,—and

"Like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as they follow, flies."

The attitude of France and England became more decided, and at length, after much hesitation, the Russian ambassadors were recalled from Paris and London.

In the course of the long operation which preceded the rupture of diplo-

matic relations, the judgment of M. Drouyn de Lhuys appeared nowhere to greater advantage than in the accuracy with which he divined and unmasked the real designs of the Czar in the matter of the Holy Shrines, while our noble Premier looked on credulous and confiding. The anger of the Czar, so much out of proportion to the offence, had, to be sure, something suspicious in it, and to the uninitiated or unsuspecting was utterly inexplicable. M. Drouyn de Lhuys knew well the cause of that immense wrath. It was not on account of the miserable squabbles of Latin and Greek monks that the vast bodies of troops traversed the plains of southern Russia, that stores sufficient for an immense army and for a long campaign were accumulated in the magazines of Odessa, and that vast preparations were made at Sebastopol.

The absorbing interest which attached to events in Western Europe since the revolution of 1848—the revolution which had convulsed nearly every continental state—had occupied the public mind to the exclusion of everything else; and Russia availed herself of the storm which raged everywhere, except in her own territory, to realise her aggressive projects. Her political and religious influence had long been paramount at Constantinople. The arrival of M. de Lavalette first threatened to disturb that monopoly. Indeed, any allusion, however slight, to the capitulation, of 1741, instantly alarmed Russia; and Prince Menzhikoff, finding that the secret of the Czar was discovered, hastened to present his ultimatum, with all the aggravating and insulting circumstances already known. The French Government explained at length to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg the motives and the extent of the French demands with reference to the Holy Places; but the head of the Orthodox Church refused to listen, he would bear no rival in the East. "There is established," said M. Drouyn de Lhuys in his despatch of the 21st March to General Castelbajac, "an important political usage in Europe. It consists in this, that the Powers interest themselves in common in certain general interests, and overcome, by means of their diplomacy, difficulties which at

another period could only be terminated by force of arms. Be so good, then General, as to demand of M. de Nesselrode if the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, repudiating the principle which has prevailed for thirty years in the relations of the great Powers with each other, means to constitute itself the sole arbiter of the destinies of Turkey, and if for that common policy, to which the world is indebted for its repose, Russia means to substitute a policy of isolation and domination which would necessarily constrain the other Cabinets in the approaching crisis to consult only their own interests and to act only with a view to their private views." Russia did not choose to comprehend the full significance of that intimation; and though she herself had often been among the first to solicit an European combination when there appeared a chance of her deriving advantage from it, she yet haughtily rejected the proposal when it crossed, or did not promote, her ambition. Her great object was to treat with Turkey *without the intervention of a third party*; and it was the arrogant manner in which she met the advances of the Western Powers, or rather forbade them to meddle in what she regarded as a domestic quarrel between a vassal and its master, that attracted general attention to the question, and gave it a European character. We find no point more strongly insisted on by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in his despatches to General Casteljajac, than not permitting Russia to assume this exclusive right of dictating her will on the Oriental question. It is superfluous to say that France had no intention of excluding her from a fair share; but beyond that she would not go. Fearing the probability of a cordial union between England and France, an event which, so long as Lord Aberdeen directed the affairs of state, he would not believe possible, the whole force of the Emperor's policy was directed to prevent or break it off if it had been already formed. Heretofore the Czar had fully approved the conduct of his noble friend, and we find more than once, in the papers laid before Parliament, the warm expression of imperial gratitude. Happy minister! It falls to the lot of few to be enabled

to boast of such certificates of conduct as those from Louis Philippe in 1846, and from Nicholas in 1853. It is true that the excellent qualities so much admired rendered it easy for a hypocrite to overreach, and an overbearing despot to insult, England. The English and French alliance must be broken off at any cost. The insults to the French Emperor, and the French people, were still ringing in the ears of the public. The impertinencies of two members of the Aberdeen Cabinet—the wriggling of miserable sycophancy which met with the contempt it merited—when alluding to the ruler of France, were fresh in the memory of all. The invasion fever had not been entirely allayed; the old suspicions of the insincerity of the French Government, and the jealousies and hatreds which had been dormant, might again be roused. France must be isolated, and the partisans of the Orleans family, the "Fusionists," or by whatever nickname they are known, already exulted in the shame which they invoked at the head of a foreign despot on their own country. The Chancellor of the Russian Empire brought all his ability to the task. He accused France of ambition, and reproached her with being the cause of the quarrel by her conduct in the question of the Holy Places. The point was a sore one, as, however disingenuously it is revived by Russia, it was nevertheless a fact, that the quarrel followed hard on the demands of M. de Lavalette. M. de Nesselrode, with true Muscovite candour, omitted to add that he himself had expressed his satisfaction and approbation of the fair and honourable manner in which the French Government had brought that question to an issue. That account had been finally closed. A considerable portion of the despatches of M. Drouyn de Lhuys is taken up with a refutation of those charges, and it is admitted on all hands that his refutation of them is satisfactory and complete. With the history of Russian aggression for the last century before us, the charge of ambition against another power was strange in the mouth of a Russian minister. But the capitulations of 1741, which confirmed the previous immunities of the

Latin communion in the East, were not, after all, of a nature to offend or alarm any one. The sort of protectorate which they established was not menacing to any power in Europe, inasmuch as they applied to establishments which were under the protection of all alike; whilst the Greek protectorate was of the most exclusive character, and, as has been shown in a previous article, was not religious, but political, and aimed at placing the whole Ottoman Empire at the feet of Russia.

Another point which M. Drouyn de Lhuys has handled successfully, is that which relates to the difference in the measures adopted in common by France and England, when affairs reached a most alarming point, and those which Russia, in the impatience of her ambition, adopted at the very outset. In the despatch of the 11th June, General Castelbajac is enjoined to apprise the Russian Government of the position in which it was about to place itself with respect to the rest of Europe; to warn it that it was grievously mistaken if it counted upon allies in the realisation of its designs, and particularly upon the German states. Indeed, it was not probable that these states would see with indifference the Lower Danube in the possession of a powerful government, which might at will obstruct its navigation, and at any moment block up a commercial outlet of so much importance. The French Minister clearly showed that the conduct of Russia was in opposition to the general interests of Europe; and that the realisation of the doctrines of the Russian Chancellor meant, in point of fact, the subjugation of the weaker states to the will of one great power. The replies of M. de Nesselrode are, of course, replete with the same pacific declarations which had produced so soporific an effect on our own Government, and with solemn denials of ambitious views, which present a curious contrast with the warlike preparations which were never for a moment suspended except by difficulties independent of the will of Russia. It was soon seen that, *comme qui coule*, Russia was determined not to give way. Smooth and hypocritical, like a thief at the bar, who profits by the scanti-

ness of the evidence at first brought against him, earnestly to protest his innocence, she became bold, insolent, and defying, like the same culprit when accumulated proofs leave no doubt of his guilt. There are some despatches that have not been inserted in the *Moniteur*, but we have little doubt that the omitted ones are not less moderate, less firm, and not less characterised by good sense and dignity than those we have noticed; and if any such doubt existed, the *ultimatum*, which was at once followed by a complete rupture of diplomatic relations, would suffice to remove it. Towards the close of December all was over. The massacre of Sinope had taken place, and no further hope remained of obtaining any satisfactory result from a power which in its diplomacy, as its hostility, appeared to have all at once lost every sentiment of truth, justice, and humanity. The autograph letter of the Emperor Napoleon is little more than a summary of the despatch of the 25th December, of the notes addressed to M. de Kisseleff before his departure from Paris, and of the last letter of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the French ambassador at St. Petersburg.

We believe the Emperor of Russia to have been led into his present difficult position—a position from which escape, unless through a disastrous war, seems almost impossible—by the erroneous information he received, with respect to the state of public feeling in France and England, from “antiquated imbecilities” of both countries. In ordinary times it would be no easy task to so impose on any person of intelligence, even much inferior to that of the Emperor Nicholas; and his facility of belief in the present instance can only be explained by the social and political complications supposed to exist in a country which has gone through so many violent changes. Under the *regime* of Louis Philippe, the female diplomats of the Rue St. Florentin were enabled to ascertain with accuracy, and communicate with fidelity, the secret policy of the Tuileries. In the Russian *salons* of Paris, the centre, of the more important *espionage*, were nightly assembled ministers, ex-ministers, functionaries past and pre-

sent; and, in fine, all who, in official *parlance*, were supposed to represent France. The secrets, the gossip, the scandal of every political coterie in the capital, were discharged there; as in one common reservoir; and were thence transmitted for the information, or amusement, of the Imperial Court of Russia. The ministers of the citizen-king were too eager to propitiate the favour of the northern Court, to withhold their confidence from any of the Czar's agents, official or non-official. The revolution of February rudely interfered with that machinery, directed by a well-known *intrigante*. Attendance at a half-dozen saloons no longer sufficed to obtain a knowledge of the state of the country. Whilst a dozen dowagers of the old schools, and as many retired, discontented, or broken-down statesmen, and a few amateur republicans, were indulging in reveries of a restoration, or the re-establishment of a convention, with its appendages of committees of public safety, the dream was broken by the acclamations of millions, who bestowed absolute power on the only man capable of saving them. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg could not be expected to know more about the country than those who had for so many years administered its affairs. The agents of Russia beheld the struggle that had been going on so long among political coteries, the selfish disputes of discarded placemen, and their ephemeral and hollow reconciliations; and they supposed that, because adventurers quarrelled, or political coteries made war on each other, the nation was similarly divided. The diplomatic communications of that period must be curious; and we confess we should like to be permitted a perusal of the confidential correspondence of the well-known *diplomate*, in petticoats, who for so many years was the pet agent of the Czar, and for whom existence was valueless unless passed in the atmosphere of political intrigue, to which it had been so long accustomed. When speaking of confidential correspondence, we do not, of course, allude to those indecent libels penned daily in the French capital; and, we regret to say, with the knowledge, or under the superintendence,

of persons who, though known for profligacy in private life, were the confidential companions, and bosom friends, of personages whose praises we have heard, even to satiety, for austerity of morals, and who are held up as samples of every public and private virtue. Those chroniclers of scandal spared neither sex, nor age, nor rank. The meanest agency was set to work to furnish amusement for the *Cabinet* of the Czar during his hours of recreation; and to record stories and anecdotes in the style and manner of *Tailemunt des Réaux*, the *Œil de Bœuf*, or the *Chevalier de Faublas*. With such unerring guides, it is no wonder that the Czar believed that the propitious moment was come. It was represented to him that the Court of Paris was more corrupt, more profligate, than that of Louis XV.; that all France was impoverished, degraded, and discontented, anxious to throw off the yoke of the Buonaparte, eager to receive a sovereign flung to it by any foreign despot; or, at all events, utterly incapable of resisting any encroachment, much less avenging any insult from abroad. The ruler of France, he was told, was overwhelmed by the difficulties that naturally encompass every government in its commencement. His declaration of the *pacific* policy of the empire was but the unwilling avowal of his weakness, and of his fears. The agitation of political parties, he believed, ruined the country, though, since 1789, political intrigues, secret societies, and conspiracies never were more powerless than at the moment we speak of. The agents who thus instructed the Emperor of Russia crowned those reports by depicting Louis Napoleon as apathetic, because they saw him calm; as hesitating and timid, because they saw him patient and moderate.

We have no doubt that the Emperor of Russia was led into similar error with respect to this country. He was assured that it had become selfish and apathetic from its unexampled prosperity; and that so opulent and so sensual a nation would never expose itself, after so long a peace, to the chances and the dangers of a long war, for the sake of maintaining the integrity and indepen-

dence of an empire whose people preferred the Koran to the Bible. Their commercial prudence, the love of ease, engendered by opulence, the long period of time that passed since the wars with the first Napoleon, the many important interests which have grown up since then, religious antipathy, everything, in fact, indisposed the English nation to interfere with his designs in Turkey. But the presence in the government of a statesman, recently so ridiculed and insulted by those who were now his colleagues, believed to be a warm admirer of the Emperor of Russia, and known for his cold hatred of the Emperor of the French, was considered the most fortunate circumstance of all; it was, at any rate, a guarantee against any favourable understanding with France or her ruler. Letters, said to be from that statesman, addressed to one of the former ministers of Louis Philippe, were read in one of the principal Russian saloons in Paris, the most notorious of all for intrigues, and the resort of the leaders of every anti-national party. These letters, asserted to be genuine, are described as having alluded, in terms of the greatest contempt, to the person, the character, and the intellect of Louis Napoleon; and as containing declarations that, under no circumstances whatever, could England act with France so long as its present regime lasted. The scum of the Orleanist agency were sent round to circulate the news, and despatches addressed to St. Petersburg repeated the same. The tone of a portion of the daily press in England with reference to France seemed to confirm those assurances, and to render the formation of a coalition against the French Emperor, in which it was hoped England would join, by no means a difficult nor an improbable task. The falsest of all these calculations was unquestionably that which represented England as labouring under an oppression of wealth, a plethora of opulence, of which indifference, timidity, and inaction were the consequences. Yet such is the description given of us to Russia by Orleanists, whose incapacity and cowardice produced the overthrow of the dynasty of July. The acquisition of wealth and power

supposes the possession of great energy of character; for those qualities we have been distinguished above all other people. That we have not become wearied or satiated, the events of each day that passes over our heads prove; and whatever be the period at which we are destined to reach the declining point, and which such scribblers as Ledru Rollin and the like maintain we have attained, we ourselves believe that the fatal moment is still far distant. We have shown energy without example since the time of the Romans, in making ourselves what we are; and we are ready to let the world see that we know how to maintain the power which was supposed to have enervated us, with more than Roman courage. With admitted social and political evils, far less, however, than any other nation on earth, we have not become corrupt or effeminate. It is not true that the extraordinary development of our public and private fortune has buried us in that shameful indolence which made the Romans so easy a prey to the barbarians. Prosperity has not made us forget or disregard our rights. The wonderful development of our railway communications and our steam navigation, the extension of our commerce, the pacification of India, the colonisation of Africa, ought to have shown the Emperor of Russia that we have not yet fallen from our high estate in the political or moral world. The mighty fleets and the gallant bands of warriors that are even now conveying to him our answer to his insolent defiance, will show him the magnitude of his error. Our courage and our activity, our resolution in council, and our sternness in execution, are in proportion to the grandeur of the interests we have to defend. Our decline, much less our fall, has not yet commenced; and if any foreign or domestic friend has persuaded Russia that we resemble the Romans in the latter days of their empire, and that we are in a condition to fall a prey to the barbarians, he is an idiot or a calumniator.

Nothing is now so clear as that the Emperor of Russia has been most grossly deceived with respect to Turkey; but it is just to admit that the

error has been also shared by many who should know better. Prince Menzchikoff, during his short sojourn at Constantinople, had only time to insult the Sultan and his government, but also time to rouse a spirit of resentment and resistance. The backwardness of Turkey in civilisation was taken as a proof of her weakness and her deficiency in moral courage. But with all her shortcomings the old Mussulman spirit still subsisted amid the ruins of her former glory. It has been said that there are qualities which are effaced or destroyed by refinement, but there are others which live without it, though the occasion may have seldom occurred to call them forth. Turkish patriotism was regarded as a bye-word; Turkish loyalty as a mockery;—Turkish courage was more than doubtful; and nothing remained of the daring valour which, in other times, made Christendom quail before the Crescent, except that vigour of faith which once distinguished the children of the Prophet; and even that, we were led to believe, had degenerated into a brutal and ignoble fanaticism, capable of vulgar crime, but unequal to a single act of heroism. The arrogant envoy of Russia rendered an essential service, not to his imperial master, but to his intended victim. His insults roused the dormant spirit of the Mussulman. The Ottoman army was undisciplined—unprovided with the commonest necessities; the navy was but the melancholy remnant of Navarino; the Sultan's authority was weakened by internal abuses and disorders; his territory dismembered by the separation of Greece, and by the all but successful rebellion of Egypt. Those to whom he looked for aid or protection against his colossal foe were long cold, if not hostile to him; yet Turkey rose with a courage and a dignity which have extorted applause, and won respect, even from those who were most indisposed to her cause, politically and religiously. She summoned her children about her; appealed, *not* to the relentless fanaticism of their creed, but to their manlier and nobler instincts; and after making every sacrifice, every concession consistent with self-respect, to appease or disarm her unscrupulous and faithless enemy, who

was bent on her destruction, drew the sword in the cause of her independence. Whilst still uncertain whether she was to maintain the struggle alone and unsympathised with, against fearful odds, she advanced to the contest with a bravery worthy of better times, and with a success which has astonished her friends as well as foes. The feelings which Prince Menzchikoff believed he could most safely outrage were those which quickened the nation into life and vigour. The Emperor of Russia was astonished at a result so different from what he was led to expect. The advices which had reached him from his friends in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople, were such as might have been true some twenty years ago, but were false in 1853. France and England were said to be divided, and likely to remain so as long as a Bonaparte ruled the destinies of the former, and as long as Lord Aberdeen directed the administration of the latter. France had become exhausted by revolution, discontented with her new chief, demoralised, and rotten at the very heart;—no remedy to restore her, till the Count de Chambord, or the Count de Paris, was restored to the throne; and with England satiated and unwieldy with unwholesome prosperity, no desire remained, no passion survived, but that of enjoying in undisturbed tranquillity what she had hardly acquired. Count Orloff has learned something at Vienna; but it does not appear that the lesson has much profited him or his impious master.

In these multiplied and intricate transactions, in which Russia was alternately the deceived and the deceiver, there is one point in particular to which we would direct the attention of our readers. We allude to the claim made by the Porte to the intervention of the great powers in its quarrel with Russia. It is a claim based on equity and on international law, which it is impossible to dispute. Previous to 1841, Turkey was hardly looked upon as forming part of the general combination of European states in the settlement of any great international question. Rightly or wrongly the Turks were considered less as forming an integral part of the European family of nations, than as an agglomeration

meration of various tribes of warriors bound together only by a common superstition and a common fanaticism; not rooted in the soil they occupied, but merely encamped on the outskirts of Christendom. The treaties of 1841, which facilitated to France the resumption of her place in Europe, after her separation the previous year, also admitted Turkey to that general political association. That privilege or right Turkey has not forgotten in her hour of need, as we believe she would have done in her hour of prosperity; and in her appeal to the world against the pretensions of Russia, she summoned Austria, France, Prussia, and Great Britain, in the name of those solemn obligations, to come to her aid. She maintained that her participation in what is termed, in diplomatic parlance, the *Concerte Européen*, was recognised; and she showed, we think successfully, that henceforth all questions affecting the independence and integrity of her territory should be brought before the great tribunal of European states, and not left to the judgment of a single and an interested power. The principle of the right claimed by Turkey was admitted by the Cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London; and that recognition is manifest in the documents that have been made public. In the note addressed to the Austrian Cabinet on the 31st December, 1853, we find this declaration:—"The multiplicity of the relations and the alliances of the Sublime Porte, and of the European States giving to it, in every respect, the right and the faculty of participating in the community which binds these States to each other, and to the security which they derive from them, the necessity will be left of confirming and completing in that sense the treaty of 1841, and for that it reposes on the friendly efforts of the allied Courts." And the allied Courts, in turn, declared, "that the Russian Government, which invaded the territory of the Sultan, had placed itself in opposition with the resolutions declared by the great powers of Europe in 1840 and 1841. That, moreover, the spirit of the important transaction in which Russia took part in 1841 with the other powers, and with Turkey her-

self, is opposed to the pretensions that the affairs of the East should be treated otherwise than in common, and in the conferences in which all these interests should be examined and discussed. And it must be well understood that every such question must be treated by *five*; and that it does not belong to *one* or to *two* cabinets to settle, separately or apart, interests which may affect the whole of Europe." The allies of Turkey also added, "that the treaty of 1841, in the meaning of which all are this day agreed, is to serve as the basis of operations. All the powers who have signed that treaty are qualified to appeal to it. We present ourselves as the defenders of that treaty, violated in its spirit, and as the supporters of the equilibrium of Europe, menaced by the power which seemed, more than any other, to have the pretension of constituting herself the guardian of it. The cause for which we are armed is that of all." That claim of Turkey to form part of the European community is precisely the one to which Russia is inexorably opposed. Its admission would destroy the monopoly of interference and protection which the Czar wishes to maintain over Turkey, and we need not therefore be surprised at the stern refusals which the good offices of any other power have invariably encountered at St. Petersburg. Russia insisted throughout that the question only regarded Russia and Turkey; it denied the right of any one to interfere, except in advising Turkey to submit to her dictates; and to the last she rejected all intervention or mediation. It is true that intervention menaced the fundamental principle on which the traditional policy of Russia is based; and the day that the Treaty of 1841 forms part of the international law of Europe, the designs of Russia on Turkey are at once arrested. Russia will then have lost all exclusive rights; and all questions of public interest affecting the Porte must be treated by all the states who have affixed their signatures to that important instrument.

We are decidedly of opinion that the view taken by Turkey of the rights created for her by this new state of things, is the correct one; and we

submit that the interpretation which gives the greatest effect to the joint engagement of the four powers, is that which is most conformable to the spirit and meaning of its farmers. "The important act of this Convention," said M. Guizot in the Chamber of Peers, "is to have included the Porte itself, the inviolability of the sovereign rights of the Sultan, the repose of the Ottoman Empire in the public law of Europe. Therein is comprised the general recognition—the recognition made in common, and officially declared—of the inviolability of the sovereign rights of the Porte, and of the consolidation of the Turkish Empire. It cannot be supposed that France would have refused to facilitate by her adhesion the execution of that act." "The Turco-Egyptian question," said the same minister in the Chamber of Deputies, "was settled—the question of Constantinople remained. What is the object the policy of Europe has in view for a long time past with reference to Constantinople? It is to withdraw Constantinople from exclusive protection; to admit Turkey into our European law; and to prevent her from becoming the Portugal of Russia. Well, then, a step has been made towards that end. It is true that the Porte has not been secured from ambition of all kinds—from all the chances of the future; but, at all events, we have an official instrument, signed by all the great powers of Europe, which admits Turkey into the European law, which declares that it is the intention of all the great powers to respect the inviolability of the Sultan's rights, and to consolidate the repose of the Ottoman Empire."

There is no doubt that Russia is deeply interested in the possession of Constantinople. It is equally certain that whenever she becomes mistress of both shores of the Bosphorus, she would in an incredibly short time, add to her present pre-eminent military character, that of a first-rate commercial and maritime power. The populations that would then acknowledge the supremacy of the *Knout* would be over eighty millions; and the seventy millions of Christians professing the Greek faith would bow their necks to the political and reli-

gious autocrat. Russia would then indeed hold at her girdle the keys of the Caspian Sea, the Lake of Azoff, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean. The possession of Syria and Egypt would before long follow, as a matter of course, that of Turkey in Europe; and, soon, the fairest regions in the world, the most fertile shores of that inland sea, would fall under her rule. A single glance at the map will enable us to comprehend the magnificence, the vast extent of such an acquisition; and the mind may dwell with wonder on the immensity of the new Russian Empire in Europe and Asia, and anticipate the supremacy she would gain by the conquest of Constantinople, which opens to her a path to the very heart of civilised Europe. That Russia should make gigantic efforts, and risk, as she is now risking, her rank as a first-rate Power, if not her existence, to attain such an object, is not astonishing. The fair capital that stands on the Bosphorus is the guarantee of the empire of the world. It is more than the ambition of Alexander, of Charlemagne, or of Napoleon, ever dreamed the realization of; and if treachery or violence ever gives it to Russia, the irresistible and universal domination of Rome over the rest of the world, after the fall of Carthage, alone furnishes an example of what Russia would then become.

Russia has, by the tolerance or apathy of Europe, been singularly favoured since the seventeenth century; and she whose name was not even mentioned in the Treaty of Westphalia, which defined the limits of the great European states, has risen to gigantic proportions since then. She has invariably availed herself, as she is now ready to do, of the disensions of the western kingdoms; she has absorbed provinces and nations of various tongues, religions, and races; and has opened her way, through the territories of her neighbours, to the shores of two seas. Her hand it was that put an end to the existence of Poland. It was she that paralysed Sweden and Denmark; and it is by her that Persia and Turkey have been pushed on to their ruin. The history of her crimes in Poland is the same as that of her plunder in Turkey, Georgia, and Persia; and the partition of the ancient north

ern kingdom is now to be repeated with the Ottoman Empire. The means she employs are ever the same;—menaces and caresses by turns;—attempts at exclusive intervention;—a slow but steady system of dismemberment;—pretensions and claims, as impudently advanced as they are unfounded; then apparently withdrawn, postponed, placed in abeyance, seemingly forgotten, but never finally abandoned; revived with hypocritical humility, or with arrogance, according to circumstances; pretexts of quarrel of the most imaginary and untenable kind; intimidation mingled with seduction. Nothing is too bold, too base for her selfishness. Her princes and nobles are spies; her princesses—worse. No profligacy is too gross, no crime is too enormous, that advances by one inch the influence of “Holy Russia.” War is undertaken for no other object than to arrive at conventions ruinous to the conquered. Such is the hereditary policy of Russia; such it has been since she first assumed a standing in Europe; and we say it to our shame, that her unexampled success is in great part owing to the selfishness of some, the exaggerated fears of others, and the indifference and apathy of all the states of Europe. If England and France had but pronounced a *veto* in 1774, Poland might, with a reformed constitution, and an improved administration, still be an independent kingdom, and stand the barrier between the barbarism of the north and the civilisation of the west. If the Western Powers had directed their attention a little more frequently, and more earnestly to Turkey, the events against which we are now prepared might not have taken place. Even now, it is not too late; and we firmly believe that it is in the power, as we have little doubt it is the desire, of Europe, to arrest for many years the aggressive policy of Russia.

We have heard one argument advanced against our interference to save Turkey from Russia, and which seems to have made a certain impression in some quarters. We think the argument to be more specious than real; and the only reason we notice it here is, because it has been dwelt upon by persons whose opinions are in other respects entitled to consider-

ation. We are told that it is a shame and a scandal for a civilised and religious nation to go to war in support of a barbarous and unbelieving Government. If such an argument mean anything, it must mean that England is to have no ally but such as can boast of equal civilisation, and profess the same faith as ourselves. We deny that we go to war, and in support of Turkey, in order to insure the supremacy of the Koran over the Bible, of the Crescent over the Cross, of barbarism over civilisation. We take the part of Turkey, not on religious grounds, but on political; to prevent the extension of Russia in those parts of Europe and Asia where her power would seriously endanger the vital interests of Western Europe; to maintain what is termed the balance of Europe; or, in other words, to prevent any one Power from growing to such a colossal size as that all the others would be at her mercy. We do not go to war to continue Mussulman barbarism, or to perpetuate the despotism under which the Christian populations have groaned. The conditions on which France and England afford succour to the Sultan are, that the reform long since commenced by Sultan Mahmoud, and continued by Abdul Medjid, shall be still further developed; and that the Christian subjects of the Porte, whose condition has materially improved, shall be placed on an equality with the Mussulmans. As well might it be said that our wars in Spain had for their object the protection of the Roman Catholic religion, the consolidation of the influence of the Pope, the re-establishment of the Inquisition, or the perpetuation of the stupid despotism of Ferdinand. We entered on the Peninsular war, not for such objects, but for reasons similar to those which now lead us to the East;—to rescue the Spanish territory from the grasp of a usurper, from the power of a conqueror whose ambition of universal rule was not less than that of Nicholas; to prevent the whole of Europe from falling under the dominion of a single potentate. In this country we denounce the doctrines of the Church of Rome as contrary to Scripture, and we, a Protestant Government, employed its armies in defence of a nation whose principle has

been, and still is, intolerance of all other creeds but its own, and against a Government which, whatever may have been its faults, had not, at all events, religious intolerance among them. In no country is the Roman Catholic religion made to assume a more odious form than in Spain. We are told that the Turks speak of Christians as "dogs;" but, in Christian Spain, English Protestants are actually treated as dogs, or worse. We have seen, and this within a very few years, those who fought and bled, and died in the cause of Spanish independence, flung, like offal, into a hole, or left to rot on the sea coast below high-water mark. We have, within the last few months, witnessed the tedious negotiations carried on between our Minister at Madrid and the Government in whose cause our blood and treasures have been spent with profusion, to obtain a secluded spot of earth wherein the bones of those of our countrymen, who still labour to introduce civilisation into that country, may be sheltered from pollution; and we have no cause to rejoice at its humiliating conclusion. When we are told of Turkish bigotry and intolerance, we would point to Madrid, to Naples, and to Tuscany. Turkish honour and Turkish fidelity to engagements will not suffer by a comparison with the Government of her most Catholic Majesty, as we presume those Englishmen who have had anything to do with it will be ready to admit. We are not of opinion that the barbarism of Turks is greater than that which may be found in many parts of the Spanish peninsula; and those who have travelled into the interior of both countries may bear witness to the fact that her Catholic Majesty's subjects, with the exception of the large towns, cannot be surpassed by any others in ignorance, sloth, and bigotry. Corrupt as the Turkish Government may have been, and badly administered as the country unquestionably is, we doubt whether the general run of Spanish statesmen have exhibited much more probity, integrity, and talent in government, with all the advantages of our example; and, in the matter of private morals, we think we could point out Spanish sovereigns who, all their piety and attachment to

Catholicism, have not much to boast over Sultan Abdul Medjid. We are not of opinion that, as respects mere civilisation, the Russian serfs are superior to the Turks. We have no evidence that Russia has made any improvement within the recollection of the present generation; while it is undeniable that, within the same space of time, Turkey had made, and is still making, material progress in its administration. Since the time of Mahmoud, Turkey,—though, of course, still far behind France and England—has effected immense ameliorations in all matters connected with internal navigation, with her military and naval establishments, and her political and judicial administration; and, from the great improvement that has taken place in the condition of her Christian populations, we are confident that, before long, she will realise the wish of Mahmoud, and those populations will be placed on a footing of political equality with the Mussulmans. We doubt whether all these things can be stated of Russia.

The Grand-duke Michael is said to have predicted the dismemberment of the Russian Empire soon after the death of the present autocrat. Whatever be the claims of that prince to the character of a prophet, it is evident that Russia is now approaching a more important crisis. Russia will give way, or she will not. If the former, her prestige is gone, and the pettiest Continental kingdom may regard her with indifference. If the latter, a more terrible fate may await her, for she can scarcely resist all that is powerful in Europe combined against her. Russia has been to Europe, for the last forty years, what a ball remaining in an old wound is to the limb of a veteran. Every change of temperature, the heat of summer, the cold of winter, produces uneasiness and pain. The ball must now be extracted; the wound must now be entirely closed up, that we may be all at rest.

Since the preceding pages were written, a "Confidential correspondence" has been brought to light, which no longer leaves any mystery in this once incomprehensible question. Our readers will find these important documents, and the indefensible conduct of the Ministry in the matter, fully discussed in the concluding article of this Number.

LIFE IN THE SAHARA.

Tired of poetical criticism, in which we last month so freely indulged, and turning with satisfaction from the political disquisitions now going through the press for the benefit of our sorely-perplexed countrymen, we feel disposed, cutting both poetry and politics, fairly to fly our shores, and recreate ourselves and readers in some less troubled quarter of the earth. Among the host of new books on our table, redolent of Cossack and Turk, Cross and Crescent, and here and there interspersed with cabalistic-looking titles, which, we are requested to believe, signify the "Doom of Turkey," or the "Drying up of the Euphrates"—lo, there peeps forth one of a more pacific hue. There, lustrous on its boards, rises the feathery palm-tree of the Desert,—the Arab tent,—the camel; and what an emblem of peace is that cross-legged Oriental, smoking his long pipe, imperturbable as a statue! *Sedit æternumque sedebit.* We open the book, and, amidst the intricacies of a very long title, catch the piquant words—"Wanderings in the African Sahara."* How we feel the breezes of the Desert come around us!—the freedom,—the expanse,—the wild novelty of the scene;—the heaving motion of the camel beneath us,—the flashing spears and pennons of the escort, as they whirl in mimic warfare around. Away into the Desert! with a sea of rigid white sand beneath, and a twin sea of glowing light above! On, over the waste, till the glare of day is done, and the cool breeze comes forth, and all the stars of night,—and we kiss our hand to the moon "walking in brightness," and say, with Southey,

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled by the sky!
How beautiful is night!"

What mystery hangs over this last-born of continents! whose plains are sea-beds, at whose vast upheaval the waters of ocean must have rushed furiously in all directions to regain their level. A land of mystery, from the days of Herodotus until now. How we long to join those yearly caravans, which, after leaving behind them the whole northern region of the coast, travel for sixty days southwards through the burning Sahara,—reaching springs but once a-week,—crossing alternately now mountain-ridges, now seas of sand; until, passing from oasis to oasis, they at length penetrate into the region of Soudaan,—the heart of Africa, the death-place of Clapperton, and Richardson, and Overweg,—and behold the great central lake of Tehad, the most inaccessible point on the globe, yet to within a few miles of whose shores the dying energies of Clapperton brought a boat,—whose waters have been navigated by his European comrade, and on whose bosom, perchance, that bark still floats, with the flag of England flying from its mast!

Such were the quick musings of the moment of imaginative pleasure which elapsed, as we cut open preface and contents, and plunged into the book itself. In a trice, the argument of the book is plain to us. After a residence of several years on the shores of North Africa—during which time he seems to have mastered the various dialects of the Arab tribes, and of course studied their manners—Mr. Davis, the reverend author, catches sight of an excellent opportunity for visiting the interior. "Sidy Mohammed Bey," he says, "the heir-apparent of the throne of Tunis,—a prince possessed of excellent qualities, among which extreme kindness and affability are not the least prominent,—was on the point of making a journey into the interior, in order to regulate some public affairs; and, upon application, he very kindly took me under his immediate protection."

* *Evenings in my Tent; or, Wanderings in Balad Ejjareed. Illustrating the Moral, Social, and Political Conditions of various Arab Tribes of the African Sahara.* By the Rev. W. DAVIS, F.R.S.S.A. 2 vols. London: 1854.

On the sixth day after starting, they came to a good deal of broken country,—traversed several dry beds of rivers,—and crossed a number of rugged heights, rent into strange shapes. Marching through an opening in one of these minor ridges, they passed at once from a beautiful plain into the wild and ragged outskirts of the great chain of Gebel Waslaat, celebrated for the warlike character of its ancient inhabitants. "At a little distance," says Mr. Davis, "these famous and romantic heights have a most lovely appearance, resembling the vineyards of Spain and of the south of France;" but on a nearer approach, he found—as on many other occasions during the expedition—that it was only distance that lent to them their enchanting look. The Arabs of the coast look upon this region as perhaps the blackest spot in all creation; and you may as well call one of them a devil as a *Waslaati*. They relate that this part was at one time inhabited by a very wicked people, and that the Pharaoh under whom the Israelites were in bondage, and who received such signal chastisement, was a native of these mountains. The Mohammedan doctors go still further, and assert that it was upon this Gebel Waslaat that Eblis (Satan) was hurled down, after his expulsion from the regions of light and happiness; and that it was in these mountains that he took up his first earthly abode.

Leaving these ill-omened mountains to the west, they journeyed south-eastwards, for two days, through a plain, which, says Mr. Davis, "for this part of the world, must be pronounced a luxuriant one." It is pretty well cultivated, and is watered by a river which has its source in the Waslaat mountains. They then encamped for a couple of days in the vicinity of Cairwan, the "city of saints." "At a short distance," he says, "this, like every other Mohammedan city of any note, has a fine appearance, but as one approaches, its beauty vanishes. Crooked and filthy streets, ruined and dilapidated houses, wretched shops and miserable hovels, are too glaring not to attract one's attention." The city is surrounded by a wall in pretty good condition, and has a garrison of regular as well as of irregular troops. Outside are large cisterns, supple-

menting the reservoirs with which the houses within are furnished for collecting rain-water; and, still more remarkable, though much less useful, the tomb wherein repose the holy remains of Saint *Shaah*, "the Prophet's barber."

After a two days' halt, they left behind them the plain of Cairwan, and began to approach the borders of the Sahara. On the day after starting, the Prince's party was met by the "noble and highly-favoured" tribe of Arabs, the Dreds (who are allowed to sit in presence of a prince, whilst every other Arab is obliged to stand), headed by their *kaid* or governor, Smeeda Ben Azooz. "Smeed himself was mounted on a magnificent grey steed, whose saddle appeared to be of a solid mass of gold, so richly was it embroidered; and the other trappings were also sumptuously adorned with gold and silver. He rode in advance, and the hundred Dreds who followed him were on horses not much inferior to that of their proud and haughty chief. When within about a hundred yards of the Prince, Smeeda dismounted, and approached on foot to kiss his hand. On resuming his seat in the saddle, he took up his position to his master's left, whilst his attendants fell back in the rear of our party."

The Prince was enthusiastically fond of hunting. Every day, when he had the opportunity, he was engaged in it. The chase of gazelles was his favourite sport, and it was one in which success was neither easily nor frequently achieved. "It is a grand sight," says Mr. Davis, "to behold these slender-limbed and feeble-looking tiny creatures defying the most spirited horse in speed. When pursued, they actually often stopped to nibble the grass,—as if to challenge the rider and ridicule his efforts, and treat him, his horse and hounds alike, with contempt." They were frequently seen in companies of about twenty together. On the day after Smeeda and his Dreds joined the expedition, a great many gazelles were chased by the Prince's cavalry and the Arabs, but not a single one was killed. This, it is alleged, was owing, firstly, to the rough and broken character of the soil; secondly, to the burning heat which prevailed;

and thirdly, the shirocco wind, which sometimes, as it blew in their faces, seemed as if it carried along with it flames of fire, and caused the riders to check the speed of their horses. But to compensate the party for their bootless efforts, Smeeda sent his servants for his well-trained hawks.

"In half an hour about twenty of these birds of prey, of an unusually large size, were brought, accompanied by several Dreedas, expert in hawking. Smeeda,—who is rather a short, but very corpulent man, with a handsome face, ornamented by a fine black, neatly-trimmed beard, and most penetrating dark eyes,—was this day mounted on a beautiful white horse, decked out with the same saddle and trappings his grey horse exhibited the day before. The dress of the rider was elegant and rich in the extreme. As soon as he had protected his hands from the talons by gauntlets, partly covered with plates of gold, a hawk was handed to him by one of his attendants. He undid the hood which confined the head of the bird, and prevented his quick eye from beholding the objects around. In an instant the hawk was seen soaring up to the sky. Another and another followed, and in this manner about twelve or fifteen were despatched. A few seconds elapsed, when one after the other pounced upon his prey. Hares and rabbits, partridges and other birds, were thus secured in abundance. The servants were busily engaged running in all directions to secure both the hawks and the prey,—the former, in order to adjust their hoods for a short time previous to being despatched again; and the latter, 'to cut the throat' before life is extinct, so as to render them lawful food for the *true believer*."

In connection with this love of the chase, we must mention an incident which occurred as the expedition was approaching Cairwan, and which shows how little prevalent is any rule but the "law of the strongest" in those quarters, and how naturally men take to deceit as a refuge against lawless force. Mr. Davis and some others of the party came to half-a-dozen Arab tents, where, to their great surprise, a general stillness and gloom prevailed. The men and children sat on the ground with an air of profoundest melancholy; whilst the women, usually so active, were resting from their labours, and exhibiting grief by floods of tears.

"What has happened, Ali, that you are all so much cast down?" asked one of our party, addressing an old man.

'Such is the will of God,' was the only reply.

'But what has happened, Ali?'

Maktoob,—it is so preordained! answered the old man, shaking his head, and clasping his hands.

'Has any one died?'

To this he only replied with a sigh, and pointed us to the interior of his tent. But instead of participating in his grief, my friend abruptly asked him, 'Where is the *sloghi* (greyhound) of last year?'

'How can you put such a question to me, when you witness my grief and distress!'

'Who, then, is dead?' pursued my inquisitive companion.

'My wife!' replied the old Arab, again pointing us to the interior of the tent, where apparently she lay, covered with a kind of blanket.

"But what have you done with the *lovely* (greyhound)?'

Old Ali now indignantly expressed his surprise that such a question should be put to him at a time when his mind was so differently occupied. He thought it manifest heart-heartedness, if not cruelty.

'But are you sure your wife is *quite* dead?'

'Do not mock me O Moslems!'

The interrogator then called a soldier, who happened to be near, and gave him his horse to hold, while he himself ruthlessly entered the tent. On removing the blanket, he found the Arab's wife, all alive, and holding the pet *sloghi* in her arms. On being thus detected, the poor woman cried out most beseechingly, 'Do not take the dog!' and the whole company, men, women, and children, most imploringly re-echoed the cry.

The intruder then turned to Old Ali, and with an ironical smile said,—'You see your *dear* wife is not *quite* dead!'

The Prince, as we have said, was a keen sportsman, and not one of his dog could compare with Ali's *sloghi*; but his veneration for justice predominated even over his love of the chase. "Ali is rich," said he, when the hound was brought to him, "and money will not tempt him, else I would gladly offer it him. Send the *sloghi* instantly back!"

The day after the junction of Smeeda and his noble Dreedas, the expedition entered the district of the Major,—a tribe (numbering 200 tents, or 1200 souls) of a peculiarly rascally character, and the larger portion of whose scanty resources is obtained by the robbery and murder of travellers.

For these outrages they are rarely brought to account, save when the Prince, or other representative of the Regency of Tunis, makes a tour in person among the tribes. On the present occasion they had a heavy debt to pay—the value of a life, in the Desert, being generally reckoned at from twenty-five to thirty camels. Within the precincts of this tribe are the ruins of Spaitla, the ancient Sufetula; and, by the favour of the Prince, our author set out to visit them. Under the guidance of the Major chief, and escorted by twenty soldiers well mounted, and armed to the teeth—after a gallop over a beautiful plain, and thence crossing a district of hill and dale, “all covered with verdure, and occasionally bordering upon the picturesque,” Mr. Davis and his party arrived at the ruins. On their first approach all was perfectly still. Not a sound but their own was audible, save the rippling of a brook which glides past the ruins on their north-eastern side. Not a human being was to be seen, either among the ruins or in their vicinity; and even animal life seemed to have for ever departed from the sombre walls and mansions of the ancient Sufetulans. But such was not really the case. In the holes, caverns, and clefts of the rocks on which the city stands, were dispersed numbers of the followers and subjects of the Major chief. From their dwellings they issued forth imperceptibly to the travellers. And most unpleasant company they must have been; for, says our author, “all the corrupt ramifications of the human heart,—all the vile actions of which man is capable, could be traced, and that distinctly, in the features of these sons of Ghiath.”

The situation of this ancient city is delightful. It is built upon an eminence, commanding a panoramic view of an expanse of country which, even in its present barren and deserted condition, has a charming aspect. Wild olive, juniper, and almond trees in abundance stud the banks of the brook. Of the place itself, Mr. Davis says, “I had no conception of the extent of the ruins to be found here; so that my companions, as well as myself, were absolutely amazed on beholding the magnificence of some of them. As I viewed these from some

angles, I could almost fancy myself again on the majestic ruins of Baal-bee.” He especially notices a sumptuous triumphal arch of the Corinthian order, with a lesser arch on each side. From this he proceeded to three temples,—upon which time, and the innate destructive disposition of the Arabs, have left evident traces. “Parts are in a most dilapidated condition, yet it is surprising to meet with so much which, with very little trouble and expense, might easily be restored to its former grandeur. The front and entrance to the temples are in ruins, and large masses of stone are lying about in all directions, and block up the ingress; but the backs, which face the triumphal arch, are in capital repair.”

On his return from visiting the ruins of Spaitla, our author and his companions, miscalculating the movements of the main body of the expedition, found themselves very much out of their reckoning. Night came on,—their guide, the Major chief, disappeared at the very time his presence was most required; and what with the fear of his rascally tribe before their eyes, as well as of the wild beasts of the desert, the night which the little party had to pass on the sands before they could rejoin the main body was anything but a comfortable one.

Lions are common in these parts, and their tracks were occasionally visible; but the king of beasts nowhere appeared in person, and the Prince, who longed to try his skill on this lordly tenant of the wastes, was balked of his sport. Hyenas are likewise to be met with; and the manner in which they are taken by the Arabs in these parts is very peculiar. Its subterranean abode, it appears, is so narrow as not to permit of the animal turning about in it; and hence, to use the Arab phraseology, it has “two doors,” by one of which it enters, and by the other goes out. The Arabs, lying *perdus* in the vicinity of one of these dens, watch the particular hole by which the hyena enters, and then proceed to place a strong rope net over the opposite hole,—whilst one of their fraternity, skilled in the business, and prepared with a rope, works his way in by “the door” which

the animal has entered. As he nears the brute (which cannot turn upon him) he "charms it," according to our author's informants, saying,— "Come, my dear little creature; I will lead you to places where many carcases are prepared for you,—plenty of food awaits you. Let me fasten this rope to your beautiful leg, and stand quiet whilst I do so." This sentence, or something very similar to it, is repeated till the operation is effectually achieved; when the daring son of the Sahara begins to gore the brute with a dagger, till he is forced to rush out, when he is caught in the net, and either killed on the spot or carried off alive. If any blunder happens, however—as is sometimes the case—through which the hyena is enabled to struggle and re-enter its abode, the "charmer," in spite of his charming, falls a victim to its savage rage, and frequently his companions can scarcely contrive to get clear without feeling something of its effects.

The powerful Hamama tribe was the next which our travellers fell in with,—two hundred of this tribe coming to pay their respects to the heir-apparent of the throne, and escort him to the city of Cafia. "There was much in their appearance," says Mr. Davis, 'to make me regard this tribe with a great degree of interest. They are genuine Arabs, and of this they are very proud. Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them.' An officer from the reigning sovereign of Tunis, (who has just joined our expedition) with a number of cavalry soldiers, is now amongst them, in order to enforce a fine of 2000 camels, for murders and other outrages committed by these genuine descendants of Ishmael. They are at enmity with the Dreds, jealous of the Farasheesh, and almost constantly at war with the Mamshe—a tribe inhabiting the western borders of the regency, quite as powerful and as full of pretensions as their own." As seldom more than thirty camels are ever demanded for a single life, these two thousand camels symbolise upwards of sixty murders committed by this tribe, and known to the Government!

His Highness the Prince made his entry in grand style into Cafia—the

Mamlouks on their choice horses, and in their best uniforms—a native band playing their national tunes—a host of unfurled banners—and at the wings several companies of cavalry. In all, including the various tribes that had joined, the camp now amounted to no less than 30,000 men, and about 50,000 camels, and 2000 horses and mules! "A just estimate of the size of the expedition," says our author, "can only be formed by viewing it from some eminence as it is moving along, either in some large plain, or over the seas of sand which now and then it is traversing. Often have I taken my position on a little hillock, and could see nothing for miles before me or behind but the living masses which composed the inhabitants of our canvass city. How similar to this must have been the marching of the Children of Israel in the wilderness, on their way from Egypt to the Promised Land!"

The morning was lovely as they approached Cafia. Not a speck could be discovered in the sky, and everything around seemed to have an aspect of contentment and cheerfulness. The city is surrounded by gardens, gay with clusters of date, olive, lemon, orange, pomegranate, pistachio, and other fruit trees. "In walking among these gardens, richly watered by a delicious brook, which has its supply from two fountains, one within the citadel, and the other in the centre of the city, a stranger can imagine himself in some more temperate region, and among a people more advanced in civilisation." But on entering the city, the charm (as usual) vanishes. Cafia is the ancient Capsa, (built three hundred years before Carthage); the stronghold of Jugurtha; of the inhabitants of which place Florus says, "They are in the midst of their sands and serpents, which defend them better from those that would attack them than armies and ramparts would." Marius, however, after some adroit manœuvring, pounced upon and took the city;—and as the inhabitants were strongly attached to the Numidian prince, the Roman general, after giving the place up to be plundered by his soldiers, levelled it with the ground, and put the inhabitants to the sword, or sold them as slaves. The modern city, built on the ruins of the ancient

one, is situated upon a rising ground, and has a population of about three or four thousand inhabitants. Within it there is a spring, the waters of which, at their source, are tepid, but are considerably cooled in the large basin into which they discharge themselves. This is in all probability the *Termid* of Edrisi and the *Jugis aqua* of Sallust. A small kind of fish, about two or three inches in length, is to be found in this slightly tepid basin.

The capture of one of the Hamama tribe at this place, who had been "preaching up a kind of crusade against the Government, and instilling Chartist principles," (!) not unnaturally suggests to Mr. Davis the recollection of certain cases of capital punishment which he had witnessed at Tunis. One of these he thus describes:—

"A crowd near the Carthaginian gate attracted my attention, and on inquiry I found that the five or six hundred persons had assembled to see the sentence of their despot carried into execution. In a few minutes six *hambas* (policemen) made their appearance on the wall, some forty yards distant from the gate, and about thirty feet in height, leading two culprits, whose hands were pinioned in front. They stepped firmly, and seemed quite callous and indifferent about their doom. The *hambas* set at once about their work. They fastened ropes round the necks of the criminals, which they secured to the battlements, on the wall. No ecclesiastic was present to administer any religious consolation; but the executioners now and then ejaculated the words, *Maktoub*, 'it is so predestinated,' and *Hakka yehab rubby*, 'such is the will of God.' When desired to take the position pointed out to them, they did so without manifesting the slightest reluctance, or exhibiting the least symptom of fear. Each took his seat between two of the battlements, their feet hanging over. They looked for a moment on the crowd beneath; and when one of the *hambas* desired them to pronounce their creed, they cried out, 'O Moslems! pray for us.' Then, turning their eyes heavenwards, they pronounced in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, the words, 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his apostle.' When the last word was uttered, the executioners pushed them simultaneously off the wall, and thus the wretched men were launched into eternity. The conduct of the assembled spectators was very orderly—grief seemed depicted on every

face. In Mohammedan law, sentences, whether capital or otherwise, are no sooner pronounced than they are carried into execution. There is a delectable variety in the modes of exit from this world, which the law prescribes for capital offenders. Arabs are generally hanged, seldom decapitated; Turks are mostly strangled; Jews are dealt with after the manner of Arabs. Women are drowned; and the higher classes, and princes, enjoy the privilege of being poisoned. In some few cases, criminals are sentenced to be burned. One mode of death—which we Europeans regard as rather an honourable one—is regarded by the Koran-readers and the orthodox portion of the community as heterodox in the extreme. A knowledge of Roger Bacon's invention, gunpowder, never having been vouchsafed to the Prophet in any of his revelations, the Faithful, of course, are unable to find a single passage in the Koran to justify sentencing a soldier to be shot. But in this, as in many other instances, the common sense or convenience of the Pasha leads him to deviate from the Cadi's opinion, and to overrule the *Sharrak*.

On leaving Cafsa, our travellers found themselves fairly in the Sahara. "As the day advanced," says Mr. Davis, "the heat increased, and by noon became almost intolerable. Besides the excessive heat of a burning sun, we had to endure the noxious influence of the southerly wind, which, fortunately for us, did not blow with all its wonted fury. Its effect, however, was apparent, not only on myself, but also on some of my friends. The weakness and lassitude these combined agencies produced, manifested themselves by the perfect stillness and sullenness which prevailed in every group of travellers, as they either walked or rode along. The heat it collected in its sweep across the burning sands, it now freely vented on us,—and that to such a degree that some of its puffs actually resembled in their effects the flames issuing from a furnace." No wonder that the Paylli of old should have attempted the extermination of so destructive a tenant of the waste! This nation, says Herodotus, who in ancient times inhabited a district bordering

on the *Regio Syrtica*, having once had all their reservoirs of water dried up by the south wind, advanced into the Sahara in order to make war upon it; but the enemy, defying bow and arrow, opposed them by blowing with extreme violence, and raised such clouds and torrents of sand that the poor Paylli were overwhelmed, and all of them perished! What African traveller does not regret that the victory was on the side of the noxious element!

Mr. Davis never saw the Simoom in its full and dreadful force, nor did he witness any of those astounding exhibitions of sand-columns, circling in numbers over the surface of the desert, and overwhelming everything that came in their way, that Bruce once gazed upon with awe and wonder. But of snakes and scorpions, and such like poisonous inhabitants of the Desert, our author had his fill. On one occasion, when about to encamp, they found the ground literally covered with snakes, whose bite, the Arabs say, is certain death. "Happily for man," said one of Mr. Davis's companions, "these reptiles have not the benefit of sight;—had they not been deficient in this, the world could not have existed, as these enemies of man would undoubtedly have extirpated him from the face of the earth! So powerful is their sting, that they have been known to have penetrated the large iron stirrup of the Hamama." The snake thus alluded to—and we need hardly say, our readers may take the description *cum grano salis*—is the *hiffa* or *hiffach*,—a reptile about a yard in length; and the account which the Arabs give of the death of those who have been bitten by it tallies very closely with the description which Lucan gives of the death of Nasidius in the same locality:—

"A fate of different kind Nasidius found:
A biting *prester* gave the deadly wound,—
And straight a sudden flame began to spread,
And paint his visage with a glowing red.
With swift expansion swells the bloated skin,
Nought but an undistinguish'd mass is seen;
The puffy poison spreads and heaves around,
Till all the man is in the monster drown'd."

The next place the expedition reached was Tozar,—a town fairly in the Sahara, and beyond even the far-reaching sway of the old *Dominos rerum* and their redoubtable *Legionaries*.

"Before Tozar," says our author, "there are a few hillocks, dotted with some majestic palm-trees; affording a delightful shade: and the silvery rivalet, winding its way among these in devious directions, adds to the charm of the scene. As we approached, we found the hillocks and the trees literally covered with men, women, and children,—assembled to witness the entry of Prince Mohammed and the camp, with their shrill notes of *la-lo-lo-lo!*" Tozar, like the other cities of the Sahara, is in one important feature different from those on the coast. Generally speaking, the streets of all the towns of Barbary, like those in Egypt and Syria, are exceedingly narrow, so that one camel, laden with wood or merchandise, is sufficient to obstruct the thoroughfare. But in the towns of the Sahara the streets are generally very wide,—the object of which is, to allow the furious winds of the Desert, charged with immense masses of sand, to sweep clean through, instead of being checked in their course, and therefore blocking up the streets with their noxious deposit. From these sand-storms of the desert, the coast-towns have little to fear, on account of the intervening mountain-chains robbing those terrible visitants of their deadly burden; and accordingly the inhabitants of the Barbary towns can afford to build their streets very narrow, so as to exclude the fierce rays of the sun,—a luxury which their southern brethren dare not indulge in.

The population of Tozar amounts to about five thousand,—for the most part of a swarthy complexion, with a cast of features bordering upon that of the negro. Indeed every fresh stage one makes in the journey into Central Africa, a gradual change is perceptible in the features and complexion of the population,—the white man, by a slow but invariable process, changing into a Negro. "Were it possible," says Mr. Davis, "to introduce into Europe an ethnological collection, classified latitudinally, from the northern coast to Central Africa, the greatest sceptic might be convinced of the fact, that *time* and *place*, alone made our coloured fellow-creatures what they are. The slave-dealer, and the Negro-dealer, might

thus have an ocular demonstration of the great truth, that the black man is our brother, and that circumstances alone, with the nature of which we are not fully acquainted, made him to differ from us." He mentions, as an additional proof of this, that even among the Jews (who, he says, "have probably lived in this part of Africa from the time the Phœnicians first settled here") a striking difference is perceptible between those on the coast and those residing in the interior. He adds the curious fact, that in the desert the Jews certainly do not live for many centuries; and thence deduces the conclusion, that if its influence is so clearly shown in them, both as regards colour and features, it is not to be wondered that it should have told to a much greater extent on those to whom the Sahara has been a home for thousands of years. Of all these vari-coloured sections of the North African population, the most merry and gay are unquestionably the Negroes, whether male or female. To ask a Moor or an Arab if he danced, would be to offer him a serious insult—the former especially being too grave to have a regard even for music. But the black people are almost always cheerful, and enjoy life even when in a state of bondage. "Often have I seen them," says Mr. Davis, "congregated by hundreds in some open space, singing and dancing, and playing, for hours consecutively. The ability of the Negro to accommodate himself to circumstances is surprising. What would depress and crush a white man is supported with a marvellous resignation by the black, whose light heart enables him to toil and to sing, to suffer, and yet not despair."

Within the oasis of Tozar, and its date-forest, are half-a-dozen villages, besides four marabouts with their cupolas, around each of which are a few huts. The houses of the Desert are generally only one story high, and are built, like those of Cafsa, of bricks, with rafters of palm-wood. The interior of the houses is as humble as their exterior. The rooms are long and narrow, with only a hole here and there to admit the light; and from the rafters of the ceiling of every apart-

ment is suspended the stock of dates which, with milk, forms the principal articles alike of food and of commerce. It is by the sale, or rather barter, of their dates to the wandering tribes that the inhabitants of the oasis of Tozar procure for themselves wheat, barley, cloth, cattle, &c. In former times their commerce was not of so simple or so innocent description—for a flourishing business used to be done here with Tunis in human flesh. A slave was given in exchange for two or three hundredweight of dates, or at the intrinsic value of about £3; and when the rich planter's shed was filled, he marched the unhappy objects of his purchase northwards to the coast, where they were shipped for their various destinations. "Before the abolition of slavery in the regency of Tunis," says our author, "I have often seen caravans from this place exposing their merchandise in the slave-market of the capital, and selling them at the rate of £12 or £15 per head. But this lucrative business is now stopped, at least so far as Tunis is concerned, and loud are the complaints of the Tozarians on this subject."

Besides the stock of dates pendant from the ceiling, the chief ornaments which decorate the rooms of the Sahara towns, are a strange medley of jars, jugs, dishes, plates, bottles, and glasses, suspended on the wall facing the entrance-door. Here they are exhibited promiscuously, totally irrespective of size, shape, colour, or order, and by the quantity of these, an estimate is formed of the wealth of the owner. A low table, a few stools made of the branches of the palm-tree, and, in some instances, a couch or divan, complete the furniture of an apartment,—and an apartment generally forms the residence of a single family. At night, sheepskins, rugs, or mats are spread on the floor, and supply the place of beds. Every household, we may add, has one or more immense jars, into which any loose or stray dates are thrown. Within an inch or two of the bottom of these jars there is a tap, by which they draw off a species of date-honey, which they use in cooking and for other purposes.

Date-honey, however, is not the

only species of juice which the Tozarians obtain from the palm-trees of their oasis; for we are informed that though the devout believers in the Koran there scrupulously abstain from wine, they indulge freely in *lagmi*, or the juice of the palm-tree, which, when fermented, is quite as intoxicating in its effects as the beverage prohibited by the Prophet. This juice is easily obtained, and if possible still more easily prepared. At a certain season of the year, an incision is made in the tree just beneath the branches,—a jar is then so fastened as to receive the liquid as it exudes,—and, in this manner, they usually procure from a tree, during the course of a night, from a quart to a quart and a half of *lagmi*. When drunk immediately, this liquor tastes like genuine rich milk, and is perfectly free from an intoxicating influence; but when allowed to stand for a night, or at most for twenty-four hours—during which time fermentation takes place—"it partakes (with the exception of the colour, which is whitish) of the quality and flavour of champagne, and that of a much superior sort to what is usually offered in the British markets." This date-tree wine is to be found in every house, and has its victims reeling through the streets of Tozar just as beer and whisky have in our streets at home. But the curious part of the matter is, that "the faithful" openly justify themselves against the charge of transgressing their Prophet's precept. "*Lagmi* is not wine," they say, "and the Prophet's prohibition refers to wine."

Of the social relations at Tozar, Mr. Davis says:—"My first impression, on visiting several families, was such as to induce me to believe that greater domestic happiness prevailed here than in the Mohammedan cities on the coast. The females are not kept in distinct and separate apartments, nor do they even cover their faces when in the presence of strangers, but appear perfectly free, and seem exceedingly affable." A closer examination, however, sufficed to show that the regulations of Mohammedanism in regard to females produced very much the same results here as elsewhere. Marriage is usually contracted very early,—so that it is no uncommon thing to see boys of thirteen and fourteen in

possession of wives of eleven or twelve, or even younger; and the result here, as elsewhere, is, that girls of twelve look as old as European females do at twenty, and at thirty they are almost fit to be placed on the retired list. Indeed, as Colonel Dow in his *Ferishta* says, polygamy in the East is founded very much on natural causes, as, owing to early marriages, and the effects of the climate, a man there keeps his vigour long enough to see two or three wives bloom and fade in succession. Moslems consider it wrong, and even sinful, if a man has reached his twentieth year without marrying. The young couple are joined together on the good faith of their parents or relations; for they are not permitted to see each other before the nuptial night. Certain persons, however,—generally old women, relatives of the parties,—are sent from the man, who examine the lady, and bring him back a report of her bodily accomplishments. If the man finds himself disappointed, he has a right to send her back to her parents, without restoring to her the portion that was promised her,—or rather, the price that was to be paid for her, as the wife is bought by the husband. The young damsels, it must be allowed, take all pains to avoid so lamentable a catastrophe. "Excessive obesity," says Mr. Davis, "is considered the perfection of female beauty among the Mohammedans on the coast; hence a young woman, after she is betrothed, receives gold or silver shackles upon her hands and wrists, and is fed so long till these are filled up. A kind of seed called *drough*, and their national dish *coscoso*, are used for the purpose. The young lady is literally crammed, and some actually die under the spoon."

These African beauties, it would appear, are subject to strange fantasies and superstitions. The Jenoon, or devil, we are told, sometimes causes a lady to fancy some article of dress or jewellery; and until her husband (for the lady is always a married one) procures her the article, the Jenoon torments her in a most pitiless manner. But the tormentor is not satisfied by the lady obtaining the article. He must have something for himself, in return for the trouble he takes in the matter,—and that something is

nothing less than a splendid feast exclusively of ladies. Our reverend author, however, by a special favour, was once present at a feast of this kind at Nabil, the ancient Neapolis; and as the spirits do not seem to have stood much in awe of "the cloth," he is able to furnish us with the following account of this Jenoon or devil feast:—

"The room in which it was celebrated was beautifully illuminated and surrounded with ottomans, upon which the ladies, amounting to forty, were luxuriously reclining, and amongst them the lady possessed by the Jenoon. All of them were beautifully dressed, and none of them, judging from their appearance, were more than forty years of age, though some of them were still in their teens. After I had been there a few moments, supper was brought in; and *coscoso*, the favourite dish of Barbary, was of course not excluded. They all sat down on the ground, and some with wooden spoons, whilst other with their hands, partook freely of the repast. I was invited to join them, which I did, and had also the pleasure to be favoured with a spoon." (We hope it was a *long* one!)

"After supper they all took their former places; and a band of music began to strike up some of their national tunes. All the ladies sat quiet—till of a sudden one of them, a young woman of about twenty, arose and began to dance by herself. She was soon followed by several others, who were wheeling rapidly round; and all of them worked themselves into such a frenzy that from weakness they dropped to the ground, where they lay, till, recovering their strength, they recommenced their madness. This lasted a considerable time. The lady with the Jenoon was sitting quietly on the ottoman. When the visitors had finished their amusement, she started up, and followed their example; and when she, like the others, was stretched on the floor, one of the spectators arose, and asked what article she fancied,—to which she made no reply. The former then named several articles of dress, asking whether she wished any of them; and when the article which the Jenoon lady desired was mentioned, (I believe a shawl), she suddenly started up,—and this was the signal that the Jenoon feast was considered as ended."

When Barbary ladies play the *Jenoon* with their husbands at this rate, it is not to be wondered at that a separation from such fantastic spirits should be placed within easy reach of

the man. Barbary husbands, at least if they be Moslems, can take back their divorced partners after a first divorce, but not after a second, unless—strange provision!—she has in the interim been married to another man. A husband may oblige his divorced wife to nurse any infant she has borne him, until it is two years old; and no man can marry a divorced woman sooner than four months and a half after her total separation from her former husband. The facility with which a divorce can be procured in Northern Africa, even for the most trivial causes, cannot be otherwise than most pernicious to the social welfare of the community. Mr. Davis narrates the following anecdote in illustration of this ridiculous as well as most mischievous license:—

"A servant of mine of the name of Ali, once very pressingly applied for leave to go out for a short time. It was not my custom to inquire into the nature of his business, but, on that occasion something unaccountable prompted me to put the question,—'And where are you going to, Ali?'

"Holding up a piece of paper, he very coolly answered,—'to give my wife this divorce; and shall soon be back, *Arfa*,' (my master).

"To give your wife a divorce! Well, you may go; but remember, if you divorce her, I from this very moment divorce you."

"Handing me the paper, Ali exclaimed,—'Here, master, take it; on such conditions I shall not divorce my wife.'"

Tozar was the most southerly point which the expedition reached; and here it remained for the space of three weeks, during which time Mr. Davis and his three French companions made excursions to the neighbouring oases. Accompanied by the Governor and Cadi of Nefta, with a retinue of some twenty well-mounted servants, they set out over the sands to visit that place. "Never," says Mr. Davis, "had the propriety of styling the camel the *ship of the Desert* been so apparent to me as this day. The whole way from Tozar to Nefta, the Desert had completely the aspect of a vast bed of an ocean, and we seemed to plough the sandy waves of the Sahara as the ship does those of the sea. The morning was rather hazy, and the sky was overcast with a number of detached

small white clouds, which (particularly those along the horizon) very often assume the form of a variety of sailing crafts; and thus added considerably to the delusion, under the influence of which we Europeans were quite willing to abide, viz., of navigating some expansive lake. By seven o'clock, however, the sun burst forth in all his brilliance; every cloud was speedily dispersed, and a clear, blue ethereal sky was stretched over us as far as the eye could reach." When fairly launched upon the Desert the sameness of the scenery becomes most oppressive. Seldom is the traveller's eye refreshed by anything in the shape of a mountain or a green plain. One sea of sand succeeds another; and were it not for the occasional mirage, which for a time diverts them, or, for the circumstance that the glaring sun and drifting sand-clouds compel them sometimes, for hours together, to envelop their faces in the *bornos*, or cloak, so that they are able to dream of the fantastic groups of date-trees, and the gentle rivulets winding amongst them in their native land, their journey through such portions of the Desert would be the most intolerable and dreary imaginable. These alleviations, or "comforts," as an old voyager of the Desert called them, being mere illusions, are rather calculated to vex the heart of the inexperienced traveller. But those who have been in the habit of crossing the sandy ocean from their infancy, and to whom every spot on its surface is familiar, are diverted, and even cheered by such illusions. "It is a change for them," said one of these veteran voyagers, "and any change in a monotonous life is agreeable."

On the present occasion, however, our travellers embarked on a much shorter journey. A few hours ride sufficed to carry them over the waste and bring them to the oasis of Nefta — of the extreme antiquity of which town the Cadi had the most assured belief. "Nefta," said he, "was built—or, rather the foundation of it was laid—by *Saidna Noah* (our Lord Noah): peace be upon him! Here he discovered the first dry spot; and hence he disembarked here, and erected an abode for his family." The inhabitants of these oases of the

Desert are not without their etiquette: and on approaching the town the Governor assumed his dignified aspect, made his entry with all possible gravity, and was no sooner seated in his own residence than the sheikhs and aristocracy of Nefta assembled to welcome him, some kissing his head, some his shoulder, some his elbow, and some the palm of his hand. The worthy Governor, however, who has a good dash of humour in his composition, loved other things better than etiquette. "No sooner was the assembly dismissed," says our author, "than our lordly host again resumed his easy and affable manner. When the sound of the feet of the last grandee had died away, Ibrahim rose up, and assumed an attitude which might have been a subject for the study of an artist. There he stood, not unlike what I could fancy a Demosthenes, a Cato, or a Cicero, when on the point of commencing one of their thrilling orations. Ibrahim remained in that position a few seconds, and then turning to us, said, 'I am glad to be free again. Gentlemen! you no doubt are hungry as well as myself; have you any objections to a good dinner?'"

Having despatched the dinner, which justified the host's enlogism of it, and reposed for a few hours after their fatigues, Mr. Davis and one of his companions set out by themselves to ride all around the oasis of Nefta. "All went on well at first," he says, "and we even enjoyed our ride along the outskirts of the thick forest of magnificent and majestic date-trees, till we suddenly perceived our horses sinking beneath us. 'Pull up! pull up!' screamed my companion; 'the ground is unsafe!' We were on the brink of getting on the *Killa*, a dangerous swamp, which receives the surplus waters of the head-fountain, after they have supplied the vast date plantations. The *Killa* joins the 'Sea of Pharaoh,' and never have I seen anything of a more delusive character. The surface of the swamp had precisely the same appearance as the solid ground; and had we been riding at full speed, we might have perished in his deceitful abyss." The *Ras Elain*—"head fountain or spring,"—which is the source of the *waad*, or river, constitutes the charm and lux-

ury of this delightful oasis. The spring is surrounded on three sides by hillocks, and is embowered amidst a cluster of palm-trees, so thickly and eccentrically placed that our travellers had much difficulty in approaching it so as to taste its waters. *Fi holdonya ma atsh' kafhu'*,—"In the whole world there is nothing like it!" exclaimed their guide. "And I must candidly confess," says Mr. Davis, "that though he had never left the locality of his birth he was pretty correct on this point. Never did I taste more delicious water; and we unanimously agreed that the Neft-aweens might well be proud of their *Ras Elain*. What a boon is this spring, located as it is amidst the burning sands."

But the great marvel of this district is the mysterious *Bahar Faraon*, the "Sea of Pharaoh." The whole tribes of the vicinity look with awe and terror upon this so-called "sea," and superstitions innumerable are connected with it. Not only has the army of that wicked monarch after whom the sea is called, perished in it, but hosts of infidel sovereigns, persecutors of the Faithful, with their myriads of warriors, been engulfed in it, and are still sinking down into its bottomless abyss! Such are the reports of the Moslems confirmed by the weighty asseverations of our author's learned friend, the Cadi of Nefta. "Not only have numberless armies been seen marching and remarching on its surface by night," said that erudite expounder of the Koran, "but repeatedly have they been seen during broad daylight. Giants on monstrously large horses, have been seen galloping about in various directions, advancing and receding, and then suddenly disappearing again in that sea."

"Have you ever, my Lord Cadi, seen any of those submarine warriors?"

Cadi.—'No, I never have.'

'Can you mention any trustworthy person of your acquaintance who has?'

Cadi.—'I certainly cannot.'

'Then what evidence have you for the truth of those marvellous apparitions?'

Cadi.—'Every one believes in all I have told you.'

'Is it not possible that all this belief may be the result of the fevered imagination of some superstitious individual?'

Cadi.—'It certainly is possible,—but all believe it.'

This wonderful "sea" is a vast lake, dry for about nine months of the year, extending about seventy miles in length, by forty broad at its widest part. It receives several streamlets, such as the *Ras Elain* of Nefta; and, during the rainy season, the torrents from the mountains which on two sides at least adjoin it. During the winter, portions of the lake-bed retain for a short time the waters thus poured into it, but during the greater part of the year, a deposit of salt only is visible on its sandy surface. It abounds in marshes, quicksands, and trap-pits; and at no time can it be crossed save by a single reute, which is pointed out by trunks of palm-trees, placed at short distances,—and hence its proper name, *the lake of Marks*. Tufts of very sickly looking grass, and mounds clothed with consumptive shrubs, fringed its shores at the time our travellers visited it; and its surface was wavy and covered with saline incrustations. Towards the north-east part of the lake there is a kind of island, about four miles in circumference, which is covered with palm-trees. The Arabs say that those trees have grown up from the kernels left there by Pharaoh's troops,—and this they regard as an additional proof that the Egyptian monarch and his army perished there!

At last the three week's stay at Tozar drew to a close, and a most lovely night was that which preceded their departure. Mr. Davis seldom indulges in scenic description; and we give the following as a rare and charming picture of a night-scene in the Desert:—

"At half-past ten, when every inmate of my establishment had retired to rest,—the tranquillity, the universal stillness, and balmy atmosphere seemed to invite me to leave my tent again. All was serene and calm without, and everything appeared to inspire the mind with serious and sober reflection.

'Nature was hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord.'

The sultry heat of the day had now ceased, and a cool notherly breeze gently waved the branches of the stately palm-trees. The darkness gradually vanished before the bright rays of the moon, whose silvery light streamed through the forest

and in a few minutes, she rode high above the loftiest of its countless trees, and by her splendour and brilliancy so illuminated every object around, that day appeared again perfectly restored. And the stars, too,—

‘Those quenchless stars! so eloquently bright.
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,’—

vied with each other in lustre, to contribute to the magnificence of this majestic scene,—to add dazzling refulgence to the prodigious theatre exhibited for the admiration of wondering man!

“Here we have our white canvass city and a little beyond it, the sombre buildings of Tozar. Here again is the thick forest of graceful palma, with their clusters of ‘fruits of gold,’ pendant beneath their feathery branches. The rippling brook flows on in its eccentric course, bearing on its surface the reflection of the host of stars in the firmament. All nature—animate and inanimate—as far as my vision could embrace, not only declared the omnipotence and benevolence of the great Eternal, but seemed to proclaim universal peace and safety,—

‘Twas a fair scene,—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!”

“The only sound audible, besides that of the sentries, and the rippling stream close by, was the voice of a *derwish* or saint, who was entertaining the inmates of a tent, pitched a short distance from mine, with some extraordinary Mecca legends. I was on the point of re-entering my tent when one of the party, attracted by the scene without, called upon his companions to behold the wonderful works of God. All obeyed; and my thin texture partition enabled me to listen to their repeated exclamations of *Allah Kabeer*, ‘God is great!’ Thus the Moslem, like the Christian, was led, from a survey of the stupendous works of nature to contemplate nature’s omnipotent God.”

We need not follow the steps of the expedition as it slowly retraced its path northwards through the Desert, from oasis to oasis, till it fairly re-entered the region of verdure and perennial waters. Nor can we stay, even in passing, to tell of the many French

deserters who have sought refuge among the tribes and towns of the Sahara, nor of their strange adventures, nor of the hardship and death which in so many cases has overtaken them. We merely reconduct Mr. Davis, with a velocity unknown to desert-travelling, back to Tunis, and there leave him. His book is a very creditable performance,—though one-half of it might have been as well written (and perhaps was so) in comfortable lodgings in London as in “My Tent” in the Balad Ejjareed. It is not a book of personal adventure. The author is a reverend gentleman, who has no ambition to rival the feats of Gordon Cumming among the lions and hippopotamuses of the African wastes; still less is he inclined to become a “free lance” in the ranks of General Pelissier’s *Zouaves*, and spin us thrilling tales of hairbreadth escapes, such as have lately issued from the press of Germany. But he has been a considerable time—six years—in Northern Africa, and has made himself well acquainted with the language and customs of its people,—upon which subjects we know of no writer in whom we would place more confidence. He is also well acquainted with the works of adventure and travel already published on this part of the world, and of which he very properly makes use to lend additional value or interest to his own. Indeed we think we have recognised several anecdotes in his book which we have already quoted in our pages, when reviewing the foreign works in which they originally appeared. Hence these *Evenings in my Tent* do not contain so much fresh matter as we anticipated; yet the substance of their pages is, on the whole, both good and readable—if we except the antiquated chapter on the Slave-trade, and a few passages where the author’s clerical habits incline him to sermonise rather more than may suit the tastes of his lay readers.

THE COST OF THE COALITION MINISTRY.

It is probable that ere these pages issue from the press, war will have been formally declared with Russia, and Great Britain will be irretrievably engaged in a contest of which it is impossible to see the termination. Already our choicest troops have left our shores for the Mediterranean, inspired by the cheers and accompanied by the blessing of many hundreds of thousands of their fellow-countrymen, who, for the first time in their lives, have witnessed so solemn yet exciting a spectacle. Already has a noble fleet sailed for the waters of the Baltic, to sweep that inland sea, and to launch its thunders against the foe. Well-nigh forty years have elapsed since such din of martial preparation has been heard. On the last occasion, Russia and Britain were combined against France—now, Britain and France are combined together against Russia. Such a struggle, so commenced, must be a desperate, but not therefore necessarily a short one. We cannot yet calculate on the part to be taken by the central powers of Europe; for, notwithstanding Lord Clarendon's assurance that Austria is with us, we have every reason to believe that the government of that country is so closely leagued with Russia, that when compelled to throw off its appearance of neutrality, its forces will be ranged upon her side.* We cannot depend upon the cordial co-operation of Prussia—which power, besides having no direct interest in the Eastern quarrel, is intimately allied with Russia, and has always acted, during times of European disturbance, with a view to its own aggrandisement. It would be folly to underestimate the magnitude of the contest in which we are engaging. The re-pacification of Europe cannot be achieved

without an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure, and without very considerable alterations in its territorial adjustment. The war once begun, Russia will know that she is fighting, not for the occupation of the Danubian provinces, but for the retention of the territories which she has absorbed or pillaged from her neighbours. The penalty she must pay in the event of defeat is diamemberment, and she will resist that to the uttermost.

We must not, therefore, blind ourselves to consequences, which, in so far as human judgment can go, appear to be inevitable. We may be able to disperse or even to annihilate the Russian fleets in the Baltic and the Black seas—we may be able to prevent the colossal northern power from crossing the Danube, or even beat it back from the Principalities—but the contest will not end there. We are on the verge of a general European embroilment, in which there will not only be wars, but bloody revolutions; and as we have been the first to enter, so we must be the last to withdraw. We do not say this for the purpose of checking enthusiasm—God forbid! We are already committed to the struggle; and if in the minds of any there has lingered a doubt as to the propriety of Christian intervention for the maintenance of a Mahometan power in Europe, that ought to be dispelled by the revelations recently made of the objects of the Russian ambition. The Czar is no crusader; nor is he influenced by any tender regard for the religious liberties of the Christian population dwelling beneath the government of the Sultan. He has set his eyes upon Turkey, just as Catherine in 1772 fixed hers upon Poland, and he has had the astound-

* In January 1850 (*vide* article "The Year of Reaction"), after commenting on the interposition of Russia to save Austria in the Hungarian war, we stated our belief that the Czar did not render such a service to his brother-despot for nothing. "*It is more than probable,*" we said, "*that a secret treaty offensive and defensive, already unites the two powers;* that the crushing of the Magyars was bought by the condition that the extension of Muscovite influence in Turkey was to be connived at; and that the Czar will one day advance to Constantinople without fear, because he knows that his right flank is secure on the side of Austria."

ing effrontery to propose that Great Britain should take part in the spoliation. Here is his own proposition, as communicated to Lord John Russell, by Sir G. H. Seymour, in his despatch of 22d February 1853:—

"The Emperor went on to say that, in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was commonly believed. 'The Principalities are,' he said, 'in fact an independent state under my protection; this might so continue. Serbia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria. There seems to be no reason this province should not form an independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. *I can then only say that if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objections to offer. I would say the same thing of Candia; that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession.*'"

Such was the language used by the Emperor of Russia to the British minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, and we really cannot imagine anything more absolutely infamous. It was a bribe, tendered evidently in the belief that it would be accepted; and the offer ought to have been at once most indignantly repelled. Was it so? We shall see presently—for the correspondence recently published is far too remarkable and momentous to be passed over with a single extract from its contents.

The Government of Lord Aberdeen, it will be remembered, acceded to office in the latter part of December, 1852. On the 9th of January following, the Emperor Nicholas, at a private meeting in the palace of the Grandduchess Helen, thus approached Sir G. H. Seymour. We shall be as short in quotation as possible; but it is absolutely necessary that the leading points of such an extraordinary transaction as this should be kept before the public view. We quote from Sir Hamilton Seymour's despatch to Lord John Russell, then Foreign Secretary, of date 11th January, 1853:—

"The Emperor came up to me, in the most gracious manner, to say that he had heard with great pleasure of Her

Majesty's Government having been definitively formed, *adding that he trusted the Ministry would be of long duration.*

"His Imperial Majesty desired me particularly to convey this assurance to the Earl of Aberdeen, with whom, he said, he had been acquainted for nearly forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem. His Majesty desired to be brought to the kind recollection of his Lordship."

Then follows the report of some expressions regarding the close amity which ought to prevail between the two countries, and their community of interests, which, being general, we may pass over; but Nicholas speedily comes to the point—

"In the mean time, the Emperor went on to say—'I repeat, that it is very essential that the two Governments—that is, that the English Government and I, and I and the English Government—should be upon the best terms; and the necessity was never greater than at present. I beg you to convey these words to Lord John Russell. When we are agreed (*d'accord*), I am quite without anxiety to the west of Europe; it is immaterial what the others may think or do. As to Turkey, that is another question; that country is in a critical state, and may give us all a great deal of trouble. And now I will take my leave of you,' which His Majesty proceeded to do by shaking hands with me very graciously."

The Czar probably thought that he had said enough in the first instance, and that it would be prudent to allow Sir Hamilton Seymour to chew, for a day or two, the cud of thought. But that active and astute diplomatist saw that something more than common was intended, and pressed for a further explanation. The following conversation is certainly as curious as any which is recorded in the pages of history:—

"'Sir,' I observed, 'your Majesty has been good enough to charge me with general assurances as to the identity of views between the two Cabinets, which assuredly have given me the greatest pleasure, and will be received with equal satisfaction in England; but I should be particularly glad that your Majesty should add a few words which may tend to calm the anxiety with regard to the affairs of Turkey, which passing events are so calculated to excite on the part of Her Majesty's Government. Perhaps you will be pleased to

charge me with some additional assurances of this kind.'

"The Emperor's words and manner, although still very kind, showed that His Majesty had no intention of speaking to me of the demonstration which he is about to make in the South. He said, however, at first with a little hesitation, but, as he proceeded, in an open and unhesitating manner—'The affairs of Turkey are in a very disorganised condition; the country itself seems to be falling to pieces (*menace ruine*); the fall will be a great misfortune, and it is very important that England and Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other is not apprised.'

"I observed in a few words, that I rejoiced to hear that His Imperial Majesty held this language; that this was certainly the view I took of the manner in which Turkish questions were to be treated.

"'Tenez,' the Emperor said, as if proceeding with his remark, 'tenez; nous avons sur les bras un homme malade—un homme gravement malade; ce sera, je vous le dis franchement, un grand malheur si, un de ces jours, il devait nous échapper, surtout avant que toutes les dispositions nécessaires fussent prises. Mais enfin ce n'est point le moment de vous parler de cela.'

"It was clear that the Emperor did not intend to prolong the conversation. I therefore said, 'Votre Majesté est si gracieuse qu'elle me permettra de lui faire encore une observation. Votre Majesté dit que l'homme est malade; c'est bien vrai, mais votre Majesté daignera m'excuser si je lui fais observer, que c'est à l'homme généreux et fort de ménager l'homme malade et faible.'

"The Emperor then took leave of me in a manner which conveyed the impression of my having, at least, not given offence, and again expressed his intention of sending for me on some future day."

It is proper to subjoin Sir Hamilton Seymour's own impression of this interview, as communicated to Lord John Russell.

"Your Lordship will pardon me if I remark that, after reflecting attentively upon my conversation with the Emperor, it appears to me that this, and any overture of the kind which may be made, tends to establish a dilemma by which it is very desirable that Her Majesty's Government should not allow themselves to be fettered. The dilem-

ma seems to be this:—If Her Majesty's Government do not come to an understanding with Russia as to what is to happen in the event of the sudden downfall of Turkey, they will have the less reason for complaining if results displeasing to England should be prepared. If, on the contrary, Her Majesty's Government should enter into the consideration of such eventualities, they make themselves in some degree consenting parties to a catastrophe which they have so much interest in warding off as long as possible.

The sum is probably this:—That England has to desire a close concert with Russia, with a view to preventing the downfall of Turkey; while Russia would be well pleased that the concert should apply to the events by which this downfall is to be followed."

In a postscript to this despatch, we learn that the Emperor had communicated to the Austrian Minister the tenor of the above conversation. That circumstance is, to say the least of it, significant.

Five days afterwards, Sir Hamilton Seymour waited upon the Emperor, at the request of the latter, and was favoured from the imperial lips with a remarkably choice specimen of what our Irish friends denominate *blarney*. The Czar began by asseverating that he had not the least intention of increasing the extent of his territorial dominions. The only danger, he said, which he could foresee to Russia would arise from an extension given to an empire already too large. From this general statement he presently condescended to particulars.

"Close to us lies Turkey, and, in our present condition, nothing better for our interests can be desired; the times have gone by when we had anything to fear from the fanatical spirit or the military enterprise of the Turks, and yet the country is strong enough, or has hitherto been strong enough, to preserve its independence, and to insure respectful treatment from other countries."

These were, we venture to think, injudicious premises on the part of the Emperor, for they are tantamount to an admission that Turkey, if left alone, was quite able to maintain its own position. We are not quite sure that the same could be said of Austria, which, but a few years ago, owed its integrity to the intervention of Russian bayonets. Be that as it may, the Em-

peror went on to state that he had the right of surveillance over some millions of Christians in the Ottoman empire—a right which he regarded as a duty, but used sparingly, because it was “attended with obligations occasionally very inconvenient.” And then we arrive at a statement, quite inconsistent, we think, with what had gone before.

“Now, Turkey, in the condition which I have described, has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude, that, as I told you the other night, *eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man* (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuance of his life, I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die upon our hands (*nous rester sur les bras*); we cannot resuscitate what is dead: if the Turkish empire falls, it falls to rise no more; and I put it to you, therefore, whether it is not better to be provided beforehand for a contingency, than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of a European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched! This is the point to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your Government.”

We had better give *in extenso* the conversation which immediately followed; because we think that Sir Hamilton Seymour might, without any breach of propriety, have used more decided language than he did employ, with regard to the view likely to be taken by the British Cabinet. We are quite aware of the difficulties of an ambassador in such a situation; still we cannot avoid the conclusion that Sir H. Seymour was unnecessarily timid, and not nearly decided enough in the tone which he assumed. He objected, indeed, but the objection was rather feeble; which was unfortunate, as his principal in England immediately adopted the like inconclusive tone.

“Sir,” I replied, “your Majesty is so frank with me that I am sure you will have the goodness to permit me to speak with the same openness. I would then observe that, deplorable as is the condition of Turkey, it is a country which has long been plunged in difficulties supposed by many to be insurmountable. With regard to contingent arrangements, her Majesty’s Government, as your Majesty

is well aware, objects, as a general rule to taking engagements upon possible eventualities, and would, perhaps, be particularly disinclined to doing so in this instance. If I may be allowed to say so, a great disinclination (*répugnance*) might be expected in England to disposing by anticipation (*d’escompter*) of the succession of an old friend and ally.”

“The rule is a good one,” the Emperor replied, “good at all times, especially in times of uncertainty and change, like the present; still it is of the greatest importance that we should understand one another, and not allow events to take us by surprise; maintenant je désire vous parler en ami et en gentleman; si nous arrivons à nous entendre sur cette affaire, l’Angleterre et moi, pour le reste peu m’importe; il m’est indifférent ce que font ou pensent les autres. Usant donc de franchise, je vous dis nettement, que si l’Angleterre songe à s’établir un de ces jours à Constantinople, je ne le permettrai pas; je ne vous prête point ces intentions, mais il vaut mieux dans ces occasions parler clairement; de mon côté, je suis également disposé de prendre l’engagement de ne pas m’y établir, *en propriétaire il s’entend, car en dépositaire je ne dis pas*; il pourrait se faire que les circonstances me misent dans le cas d’occuper Constantinople, si rien ne se trouve prévu, si l’on doit tout laisser aller au hazard.”

“I thanked his Majesty for the frankness of his declarations, and for the desire which he had expressed of acting cordially and openly with Her Majesty’s Government, observing at the same time that such an understanding appeared the best security against the sudden danger to which his Majesty had alluded. I added that, although unprepared to give a decided opinion upon questions of such magnitude and delicacy, it appeared to me possible that some such arrangement might be made between her Majesty’s Government and his Majesty as might guard, if not for, at least against certain contingencies.

“To render my meaning more clear, I said, further, ‘I can only repeat, Sir, that in my opinion her Majesty’s Government will be indisposed to make certain arrangements connected with the downfall of Turkey, but it is possible that they may be ready to pledge themselves against certain arrangements which might, in that event, be attempted.’”

We have no desire whatever to reflect upon the conduct or the prudence of Sir Hamilton Seymour, but we cannot help saying that he seems to have missed one very material point.

—that being a *distinct explanation of the quarter from which the anticipated danger to Turkey was to arise*. Sir Hamilton was perfectly justified in intimating that Britain did not intend to subvert the integrity of Turkey, and that she would not be passive if France were to manifest such a design. There was no earthly danger from either quarter; and certainly Austria, whatever she may wish to have or is ready to receive, would not have dared, under existing circumstances, to disturb the peace of Europe. Turkey itself was in a far better position than it ever had been. "*L'homme gravement malade*," was exhibiting every symptom of convalescence, and the only danger to be apprehended was from the Muscovite doctor, who, without being summoned, was preparing to administer his pills. Therefore, we think that the rejoinder to the Emperor's confidences—subject, of course, to the official Cabinet approval—should have been in the shape of a query as to the nature of the apprehended danger. The Czar had protested, in the most emphatic language, that he was "eager for the prolonged existence of the man;" and, if that were the case, his dissolution was an event much less likely than that of many a dynasty of Christian Europe. With Russia and Britain as determined protectors, who was to give him the *coup-de-grace*? Surely Sir Hamilton Seymour erred in not putting that point more forcibly and distinctly in his confidential conversations with the Emperor.

We say this, because the last paragraph in Sir Hamilton Seymour's despatch, of 22d January, 1853, to Lord John Russell shows that he was not altogether uninfluenced by the Imperial blandishments and affectionation of perfect sincerity.

"A noble triumph would be obtained by the civilisation of the nineteenth century if the void left by the extinction of Mahomedan rule in Europe could be filled up without an interruption of the general peace, in consequence of the precautions adopted by the two principal Governments, the most interested in the destinies of Turkey."

Precautions indeed! Precautions which would have made Russia, with-

out assuming the name of proprietor, the virtual and absolute occupier of Constantinople, with the power of the keys of the Bosphorus! It is marvellous that so acute a minister as Sir Hamilton Seymour—who otherwise deserves great praise for his lucid exposition of the designs and motives of the Czar—did not perceive that any approach to an arrangement for disposing of the inheritance, was tantamount to a declaration of the immediate dissolution of Turkey.

In answer to these communications, Lord John Russell, on the 9th February, forwarded a despatch, of the wisdom of which it is for the public to form their own opinion. It commences with an acknowledgment of "the moderation, the frankness, and the friendly disposition of his Imperial Majesty." Why the first of these terms should have been employed, we really do not comprehend. Then Lord John, adverting to the indirect proposal of the Emperor,—observes that—"In considering this grave question, the first reflection which occurs to Her Majesty's Government is, that no actual crisis has occurred which renders necessary a solution of this vast European problem"—that "there is no sufficient cause for intimating to the Sultan that he cannot keep peace at home, or preserve friendly relations with his neighbours"—and that "it occurs further to Her Majesty's Government to remark that the event which is contemplated is not definitely fixed in point of time." After pointing out the impropriety as well as the impolicy of devising a partition for providing for a settlement under such circumstances, Lord John intimates, in tolerably distinct terms, that "neither England nor France, nor probably Austria, would be content to see Constantinople permanently in the hands of Russia." He then draws the following conclusions:—

"Upon the whole, then, Her Majesty's Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe, than that which His Imperial Majesty has so long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the most famous sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory.

"With a view to the success of this policy, it is desirable that the utmost forbearance should be manifested towards Turkey; that any demands which the Great Powers of Europe may have to make should be made matter of friendly negotiation rather than of peremptory demand; that military and naval demonstrations to coerce the Sultan should as much as possible be avoided; that differences with respect to matters affecting Turkey, within the competence of the Sublime Porte, should be decided after mutual concert between the great powers, and not be forced upon the weakness of the Turkish Government."

To this succeeds a passage which we cannot help considering as unfortunate, because it gives decided colour to the Russian pretext, that a protectorate over Turkey was necessary for securing the rights of the Christian inhabitants. There was no occasion whatever for its introduction, especially as the Emperor had not thought it necessary to ask advice upon the subject:—

"To these cautions Her majesty's Government wish to add, that in their view it is essential that the Sultan should be advised to treat his Christian subjects in conformity with the principles of equity and religious freedom which prevail generally among the enlightened nations of Europe. The more the Turkish Government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the Emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional protection which his Imperial Majesty has found so burdensome and inconvenient, though no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty."

We observe that the *Times*, notwithstanding its notorious ministerial leaning, has declined awarding praise to this state document, and we are not surprised at it. It is dissuasive and declinatory, but it is altogether feeble. We should have expected to find in it, not hypocritical acknowledgments of Imperial moderation and so forth, but a distinct, firm, and energetic protest against any attempt to disturb the peace, or to violate the integrity of Turkey. The infamous proposals made to Britain—for they were infamous not only as regarded Turkey but other European powers—should have been rejected in a manner that could have left no doubt in the

mind of the Czar as to the part which the British Government was prepared to take in the event of his entering into hostilities with the Sultan. From the beginning to the end of this despatch there is not a single word which can be construed into a plain warning to the Czar, that any attempt made by him upon Turkey would provoke the hostility of Britain. On the contrary, the declinature to participate in the scheme is mainly founded on the fact that no "actual crisis" has yet arrived; but there is nothing said to indicate that Britain would oppose the forcing on of such a crisis, if Russia thought proper to precipitate it; and a more unlucky expression than "*that the event which was contemplated is not definitely fixed in point of time*" it is utterly impossible to conceive. The perusal of this despatch could leave no other impression upon the mind of the Czar, than that the British Ministry were afraid to commit themselves by entering into any secret or separate treaty with Russia for the disposal of the Turkish dominions, until a crisis actually should occur. That they would have preferred the maintenance of the *status quo* to a disturbance of it, was tolerably clear; but it was not in the least degree clear that they would take umbrage at an act of aggression, or be indisposed to treat with Russia after the aggression was made, and the weakness of the Ottoman empire exhibited by its being forced to succumb to the attack of the northern Colossus. The despatch, in short, was not couched in such manly, distinct, and positive terms as a British Secretary of State for foreign affairs should have employed on such an occasion. It is weak, timid, and almost subservient; and we are not in the least degree surprised to find that the Czar considered that it gave him sufficient encouragement again to renew his attack. Here is an extract from his next conversation with the British envoy, Sir Hamilton Seymour.

"I think your Government does not well understand my object. I am not so eager about what shall be done when the sick man dies, as I am to determine with England what shall not be done upon that event taking place."

"But, sir," I replied, "allow me to

observe, that we have no reason to think that the sick man (to use your Majesty's expression) is dying. We are as much interested as we believe your Majesty to be in his continuing to live; while, for myself, I will venture to remark that experience shows me that countries do not die in such a hurry. Turkey will remain for many a year, unless some unforeseen crisis should occur. It is precisely, sir, for the avoidance of all circumstances likely to produce such a crisis that Her Majesty's Government reckons upon your generous assistance.'

"Then," rejoined the Emperor, 'I will tell you that, if your Government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any elements of existence, your Government must have received incorrect information. I repeat to you, that the sick man is dying; and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding; and this we should do, I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes' conversation with your Ministers—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And, remember, I do not ask for a treaty or a protocol; a general understanding is all I require—that between gentlemen is sufficient; and in this case I am certain that the confidence would be as great on the side of the Queen's Ministers as on mine.'

The despatch, containing the report of this conversation, was written on the 21st February, and received at the Foreign Office on 6th March, 1853; so that the Emperor Nicholas, whatever may be thought of his conduct otherwise, cannot be justly charged with deliberate perfidy in concealing his views from our Government. Indeed, Sir Hamilton Seymour, in this very document, gave Lord John Russell a distinct intimation of the real objects of the Czar.

"It can hardly be otherwise but that the Sovereign, who insists with such pertinacity upon the impending fall of a neighbouring state, must have settled in his own mind that the hour, if not of its dissolution, at all events for its dissolution, must be at hand.

"Then, as now, I reflected that this assumption would hardly be ventured upon unless some, perhaps general, but at all events intimate understanding, existed between Russia and Austria.

"Supposing my suspicion to be well founded, the Emperor's object is to engage Her Majesty's Government, in con-

junction with his own Cabinet and that of Vienna, in some scheme for the ultimate partition of Turkey, and for the exclusion of France from the arrangement."

On the following day a more particular, and, if possible, more interesting, conversation took place between the Czar and the British envoy. We regret extremely that our limits will not allow us to detail this so fully as we could wish, but we shall advert to the principal points, which were in the form of a commentary upon Lord John Russell's despatch. The Emperor began by saying,—

"That he was, perhaps, even more interested than England could be in preventing a Turkish catastrophe, but that it was constantly impending; that it might be brought about at any moment, either by an external war, or by a feud between the old Turkish party and that of the 'new superficial French reforms,' or again, by a rising of the Christians, already known to be very impatient of shaking off the Mussulman yoke. As regards the first cause, the Emperor said that he had a good right to advert to it, inasmuch as, if he had not stopped the victorious progress of General Diebitch in 1829, the Sultan's authority would have been at an end."

Next he descanted upon what could not be permitted in the event of a break-up of the Ottoman empire. This is perhaps the most curious passage of the whole.

"Well, there are several things which I never will tolerate; I will begin by ourselves. I will not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians; having said this, I will say that it never shall be held by the English, or French, or any other great nation. Again, I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state; still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics, asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe; rather than submit any of these arrangements I would go to war, and as long as I have a man and a musket left would carry it on. These,' the Emperor said, 'are at once some ideas; now give me some in return.'

This was an awkward demand, but Sir H. Seymour seems to have acquitted himself with sufficient adroitness. He put the following case: "How would it be if, in the event of any

catastrophe occurring in Turkey, Russia and England were to declare that no Power should be allowed to take possession of its provinces; that the property should remain, as it were, under seals, until amicable arrangements could be made as to its adjudication?" Of course this notion could not be countenanced; and the Emperor's reply allowed Sir Hamilton the opportunity of making the following remark:—

"‘Sir,’ I then observed, ‘if your Majesty will allow me to speak plainly, I would say that the great difference between us is this—that you continue to dwell upon the fall of Turkey, and the arrangements requisite before and after the fall; and that we, on the contrary, look to Turkey remaining where she is, and to the precautions which are necessary for preventing her condition from becoming worse.’ ‘Ah!’ replied the Emperor, ‘that is what the Chancellor is perpetually telling me; but the catastrophe will occur some day, and will take us all unawares.’”

Then follows a passage of very great interest at the present moment, when the course which Austria may adopt is still matter of speculation. Our impression has been, and is, that she will ultimately co-operate with Russia.

“Being desirous, if possible, of ascertaining whether there was any understanding between the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, I added, ‘But your Majesty has forgotten Austria; now all these Eastern questions affect her very nearly; she, of course, would expect to be consulted.’ ‘Oh!’ replied the Emperor, greatly to my surprise, ‘but you must understand that when I speak of Russia I speak of Austria as well: what suits the one suits the other; our interests as regards Turkey are perfectly identical.’ I should have been glad to make another inquiry or two upon this subject, but I did not venture to do so.”

Next comes the bribe—for we can call it nothing else—implied in the Emperor's statement, already quoted, that he saw no reason why, in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, Great Britain should not obtain possession of Egypt and Candia! And so completely does he seem to have considered that point settled, that a few days afterwards, and without any further intercourse with Britain (for so we are given to understand), a confidential memorandum,

dictated by the Czar, and containing the following passage, was placed in the hands of Sir Hamilton Seymour:—

“In short, the Emperor cannot but congratulate himself at having given occasion for this intimate interchange of confidential communications between Her Majesty and himself. He has found therein valuable assurances, of which he takes note with a lively satisfaction. The two Sovereigns have frankly explained to each other, what in the extreme case of which they have been treating, their respective interests cannot endure. England understands that Russia cannot suffer the establishment at Constantinople of a Christian Power sufficiently strong to control and disquiet her. She declares, that for herself she renounces any intention or desire to possess Constantinople. The Emperor equally disclaims any wish or design of establishing himself there. England promises that she will enter into no arrangement for determining the measures to be taken in the event of the fall of the Turkish empire, without a previous understanding with the Emperor. The Emperor, on his side, willingly contracts the same engagement. As he is aware that in such a case he can equally reckon upon Austria, who is bound by her promises to concert with him, he regards with less apprehension the catastrophe which he still desires to prevent, and avert as much as it shall depend on him to do so.”

This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary note that was ever issued. If founded upon nothing else than Lord John Russell's single despatch of 9th February 1853, it is an attempt to make a memorandum supply the place of a treaty, and that not with regard to existing circumstances, but to a contingency involving the destruction of an ally. The Emperor must, indeed, have had great faith in the subserviency of the British Cabinet to his views, before he could have ventured on such a step. Lord Clarendon now comes into action, as the successor of Lord John Russell in the Home Office; but we need not pursue the correspondence further than to say, that it was conducted on the same principle of remonstrance, though very feeble on the part of the British Minister, against the assumption that Turkey was absolutely in a critical state, and of assertion to the contrary on the part of the Czar. His object was to alienate Britain from

France—to keep the latter power out of any arrangement which might be made for the partition of the Turkish territories—and to hasten the crisis as fast as possible, in order that Britain might be compelled to come to definite terms. Lord Clarendon's despatches are couched in terms quite unworthy of his position. Lord John Russell, who had primarily to state the views of the British Cabinet, may be excused for a certain weakness of expression; but no such apology can be made for Lord Clarendon, who was bound emphatically to have informed the Czar that this country disdained his proposals, and was prepared, at any hazard, to maintain the integrity of Turkey. We say that he was bound to have done so, on the supposition that the Aberdeen Ministry disapproved of the partition of Turkey, and were prepared, by force of arms, to oppose it. Disapproval is of two kinds: There is the faint remonstrance, which is usually considered to imply reluctant consent; and there is strong distinct denial, which cannot possibly be misinterpreted. We find no such strong distinct denial in Lord Clarendon's despatches. They are filled with almost fulsome adulation of the Czar, who had previously tendered a bribe. Thus, in the despatch of 22d March, we find the following passage:—

"The generous confidence exhibited by the Emperor entitles His Imperial Majesty to the most cordial declaration of opinion on the part of Her Majesty's Government, who are fully aware that, in the event of any understanding with reference to future contingencies being expedient, or indeed possible, the word of His Imperial Majesty would be preferable to any convention that could be framed."

Scarcely less miserably sycophantish are the terms of the despatch of April 5th. "My despatch of the 23d ult. will have furnished you with answers upon all the principal points alluded to in the memorandum which Count Nesselrode placed in your hands; but it is my duty to inform you that that important and remarkable document was received by Her Majesty's Government with feelings of sincere satisfaction, as a renewed proof of the Emperor's confidence and friendly feelings; and her

Majesty's Government desire to convey their acknowledgments to his Imperial Majesty for having thus placed on record the opinions he expressed at the interview with which you were honoured by his Imperial Majesty."

We do not profess to know much about the language of diplomacy; but if these are the sort of terms to be addressed to an avowed disturber of the peace of Europe, who has attempted to engage us in a conspiracy by offer of a bribe, we are at a loss to know what language can afford by way of adequate encomium to a really honest ally. The excuse of sincere belief in the sincerity of the Czar is entirely precluded by the terms of the previous communications from Sir Hamilton Seymour, which not only indicate but demonstrate the game which the Autocrat was playing. It is certainly remarkable to observe the extreme cordiality with which the Emperor greeted the accession of his old friend, Lord Aberdeen, to power, and the fervency of his wishes for his long continuance in office. Immediately thereafter—or rather on the same occasion—he begins to develop his designs upon Turkey, states his prognosis of the condition of the sick gentleman, and requests to be informed what are our views as to the partition of his property. Our Ministers demur as to the fact of the sickness; but the Imperial Doctor assures them that it is so, or shall immediately be so, and states that he will be contented with a temporary occupation of the dying man's domicile—the catastrophe to be hastened by a bolus of his own administration—but that we are perfectly welcome to seize upon certain outlying hereditaments! And in return to such proposals, which, if agreed to, would have made us deservedly infamous throughout Europe, the Ministers of Queen Victoria think fit to beseech the Czar! Since the days of Charles II. England has seen no similar instance of adulation to a foreign potentate.

The correspondence is now before the world, and the public must decide whether it is such as to justify Lord Aberdeen's assertion, in reply to Lord Derby, "that if he thought it would be found to contain anything on which a charge could be founded against the Government, he would find himself

egregiously mistaken." Undoubtedly they are not chargeable with connivance—but they are chargeable with incapacity and misconduct so gross, that even connivance could not have produced effects more disastrous. If they did not play directly into the hands of the Czar, they failed to make him aware of the part which they were bound to take should he persist in his nefarious designs. They manifested no kind of honourable indignation at his offers; they received his cajolements with complacency, and paid him back with compliments and assurances not one whit more sincere than his own. If this really is the style in which our diplomatic intercourse is usually conducted, there is ample room for a reform. They cannot with justice assert that the Emperor was keeping them in the dark as to the nature of his own projects. He was, on the contrary, particularly frank. He insisted, over and over again, that Turkey was on the eve of dissolution; he even indicated that he might himself be the agent to force on that catastrophe—and yet Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues are now maintaining that he had deceived them! How, where, and when were they deceived? He showed them the victim, prophesied his immediate death, intimated that the fatal death-blow might be given by his hand, told them that he was in accord with Austria, invited them to declare their wishes as to the subsequent partition, and emphatically assured them that there was no time to be lost. Let us call things by their proper names. Stigmatise the conduct of the Czar, if you will, as ambitious, tyrannical, unprincipled, or nefarious—but do not accuse him of having concealed his purpose from the British Ministry.

Were the Ministers then so blind that they failed to perceive his purpose? Of course they were not. The Cabinet which contained Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston, both of them experienced in foreign affairs, could be at no loss to divine his meaning, even if that had been more obscurely expressed; and consequently we must conclude that so early as March 1853 they were put thoroughly on their guard. They were aware that the Czar meditated the destruction of the

Ottoman empire, and having that knowledge, every movement of his in the East, whether diplomatic or military, could only be regarded as progressive means towards the end proposed.

Now there were two courses open to Ministers. The one was to have intimated at once, without any circumlocution or compliment, that Great Britain would not submit to any invasion of the Turkish territories on the part of a European power, but would be prepared, by force of arms, to resist any such attempt. That would have been a manly and honourable course; and we are satisfied that, if adopted, the Czar would not have had the temerity to provoke a crisis. Unfortunately no declaration was made. A faint dissuasive, accompanied by an immense deal of complimentary sugar, was all that our Ministers ventured to tender; and the Czar was accordingly allowed to proceed, under the evident impression that Great Britain would not actively interfere to prevent his designs upon Turkey, any more than she interfered to prevent those of his ancestress upon Poland.

The other course was to have maintained a strict neutrality, and to have treated the Eastern question as an affair entirely between Russia and Turkey. To that, however, it is more than doubtful whether the people of this country would have submitted. The appetite of Russia for territorial aggrandisement is so insatiable, and her advances have been pushed so far, that the virtual cession to her of so fair and fertile a country as Turkey, and the entire command of the entrance to the Black Sea, would, very justly, have been deemed an act of culpable cowardice. Setting aside the position of India, and the facilities which the occupation of Turkey would afford for any hostile demonstration upon that part of our dominions, we have now, in consequence of Free Trade, a direct interest in the Danubian Principalities, as so many granaries for our home consumption. Since we ceased to act upon the principle of growing corn for our own population, and made ourselves dependent upon foreign supplies, it would be suicidal to give Russia

power of cutting us short both in the north and on the south—in the Baltic and the Black Seas. Still that was the only other course which Ministers could consistently have adopted, if they wished to avoid or postpone the terrible calamity of a war.

They followed neither the one course nor the other. They did not tell the Czar that, if he persisted in the schemes which he had disclosed to them, he must be prepared to meet Britain in the field; nor did they tell him that, in so far as they were concerned, he might do what he pleased with Turkey. THEY HALTED BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. In full knowledge of his designs, they allowed him to commit himself—to pick a quarrel with Turkey about some rubbish relating to the keys of the Holy Places—to march his forces across the Pruth—to occupy the Principalities,—to do, in short, the work of one effective campaign. They never intimated to the country that the religious questions,—on which Russia, with scandalous hypocrisy, rested her justification of invasion,—were mere pretexts to mask the avowed intentions of Nicholas. They did not even send a fleet at once to Constantinople, but kept it hovering between Malta and Besika Bay, in the attitude of observation, long after the Russian guns were roaring upon the Danube. Is it fair to suppose that Nicholas,—after having frankly communicated to them his intentions more than a twelve-month ago; after having told them that the sick gentleman was sure to die immediately; and after having taken measures to secure the fulfilment of that prophecy,—could consider their late hesitating and dilatory movement as otherwise than a convenient sham. It must have appeared to him that if the British Government was determined to oppose his project, they would at once have said so, with the same openness which he manifested in his communication to them. They said nothing of the kind. They gave him fulsome compliments. Of course he went farther, and marched into the sick man's territory. What did our Ministers then? *They concealed what they knew*, and entered into negotiations about the Russian Protectorate of Christian subjects in Turkey, as if that

were the sole point which had occasioned the disturbance! What, under such circumstances, could the Czar conceive, but that they were playing into his hands? He had apprised them, in almost as many words, that he intended to take possession of Turkey, so that they knew perfectly well that the question involved was not one of religion, but of political aggrandisement. It was, however, his policy to make it appear to the uninitiated that religion was his paramount motive; and when the British Cabinet began to negotiate and issue notes upon that footing, he was, after the confidential correspondence which had taken place, fairly entitled to believe that they were not in earnest. The Czar is a remarkably able man—we question whether, politically speaking, he is not the ablest man in Europe—but his own extraordinary position precludes him from understanding the effect of public opinion in such a country as our own. He is accustomed to deal with Cabinets, not with nations or parliaments; and he attributes more power to the former than they possess at least according to the constitution of Great Britain. The British Cabinet cannot, like that of Prussia or Austria, commit the country to a course which is inconsistent with or derogatory to its honour.

In consequence of this irresolution on the part of our rulers, we are now precipitated into war, and are already beginning to feel some of its inconveniences. Let us now endeavor to ascertain the causes which have led to so very serious a denouement as the disruption of the peace of Europe. It is important that we should do so now, and not leave the question entirely to the future speculations of historians.

During Lord Derby's short tenure of office, relations of peculiar amity had been established between Britain and France. Lord Malmesbury, than whom no more able or judicious minister ever held the seals of the Foreign Office, saw that the interests of civilisation not only in the west, but throughout the whole of Europe, could only be maintained by a close and permanent co-operation, and mutual good understanding between these

two countries; and he addressed himself to the task with equal discretion and success. It is not too much to say that Britain and France never were more cordially united and confidentially allied than during the period we refer to. This, of course, was anything but agreeable to the Czar, whose opportunity lay in a separation of the interests of the two great powers of the West.

The dissolution of Lord Derby's Government and the accession of the Aberdeen Ministry effected a material alteration. The new Premier, Lord Aberdeen, had been for a great many years on the most intimate footing with the despotic Courts and Cabinets. He had not, it was true, the ability of the Nesselrodes or Metterniches; but he was considered in the highest diplomatic circles as a person who might easily be led, and upon whom a certain show of deference would not be thrown away. It was supposed, also, that he regarded with particular dislike the recent changes in France, and was not favourable to the re-establishment of the Empire under the rule of Napoleon III. This veteran ally of the despotic powers was now associated with men whose former political opinions had differed greatly from his, but who were open-mouthed and unscrupulous in their attacks upon the Emperor of the French. We need hardly remind our readers of the highly reprehensible language which was employed by Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood—both of them Cabinet Ministers—in respect to the Emperor Napoleon, or of the foul and scurrilous attacks upon him with which, about the beginning of last year, the columns of the Liberal press abounded. All that is changed now. There is, indeed, plenty of invective and abuse, but it is directed towards another quarter. The French Emperor, formerly pilloried by the Coalitionists, has become the object of their laudation. The Russian Emperor, whom they formerly lauded, is now put into the pillory.

Such being the declared views of the Coalitionists in regard to France, it very naturally occurred to the Czar, that a more favourable opportunity could not possibly arise for detaching

Britain from the side of France, and so rendering a future combination between these two powers impracticable. Accordingly, as the published correspondence shows, he did not lose a moment in opening his views to the British envoy at St Petersburg: France, as we have seen, was not to be consulted at all regarding the disposal of Turkey. Provided Britain and Russia were of accord, it mattered nothing what view might be taken by any other European power. France might do as she pleased, but the others would be an overmatch for her. Here are the expressions which the Emperor used on the 21st February:—

"His Imperial Majesty spoke of France. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that I should accuse any one wrongfully, but there are circumstances both at Constantinople and Montenegro which are extremely suspicious; it looks very much as if the French Government were endeavouring to embroil us all in the East, hoping in this way the better to arrive at their own objects, one of which, no doubt, is the possession of Tunis.'

"The Emperor proceeded to say that, for his own part, he cared very little what line the French might think proper to take in Eastern affairs, and that little more than a month ago he had apprised the Sultan that if his assistance was required for resisting the menaces of the French, it was entirely at the service of the Sultan!"

But for the temptation held out by the accession of the Coalition Minister to power in Great Britain, it is more than improbable that the Czar would have made any overtures of the kind. But at the head of that Ministry he saw Lord Aberdeen, "who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me as I have in him"—the extent of that confidence being marked by the statement, that he was convinced he could bring his lordship to an understanding in the course of ten minutes' conversation. He had also remarked that at least two members of the Cabinet, in violation both of decency and of their duty as Ministers of the Crown, had been indulging in coarse and unmannerly invective against the Sovereign of France; and, as a matter of course, he arrived at the conclusion that they would be more ready to co-

leaze with him than to ally themselves cordially with a government which they had spoken of in public in such unexampled terms of contempt. In this calculation, however, he was deceived. Wrong-headed as Lord John Russell is, we do not believe that he would, for one moment, have allowed himself to become a consenting party to such a flagitious transaction as the partition of Turkey; and the same thing may be said of Lord Palmerston, whose exclusion, through short-sighted jealousy, from the Foreign Office at that particular time, we must regard as a national misfortune. But that matters not in the consideration of the point before us. Both circumstance and time concur to show that it was the accession of the Coalition Ministry to power, and the unwarrantable language used by some of its members towards the Emperor of France, that encouraged the Czar to bring forward, and to put into shape, the project which, no doubt, he had long entertained, but which could not be previously pursued for the want of a fitting opportunity.

We regard, therefore, the formation of the Coalition Ministry in Britain as the event which directly led to the original overture—the hopes of the Czar being founded upon the political connections and understood tendencies of Lord Aberdeen, and also on the declared aversion of some of his colleagues to the head of the French Government. But for the formation of that Ministry the designs of Russia upon Turkey would have been postponed.

We have already commented upon the course which was pursued by the Ministry from the time when they were apprised of the designs of the Czar, down to that when the Danubian Principalities were invaded. We have expressed our opinion that a serious remonstrance, coupled with a plain intimation that Great Britain would not permit an occupation of the Turkish territory, would have sufficed during the earlier part of last year, and before any overt step was taken, to have deterred the Czar from proceeding with his project. We ground that view upon the policy which has been invariably pursued by Russia—which is to bully and cajole, not to

fight. Let us grant that the possession of Constantinople is the darling project of the Czar—let us grant that, in order to attain it, he would run considerable risk, and submit to extraordinary sacrifices; still we are of opinion that had he been aware, before utterly committing himself, that he would be opposed by the combined forces of Britain and France, he never would have plunged into the contest. See what he risks. First, the annihilation of his fleets, both in the Baltic and in the Black Sea, for he can hardly hope to contend with Britain and France upon the waters. Next, the derangement and stoppage of trade, so vital to the real interests of Russia, and equivalent to a sentence of bankruptcy against many of her nobles and merchants, who depend entirely upon the amount and continuance of their exports. Then there are the chances of insurrection in Poland, and revolt in Finland; and the certainty that Russia, if worsted, will be so dismembered as to prevent her from again disturbing the peace of Europe. These are very serious considerations; and we may be certain that the Czar, great as his appetite undoubtedly is for appropriation, would rather have foregone his purposes upon Turkey, than have proceeded had he believed that the two Western powers would be firm and united in their resistance. Indeed, singular as it may appear, we are about to engage in a war for which no one country in Europe is desirous. Britain, with her eight hundred millions of debt, is by no means desirous to increase the burden of taxation, or to imperil or impede that commerce to which she owes so much of her greatness. In like manner France has no interest to go to war, for she also is heavily burdened, and the present Emperor has nothing so much at heart as to restore the state of the finances. Austria has anything but an interest that war should take place, for in that event, if she takes the side of Russia, there will be immediate insurrection both in Hungary and Lombardy; and if she takes the other side, she must quarrel with a very old partner in iniquity. Prussia has no interest, for the age of subsidies has gone by, and she is likely to suffer to

whichever side she adheres; but most especially if she adopts the cause of Russia. Neutral she cannot remain. We need not say that Turkey, the state which is attacked, does not desire war; and we are thoroughly convinced that the Czar, were he not committed so deeply, would be glad to withdraw his pretensions. Now, who suffered him to commit himself so deeply? We answer, the Coalition Ministry.

Had they been of one accord among themselves, nothing of this kind would have happened. If Lord Aberdeen had been sole and supreme master in his Cabinet, it is possible that Russia might have succeeded in acquiring a protectorate over Turkey. The Sultan could hardly have attempted to resist without powerful European aid; and France, had she found Britain lukewarm or indifferent, could not be expected to come forward as the defender of the balance of power without a single ally. No doubt, had this occurred, it would have given Russia a most dangerous preponderance in Europe, and probably necessitated a future struggle; but, in the mean time, there would have been no war. Had the Cabinet been under the guidance of Palmerston or Russell, the first advances of the Emperor, if made at all, would have been met by a distinct and peremptory refusal, and by a threat which would have effectually deterred him from moving a step further. But unfortunately—most unfortunately for us, and for our children, and for the general peace of Europe, this is *not* a united Cabinet. It is a congregation of men holding totally opposite opinions—bred up in adverse schools—adhering to antagonistical traditions—influenced by jealousy among themselves—and unable, upon any one important point, whether it relates to foreign and domestic policy, to arrive at a common conclusion. Take the case now before us. But for Palmerston and Russell, and their other adherents in the Cabinet, Lord Aberdeen might have established the principle of non-interference between Russia and Turkey—and there would have been no war. But for Lord Aberdeen and his adherents, Palmerston and Russell might have checked the designs and met the overtures of the Czar,

by declaring at once that they would not suffer him to send a single soldier across the Pruth, and that if he persisted in his design, they would invite the co-operation of France, and defend Turkey to the uttermost—and in that case also there would have been no war. But the Cabinet was split into two, if not three, parties; and the adoption of a middle course, of feeble dissuasion, unaccompanied by any hint of ulterior consequences, but rather couched in terms of extreme and unworthy subserviency, deceived the Czar, encouraged him to proceed,—and now war is all but declared, and our fleet is riding in the Baltic. We have approached the subject in anything but a party spirit—we have perused the correspondence, recently published, over and over again, in the hope that we might gather from it a justification of the course which the British Ministry has pursued—but we are unable to arrive at any conclusion except this, that but for the formation of the Coalition Cabinet, the ambitious schemes of Russia would not have been developed; and that, but for its continuance and internal divisions, those schemes would have been effectually checked. In plain language, had it not been determined by a secret cabal that Lord Derby's Government should be overthrown by the most extraordinary combination of parties ever known in this country, there would have been no war; and it is right that the country should know to whom they are indebted for the burdens which are now to be imposed upon us.

We do not object to the principle upon which the war proceeds. We think it full time that the grasping ambition, insidious progress, and inordinate arrogance of Russia should receive a check. It is to us matter of pride and congratulation to know that, in the coming struggle, the colours of Britain and France will be displayed side by side. But we detest war, for its own sake, as fervently as any member of the Peace Society can do, and we are perfectly alive to the awful consequences which it entails. What we wish is, that the public should not misapprehend the real cause of the present rupture of the peace of Europe. That it originally arose from the ex-

orbitant ambition of the Czar, is beyond all question; but ambition can be controlled, and, fortunately, the Czar is not yet master of the universe. Nay, he is not yet master of Europe; for although, by spoliation and absorption, he has secured to himself a vast extent of territory to which he had no patrimonial claim; and although he exercises a great influence over States which, in former times, have acquired accretions by unprincipled subserviency to his house, he has yet to encounter the exerted power and civilisation of the West. Had our Cabinet been united, and true to their trust, that encounter might have been avoided. But it was not so. Some of them were Russian, and some anti-Russian in their views, principles, and antecedents; and so, in consequence of having a Coalition Ministry, which, after being warned of the designs of Russia, egregiously bungled our finance, and left us with a prospect of a deficit, we are to be

forced into a war of which no man can foresee the issue.

Let those who shudder at the cost, at least know to whom the cost is due. We are now paying, and are likely to pay for a long time to come, for the privilege of having a Coalition Ministry. But we submit, that the continuance of such a form of government is not desirable. We have shown, in regard to foreign affairs, and from evidence which cannot be gainsayed, what are its results; we could show, if space allowed us, its results upon domestic legislation. But we shall not enter into the lesser topics now. We have, as yet, but touched upon a part of the expediency of coalition; and our deliberate conclusion is, that to the fact of the formation of the Coalition Ministry we must attribute the development of the schemes of Russia, and to its extraordinary vacillation and want of concert the catastrophe of a European war.

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THE OXFORD REFORM BILL.

On Friday night, April 2, 1854—or rather at half-past one on the Saturday morning—there passed to its second reading in the House of Commons, represented at that time by twenty-four members, a Bill “to make further provision for the good government and extension of the University of Oxford.” A measure, declared by her Majesty’s Government so important as to demand their careful deliberation—heralded by its promoters as a new charter of intellectual liberty for England—denounced by its opponents as unconstitutional and illegal—appears to have commanded, at this crisis of its parliamentary existence, as little of the attention of the House as if it had been a Welsh highway act or an Irish grievance. True, the debate occupied its fair share of the time of the Commons, and filled its due number of columns in the morning papers. If the reporters as well as the speakers found themselves occasionally upon rather difficult ground—making some trifling confusion between “Students” and “Tutors,” and leaving out here and there a negative which must have rather confused their non-academical readers—such little inaccuracies are neither surprising nor important in a debate in which almost every speaker seems to have been anxious to assure his hearers, such as he had, that he meant nothing—at all events, that he did not mean what he said, still less what he might have

said on some previous occasion; where the reputed parents of the bill, Lord John Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were rather its apologists than its advocates, promising amendments even before they were proposed; while Mr. Blackett, as the organ of the “root-and-branch” men, puzzling himself how to deal with the sop thrown to him and his party—sweet to the taste but far from satisfying—tendered his best thanks for a measure which he concluded by saying “the Liberal members of that House could never adopt.”

The truth is, that there is an apathy in the public mind upon this great question which has reacted upon its representatives. The University Commission, as a political speculation, has been a failure, and the game of Academical Reform has lost much of its piquancy by a change in the players. Setting aside the question of the legality of parliamentary interference, it was found, somewhat to the surprise of a large section of those who had swelled the cry for a commission—well-meaning, but ill-informed on such subjects—that the most active, as they were the most able university reformers, were to be found within the walls of the University itself. That there was also a section to whom such a discovery was a disappointment, we have little doubt. At all events, from that time the public interest in the subject appears

to have gradually died away. Visible excitement of men's minds, since the issuing of the Commission, there has been none. And since the presentation of the Report, when even the warmest imagination could no longer picture the goodly revenues of Oxford transferred to the London University, or handed over to a Whig minister of education, the extremes of both parties, obstructive and destructive, must have felt their occupation gone;—moderate non-academical politicians began to vote the whole thing rather a bore—and the *Oxford Blue Book*, of which more copies were sold, we believe, than of any similar publication, went the way of all blue books, and was seen no more except on Tutors' tables. In no circles, political or social, in town or country, did University Reform become the topic of the day. If you heard three people together in conversation on the subject, two at least were Oxford men. They, indeed, with that propensity charged against them, with some truth, of "talking shop," as it is called—and which, with deference be it said in this large-minded and Catholic generation, is better at all events than talking nonsense—they "ventilated" the subject sufficiently, each having usually some pet scheme of his own for the regeneration of Alma Mater, under which, if you were to believe the author, she was to come forth in the renewed beauty of her youth, without losing aught of the reverend features of age.

But while the country at large has been taking things so quietly, Oxford herself has been neither unmoved nor silent. Her bitterest enemies cannot have charged her, during the last few months, with inactivity. Schemes of reform and extension, which a few years ago would have startled the most zealous of the *progressistas*, have been poured into the Home Office, since this year began, at a rate which would seem to have disconcerted even the impassible Palmerston. There is not wanting both external and internal evidence of Lord John's present bill having been ushered into the world somewhat in a hurry; in fact, there was some risk of his being outbid in the improvement market. Even our old friends of the Hebdo-

madal Board had made wonderful progress since we last wrote of them, and, as an undutiful boating undergraduate of our acquaintance phrased it to us, "put on an awful spurt at the end." College Visitors have been called on to discharge unwonted duties; Heads and Fellows have been closeted in their respective common-rooms for days together; statutes that were before as the Eleusinian mysteries are recklessly published, with their owners' new interpretations thereof, "by command of her Majesty," and may be bought, together with the select epistles of Palmerston to his new *familiares* in Oxford, for the small charge of one shilling and threepence; and Mr. Parker's well-known counter teems with pamphlets. Many a College dignitary appears to have had Job's wish realised; his enemy has written a book, and he, as in duty bound, has been down upon him, in another, immediately. The brother Professors of Modern History and Hebrew, besides a stout pamphlet each, have had a little private (published) correspondence, in the latter part of which the professorial tone predominates over the brotherly. The Professor of Poetry has a letter—more poetical than anything else—to the Warden of Wadham, who has not replied; not having, possibly, a poetical taste. Of minor and anonymous *brochures* there are more than we care to number. From this category we must carefully exempt the clever argument in defence of the private tenure of College property by Mr. Neate of Oriel—himself a staunch university reformer, and a supporter of the Commission; and the unanswerable appeal of Mr. Woodgate of St. John's to the "National Faith," as pledged to founders by the acceptance of their endowments.

The introducers of the bill congratulate themselves, with some complacency, on the satisfaction with which it has been received in Oxford. True, when Mr. Blackett expressed his disgust at the fact as an evident proof of its utter inefficiency, the Chancellor of the Exchequer hastened to contradict himself, and to assure his friends of *that* party, that the remonstrances against it had been many and vehement, and that it was by no means

such an innocent measure as they feared. The truth is, the feeling of the University on this great question has been much misunderstood, and, we believe not intentionally, misrepresented. This is in itself unfortunate, and adds to the difficulties which the world without suddenly finds besetting what seemed at one time an easy and a popular question: but more unfortunate than all will it be, if the comparative apathy of the public mind arises from a delusive notion that the bill now before Parliament is the advance of a government of progress against an antiquated corporation, fortified with prejudices, and tenacious of vested interests; that the two great parties in the struggle are, a growing nation, clamorous for intellectual food, and a rich and covetous university, like an unnatural step-mother, proffering them stones for bread, and keeping her rich gifts for some few favoured children. For such is the view carefully set before men's minds by those whose designs against the universities of England would accept Lord John Russell's bill, or even the bolder scheme of the Commissioners, as a very small instalment of what they deem justice. Unless the people of England can be disabused of this false notion,—and by the people, we beg here to be understood to mean especially those classes to whom some political authorities restrict the term, "the masses"—unless they can learn somewhat more truly what their rightful claims upon their national universities are, and who are perilling, and who defending them, and how far they are likely to be secured or lost by the measures now in contemplation,—they may only find out too late that they were led to confound friends with foes, and to cast recklessly from them the solid advantages which wise and good men in days gone by had bequeathed them, for the sake of a glittering dream.

Even in Oxford itself, it seems to have been too much assumed that a broad line of distinction could be drawn, placing on the one side the advocates of progress, who were desirous of remodelling the constitution of the University, and re-distributing its revenues, at whatever cost; and

on the other, those who thought they saw in every change a dangerous innovation. Whereas, in fact, both these extreme sections would at any time have made but a very poor show in the Convocation-house, the former especially having been always inconsiderable in numbers, and more noisy than influential; while the ranks of the latter, more open to argument and conviction, were thinning day by day. That the first were represented in Her Majesty's Commission was a mistake in its composition, of which the present Government at all events have begun to feel the consequences embarrassing; it has furnished weapons against them to the hands of both supporters and opponents: either too much was intended, or too little has been done. The two great points on which a vast majority of members of Convocation, resident and non-resident, found themselves united in a hostile attitude against the government of the day, were, first, the constitutional right of Parliament to interfere at all; and, secondly, the *animus* of the Commission. As to the necessity for practical reforms, for rearranging some of the machinery of university education, and extending its basis,—this had for years impressed itself upon most thinking minds,—had at least received a formal acknowledgment at the hands of a committee of the Hebdomadal Board so long ago as 1846, and had been elaborately, if not wisely, dealt with in the new Examination Statute of 1850; a measure which, whatever may have been its tendencies, could not be charged with narrowness of prejudice, and showed, at least, much zeal and pains-taking in its compilers, and an honest wish to meet the educational wants of the age. The real difficulties—not the faults—of Oxford were, that she was fettered by a code of Caroline Statutes which checked her attempts to take a freer attitude, and a form of local government which was the very reverse of representative. Had some friendly ministry given her the power, as she had the will, to rid herself of these incumbrances, we should have had a measure of reform and extension—we are not afraid of the words—not perhaps so showy and sweeping as the present, but much better con-

sidered, and therefore more really effectual. No one can have read the evidence laid before the Hebdomadal Committee, and the Tutors' Association, and considered the various suggestions there embodied, from men of very different minds, sometimes widely at variance with each other, but almost always thoughtful and fairly argued, without feeling that we have there the only materials out of which any whole-some scheme for the "good government" of Oxford is to be built, and can there trace the hands best fitted to combine them. And the strongest argument in favour of the bill now before Parliament is, that its authors have borrowed from this legitimate source their best enactments.

To the Tutors' Association, indeed, especially, Oxford will hereafter in any event confess herself much indebted. Numbering some fifty or sixty of the most able and active college and private tutors—men of all shades of party—practically acquainted with the real wants and difficulties both of College authorities and undergraduates, and conscientiously desirous of remedying them—they took upon themselves, not without some obloquy, an anomalous and quite unrecognised position in the University,—that of a voluntary and independent legislative body, and supplied for a time, in this irregular manner, the defects of the academical constitution. By this gentle pressure from without, the Hebdomadal Board were made aware of the state of public feeling, and were brought to act somewhat more in harmony with it. To them we owe the changes of 1850—changes which, we say again, in many important features we cannot think improvements, and which we quote only in evidence of a progressive tendency. To them we shall owe almost all that is valuable in the Government measure of 1854.

For let no one suppose that the bill now introduced by Government is the scheme of her Majesty's Commissioners. The spirit which dictated their Report peeps out, indeed, here and there, in some of its most objectionable enactments; but, on the whole, their ponderous blue folio has contributed much less than the four modest pamphlets issued by the Tu-

tors' Association; and when those important modifications shall have been made in it, either in committee or in the Upper House—without which this measure can never become the law of England—it will be difficult for the late commissioners to recognise, in its altered features, the rickety and unpleasant-looking offspring of their own incubations. Their sole representative in the newly-proposed Commission, if he ever takes his seat in the altered company in which he must be rather surprised to find himself, will be called upon to administer an act of a character widely different from the recommendations which received his signature in April, 1852. And before we briefly discuss the objections, both of principle and detail, against the bill as it stands, we would first of all draw our readers' attention to these points of difference.

The leading idea of the Commissioners' scheme was, as every one knows, the Professoriate. The multiplication of professors was to be the remedy for all shortcomings in the way of education; a government by professors was to close all mouths which were complaining of the powers that be, and demanding representation; college revenues, applied to the liberal support of professors, could no longer excite the envy, or awake the rapacity of reformers, but must be held to have been at last applied to their rightful uses; examiners, appointed by professors, were at last to achieve the difficult task of satisfying every candidate; to be a professor was to be all that man ought to be—a guarantee amply sufficient for religion, learning, and energy—an office which could teach independently of vulgar details of actual instruction, diffusing scholarship through the University by its mere presence—

"Dices, et tutor bonus, et solus formosus, et est rex."

Where this new race of more than mortal teachers was to spring from, was a point for which, it will be remembered, the Commissioners made no provision; but as to their mode of appointment there was no difficulty whatever. All newly-created chairs (pretty comfortable berths, too) were to be filled with nominees of the

Crown—in plainer words, of a future minister of public education,—for we should have soon found that office even more necessary than a secretary at war,—and these, with such as were already subject to the same appointment, would have had an absolute majority in the remodelled House of Congregation. But this is by no means the only mode in which, if the Commissioners should have had their will, Oxford would have been gradually converted into a national gymnasium under Government superintendence, and at the same time a gigantic field of patronage. They did not, indeed, go so far as to recommend, because in their delicate consideration for the feelings of others they thought it might be “distasteful” to the societies themselves, but they evidently entertained with favour Mr. Senior’s cool proposition,* that “the power of selection of Heads of Houses should be given to the Crown, under the advice of the prime minister.” And in Recommendation 44 we have the first step made towards it—that the election to these offices should, if possible, be left to the Fellows of Colleges; but that in case abuses in these elections should continue, provision to abate them should be made by an alteration in the mode of election. To what this subtle proviso might have led, and was intended to lead, it requires no peculiar spirit of divination to foresee. Again, the staff of professors and the “Crown,” indirectly through these its nominees, was by the Commissioners’ scheme to have the control of the studies, and the sole appointment of the public examiners, although on this latter head not a tittle of evidence went to show that the present mode of nomination (by the vice-chancellor, as representing the governing body, and by the two proctors, as representing the Masters of Arts collectively) had in any instance been abused; it being a truth so notorious, both in and out of the University, that we have rather taken it for granted than given it its due weight as the highest of all testi-

monies in favour of the existing system, that whatever disappointment there may have often been amongst the candidates for honours, the honesty and integrity of the award has never been questioned for a moment.

These features, then, at all events, are not reproduced in the bill of 1854. Another pet idea of the Commissioners, which they may claim exclusively as their own—for very few of their own chosen witnesses in Oxford approved it, and those somewhat hesitatingly, and with awkward apologies—was that of unattached students, who were to be the great means of increasing the numbers, and new-leavening the morality of Oxford. Whether this wild project fell before the grave and loving Christian arguments of Dr. Pusey,† the quiet irony of Mr. Gordon,‡ or the bitter but amusing sarcasms of the *Quarterly Review*, it is certain that it has found no favour in the eyes of our present university reformers. The “independent monads” have vanished.

So it has fared again, with that sweeping clause in the Commissioners’ Recommendations (32), that “all persons elected to Fellowships should be released from all restrictions on the tenure of their Fellowships arising from the obligation to enter into holy orders,” which, when viewed in connection with the abolition of all religious tests in the appointment of teachers, and the last-named provision for a large class of students who would have been as far as possible removed from religious influences, with their confessed longing to tread the forbidden ground of the admission of Dissenters, clearly showed their object to be the severance of the University as much as possible from the Church; the gradual withdrawal of the whole education of the place out of the Church’s hands—for the theological as well as other studies were to be “supervised” by the professors;§—and the future admission, not only to degrees, be it remembered, which is the only right openly claimed at present, but to the emoluments and

* Else why quote that gentleman’s evidence in full!—See Report, p. 183.

† See his evidence appended to Hebdomadal Committee’s Report, p. 74.

‡ Evidence, p. 187.

§ See Recommendation 13.

the dignities of our old religious foundations, of men of any religion, or of no religion at all. It is true that even the small amount of change proposed in this direction by clause xxxiv. of the present measure, forces upon us unpleasant suspicions, and seems founded upon no better reason than that some Fellows of colleges in Oxford are impatient of the restrictions, or forgetful of the professed objects, under which and for which they were elected; still, practically, it is admitted it would not tend materially to secularise the tone of the colleges, or weaken the clerical element in the University generally.

These disagreeably prominent features of the report of 1852 will not be found in the bill of 1854. Other minor points there are, in which the views of the Commissioners have been set aside, in deference, as we may hope, to the deliberately-expressed opinions of the University. The abolition of the distinctive ranks of nobleman and gentleman-commoner, odious in the eyes of the popular reformer, but proved to be at least harmless, and probably beneficial in practice, has not been insisted on; a light straw, perhaps, yet serving as some indication of the setting of the reform-current just at present. The general matriculation examination, from which such benefit was hoped to the general standard of scholarship at entrance—often it must be confessed very low—a point in which we are not sure but that the Commissioners were in the right by accident, this too we hear no more of, it would seem in deference to the opinion of the University.* And even in the great question of the throwing open the foundations, the clauses of the proposed act, though, as we shall be prepared to show presently, utterly indefensible, whether on the ground of justice or expediency, are yet not so sweepingly destructive as Recommendation 40 of the Commissioners' Report.

There is another point too, the great difficulty and the great evil, as we think, not of the Oxford system, for the system itself does not recognise it, but of Oxford practice, which, as the bill would surely have been powerless to deal with effectually, its

promoters have perhaps done wisely in not dealing with at all. Of private tuition, with the expenses which it involves, the idleness which it encourages, the specious pretexts under which it has gradually wormed its way into a sort of quasi-official existence, and is fast sapping all university and collegiate education as such, and substituting the flimsy trickery of "cram" for the sound and wholesome scholarship of other days,—we have expressed our opinion elsewhere in no measured terms.† And we are thankful to Mr Lord John, or Palmerston, or our own clever and, as he assures us, affectionate representative,—whichever we are to thank for such benefits, for none of these gentlemen seem over anxious to take the credit of their good deeds,—that they have left this question, at all events, for the University to deal with it at its own discretion. The private tutors, we rejoice to say, are not recognised as yet, even in name, by act of Parliament. If we have no "enabling powers" to get rid of them, they are at least not forced upon us by "extraneous authority." The Commissioners themselves found them a ticklish subject to handle; they took them up unwillingly, apologised for them in a deprecating manner as being ugly but useful, and were glad to let them go. It was not the only point upon which, for excellent reasons, they were compelled to differ from their own witnesses. Clause xxxvi. 1, is, we hope, specially intended to ignore them as lawfully "engaged in the tuition or discipline of the said University." And assuredly "a heavy blow and a great discouragement" is dealt out to their present occupation in the wide powers given to open private halls; whilst, at the same time, we are glad to think it opens a legitimate field of usefulness, and, we hope, emolument, to the many talented and excellent men so employed; for it is against the whole system of private tuition that our strictures are directed, and not the individuals who are forced to take a false position by its general prevalence. It is the more necessary to draw public attention to this prudent omission in the bill, because already

* Hebdomadal Report, p. 11.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov. 1853, p. 584.

voices are raised in complaint against it. This body is too numerous and too influential not to have its organs both in and out of the House. The fluent Mr. Byng, representing one phase of young Oxford, takes the earliest opportunity of claiming for them their share in the new representation;* and it would be very hard if they had not their champion among the pamphleteers. We only trust that no parliamentary friend, by some ingenious insertion of words, will be allowed to establish a new reading of the aforesaid clause in their favour. So much for the evil which this bill might have proposed to do, and which it has happily left undone. These are its virtues of omission; it has also its sins. If it has sometimes firmly resisted the mischievous proposals of the Commissioners, it has in no case had the courage to take a bold line of its own. One measure of practical reform which would have trenched upon no rights, and violated no principle, and therefore, perhaps, was not sufficiently telling to recommend itself to the Commissioners—but which the public would have thankfully acknowledged, and which the University could hardly have objected to—was the removal of the inconvenient fiction, which demands four years for the first degree, whilst, in the thirteenth term, the beginning of the fourth year, the final examination may be, and often is, passed, not only with success, but with honour. We are not arguing, it must be remembered, for an actual shortening (unless it were by the odd thirteenth term) the academical course, which we agree with Mr. Justice Coleridge in regarding as an evil; but merely for insisting, in the case of all pass-men, that the period which is now the minimum should also be the maximum of their university course, and that the absurd and expensive anomaly of “grace terms” should be altogether done away with. We will not trouble our

readers again with the arguments on this subject which we have used before;† but we must confess the disappointment with which we have looked in vain through the Reports, both of the Hebdomadal and of the Tutors’ Committee, and find this most simple and convenient re-arrangement,—change it can hardly be called—either wholly overlooked, or only noticed to be dismissed without consideration. It is totally distinct in principle from the 12th Recommendation of the Commissioners, “that, during the latter part of their course, students should be left free to devote themselves to some special branch or branches of study”—which, of course, is neither more nor less than a postponement of classical literature, to what is popularly called “Useful Knowledge,” against which we should assuredly protest as strongly as any of the Oxford witnesses; three clear years of four terms each, all strictly kept, would save undergraduates some expense, much indecision and confusion as to when they shall go up, would be easier understood by the public generally, and would not involve the sacrifice of a single hour of classical training,—nay, in connection with one little improvement to be mentioned presently, might allow more time to be really devoted to it than at present. We are glad to recognise the “consent, though with great doubts of its expediency,”‡ to this view of one of the most real, because one of the most cautious and moderate reformers in the University. And we still entertain some confidence that it is a principle which must find its way into a well-digested scheme of collegiate reform, whenever we have one.

Another measure which we had hoped to have seen suggested by the bill, important as it certainly is to the “good government” of Oxford—but on which we are sorry to find both the Oxford committees rigidly silent—

* “A body of men as accomplished and as industrious [as the professors], and to whom he would wish to tender his most earnest feelings of gratitude and respect—he referred to the private tutors of the University—for he could not help hoping that some from among that body would be chosen to assist in the government of Oxford.”—Speech on the second reading, April 2.

† *Blackwood’s Magazine*, December, 1853, p. 697.

‡ Hebdomadal Report—Mr. Gordon’s Evidence, p. 202.

is the shortening of the long vacation. On this subject, necessarily a distasteful one to college Tutors, we have already, in a previous article, spoken at some length, and nothing has been written or said to shake in the slightest degree our strong opinion of its desirability. In all the evidence which has been sought or volunteered by the Tutors, this point has been studiously, as it seems, avoided. Only Sir F. Rogers, (who is not a Tutor,) follows us in pressing this, as he also confesses, "unpalatable suggestion."* He sees in it, as we do, the simplest means of shortening the time of a general university education, without in the least impairing its efficiency. Exeter College, also, in the abstract of proposed changes in its statutes, forwarded to the Home Office, Feb. 1, 1854, has set a solitary example of endeavouring to reclaim to collegiate study some portion of that pleasant but not very profitable four months during which Alma Mater usually turns her children out of doors; "It is proposed that a Tutor or Fellow reside during the greater part of the long vacation, to enable undergraduates to reside there for the purpose of study." In these few lines we gladly hail one of those just and sensible reforms in which Exeter does not now for the first time take the lead,—which are overlooked because they are so simple in themselves, and so plainly within the reach of every college, but which, when once seen in action, cannot fail to be generally adopted.

Such are the negative tendencies of the Government measure, both for good and evil: it remains to consider its positive enactments. And to begin with the beginning,—that is to say, the heads, who here for the last time take the initiative. The Hebdomadal Board, it seems, is doomed. They are not to await, like other subjects of reform, the action of the University itself; on the 10th day of October next, if this act becomes law, their corporate existence ceases. Of all the sufferers by Government legislation, they, we fear, will find the fewest champions, and meet with the least commiseration. The Tutors,

whom they unwisely neglected to conciliate, have been their bitter enemies from the first. They fall a sacrifice not to any cry from without, but to domestic unpopularity. The Commissioners would have mercifully retained them as an upper house of legislature, only placing by their side another body, with equal powers and greater influence—the "remodelled Congregation." But the Tutors' Committee would not hear of it. "Half shares" was the formal demand of the majority of this body, just beginning to feel their own power. And as this consciousness of strength increased, the hopelessness of the struggle on the side of the existing authorities became more and more apparent. A third party, however—but weakly represented, and jealously looked upon in the Tutors' Association, made their claim for a share in the directory; and the Professorial interest, addressing themselves directly to the ear of the Government, succeeded in making the proposed Hebdomadal Council what it is in the bill as at present—one-third Heads of Houses, one-third Professors, and one-third Masters of Arts. We have no particular objection to the proposed partition—we believe that any tolerably fair form of representation would work sufficiently well—nor have we ever been the apologists of the Hebdomadal dignitaries. We have admitted their policy to have been at once weak and obstinate; slow to move at all, and undecided in action. With a hostile commission hanging over their heads, they at first affected to ignore the danger, and then wasted, in the most unaccountable manner, the time which might, wisely used, have in great measure averted it. They appointed a committee "to consider and report upon" the recommendations of the Commissioners on 16th June, 1852; that report was presented on 1st December, 1853. The Tutors' Committee, appointed five months later, presented its first report in January, 1853, its second in April, its third in November, and its fourth and last in March, 1854. The Tutors had large demands upon their time besides legislation—the Heads should have made it their first

* Suggestions, &c., p. 81.

and most earnest duty. Yet it was not until the 24th February, after the terms of the proposed bill must have been known in the University, that a new statute was proposed in Convocation, which must have been felt at the time to be mere waste paper. Nor do we think it was wise to summon Convocation again, at four days' notice, to divide upon a petition which the previous voting must have told them could only be carried by a narrow majority, and would therefore lose the only weight which could have attached to it as a collective protest. Nor do they seem to us to have well consulted their own dignity in the terms of that petition, after having questioned the authority of Parliament to interfere at all. Yet, in spite of all this, we confess we think the Heads have been harshly treated in this measure. There seemed to be no valid objection to a more numerous Board, in which, while the Heads retained their seats, a fair proportion of the popular element might have been infused by election. The scheme of the Commissioners was less offensive, and would have been quite as effectual. We could never see the force of the objections raised to their separate existence as an honoured estate, whose years and experience, together with the large stake which they would always hold in the prosperity of the University, would perhaps often have tempered the rash enthusiasm of younger, more energetic, but not always abler men, and whose deliberate opinion would perhaps have carried more weight, when it had ceased to be the only source of academical legislation. The very antagonistic position of two chambers, constituted on different principles, to which the Tutors object, has ere this been found conducive to good government. At all events, we can never cordially agree with any act which disfranchises—except for proved abuse, which in this case cannot be urged—any individual, or any body of individuals; and we think the present Heads might have retained their seats at the Board for life, even had it been thought expedient to diminish those seats in number for the future. We shall

part from our old governors, if we must part from them, with regret; not the less because we have not implicit confidence in those who may succeed them.

It is indeed very possible, as Mr. Burgon says,* "to conceive something worse than even the inactivity of the Hebdomadal Board." As things stand now, at least we know our rulers—they represent twenty-four separate and independent interests, and are, from their very isolation, at least above all suspicion of clique or party. Will it as surely be so in the dynasty to come? Are the smaller societies as sure to be represented? We shrewdly suspect that hereafter many a small college Tutor may rue the day when, in the associated committee, he took up the pleasant trade of tinkering a constitution. He may find out, when too late, that when his hand helped to close the door of the delegates' room against the legitimate representative of his own college, he shut out the voice of that college forever from the great council of the University. We may live to see an "initiative," composed of eight Heads of powerful colleges, plus eight Professors of the same colleges—plus eight Tutors or M.A.'s of the same colleges again; for their influence in the new Congregation, if exerted, will entirely neutralise the votes of the smaller colleges and halls. And if it be said that this is an illiberal view, and that such influence will not be put in motion, the answer is, that there is every reason to believe that the leading colleges have foreseen this advantage, and are prepared to use it. A farsighted Tutor of the most powerful society in Oxford objects to the constitution of the Commissioners' congregation, on the significant ground that "it gives exactly the same influence to the largest college and the smallest Hall;† and unless these smaller societies unite in protesting against this part of the scheme, their share in the government of the University, unless in rare exceptional instances, is forfeited for ever. An amendment to clause v., by way of proviso, that not more than two members of the council shall be of the

* *Letter to Bodinus*, &c., p. 15.

† Hebdomadal Report, p. 175, (Evid.)

same college, might tend to secure something like a fair distribution of power.*

From the Hebdomadal Council we descend to Congregation—the Commissioners' idea, clumsily expanded. The framers of the fourteen not very clear provisions of clause xvi., which provides for the composition of the said council, have found themselves in the position not unknown to those who, with a somewhat miscellaneous visiting list, have to give a very large party: anxious to issue as many invitations as possible, they have contrived to make exclusion very invidious, whilst no one considers his invitation a compliment. "We must draw the line somewhere, you know," says Mr. Dickens' friend of the cheap and fashionable shaving shop—"we don't go below journeyman bakers." And the coal-heaver turns away, an aggrieved and angry man. The bill is here quite as arbitrary, but hardly so distinct. Journeyman professors are included; journeyman tutors we believe not. Masters of private halls—which might contain two students—have a seat there; senior bursars, transacting the business of large colleges, have not. But of all unintelligible qualifications—"all who shall have a certificate of being habitually engaged in the study of some branch of learning or science" are to be members of this privileged body. ("Earnest" study, Lord Palmerston would have had it,† but the others would not bite.) And the authority which is to grant these "certificates of study" is, by clause xxxviii. §, left to "any college" to "declare." This, we think, must have been a mere successful joke of Palmerston's inserting. Plainly the triumvirate were wise in not declaring it themselves. A certificate of study in some branch of learning or science!—how many hours a day? how are the re-

sults to be ascertained? is the candidate to be examined? If not, how is the "authority" to know? and what is to be the definition of learning and science? Would an accurate knowledge of "Bradshaw" reckon? It is a science which has never yet, we believe, been fully investigated. Would a man be allowed to "take up" the *Times*, including the foreign intelligence, with dates?—just at present, what with the Turkish names, and contradictory correspondence, it is much the hardest reading we know. Or the new and fashionable science of "common things," hitherto much neglected in Oxford? It is idle to argue seriously upon such an enactment as this; it is legislation carried into its dotage. That such a crotchet could have been calmly entertained by any three sensible English statesmen, is one of those unaccountable instances in which fact is more improbable than fiction. If there is to be a remodelled Congregation, we suppose some such simple qualification as all M.A.'s *bonâ fide* resident, or all engaged in collegiate tuition, discipline, or administration, would fully suffice, and be at least intelligible. On the question of allowing such a large and heterogeneous body, however composed, to debate in English, we think the Tutors' objections entitled to every consideration; they have had full opportunity of practically judging of its tendencies; and it is quite clear that it would thus become a perpetual field for loud and unprofitable discussion, subversive of the dignity and quiet of the University, and wasteful of its time.

Of the numerous petty and vexatious restrictions on the tenure of Fellowships, it is not necessary for us to dwell at length; because this portion of the bill, by an ingenious complication of difficulties, has secured the opposition of all parties, and cannot by any possibility pass as it stands.

* A recent writer in the *Times* professes great concern at the possible danger that even the proposed Hebdomadal Council may not extinguish the power of the Heads sufficiently. Suppose, says this far sighted gentleman, in addition to the eight Heads of Houses who must have seats, Convocation should choose to elect some Heads who are also Professors, to represent that body, and some also to represent the members of Convocation. We can only say that we should be very glad to see our old rulers elected by the popular voice into the seats from which they are proposed to be so summarily ejected.

† See Lord Palmerston's Letter to the Chancellor—*Parl. Corresp.* p. 95.

If its object was to make residence compulsory, it would have been better to have done it by a few plain words. This would have had at least the merit of being in accordance with the original intention of the founders, although few would have been found to advocate such an enactment on the ground of utility. But clause xxxvi. assumes to treat a body of men who are to be, if the other bold aspirations of this measure are carried out, the intellectual flower of England, as a set of schoolboys; establishing an inquisition into their private pursuits, which we will venture to say was never yet proposed, and which no government will be allowed to exercise, over any society of Englishmen. In this inquisitorial process, their pet invention of the "certificate of study" is again to do them yeoman's service. This is to make sure that the intellectual genius, which their whole system is invented to foster, shall not be turned—as we are glad to find them recognise that even intellect may be—to purposes of mischief. The difficulty here, as in the other case, is in the providing the "authority" from which these certificates are to issue; for here the bill gives us no help whatever. If Fellows of colleges, chosen solely for their "superior fitness in character and attainments," cannot be trusted to take care of themselves, who is to take care of them? "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who is this unknown "authority," thus mysteriously veiled, whom all are to worship? Can it be Lord John?

The term of five years, the maximum allowed by the previous clause to a non-resident Fellow to prepare for a profession, is justly felt to be an arbitrary limitation; as is also the three-mile boundary, outside which no Fellow, under the provisions of the Act, is to hold a cure of souls, retaining his fellowship; and it will scarcely be believed that the Bursars, who have the entire administration of college business and estates, and who are usually some of their most valuable resident members, are, under the famous clause xxxvi., classed implicitly with the idlers, and would not be allowed to retain their fellowships at all.

We beg our readers also to remark the miserable economy, which holds out, in the shape of a boon to the Fellow who shall have spent twenty-one years in the faithful discharge of collegiate duties, permission to retain his fellowship, exempt from such active employment, "subject to the payment of one-third of the profits thereof." So that the Tutor who, for the third of a human life, has by his energy and ability sustained or made the reputation of his college, may find himself with failing health, or failing powers, pensioned off upon a stipend of some £100 or £150 per annum; for the case, indeed, of ill health incapacitating for an active share of college duties, or even for "earnest study"—not uncommon, alas! in men overstrained in the race for honours—has never entered into the calculations of our modern university reformers. "Work, work!" is their cry—"what else are you paid for?"

One ground of complaint, too, which we think the University has, as a body, against the general tone of this bill, independently of any injustice in its enactments, is the distrust which is implied in these and other instances where free agency is curtailed, as well as in the attempt to guard jealously all exercise of power which is necessarily, but grudgingly preserved. Perhaps this strict surveillance is held necessary in the present corrupt state of Oxford, but is to be removed when a regenerated University has grown to the full stature, and becomes entitled to the rights, of intellectual manhood. From Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston such treatment might have been expected; in them it might have been the expression of an honest prejudice, and a pardonable misappreciation. To have assumed, as is done in clauses xxxiii. and xxxviii., 8, that Examiners and Electors would be found wanting in common honesty, and must be bound to the "strict performance of their duties" by declaration or otherwise—(convenient vagueness!)—might have been understood as a little ebullition of feeling, natural if not dignified; though we conclude, no one would have attached much real weight to such futile precautions. The ex-

aminer or Elector who betrays his trust by an unjust decision will not think much of supporting it by a lying declaration. An Act of Parliament, we have heard, can make a gentleman; we never yet heard that it could make an honest man. But Mr. Gladstone, at least, for his own credit, if not for theirs who trusted him, should have eliminated these gratuitous and unworthy passages before he allowed his name to appear on the back of this bill. He had more experience of such things, and knew the Oxford spirit better. He, for very shame, should not have put this moral bribery oath to those constituents who have thrice elected him—he knows on no selfish grounds—amidst much obloquy, and, in many instances, at much sacrifice of private interest and personal feeling.

There flashes upon us also, here and there throughout the several clauses—though made to assume as unobtrusive a form as possible—the shadow of a giant influence, as yet rather felt than seen. Any vacancy in the number of Commissioners to be appointed by Parliament for the purposes of this Act,—and with the selection of whose names, as at present understood, we are fully satisfied,—is to be filled up by the Minister of the day. A report of the “state, receipts, and expenditure, and other particulars,” of every college, is by clause liii. to be forwarded, if required, to “one of Her Majesty’s principal Secretaries of State.” There is a remarkable and mysterious article in clause xlv., forbidding the Commissioners to “appoint any person extraneous to a college to exercise any authority therein,” without the consent of a majority of the Fellows of the said college. There are no scholia on this obscure passage, but we suspect it is pregnant with possibilities, and like some other dark sayings of old, the interpretation may come too late. It is no use, in short, to try to shut our eyes to the fact, that Government has got a hold upon the colleges, and intends, as far as possible, to keep it.

Against the diversion of college revenues to the general purposes of the University,—the founding of new professorships, &c.,—the feeling at

Oxford is so nearly unanimous, and so reasonable,—while those colleges upon whom alone the University had any claims of this nature, have for some time been so fully prepared to recognise them—Magdalen proposing to devote £750 per annum “at least” to the founding of prælectorships, Corpus appropriating £600 to the endowment of a professorship of Latin, and Merton promising assistance; and when these are excepted, there remain so few colleges containing the number of fellowships (20) required, in order to justify such an appropriation,—that we may hope the justice and discretion of the Commissioners may safely be trusted not to make such a diversion in the case of any college whose authorities may be conscientiously unwilling to sanction it.

The means here proposed for the extension of the University, by the unrestricted establishment of private halls, are those which we have already advocated in a previous article. Established under due regulations, they cannot prejudice the discipline of the University. It would be ridiculous to suppose that they could interfere with the colleges, whose wealthy foundations must always enable them, if they will, to educate more cheaply and with greater advantages; whilst we still believe that they will succeed in drawing to Oxford a class of students which it does not now possess, in developing the demand of which the existence is so disputed, and in proving, in spite of Mr. Gordon’s clever irony* on so tempting a subject, that a more kindly and domestic discipline is both possible, and in some cases very desirable, without treating men as children. At any rate, if they fail, they will involve no interest but their own.

There is yet one principle boldly laid down in this bill—for one principle it is under several forms—so cruel and so unwise, involving such a deep wrong to the memory of the dead, and such contempt for the claims of the living, that it forms alone one of the most solemn questions ever submitted to the decision of the legislature. Beneath this great injustice—if once it pass into law—all the minor evils of this measure may

take shelter and be forgotten. If Parliament, more faithful to Oxford than her own sons and representatives, shall deliver her from this, we know of no surrender of her liberties which would be too great a price to pay. It is proposed by this bill to take away the heritage of the poor; Oxford is to be no more what she has been for above five hundred years—"the almshouse of noble poverty." It is by the merest rule of consequence that the same hands sweep away the rights of families, of counties, and of schools. "No preference shall, after the passing of this Act, be accorded to any candidate by reason of birthplace, kinship, education at any school, or INDIGENCE, over any other person of superior fitness in character and attainments," (clause xxviii.) These are the words. Then follow some grudging exceptions in favour of kinship, of districts, and of schools; *none* in behalf of poverty. For this wholesale confiscation the Commissioners had striven hard to prepare the public mind; voices within the walls of Oxford itself had shamefully avowed it as their object; the doctrine of "open competition" and "abolition of preferences" has been preached as an intellectual gospel; and still good and wise men have been slow to realize its growth; whilst those against whose rights it is aimed are lured into a blind belief in it.

Let the people of England look to it. If their old adage be true, that "learning is better than house and land," a heritage is passing from them. "The nation has a claim to the national universities," it is said. If it means anything, it means this—that rank, and wealth, and worldly position are not to hold them, to the exclusion of the poor seeker after knowledge. Will they believe us, if we tell them, that the great and good men who in other days built and endowed these colleges, said more than this; they said the poor *alone* should hold the seats of honour there, if they could prove that they were led by the love of learning to enter in and take possession. The sons of the rich and noble might resort there for education; but their fellowships and their scholarships, endowed by their bounty, were for the poor for ever. Is this truth

disputed? Is there any moral doubt that the poor scholars of England are the true heirs of the "city of palaces," any more than of the true purpose of the Hospital of St. Cross, which has just engaged so much of the public attention? Is there one whit more iniquity in Lord Guildford's acts, than there will be in this act, if it passes? We believe that in this case, as well as in that, the public is not awake to the fact, and needs to have the wrong set very plainly before them in order to appreciate it. Ancient statutes—even were the handwriting legible, and the Latin easy—are not popular reading. Yet there are some things in them which would open, to many a shrewd reader amongst our middle classes, a new chapter of the rights of man. It might form a novel, and not wholly unprofitable, theme for a popular lecturer to teach his hearers that the Scholars or Fellows of Oriel were, by the founder's will, to be not only "casti et humiles" but "indigentes;" not necessarily first or second class men, who had spent large sums of money upon private tutors, but merely "ad studium habiles," "proficere volentes;" that the same qualifications, nearly word for word, repeated as a sacred formula, are those for the Scholars or Fellows of the rich and noble foundation of St. John's, of Merton, of Balliol; that at Magdalen—perhaps now the most luxurious of all our colleges—they were, and are commanded by the same statutes, by which they claim to hold their rich endowments, to elect "*pauperes et indigentes*," guarding the rights of the poor by a double title. And it might not be uninteresting to trace the different interpretations put, in different ages, upon those strange old Latin words—especially the last new interpretation of them; and, by the help of grammar and dictionary, impressing upon an audience, by this time somewhat interested, the rapid advance made, in this age of progress, and under a government of progress, both in the philosophy of language and the recognition of popular rights. There is many an honest Radical, hating a parson or a lord, who no doubt chuckles over reform in any shape, but especially reform of the universities—they being, as it were, hot-beds

for raising parsons, and lords, and such like. He regards this bill as a little step in the way in which we are to go,—not much, but something,—“the beginning of the end,” as our clever friend of the *Examiner* has it. He thinks it is to “throw open” the good things to his children which the higher classes have hitherto been giving away quietly among each other. Such men look upon Oxford as aristocrat, and the Commission as the popular champion. Never was a more complete delusion. Who will be the fortunate claimants for these “open” scholarships, which are to be wrested, as Mr. Woodgate ably and eloquently shows, from country grammar schools to which the middle classes resort, from districts which some benevolent founder, risen himself to wealth from a humble origin, wished in his grateful affection to connect with his name for ever—in some cases from orphans—who are to inherit them? They are to be rewards of “merit;” we have so much unrewarded merit going about in this generation; and merit is nothing now without reward. It will be, in nine cases out of ten, boys from the head forms of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster—

“Magnis centurionibus orti.”

The sons of parents who can afford to spend one or two hundred per annum upon their education,—who have had advantages of every kind, which the poor curate’s or the country tradesman’s son can never hope for,—who should need no such incentives to study, as they need no such help in its pursuit. Are these the classes for which founders bequeathed their wealth? Hear the good William of Wykeham, one of the most magnificent of Oxford benefactors—whose too princely foundations are, as it would appear, never to be allowed to do the noble and pious work for which he intended them—“I will have,” says he, “not those already learned, skilled in letters, wealthy, accomplished in arts.” His gifts were wisdom to those who sought after wisdom, and help to those who needed help to seek it.

It is curious to mark the poverty

of argument amongst the champions—of all parties—who advocate this nefarious spoliation. “Fellowships and scholarships,” says the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, “have now become situations of influence and honour; it would be wrong to appoint men to these simply because they are poor.”* Let the words go down to posterity as the expression of the sentiments of our self-styled friends of the people; because the poor man’s heritage has increased, it may be his no longer—what has he to do in situations of “honour and influence?” “Because he is poor?” No; but because, being poor, with the many disadvantages which poverty entails, he has proved himself “ad studendum habilis et idoneus”—“proficiere volens”—these must be his claims besides poverty; and they may involve at least as high an order of “merit” as any mere examination-test of acquirements. Hear again, in the same strain, Professor Garbett. University emoluments, according to him, are “the intellectual property of the nation.”† Now, if this be a mere flower of diction—a *vox artis*—if, being Professor of Poetry, he thought he was nothing if not poetical, we have nothing more to say—it may pass for what it is worth. But if it be put forth as a serious prosaic assertion—if he means to say that the wealth of Oxford is the property of mere intellect, then is Professor Garbett the strongest of all living arguments against professorial teaching. We are then to deify intellect: to this idol we are to sacrifice the rights of the poor, the claims of kindred and of neighbourhood. Does he know who is the impersonation of intellect unsanctified?

And, as the claim of poverty is to be extinguished within Oxford itself, so are those institutions which were to supply claimants to be robbed in their turn. Here is the sentence of disfranchisement for a multitude of provincial grammar-schools throughout England. No preference to any scholarship shall be accorded to any school except such school shall contain one hundred scholars. Is this wisdom and justice? Will the towns of Appleby, Abingdon,

* *Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1854, p. 189.

† *Letter to Warden of Wadham*, p. 8.

Ashburton, Bromsgrove, Coventry, Hereford, Marlborough, Reading, Tiverton, Worcester, call this a liberal scheme? Will you withdraw from these places the fruits of the munificence, often, of some grateful townsman, and deprive them of the only hope of a good classical education for their sons? For be it remembered, it is not merely the two or three boys here and there, who are the fortunate holders of these helps to study, who are benefited thereby—it is the many that, thus encouraged to exertion, and the still greater number who have the advantage of first-rate masters, whom these very scholarships have attracted to these schools. And is there no injustice to such men themselves?—who have given up perhaps fair prospects at Oxford, resigned fellowships, married wives, and carried their talents into remote districts of England to take charge of country schools, which two lines of this bill are to empty for ever? Then the absurd estimate of the efficiency of a school by its actual numbers—giving it a scholarship, we suppose, when it had the even hundred, and next year destroying it for lack of five. A school may be in a high state of efficiency, and yet never reach near a hundred boys. Bridgnorth, Oakham, Uppingham, when in the last generation they ranked almost as public schools, did not; Bromsgrove has not ninety, Repton just sixty, at the present time. Are these inefficient places of education?

We are estranging the middle classes

from us day by day. With all our large professions, we are a narrow-minded age. It has been well remarked, how, in olden times, many of our great divines were sons of tradesmen.* This enactment would close in great measure the avenues by which the Church was meant to draw into its ranks those who now, partly in ignorance, shrink from her teaching.

Here then, or never, the Universities must take their stand. This is no struggle for privileges. It cannot be said that colleges have any interest in keeping up a preference for the poor. Rather, most unhappily, their tendency has been to pass over these claims, not being fonder of poor connections than the world in general is—preferring the scholar and the gentleman, and merging the preference into a poor "*ceteris paribus*." Perhaps—not unnaturally—corporations, like individuals, require to be often recalled to homely duties. In this, as in other points, Oxford has not been immaculate. Let her make amends. Let us hear no more of "poor halls," when almost every one of her proudest buildings should be an "*Hospitium Pauperum Scholarium*." Much of what she holds to be her legal rights may be given up for the sake of peace—obedience to lawful, though arbitrary authority; some things indifferent may even be sacrificed as popular concessions; but in this there must be no compromise—in this she is a steward for God.

* Hebdomadal Report—Evidence, p. 81.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FORTRESSES.

HAVING been moved to put together some ideas on ancient fortresses, with a slight unprofessional glance at modern fortifications, we feel at a loss to say whether the subject was suggested by the prospect of a European war, or by finding, on turning up page 52 of the second volume of Edward King's *Munimenta Antiqua*, the curious statement about famous Conisborough Castle, "that, if a person chanced to stand in the least degree nearly opposite to any one of the buttresses the whole building appears, notwithstanding its perfect roundity, to be a square tower instead of a round one."

If we led the reader to suppose, that anything he finds in this article will indicate the probable result of the coming European Struggle, we should grossly deceive him; and it is but fair to say, that if the opening sentences have induced him to expect a succinct digest of the history of fortified places from the era of the Flood, he will have to complain that his anticipations are by no means fulfilled. We intend to take advantage of that happy vagrant eclecticism, which nothing in this world but a magazine admits of, and which, in truth, is a blessing too often forgotten and betrayed by its proper guardian, when he consents to be nothing but the expounder of opinion for a polemical or a civic conclave, or the recorder of the pother of local antiquaries. Our remarks on fortresses will follow no specific line, logical, or otherwise—will supply no desideratum—prove no problem, and exhaust no subject of inquiry; and, with these preliminary indications, we now offer them.

Be it a question which, among ancient nations, was most illustrious in deed and thought—the Jewish, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Hellenic, or the Roman—there can be no doubt that the most illustrious race acting within the sphere of modern history is the Norman. And when we give them this local name, we do not mean to confine its comprehension to the descendants of the Rollo who bullied the King of France out of a province, or to those

of the band of adventurous men who "came over" with the Conqueror. The real Norman who founded the institutions which still live to attest his greatness, was a mixed being, possessed of the hardy, enduring energy of the North, and the fire and versatility of the South. Most European countries have enjoyed his presence. France has largely partaken of it, so has Spain—though the spirit of the old greatness it produced has died, and the faded lustre of its memory only remains. Italy, Sicily, and portions of Germany, have had their share of these high-spirited wanderers; and indeed often, in the history of European states, might it be traced that, as if by an injection of fresh blood, the Norman element has saved them from immediate dissolution, if it has failed to confer on them a prolonged and invigorated existence.

Greatest, however, of all the obligations to this race are those which we of the British empire owe; for the illustrious adventurers—whose spirit and energy sometimes seemed to consume and destroy the feebler qualities of the people on whom they were ingrafted—found among their Saxon brethren only a reinforcement of those steady and enduring powers, which had not yet acquired a sufficient preponderance in the composition of the Norman. To the character and tendencies of this race we owe the centralising influence which has given power to our democratic institutions. We owe to them the principle of honour, courtesy to women, social disinterestedness, and the many virtues which have grown out of the system of chivalry. In art, we owe to them the great system of ecclesiastical architecture, which, after slumbering for a couple of centuries, is now flourishing in so remarkable a revival, that every genuine vestige of it is preserved with pious care; and even a worshipful municipality, if it design to destroy a remnant of the art, as it would have almost been thanked for doing fifty years ago, is restrained from the act by a feeling of public indignation.

The magnificent system which goes commonly by the name of Gothic architecture, is essentially the work of the Norman race, taking both the character of the architecture and the name of the race in a comprehensive sense.

If it be an inferior achievement, yet it is something to say that to the same race we owe the fortalice of the middle ages—the parent of the modern fortress. The castle, as we know it in romance and history, is essentially a Norman creation. The symmetrical external strength, and the gloomy mysteries of the interior, necessary to make a castle be a castle in poetry or romance, are features entirely belonging to the Norman edifice. The vaulted form of internal roofing, with all its grandeur and gloom—the dungeons beneath—the battlements above—the secret passages—and other mysteries which are necessarily connected with these in architectural arrangement, are all peculiarities of the Norman fortalice. To find what there is in this, inquire how *The Old English Baron*—*The Castle of Otranto*—Mrs. Radcliffe's or Victor Hugo's novels could have been written without this element of poetic romance. Go higher up, and see how much of the glorious interest of Scott's novels has been created out of this element; and whether it is presented at Torquellstone or Tillyndlem, all comes of Norman origin. But go still higher, and see how such a tragedy as *Macbeth* could have existed, if Shakespeare had been a contemporary of the Scottish monarch, and had been bound to describe him living in an extensive cral of wicker or turf huts, instead of placing the whole tragic history in one of those mysterious Norman castles which did not exist until centuries after *Macbeth's* day, and were beginning to add to their other interest that of a mellow age in Shakespeare's.

Besides these elements of associative interest, there is the external beauty involved in a marvellous development of strength and symmetry. Take the Norman castle in its most perfect development—the stern square mass in the centre—the flanking round towers at the angles, widening with a graceful sweep

towards the earth, after the manner in which the oak stem widens to its root—the varied crest of battlements, turrets, and machicolations which crown all, adjusting their outline to the graceful variations of the square and circular works below,—all make a combination, the grandeur and beauty of which has been attested by its eternal repetition in landscape-painting, since landscape-painting began.

Nor were the beauty and grandeur all that the Norman fortalice could boast of. It was a great achievement in science. Of all the steps taken onwards in fortification, from the primitive earthwork on the steppes of Tartary down to the fortification of Paris, the greatest was taken by that one which combined together the dwelling-house and the fortress, and made that organisation of main edifice and flanking protections of which the great works of Vauban were but a further development, as we shall have occasion more fully to show.

But we must stop here.—External beauty and grandeur, engineering skill, we attribute to the Norman castle; but we cannot award the same praise to its moral objects, which were ever those of subjugation and regal or lordly despotism. In fact, the castle was the embodiment of the feudal system, and ripened into the Parisian Bastille, the largest and most perfect Norman fortress ever built. As one of our kings said of a border keep, the man who built that was a thief in his heart; and they who reared the stately dwellings of the Norman kings and nobles had subjugation and tyranny in their hearts, and indeed embodied these qualities in mason-work; for, after all, these gloomy edifices owe a mighty portion of their influence to that over-awing quality which Burke made out to be the source of sublimity. If all admiration of artistic achievement in architecture must depend on the honourableness, the faithfulness, the humaneness of those who were the designers, we fear we would need to abandon our favourite edifices as structural lies, and architectural shams, only fit to be cast into oblivion and there obtain Christian burial. But so callous are we in the matter of the faith and morality of designers,

that we can even confess that the exterior structure so well fitted for defence against an oppressed peasantry, and the dreary dungeons so well fitted for feudal vengeance, when these were driven desperate, only raise our interest by a contemplation of their objects; while the assurance that some murder has been committed within the gloomy recesses—the baser and more brutal the better—simply affords additional zest to the tragic interest of the whole.

Let us cast a glance back to the condition of the art of fortification, at the time when it was taken up by these Normans. The most truly primitive forts are naturally decided by antiquaries to be those which are found constructed solely out of the native materials which the site may have afforded. In this matter time has been by no means impartial to the handiwork of man; since, in some places it remains, and is likely to remain, so long as the crust of the earth keeps together: while in others, the stronghold of the dwellers in vast watery wastes and swamps has melted away with the mud of which it may have been originally formed. So, in the swamps of Friesland, defended in the dawn of history as they were in the seventeenth century, and in the flats of Lincoln, defended against the Normans, many a place of strength has departed; but on the tops of barren hills the rude stone circles remain, the relics of some utterly unknown antiquity.

There is scarcely to be named that part of the world where there are hills, and no hill-forts. They occur in the Holy Land; and Jeremiah speaks of the people being hunted "from every mountain, and from every hill." On the approach of the Assyrians, we hear that the Israelites possessed themselves of all the tops of the high mountains. They are found all over the East—on the steppes of the Russian provinces—on the German and Scandinavian hills—in all parts of the British empire: while those which have been discovered in the valley of the Mississippi, and other parts of America, are said to have a precise resemblance to the specimens in the county of Angus. Often, of course, efforts have been made to

connect them with early historical events—as when the fortified camp of Caractacus has been found in England, and that of Gaiacanus, in fifty different places of Scotland: while the Germans are naturally anxious to find the circle within which their national hero, Arminius, or Hermann, assembled the tribes who punished the presumption of Varus. But these are all vain speculations; and when or how these forts were made, we shall probably find out when we get the working plans and the engineers' contract for Stonehenge.

Among the English hill-forts, there is the Herefordshire beacon, on the highest point of the Malvern hills, commanding the main pass through the chain. It is an irregular oblong, one hundred and seventy-five feet by one hundred and ten; and the inner wall is a strong work of stones and turf. Three exterior walls encompass it, and an eccentric work loops out at either side, on some engineering principle, which, doubtless, was highly approved of in its day, but is sunk in as deep oblivion as the name of the people who awaited anxiously within the inner ring to see the heads of the enemy, as they strove to mount the steep acclivity, in the year of the world in which the defence was completed. Wales claims the chief specimens in England, for the reason we have already stated—that Wales has hills. Hence we have Moel y Gaer in Flintshire, and a great work close to the Castle of Montgomery, where, King says, it was certainly needless, "unless it had been long prior to the erection of that castle." There are, besides these, Carn Madryn, Trer Caeri in Carnarvonshire, and Caer Caradoc, which tradition associates with Caractacus. One of the oddest of these forts is Penman Mawr, of which Pennant says, "After climbing for some space among the loose stones, the fronts of three, if not four walls presented themselves very distinctly, one above the other. In most places the facings appeared very perfect, but all dry work. I measured the height of one wall, which was at the time nine feet; the thickness seven feet and a half. Between these walls, in all parts, were innumerable small buildings, mostly circular, and regu-

larly faced within and without, but not disposed in any certain order. These had been much higher, as is evident from the fall of stones which lie scattered at their bottoms. Their diameter, in general, is from twelve to eighteen feet; but some were far less, not exceeding five feet. On the small area of the top had been a group of towers or cells, like the former—one in the centre, and five others surrounding it.*

Some of our northern forts have been, however, on a greater scale. Of the White Caterthun in Strathmore, General Roy says, "The most extraordinary thing that occurs in this British fort is the astonishing dimensions of the rampart, composed entirely of large loose stones, being at least twenty-five feet thick at top, and upwards of one hundred at bottom, reckoning quite to the ditch, which seems, indeed, to be greatly filled up by the tumbling down of the stones. The vast labour that it must have cost to amass so incredible a quantity, and carry them to such a height, surpasses all description. A simple earthen breastwork surrounds the ditch; and beyond this, at the distance of about fifty yards on the two sides, but seventy on each end, there is another double intrenchment, of the same sort, running round the slope of the hill. The intermediate space probably served as a camp for the troops, which the interior post, from its smallness, could only contain a part of. The entrance into this is by a single gate on the east end; but opposite to it there are two leading through the outward intrenchment, between which a work projects, no doubt for containing some men posted there, as an additional security to that quarter."†

The author who is found thus to speak of the rude hill-fort was an experienced officer of engineers, on service in Scotland. The tone of professional respect with which he treats the effort of the primitive engineer is remarkable; one might suppose him discussing the merits of Sebastopol or Cronstadt. In the unprofessional, such works create perhaps all the more astonishment from their unex-

pected magnitude; for when you are desired to ascend a desolate, uninteresting-looking secondary hill, in a remote district of Scotland, apart from any of the tourist circuits, you do not expect to find its brows covered with some triumph of industrial development. The height necessarily ascended before these works can be seen—a matter which must have made the raising of them all the more formidable—keeps them away from observation. Were they on flat ground, and near watering-places, they would be among the wonders of the world. In the vastness of the mass of collected stones, they are more like the great breakwaters of harbours of refuge than any other works we can name. Even more remarkable than General Roy's Caterthun, appears to us to be the Barmkyn of Echt, a few miles farther north. The etymologist may call Barmkyn a corruption of Barbican if he likes. The lonely hill is so steep and circular that it seems as if it must have been artificially scarped. Scarcely from below can any curve be seen to interrupt the straight line of the ascent, and one is utterly unprepared for the mighty ramparts of stone—five of them—of which the innermost encloses a space of about an acre, quite flat, and seeming to be levelled, as the sides of the hill seem to be scarped, by art.

It may be a question if these stone masses were ever built, either so as to represent external courses, like the Roman wall in Northumberland, or even in the fashion called cyclopean. They bear, in their heaped character, and the regularity of their course, more resemblance to the moraines on the edge of the glacier, than to any other object, natural or artificial, with which we happen to be acquainted. So ancient, indeed, must they be supposed to be, that in the war with the elements all minuter structural characteristics seem to have been lost, and the stone lie, not as they were placed, but virtually in a heap of ruins.

In these stormy hills, indeed, it is difficult to suppose that anything less imperishable than the gneiss, or granite, of which the blocks forming the

* *Tour in Wales*, ii. 206.

† *Ror's Military Antiquities*, p. 206.

circular forts are composed, would have preserved the original plan. In flatter and more turfy districts of Scotland, as well as in England, there are mounds seeming to be artificial, and cast in circular terraces, as if they had been put on a turning lathe and bevelled down. There is one of these—perhaps the most remarkable in Britain—at Old Sarum, and it was generally supposed to have some connection with the franchise of that scheduled corporation. How these could have been very available for forts it is difficult to imagine; and to devise any other purpose to which they can have been applicable would be still more difficult. But when it was reported in England, as it was about seventy years ago, that there were some ancient hill-forts in Scotland made of glass, the antiquaries, not having a prescience of the Crystal Palace before their eyes, turned from puzzling themselves about the earthen mounds in England, to burst forth in scornful laughter about the glass fortresses of Scotland. But people who have had much experience in the ways of this world, learn how the same word may, without the slightest misapplication, be used for very different things. The dingy slag-like lumps, with a vitreous fracture, found in the hearth of some Scottish fortified hilla, has undoubtedly a claim to the vitreous character, perhaps as strong as the glittering diaphanous squares which are to let in all the sun, and exclude the wind and rain, at Sydenham. That they were the creation of fire is certain; and though the geologists sought at first to make out a case of volcano, yet it became evident that it was administered by the hand of man; for the materials, which had been calcined and vitrified so as to resemble in a considerable degree the scorix of a glass-house, were built into walls round the summits of steep circular hills;—those with which we are acquainted have much the appearance, from their extreme steepness and regularity, of having been scarped. And then come the questions—were the vitrified masses produced by some accident, such as the burning of a stronghold? or were they a deliberate method of cementing

stones together by fusion? or, perchance, were they the wide circuits within which might be consumed some whole forest of trees, cut down and piled together within a ring of stone, whether as a vast beacon, reddening the sky from the Tweed to Cape Wrath, or a sacrifice to the ancient God of fire?—Questions these which we respectfully decline taking the responsibility of answering.

The step from such rude Titanic works as these to the Norman fortress is great—and perhaps a word or two on other forms of places of strength may be suitable, as showing distinctly that the feudal castles were the combination of the rude strength of the primitive fortress with domiciliary comfort—that they brought the defensive strength, supposed to reside only in inaccessible mountain regions or swamps, into the midst of rich agriculture and smiling abundance—that they no longer rendered necessary a retreat to the place of strength, as one may suppose the whole community of a district to have retreated to a hill-fort, but were themselves alike the abode of luxurious ease in time of peace, and of resistance and fierce contest in time of war. Perhaps we may best comprehend how original was the idea of the union of fortress and house or palace in one, by observing how few are the vestiges of such a combination having existed elsewhere before the establishment of the feudal system. Towns undoubtedly seem to have been fortified from the beginning of town life: and of the extent to which the system was carried, let us take once for all the account which honest old Herodotus gives of Babylon, with its walls two hundred cubits high, on which a chariot could be driven with four horses abreast, and its hundred gates of brass. But, of anything of the nature of a domestic fortress in which people lived in their ordinary manner during peace, and defended themselves in war, we remember but few vestiges.

Separate buildings like towers there probably have been in many times and places, and they may have been used as fortresses. Along the Roman Wall were the square towers called mile-castles, which are interesting,

not only as the best remains of the arrangements made by the great aggressors for the protection of their frontier, but as the models on which the ancient inhabitants would probably build their castles—if they built any. It is singular enough that the Border peel towers—built a thousand years after the Romans had abandoned Britain to her fate—have, in their compact squareness, more resemblance to these castella, than any type of earlier British castellated architecture possesses. Since the publication of Mr. Bruce's book on the Roman Wall, to which we lately had occasion to refer, no one need remain ignorant of any feature, however minute, which, now existing, attests what these mile-castles originally were. Mr. Bruce tells us, in a summary description, that "they derive their modern name from the circumstance of their being usually placed at the distance of a Roman mile from each other. They were quadrangular buildings, differing somewhat in size, but usually measuring from sixty to seventy feet in each direction. With two exceptions, they have been placed against the southern face of the wall; the castle of Portgate, every trace of which is now obliterated, and another near Esica, the foundations of which may with some difficulty still be traced, seem to have projected equally to the north and south of the wall. Though generally placed about seven furlongs from each other, the nature of the ground, independently of distance, has frequently determined the spot of their location. Whenever the wall has had occasion to traverse a river or a mountain pass, a mile-castle has uniformly been placed on the one side or other to guard the defile. The mile-towers have generally had but one gate of entrance, which was of very substantial masonry, and was uniformly placed in the centre of the south wall: the most perfect specimen now remaining, however, has a northern as well as a southern gateway. It is not easy to conjecture what were the internal arrangements of these buildings—probably they afforded little accommodation, beyond

what their four strong walls and well-barred gates gave."*

They were evidently mere barracks or stations, nor can much more be said for any of the Roman works in the lands of their conquests. Roman troops were taught, in the conflict with the barbarian, to look solely to discipline; and the places called forts, apart from these square towers along the wall, were merely intrenched camps.

Investigation is, in this country, ever apt to strip our stone edifices of their hoar antiquity. Mr. Petrie has "taken the shine," as the Cockneys say, out of the round towers of Ireland, by showing that they have the ordinary details of the Romanesque ecclesiastical work, and has rendered it unnecessary to decide whether they are anchorite hermitages for a multitude of rivals to St. Simeon Stylites, or temples for Photic or for Phallic worship. Criticism has gone in the same way back upon our castles, proving, in truth, that very few of them are so old as they were supposed to be. Yet there is a particular class of buildings of a systematically castellated type, which the scythe of the archaeological eikonoclast has not yet swept—on the age of which no particle of authentic light has been cast, and which we are thus entitled to count as old as we like.

These are the circular towers called sometimes Dunes, Burgha, Danish forts, Pictish forts, &c., scattered hither and thither in the far north-west of Scotland. They are supposed to be of Scandinavian origin—to have been the fortresses built by the Saekings, but nothing in the least degree resembling them has been found elsewhere within Scandinavian land. Their mysterious builders have carefully avoided every particle of incidental evidence that might lead to a betrayal of their origin. Graceful and symmetrical as they are in their outline—perfectly circular, and rising without a bulge in a decreasing sweep from the broad base—there is not a single ornament or moulding to let the antiquary detect them, as the Romanesque work proved the betrayal

* BRUCE on the Roman Wall, p. 53.

of the Irish round towers. Nay, there is not the mark of chiselling on the stones to show that human hands have touched them. That can be inferred from the structure alone; and the unhewn lumps of mica schist or gneiss are laid in distinct courses perfectly parallel and round, by the selection of rough stones of equal size, and the insertion of minute splinters to make up deficiencies—for, as there is no stone-hewing, there is also no cement.

It is the most puzzling of the peculiarity of these perplexing buildings, that they have tiers of galleries running round them within the thickness of the wall. To form the roofs of these tiny serpentine chambers, large slabs have been necessary, but, in some marvellous manner, they have been obtained without being wrought; for, on the largest, it is vain to look for the mark of a chisel, or even artificial squaring or smoothing. It would seem, at least in such of them as we have seen, that the thinnest large slabs of schist had been collected in the mountains, and brought probably from great distances to fulfil the object of the builder.

It seems to have been ever taken for granted that these round towers must have been fortresses, and the only remaining question seemed to be—by what people, nation, or language were they so used? Was it by the Phœnicians? A great antiquary showed that in Tyre and Sidon there must have been edifices precisely of the same character, though no vestige of them now remains. Did they belong to the Caledonians of the days of Tacitus, or to the Atacotti, or to the Dalriada, or to the Albanich, or to the Siol Torquil, or the Fion Gall, or the Dubh Gall? Or, were they erected especially by some individual Aulaf or Maccus, or Sigurd, or Thorfin, or Godred M'Sitric, or Diarmid M'Maelnambo—all gentlemen having their own peculiar claims on the architectural merit? It occurred to us one day to ask internally the question, whether they were fortresses or strongholds at all? It arose as we looked down from the broken edge of the galleried wall of one of those towers in solitary Glen-Elg Beg. It stands, a hoar ruin on the edge of a

precipice, where a torrent takes a sudden turn; and nothing could be better conceived for the landscape ideal of the remains of some robber stronghold of the middle ages, than the remnant of circular masonry rising flush from the edge of the precipice. But it was precisely the force with which these apparent conditions of a fortified character were conveyed, that showed the utter want of them in the others scattered throughout the valley. What could they have defended? Whom could they have resisted?

Primitive fortresses are places where considerable armies or large numbers of people go for protection from besieging enemies. Now, though the outside circle of these burghs is considerable, yet, from the thickness of the galleried wall, they only contain an inner area of from twenty to thirty feet—the size of a moderate dining-room. And, while the numbers they could have held were thus few, they possessed no means like the medieval castles for assault, and could have been easily pulled to pieces by an enemy. Nor, if they were places of strength, can it be easily conceived why there should be a whole cluster of them in a place like Glen Beg, and no others in the neighbouring districts.

The notion, indeed, of their being strongholds, seems to have been grasped at once by their striking resemblance in structure and dimensions to the Norman flanking round towers. But the Norman towers were only outworks, to aid in defence of the central keep, and could have been of small service as detached forts. There are many things which have a warlike resemblance to this part of a feudal castle;—a windmill, as Don Quixote's chivalrous eye at once told him, possesses the character very decidedly—so does a modern blast-furnace. The columbarium lingering on the grounds of some old mansion is often mistaken for a tower; and the prototype of the columbarium, the Roman tomb, eminently anticipated the form of the Norman tower. Of one of these Byron says,—

"There is a stern old tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone;—
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone."

One of these tombs is the nucleus of the castle of St. Angelo, others were incrustated into the fortified mansions of the quarrelsome Colonna—so like were they, though built as the quiet mansions of the death, to the towers of feudal fortresses.

Shall we venture a theory about these Highland round towers? We have not yet found one to our own satisfaction; but the reader, if he likes, may take the following, which we guarantee to be of the average quality of such theories. It is well known that, when the Scots under Kenneth M'Alpine conquered the Picts, they saved from death just two inhabitants of that devoted race, a father and son; their disinterested object in this clemency was, to find out how the Picts got their beer. It seems that they possessed a precious and much-coveted secret, in the means of brewing heather-ale. The Scots offered to spare the lives of the captives, if they would reveal the secret. The father promised to do so if they would, in the first place, comply with his request,—a very odd one for a father to make in such circumstances—to put to death his son. They did so; and then the father uttered a loud yell of triumph—the secret of the beer would be for ever hidden in his bloody grave. He could not trust to the firmness of his son; he could entirely rely on his own, and he was ready to bear all tortures rather than make the revelation. Now, why not suppose that these mysterious buildings were just breweries of heather-ale, and that, in the various galleries, decreasing as they ascend until they become mere pigeon-holes, the brews of the different years were binned for the use of hospitable dinner-giving Picts? No one can disprove the theory, and this is more than can be said for many another.

The more they are examined, the more are the actual fortresses of Britain stripped of any pretensions to extreme antiquity, and brought within the Norman period. There are two leading objects of fortification—the protective and the aggressive; and, according to the view we have been supporting, it has been the function of the Norman, in the development of European history, to have been the inventor and propagator of

the kind of works adapted to the latter object. Fortresses of mere refuge are on the tops of hills, or in other inaccessible places. It does not suit the aggressor to go to the wilds—he must have his elements of strength in the very middle of the people whom he is to rule over. If a rock happens to be found bulging out of a fine alluvial district—as the plutonic upheavings of trap have supplied in Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton—it is well; but, where there are no natural strengths, they must be artificially constructed—and art has in this department far outstripped nature, or has rather found in her own resources better means of defence against her instruments of destruction than nature provides.

The Saxons did not raise strongholds of this kind, nor did the northern races, in their native districts; and, indeed, it is rather curious to observe that there is scarcely a feudal castle to be found in the Scandinavian territories, whence issued the race who strewed all Europe with fortresses. Scott speaks of Bam-borough as “*Ida's castle, huge and square*,” but there can now be little doubt that it is a Norman edifice. If the tall gaunt tower of Conisborough retain its Saxon antiquity, yet it is evident that it must have been a rude and feeble strength, standing alone without the outworks, which were the great achievement of Norman engineering. Some other bare towers of this character are supposed to be of ante-Norman origin, as the round tower of Trematon, in Cornwall, and that of Launceston, on the apex of a conical rock, round the base of which Norman works have been raised.

Scott is historically correct, as he almost ever is, when he thus describes the abode of Cedric the Saxon:—“*A low irregular building, containing several courtyards or enclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground; and which, though its size argued the inhabitant to be a person of wealth, differed entirely from the tall, turreted, and castellated buildings in which the Norman nobility resided, and which had become the universal style of architecture throughout England.*”

William the Norman found no castles to resist him. He resolved that any one who came after him should complain of no such omission. England proper immediately bristled with strongholds. They were afterwards extended to Wales and Ireland; and it is perhaps the most remarkable episode in the history of Norman fortification, as indicative of the systematic zeal with which the system was conducted, that during the brief tenure of Scotland, the opportunity was taken for dispersing throughout the country Edwardian castles.

The earliest Norman form was the vast square keep, such as Bamborough New Castle, or the Tower of London. The value of projecting angles seems soon to have been felt, but, it does not appear that the noble flanking round towers, which make a perfect Norman fortress, were devised until the days of the Edwards. The central strength then consisted of a square work, with a round tower at each angle. When the work was very large, demi-towers might project here and there from its face. This was the leading principle of modern fortification—the protection of the face. It is understood that no plain wall-plate, however strong, can be defended from an enemy ready to sacrifice a sufficient number of men to batter it open and rush in by the breach. The object, then, is by outworks to keep the assailants at a distance. The flanking towers accomplished this for the Norman fortress, and the work of a siege was not in those days utterly unlike what it now is in general character, though the less destructive character of the weapons on either side made it a much closer affair.

There is room for considerable classification, and even for abundant technical nomenclature, among the besieging engines used before the invention of gunpowder. The term mangona, or mangonel, was generally applicable to ballistic engines, moved by springs, or quick descending weights. The trebuchet, the matafunda, the ribaudequin, and the petrary, were special machines for discharging what the Americans call rocks. There were the robinet, the espringal, and the bricole, which

discharged huge iron bolts and other miscellaneous mischievous articles. The oddest of all names to find among these wicked and destructive agents is conveyed in a sentence by Grose, who says that “Beugles, or bibles, were also engines for throwing large stones, as we learn from an ancient poem;” and he quotes as his authority the Romance of Claris, in the Royal library of Paris (No. 7534).

“Et pierres grans, et les perrieres,
Fit les bibles qui sont trop fieres,
Gérent trop manuement.”

Besides the ram and the testudo, with which every boy becomes acquainted in the plates to his *Roman Antiquities*, there were the instruments bearing the quadrupedal names of the war-wolf, the cat, and the sow. “The cattus or cat-house, gattus or cat,” says the instructive Grose, “was a covered shed, occasionally fixed on wheels, and used for covering of soldiers employed in filling up the ditch, preparing the way for the movable tower, or mining the wall. It was called a cat because under it soldiers lay in watch like a cat for its prey. Some of these cats had crenelles and chinks, from whence the archers could discharge their arrows. These were called castellated cats. Sometimes under this machine the besiegers worked a small kind of ram.”* The sow reminds all true Scotsmen of Black Agnes of Dunbar jeering Salisbury with the farrowing of his sow, when she toppled on its wooden roof a mass of rock, and beheld the mutilated sappers crawling from beneath their shattered protector, like so many pigs. But the chief of all besieging works was the movable tower, brought up face to face with the defenders, and containing battering-rams below, with the various instruments already mentioned, employed in its several upper stories. To oppose such a formidable engine, which could only be applied by some commander of vast resources, the flanking round towers were of invaluable service, as the bastions and outworks are at the present day. The main difference in the projectile direction of the operations in the two is, that while the fire of a fort is

* *History of the English Army*, ii. 308.

chiefly horizontal, the assaults made by the Norman keep were vertical, and hence came the crest of machicolations and turrets which has given so picturesque a character to the whole school of baronial architecture.

The instances of the Norman castle in its more perfect shape, still existing, are very interesting in a historical view. It may be observed, that in the settled districts of England there are specimens of the older and ruder style of Norman work; but that, in the Edwardian conquests, the fully developed form is the oldest of which vestiges are to be found.

Aberconway, or Snowdon Castle in Carnarvonshire, must have been one of the most formidable specimens, from the great extent of its curtain walls, and its numerous round towers. It was built, say authorities on which we place no reliance, except in so far as they correspond with the character of the edifice, in 1284; it served the purpose for which the strongest fortresses are required—that of a frontier defence. In Flintshire there are Hawarden and Rhudland. Beaumaris, in Anglesea, has some fine diminishing towers. Carew, in Pembrokehire, has a sort of angular buttresses, instead of the graceful increment towards the base, in the round towers; but it is a luxuriant and noble specimen; and though Welsh tradition says it belonged to the princes of South Wales—no man can tell how many hundreds of years before William or Rollo either—and was given by Rhys ap Theodore, with his daughter, Nest, as a marriage portion to Gerrald de Carrio, yet we take the liberty of holding that it as clearly bears the mark of the invader of Wales, as any government-house in Canada or New Zealand bears evidence that it is not the work of the natives. We take Cilgarron, Haverford-west, and Mannorbeer castles, in the same county, to belong to the same category.

The same characteristics do not so frequently occur in the southern English counties, though there is Evesham in Sussex, Goodrich in Herefordshire, and Cowling in Kent, and there may be several other instances. They reappear on the Border, where they were connected with the Scottish wars; the forms may be seen in

Prudho, Twizel, the outworks of Bam-borough, and in a modernised shape at Alnwick.

Ireland is rich in these quadrilateral flanked edifices. There is Enniscorthy guarding the bridge of the Slaney in Wexford, and Dunmore in Meath, one of the most entire and regular specimens, if we may judge by the representation of Grose, who, to do him justice, never idealises. It is one of the many castles attributed to De Lacey, the governor of Meath. Another of them, Kilkea, continued long to raise its flanking round towers after it had laughed at the ferocious raids of the O'Moors and O'Dempseys in the English pale. Two of the best specimens, Lea, in Queen's county, and Ferns, in Wexford, were attacked and taken in the romantic inroad of Edward Bruce, who thought that, as his brother had, by one gallant achievement, wrested a crown in Scotland from the encroaching Norman, he might as well endeavour to take one in Ireland. Grandison Castle, with two beautiful specimens of the bell-shaped round tower, is attributed to the reign of James I.; but, though it is not the peculiar defect of Irish antiquities to be post-dated, this portion must, we think, belong to the Norman period. There are fine specimens of the round tower at Ballylahan and Ballynafad, whence the McDonoughs were driven forth, and the utterly un-Norman names of these buildings do not exclude them from identification as the work of the courtly invaders. In Ireland, however, this sort of work never ceased. There were ever O'Shaughnessies, O'Donahues, O'Rourkes, or O'Dempseys, keeping the Norman and the Saxon at work in making fortresses; and perhaps the latest specimen of it is a relic of the '48, which we saw the other day in an antiquarian rummage in ancient and ruiniferous Cashel, being a large iron box with loopholes projecting out from the barrack where it was placed, to rake the street into which it projected with musketry from the loopholes.

In Scotland, the Anglo-Norman origin of the earliest true baronial fortresses is attested with remarkable precision. In the first place, there is not a vestige in Scotland of the earlier kind of square keep, such as

might have been raised in the days of the Conqueror, or of William Rufus, with its semicircular arches and dog-toothed decorations. The pointed architecture and the Edwardian baronial had come into use ere any of the fortresses of which we possess remains were erected. Hence, the oldest of the Scottish castles were evidently built by Edward to secure his conquest. They may be enumerated as those of Caerlaverock, Bothwell, Dirlerton, Kildrummie, and Lochindorb. These names at once excite recollections of the war of independence, when these castles were taken and retaken, and were surrounded by the most interesting and enduring associations of that majestic conflict.

The architectural progeny which this style of building left in Scotland, is very different from its growth into the bastioned fortifications of other countries. The Scottish laird, or chief, when he made his house a fortress, as he had imminent necessity for doing, could not afford to erect the great flanking towers of the Normans; but he stuck little turrets on the corners of his block-house, which served his purpose admirably; and there are no better flanked fortresses, considered with a view to the form of attack to which they were subjected, than our peel-houses.

On the other hand, in the Continental castles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as Heidelberg, Peronne, and Plessis la Tour, as the old representations give it, we see the flanking system extending itself laterally, until it forms something between the Norman keep and the modern fortress. It was on Plessis that Philip de Comines moralised, as a large prison into which the great King Louis had virtually immured himself, becoming, by his own exertions for the enlargement of his power, and his protection from secret enemies, nothing better than the hapless immured prisoner, whose lot he forced upon so many others.

The one great leading step which modern fortification took beyond the mere flanking system, is the discovery of the glacis for covering the stone-work, and protecting it from the attacks of cannon. The whole system, it appears, is now on trial.

The charge against it is, that every addition made to it in the way of protecting works only renders a fort the more certain of ultimate capture, since these protecting works are themselves easily taken. It is said that they save the main work from a general escalade, which is never likely to be attempted, but facilitate a deliberate siege, which is the proper method of taking fortified places. It is said that in fortification we must, as in other matters of war, recur to the first principle, that the best way to protect ourselves is to kill our enemy. Of old, the main defences of a vessel were to protect the deck by castles stem and stern from a boarding enemy; now the arrangement is directed to the destruction of the enemy before he can board. Our old knights in armour were a sort of moving fortresses made more for protection than destruction. In Italy, the steel encasement was brought to such perfection, that at the battle of Tornoue, under Charles VIII., we are told by Father Daniel that a number of Italian knights were overthrown, but could not be killed until the country people brought huge stones and sledge-hammers and broke their shells, like those of so many lobsters. It sounds like an odd accompaniment of civilisation that she should make the external form of warfare more destructive and less defensive—but so it is; and a reform in fortification is proposed, which, by the abandonment of the flanking system, and something like a restoration of the primitive form, is to make the fort more terrible to the invader, as a means of making it a more effective defence.

We profess not to enter on so great a question. Mere theories we have herein offered to our reader; and as they are given in all innocence and good-humour, all we pray is, that he will not, if they differ from his own, condemn us to some dire mysterious fate. Let him, if we displease him, simply content himself with the old established remedy, and mutter to himself, "Pooh! humbug!" And we on our part engage that we shall live in all charity with all men who accept not our theory; and will by no means endeavour to prove that they are sensual, lewd, dishonourable people, deserving of some dire punishment.

FIRMILIAN: A TRAGEDY.

WE have great pleasure in announcing to our readers the fact, that we have at last discovered that long-expected phenomenon, the coming Poet, and we trust that his light will very soon become visible in the literary horizon. We cannot, however, arrogate to ourselves any large share of merit in this discovery—indeed, we must confess, with a feeling akin to shame, that we ought to have made it at a much earlier date. *Firmilian* is not altogether new to us. We have an indistinct recollection of having seen the tragedy in manuscript well-nigh two years ago; and, if we remember aright, a rather animated correspondence took place on the subject of the return of the papers. We had, by some untoward accident, allowed them to find their way into the Balaam-box, which girdle of genius was at that particular time full up to the very hinges. We felt confident that *Firmilian* lay under the weight of some twenty solid layers of miscellaneous literature; and we should as soon have thought of attempting to disinter an ichthyosaurus from a slate-quarry, as of ransacking the bowels of the chest for that treasury of rare delights. However, we took care, on the occasion of the next incensation, to make search for the missing article, and had the pleasure of returning it to Mr. Percy Jones, from whom we heard nothing further until we received his tragedy in print. Our first perusal having been rather of a cursory nature, we are not able to state with certainty whether the author has applied himself during the intervening period to the work of emendation; but we think it exceedingly probable that he has done so, as we now remark a degree of vivacity and force of expression, however extravagant many of the ideas may be, which had escaped our previous notice. We hope that, by a tardy act of justice, we shall offer no violence to that amiable modesty which has, in the

mean time, restrained him from asking the verdict of the general public.

As to the actual amount of poetic genius and accomplishment which Mr. Percy Jones possesses, there may, even among the circle of his friends, be considerable difference of opinion. Those who admire spasmodic throes and writings may possibly be inclined to exalt him to a very high pinnacle of fame; for certainly, in no modern work of poetry—and there have been several recently published which might have borne the *imprimatur* of Bedlam—have we found so many symptoms of unmistakable lunacy. Still there is a method in his madness—a rapidity of perception and originality of thought, which contrasts very favourably with the tedious drivellings of some other writers of the same school. His taste is not one whit better than theirs, but he brings a finer fancy and a more vivid imagination to the task; nor is he deficient in a certain rude exaggerated dramatic power, which has more than once reminded us of the early style of Marlowe and the other predecessors of Shakespeare.

It is not very easy to comprehend the exact creed and method of the new school of poets, who have set themselves to work upon a principle hitherto unknown, or at all events unproclaimed. This much we know from themselves, that they regard poetry not only as a sacred calling, but as the most sacred of any—that, in their opinion, every social relation, every mundane tie, which can interfere with the bard's development, must be either disregarded or snapped asunder—and that they are, to the fainting race of Adam, the sole accredited bearers of the Amreeta cup of immortality. Such is the kind of nonsense regarding the nature of his mission which each fresh poetaster considers it his duty to enunciate; and as there is nothing, however absurd, which will not become credited by dint of constant repetition, we need not be surprised

that some very extraordinary views regarding the "rights of genius" should of late years have been countenanced by men who ought to have known better. Poets are, like all other authors or artisans, valuable according to the quality of the article which they produce. If their handiwork be good, genuine, and true, it will pass at once into circulation and be prized—if the reverse, what title can they prefer to the name which they so proudly arrogate to themselves?

We do not, however, quarrel with a poet for having an exalted idea of his art—always supposing that he has taken any pains to acquire its rudiments. Without a high feeling of this kind, it would be difficult to maintain the struggle which must precede eminent success; nor would we have alluded to the subject but for the affectation and offensive swaggering of some who may indeed be rhymsters, but who never could be poets even if their days were to be prolonged to the extent of those of Methusaleh. When the painter of the tavern sign-post, whereon is depicted a beer-bottle voiding its cork, and spontaneously ejecting its contents right and left into a couple of convenient tumblers, talks to us of high art, Raphael, and the effects of *chiaroscuro*, it is utterly impossible to control the action of the risible muscles. And, in like manner, when one of our young poetical aspirants, on the strength of a trashy duodecimo filled with unintelligible ravings, asserts his claim to be considered as a prophet and a teacher, it is beyond the power of humanity to check the intolerable tickling of the midriff.

But, apart from their exaggerated notions of their calling, let us see what is the practice of the poets of the Spasmodic School. In the first place, they rarely, if ever, attempt anything like a plot. After you have finished the perusal of their verses, you find yourself just as wise as when you began. You cannot tell what they would be at. You have a confused recollection of stars, and sunbeams, and moonbeams, as if you had been staring at an orrery; but sun, moon, and stars, were intended to give light to something—and what that something is, in the poet's page, you

cannot, for the life of you, discover. In the second place, we regret to say that they are often exceedingly profane, not, we suppose, intentionally, but because they have not sense enough to see the limits which decency, as well as duty prescribes. In the third place, they are occasionally very prurient. And, in the fourth place, they are almost always unintelligible.

Now, although we cannot by any means aver that Mr. Percy Jones is entirely free from the faults which we have just enumerated, we look upon him as a decidedly favourable specimen of his tribe. There is, in *Firmilian*, if not a plot, at least some kind of comprehensible action; and in it he has portrayed the leading features of the poetical school to which he belongs with so much fidelity and effect, that we feel called upon to give an outline of his tragedy, with a few specimens from the more remarkable scenes.

The hero of the piece, *Firmilian*, is a student in the University of Badajoz, a poet, and entirely devoted to his art. He has been engaged for some time in the composition of a tragedy upon the subject of Cain, which is "to win the world by storm;" but he unfortunately discovers, after he has proceeded a certain length in his task, that he has not yet thoroughly informed himself, by experience, of the real nature of the agonies of remorse. He finds that he cannot do justice to his subject without steeping his own soul in guilt, so as to experience the pangs of the murderer; and as, according to the doctrines of the spasmodic school of poetry, such investigations are not only permitted, but highly laudable, he sets himself seriously to ponder with what victim he should begin. All our spasmodic poets introduce us to their heroes in their studies, and Mr. Percy Jones follows the tradition. He does not, however, like some of them, carry his imitative admission of Goethe's *Faust* so far, as personally to evoke Lucifer or Mephistopheles—an omission for which we are really thankful. *Firmilian* begins by a soliloquy upon his frame of mind and feelings; and states himself to be grievously perplexed and hindered in his work by his comparative state of innocence. He then meditates whether he should

commence his course of practical remorse by putting to death Mariana, a young lady to whom he is attached, or three friends and fellow-students of his, with whom he is to dine next day. After much hesitation, he decides on the latter view, and, after looking up "Raymond Lullius" for the composition of a certain powder, retires to rest after a beautiful but somewhat lengthy apostrophe to the moon. There is nothing in this scene which peculiarly challenges quotation. The next is occupied by love-making; and certainly, if Mr. Percy Jones had intended to exhibit his hero throughout in the most amiable and romantic light, nothing could be better than his appearance in the bower of Mariana. If, here and there, we encounter an occasional floridness, or even warmth

of expression, we attribute that in a great measure to the sunny nature of the clime; just as we feel that the raptures of Romeo and Juliet are in accordance with the temperament of the land that gave them birth. But we presently find that Firmilian, though a poet, is a hypocrite and traitor in love. The next scene is laid in a tavern, where he and his friends, Garcia Perez, Alphonzo D'Aguilar, and Alonzo Olivarez are assembled, and there is a discussion, over the wine-cup, on the inexhaustible subject of knightly love. Alphonzo, claiming to be descended from the purest blood of Castile, asserts the superiority of European beauty over the rest of the universe; to which Firmilian, though known to be betrothed to Mariana, makes the following reply—

FIRMILIAN.

I knew a poet once ; and he was young,
And intermingled with such fierce desires
As made pale Eros veil his face with grief,
And caused his lustier brother to rejoice.
He was as amorous as a crocodile
In the spring season, when the Memphian bank,
Receiving substance from the glaring sun,
Resolves itself from mud into a shore.
And—as the scaly creature wallowing there,
In its hot fits of passion, belches forth
The steam from out its nostrils, half in love,
And half in grim defiance of its kind ;
Trusting that either from the reedy fen,
Some reptile-virgin coyly may appear,
Or that the hoary Sultan of the Nile
May make tremendous challenge with his jaws,
And, like Mark Anthony, assert his right
To all the Cleopatras of the ooze—
So fared it with the poet that I knew.

He had a soul beyond the vulgar reach,
Sun-ripened, swarthy. He was not the fool
To pluck the feeble lily from its shade
When the black hyacinth stood in fragrance by.
The lady of his love was dusk as Ind,
Her lips as plenteous as the Sphinx's are,
And her short hair crisp with Numidian curl.
She was a negress. You have heard the strains
That Dante, Petrarch, and such puling fools
As loved the daughters of cold Japhet's race,
Have lavished idly on their icicles.
As snow melts snow, so their unhasty fall
Fell chill and barren on a pulseless heart.
But, would you know what noontide ardour is,
Or in what mood the lion, in the waste,
All fever-maddened, and intent on cubs,
At the oasis waits the lioness—

That shall you gather from the fiery song
Which that young poet framed, before he dared
Invade the vastness of his lady's lips.

Judging from the implied character of the ditty in question, we are not sorry that we cannot lay it before our readers—indeed it does not appear in the volume, for D'Aguilar was so disgusted with the introduction that he openly reviled Firmilian as a pupil of Mahound, and bestowed a buffet on him, whereupon there was a flashing of swords. These, however, were sheathed, and the students again sate down amicably to drink. Firmilian, being suddenly called away, entreats his friends to amuse themselves, during his absence, with a special bottle of "Ildefonso"—a vintage which we do not remember having seen in any modern list of wines. They comply—feel rather uncomfortable—and the scene concludes by the chant of a funeral procession beneath the window; an idea which we strongly suspect has been borrowed from Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Lucrece Borgia*.

The next scene exhibits Firmilian pacing the cloisters. His three friends have died by poison, but he is not able by any means to conjure up a

feeling of adequate remorse. He does not see that he is at all responsible in the matter. If he had poured out the wine into their glasses, and looked upon their dying agonies, then, indeed, he might have experienced the desired sensations of guilt. But he did nothing of the kind. They helped themselves, of their own free will and accord, and died when he was out of the way. On the whole, then, his first experiment was a blunder. During his reverie, an old preceptor of his, the priest of St. Nicholas, passes; and certain reminiscences of stripes suggest him as the next victim. The reader will presently see by what means this scheme is carried into execution. Suffice it to say, that the mere anticipation of it sheds a balm upon Firmilian's disappointed spirit, who, being now fully convinced that in a few days he will be able to realise the tortures of Cain, departs for an interview with Lilian, a young lady for whom he entertains a clandestine attachment. The next scene speaks for itself.

EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS.

Choir heard chaunting within.

Enter FIRMILIAN.

How darkly hangs yon cloud above the spire!
There's thunder in the air—

What if the flash
Should rend the solid walls, and reach the vault
Where my terrestrial thunder lies prepared,
And so, without the action of my hand,
Whirl up those thousand bigots in its blaze,
And leave me guiltless, save in the intent!

That were a vile defraudment of my aim,
A petty larceny o' the element,
An interjection of exceeding wrong!
Let the hoarse thunder rend the vault of heaven,
Yea, shake the stars by myriads from their boughs,
As autumn tempests shake the fruitage down;—
Let the red lightning shoot athwart the sky,
Entangling comets by their spooming hair,
Piercing the zodiac belt, and carrying dread
To old Orion, and his whimpering hound;—
But let the glory of this deed be mine!

ORGAN and CHOIR.

Sublimatus ad honorem
 Nicholai presulis :
 Pietatis ante rorem
 Cunctis pluit populis :
 Ut vix parem aut maiorem
 Habeat in seculis.

FIRMILIAN.

Yet I could weep to hear the wretches sing!
 There rolls the organ anthem down the aisle,
 And thousand voices join in its acclaim.
 All they are happy—they are on their knees;
 Round and above them stare the images
 Of antique saints and martyrs. Censers steam
 With their Arabian charge of frankincense,
 And every heart, with inward fingers counts,
 A blissful rosary of pious prayer!
 Why should they perish then? Is't yet too late?
 O shame, Firmilian, on thy coward soul!
 What! thou, the poet!—thou, whose mission 'tis
 To send vibration down the chord of time,
 Until its junction with eternity—
 Thou, who hast dared and pondered and endured,
 Gathering by piecemeal all the noble thoughts
 And fierce sensations of the mind—as one
 Who in a garden culls the wholesome rose,
 And binds it with the deadly nightshade up;
 Flowers not akin, and yet by contrast kind—
 Thou, for a touch of what these mundane fools
 Whine of as pity, to forego thine aim,
 And never feel the gnawing of remorse,
 Like the Promethean vulture on the spleen,
 That shall instruct thee to give future voice
 To the unuttered agonies of Cain!
 Thou, to compare with that high consequence
 The breath of some poor thousand knights and knaves,
 Who soaring, in the welkin, shall expire!
 Shame, shame, Firmilian! on thy weakness, shame!

ORGAN and CHOIR.

Auro dato violari
 Virgines prohibuit :
 Far in fame, vas in mari
 Servat et distribuit :
 Qui timebant naufragari
 Nautis opem tribuit.

FIRMILIAN.

A right good saint he seems, this Nicholas!
 And over-worked too, if the praise be just,
 Which these, his votaries, quaver as his claim.
 Yet it is odd he should o'erlook the fact
 That underneath this church of his are stored
 Some twenty barrels of the dusky grain,
 The secret of whose framing, in an hour
 Of diabolic jollity and mirth,
 Old Roger Bacon wormed from Belzebub!
 He might keep better wardship for his friends;

But that to me is nothing. Now's the time!
 Ha! as I take the matchbox in my hand,
 A spasm pervades me, and a natural thrill
 As though my better genius were at hand,
 And strove to pluck me backwards by the hair.
 I must be resolute. Lose this one chance,
 Which bears me to th' Acropolis of guilt,
 And this, our age, foregoes its noblest song.
 I must be speedy—

ORGAN and CHOIR.

A defunctis suscitatur
 Furtum qui commiserat :
 Et Judæus baptizatur
 Furtum qui recuperat :
 Illi vita restauratur,
 Hic ad fidem properat.

FIRMILIAN.

No more was needed to confirm my mind!
 That stanza blows all thoughts of pity off,
 As empty straws are scattered by the wind!
 For I have been the victim of the Jews,
 Who, by vile barter, have absorbed my means.
 Did I not pawn—for that same flagrant stuff,
 Which only waits a spark to be dissolved,
 And, having done its mission, must disperse
 As a thin smoke into the ambient air—
 My diamond cross, my goblet, and my books?
 What! would they venture to baptize the Jew?
 The cause assumes a holier aspect, then;
 And, as a faithful son of Rome, I dare
 To merge my darling passion in the wrong
 That is projected against Christendom!
 Pity, avaunt! I may not longer stay.

[*Exit into the vaults. A short pause, after which he reappears.*]

'Tis done! I vanish like the lightning bolt!

ORGAN and CHOIR.

Nicholai sacerdotum
 Decus, honor, gloria:
 Plebem omnem, clerum totum—

[*The Cathedral is blown up.*]

We back that scene, for intensity, against anything which has been written for the last dozen of years. Nay, we can even see in it traces of profound psychological observation. Firmilian, like Hamlet, is liable, especially on the eve of action, to fits of constitutional irresolution; and he requires, in order to nerve him to the deed, a more direct and plausible motive than that which originally prompted him. Hence we find him wavering, and almost inclined to abandon his purpose, until a casual passage in

the choral hymn jars upon an excitable nerve, and urges him irresistibly forward. We shall presently find the same trait of character even more remarkably developed in another scene.

We then come to the obsequies of the students, which, being episodical, we may as well pass over. There are two ways of depicting grief—one quiet and impressive, the other stormy and clamorous. Mr. Percy Jones, as might have been expected, adopts the latter method; and we are bound to say that we have never perused anything in

print so fearful as the ravings of the bereaved Countess D'Aguilar, mother of the unfortunate Alphonzo. She even forgets herself so far as to box the ears of the confessor who is officiously whispering consolation.

Meanwhile, where is the hero of the piece—the successful Guy Fawkes of the cathedral? Perched on a locality which never would have occurred to any but the most exalted imagination.

SUMMIT OF THE PILLAR OF ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

FIRMIAN.

'Twas a grand spectacle! The solid earth
Seemed from its quaking entrails to eruct
The gathered lava of a thousand years,
Like an imposthume bursting up from hell!
In a red robe of flame, the riven towers,
Pillars and altar, organ-loft and screen,
With a singed swarm of mortals intermixed,
Were whirled in anguish to the shuddering stars,
And all creation trembled at the din.
It was my doing—mine alone! and I
Stand greater by this deed than the vain fool
That thrust his torch beneath Diana's shrine.
For what was it inspired Erostratus
But a weak vanity to have his name
Blaze out for arson in the catalogue?
I have been wiser. No man knows the name
Of me, the pyrotechnist who have given
A new apotheosis to the saint
With lightning blast, and stunning thunder knell!
And yet—and yet—what boots the sacrifice?
I thought to take remorse unto my heart,
As the young Spartan hid the savage fox
Beneath the foldings of his boyish gown,
And let it rive his flesh. Mine is not riven—
My heart is yet unscarred. I've been too coarse
And general in this business. Had there been
Amongst that multitude a single man
Who loved me, cherished me—to whom I owed
Sweet reciprocity for holy alms
And gifts of gentle import—had there been
Friend,—father,—brother, mingled in that crowd,
And I had slain him—then indeed my soul
Might have acquired fruition of its wish,
And shrieked 'delirious at the taste of sin!
But these—what were the victims unto me?
Nothing! Mere human atoms, breathing clods,
Uninspired dullards, unpoetic slaves,
The rag, and tag, and bobtail of mankind;
Whom, having scorched to cinders, I no more
Feel ruth for what I did, than if my hand
Had thrust a stick of sulphur in the nest
Of some poor hive of droning humble-bees,
And smoked them into silence!

I must have
A more potential draught of guilt than this,
With more of wormwood in it!

Here I sit,
Perched like a raven on old Simeon's shaft,
With barely needful footing for my limbs—
And one is climbing up the inward coil,

Who was my friend and brother. We have gazed
 Together on the midnight map of heaven,
 And marked the gems in Cassiopeia's hair—
 Together have we heard the nightingale
 Waste the exuberant music of her throat,
 And lull the flustering breezes into calm—
 Together have we emulously sung
 Of Hyacinthus, Daphne, and the rest,
 Whose mortal weeds Apollo changed to flowers.
 Also from him I have derived much aid
 In golden ducats, which I fain would pay
 Back with extremest usury, were but
 Mine own convenience equal to my wish.
 Moreover, of his poems he hath sold
 Two full editions of a thousand each,
 While mine remains neglected on the shelves !
 Courage, Firmilian ! for the hour has come
 When thou canst know atrocity indeed,
 By smiting him that was thy dearest friend.
 And think not that he dies a vulgar death—
 'Tis poetry demands the sacrifice !
 Yet not to him be that revelation made.
 He must not know with what a loving hand—
 With what fraternal charity of heart
 I do devote him to the infernal gods !
 I dare not spare him one particular pang,
 Nor make the struggle briefer ! Hush—he comes.

HAVERILLO, emerging from the staircase.

How now, Firmilian !—I am scant of breath ;
 These steps have pumped the ether from my lungs,
 And made the bead-drops cluster on my brow.
 A strange, unusual rendezvous is this—
 An old saint's pillar, which no human foot
 Hath scaled this hundred years !

FIRMILIAN.

Aye—it is strange !

HAVERILLO.

'Faith, sir, the bats considered it as such :
 They seem to flourish in the column here,
 And are not over courteous. Ha ! I'm weary :
 I shall sleep sound to-night.

FIRMILIAN.

You *shall* sleep sound !

HAVERILLO.

Either there is an echo in the place,
 Or your voice is sepulchral.

FIRMILIAN.

Seems it so ?

HAVERILLO.

Come, come, Firmilian—Be once more a man !
 Leave off these childish tricks, and vapours bred
 Out of a too much pampered fantasy.

What are we, after all, but mortal men,
 Who eat, drink, sleep, need raiment and the like,
 As well as any jolterhead alive?
 Trust me, my friend, we cannot feed on dreams,
 Or stay the hungry cravings of the maw
 By mere poetic banquets.

FIRMILIAN.

Say you so?
 Yet have I heard that by some alchemy
 (To me unknown as yet) you have transmuted
 Your verses to fine gold.

HAVERILLO.

And all that gold
 Was lent to you, Firmilian.

FIRMILIAN.

You expect,
 Doubtless, I will repay you?

HAVERILLO.

So I do.
 You told me yesterday to meet you here,
 And you would pay me back with interest.
 Here is the note.

FIRMILIAN.

A moment.—Do you see
 Yon melon-vender's stall down i' the square?
 Methinks the fruit that, close beside the eye,
 Would show as largely as a giant's head,
 Is dwindled to a heap of gooseberries!
 If Justice held no bigger scales than those
 Yon pigmy seems to balance in his hands,
 Her utmost fiat scarce would weigh a drachm!
 How say you?

HAVERILLO.

Nothing—'tis a fearful height!
 My brain turns dizzy as I gaze below,
 And there's a strange sensation in my soles.

FIRMILIAN.

Ay—feel you that? Ixion felt the same
 Ere he was whirled from heaven!

HAVERILLO.

Firmilian!
 You carry this too far. Farewell. We'll meet
 When you're in better humour.

FIRMILIAN.

Tarry, sir!
 I have you here, and thus we shall not part.
 I know your meaning well. For that same dross,
 That paltry ore of Mammon's mean device
 Which I, to honour you, stooped to receive,
 You'd set the Alguazils on my heels!
 What! have I read your thought? Nay, never shrink,
 Nor edge towards the doorway! You're a scholar!
 How was't with Phaeton?

HAVERILLO.

Alas! he's mad.

Hear me, Firmilian! Here is the receipt—
Take it—I grudge it not! If ten times more,
It were at your sweet service.

FIRMILIAN.

Would you do

This kindness unto me?

HAVERILLO.

Most willingly.

FIRMILIAN.

Liar and slave! There's falsehood in thine eye!
I read as clearly there, as in a book,
That, if I did allow you to escape,
In fifteen minutes you would seek the judge.
Therefore, prepare thee, for thou needs must die!

HAVERILLO.

Madman—stand off!

FIRMILIAN.

There's but four feet of space
To spare between us. I'm not hasty, I!
Swans sing before their death, and it may be
That dying poets feel that impulse too:
Then, prythee, be canorous. You may sing
One of those ditties which have won you gold,
And my meek audience of the vapid strain
Shall count with Phoebus as a full discharge
For all your ducats. Will you not begin?

HAVERILLO.

Leave off this horrid jest, Firmilian!

FIRMILIAN.

Jest! 'Tis no jest! This pillar's very high—
Shout and no one can hear you from the square—
Wilt sing, I say?

HAVERILLO.

Listen, Firmilian!

I have a third edition in the press,
Whereof the proceeds shall be wholly thine—
Spare me!

FIRMILIAN.

A third edition! Atropos—
Forgive me that I tarried!

HAVERILLO.

Mercy!—Ah!

[FIRMILIAN huris him from the column.

There is a grand recklessness and savage energy displayed in this scene, which greatly increases our admiration of the author's abilities. He seems, indeed, in the fair way of making the spasmodic school famous in modern literature. With the death of Haverillo an ordinary writer would

have paused—not so Percy Jones, who, with a fine aptitude for destruction, makes his hero, Firmilian, kill two birds with one stone. The manner in which he accomplishes this feat is most ingenious. He maintains the unity of the design by a very

slight alteration of the locality. Whilst the two poets are ominously conversing on the summit of the pillar, a critic, affected by an intolerable itch for notoriety, is prowling in the square beneath—

SQUARE BELOW THE PILLAR.

Enter APOLLODORUS, a Critic.

Why do men call me a presumptuous cur,
A vapouring blockhead, and a turgid fool,
A common nuisance, and a charlatan?
I've dashed into the sea of metaphor
With as strong paddles as the sturdiest ship
That churns Meduse into liquid light,
And hashed at every object in my way.
My ends are public. I have talked of men
As my familiars, whom I never saw.
Nay—more to raise my credit—I have penned
Epistles to the great ones of the land,
When some attack might make them slightly sore,
Assuring them, in faith, it was not I.
What was their answer? Marry—shortly this:
“Who, in the name of Zerneck, are you?”
I have reviewed myself incessantly—
Yea, made a contract with a kindred soul
For mutual interchange of puffery.
Gods—how we blew each other! But, 'tis past—
Those halcyon days are gone; and, I suspect,
That, in some fit of loathing or disgust,
Mine ancient playmate hath deserted me.
And yet I am Apollodorus still!
I search for genius, having it myself,
With keen and earnest longings. I survive
To disentangle, from the imping wings
Of our young poets, their crustaceous slough.
I watch them, as the watcher on the brook
Sees the young salmon wrestling from its egg,
And revels in its future bright career.
Ha! what seraphic melody is this?

Enter SARCHO, a Costermonger, singing.

Down in the garden behind the wall,
Merrily grows the bright-green leek;
The old sow grunts as the acorns fall,
The winds blow heavy, the little pigs squeak.
Once for the litter, and three for the teat—
Hark to their music, Juanna my sweet!

APOLLODORUS.

Now, heaven be thanked! here is a genuine bard,
A creature of high impulse, one unseised
By coarse conventionalities of rule,
He labours not to sing, for his bright thoughts
Resolve themselves at once into a strain
Without the aid of balanced artifice.
All hail, great poet!

SANCRO.

Save you, my merry master! Need you any leeks or onions? Here's the primest cauliflower, though I say it, in all Badajoz. Set it up at a distance of some ten yards, and I'll forfeit my ass if it does not look bigger than the Al-cayde's wig. Or would these radishes suit your turn? There's nothing like your radish for cooling the blood and purging distempered humours.

APOLLODORUS.

I do admire thy vegetables much.
But will not buy them. Pray you, pardon me
For one short word of friendly obloquy.
Is't possible a being so endowed
With music, song, and sun-aspiring thoughts,
Can stoop to chaffer idly in the streets,
And, for a huckster's miserable gain,
Renounce the urgings of his destiny?
Why, man, thine ass should be as Pegasus,
A sun-reared charger snorting at the stars,
And scattering all the Pleiads at his heels—
Thy cart should be an orient-tinted car,
Such as Aurora drives into the day,
What time the rosy-fingered Hours awake—
Thy reins—

SANCRO.

Look ye, master, I've dusted a better jacket than yours before now, so you had best keep a civil tongue in your head. Once for all, will you buy my radishes?

APOLLODORUS.

No!

SANCRO.

Then go to the devil and shake yourself!

[Exit.

APOLLODORUS.

The foul fiend seize thee and thy cauliflowers!
I was indeed a most egregious ass
To take this lubber clodpole for a bard,
And worship that dull fool. Pythian Apollo!
Hear me—O hear! Towards the firmament
I gaze with longing eyes; and, in the name
Of millions thirsting for poetic draughts,
I do beseech thee, send a poet down!
Let him descend, e'en as a meteor falls,
Rushing at noonday—

[He is crushed by the fall of the body of HAVERILLO.

We then find Firmilian wandering among the mountains, and lavishing a superfluity of apostrophe upon the rocks, forests, and cataracts around him. Whatever may be his moral deficiencies, we are constrained to admit that he must have studied the phenomena of nature to considerable purpose at the University of Badajoz, since he explains, in no fewer than twelve pages of blank verse, the glacier theory, entreating his own attention—for no one is with him—to the

striated surface of rocks and the forcible displacement of boulders. He then, by way of amusement, works out a question in conic sections. But, notwithstanding these exertations, he is obviously not happy. He is still as far as ever from his grand object, the thorough appreciation of remorse—for he can assign a distinct moral motive for each atrocity which he has committed. He at last reluctantly arrives at the conclusion that he is not the party destined—

To shrine that page of history in song,
 And utter such tremendous cadences,
 That the mere babe who hears them at the breast,
Sans comprehension, or the power of thought,
 Shall be an idiot to its dying hour!
 I deemed my verse would make pale Hecate's orb
 Grow wan and dark; and into ashes change
 The radiant star-dust of the milky-way.
 I deemed that pestilence, disease, and death
 Would follow every strophe—for the power
 Of a true poet, prophet as he is,
 Should rack creation!

If this view of the powers of poets and poetry be correct, commend us to the continuance of a lengthened period of prose!

Firmilian then begins to look about him for a new subject, and a new course of initiative discipline. Magic first occurs to him—but he very speedily abandons that idea, from a natural terror of facing the fiend, and a wholesome dread of the Inquisition. He admits having made already one or two experiments in that line, and narrates, with evident horror, how he drew a chalk circle in his apartments, kindled a brazier, and began an incantation, when suddenly a lurid light appeared in the sockets of a skull upon the shelf, and so nearly threw him into convulsions that he could barely mutter the exorcism. (It appears, from another part of the poem, that this exploit had been detected by his servant, a spy of the Inquisition, in consequence of his having neglected to erase the cabalistic markings in chalk, and was of course immediately reported.) At last he determines to fall back upon sensuality, and to devote his unexampled talents to a grand poem upon the amours of the Heathen deities. He states, with much show of truth, that the tone of morals which an exclusively classical education is apt to give, cannot but be favourable to an extensive and sublime erotic undertaking—and that the youthful appetite, early stimulated by the perusal of the Pantheon, and the works of Ovid, Juvenal, and Catullus, will eagerly turn to anything in the vernacular which promises still stronger excitement. We shall not venture, at the

present, to apply ourselves seriously to that question.

That Firmilian—for we shall not say Mr. Percy Jones—was well qualified for such an undertaking as he finally resolved to prosecute, must be evident to every one who has perused the earliest extract we have given; and we shall certainly hold ourselves excused from quoting the terms of the course of study which he now proposes to himself. Seriously, it is full time that the prurient and indecent tone which has liberally manifested itself in the writings of the young spasmodic poets should be checked. It is so far from occasional, that it has become a main feature of their school; and in one production of the kind, most shamefully befuddled, the hero was represented as carrying on an intrigue with the kept-mistress of Lucifer! If we do not comment upon more recent instances of marked impurity, it is because we hope the offence will not be repeated. Meantime, let us back to Firmilian.

As he approaches the catastrophe, we remark, with infinite gratification, that Mr. Percy Jones takes pains to show that he is not personally identified with the opinions of his hero. Up to the point which we have now reached, there has been nothing to convince us that Jones did not intend Firmilian to be admired—but we are thankful to say that before the conclusion we are undeceived. Jones, though quite as spasmodic as the best of them, *has* a sense of morals; and we do not know that we ever read anything better, in its way, than the following scene:—

A GARDEN.

FIRMILIAN. MARIANA.

FIRMILIAN.

My Mariana!

MARIANA.

O my beautiful!

My seraph love—my panther of the wild—
 My moon-eyed leopard—my voluptuous lord!
 O, I am sunk within a sea of bliss,
 And find no soundings!

FIRMILIAN.

Shall I answer back?

As the great Earth lies silent all the night,
 And looks with hungry longing on the stars,
 Whilst its huge heart beats on its granite ribs
 With measured pulsings of delirious joy—
 So look I, Mariana, on thine eyes!

MARIANA.

Ah, dearest! wherefore are we fashioned thus?
 I cannot always hang around thy neck
 And plant vermillion kisses on thy brow;
 I cannot clasp thee, as yon ivy bush—
 Too happy ivy!—holds, from year to year,
 The stalwart oak within her firm embrace,
 Mixing her tresses fondly up with his,
 Like some young Jewish maid with Absalom's.
 Nay, hold, Firmilian! do not pluck that rose!

FIRMILIAN.

Why not? it is a fair one.

MARIANA.

Are fair things

Made only to be plucked? O fie on thee!
 I did not think my lord a libertine!

FIRMILIAN.

Yet, sweetest, with your leave I'll take the rose,
 For there's a moral in it.—Look you here.
 'Tis fair, and sweet, and in its clustered leaves
 It carries balmy dew: a precious flower,
 And vermeil-tinctured, as are Hebe's lips,
 Yet say, my Mariana, could you bear
 To gaze for ever only upon this,
 And fling the rest of Flora's casket by?

MARIANA.

No truly—I would bind it up with more,
 And make a fitting posy for my breast.
 If I were stinted in my general choice,
 I'd crop the lily, tender, fresh, and white,—
 The shrinking pretty lily—and would give
 Its modest contrast to the gaudier rose.
 What next? some flower that does not love the day—
 The dark, full-scented night-stock well might serve
 To join the other two.

FIRMILIAN.

A sweet selection !
Think'st thou they'd bloom together on one breast
With a united fragrance ?

MARIANA.

Wherefore not ?
It is by union that all things are sweet.

FIRMILIAN.

Thou speakest well ! I joy, my Mariana,
To find thy spirit overleaps the pale
Of this mean world's injurious narrowness !
Never did Socrates proclaim a truth
More beautiful than welled from out thy lips—
"It is by union that all things are sweet."
Thou, darling, art my rose—my dewy rose—
The which I'll proudly wear, but not alone.
Dost comprehend me ?

MARIANA.

Ha ! Firmilian—
How my eyes dazzle !

FIRMILIAN.

Let me show you now
The lily I have ta'en to bind with thee.
[*He brings LILIAN from the summer-house.*]

MARIANA.

Is this a jest, Firmilian ?

FIRMILIAN.

Could I jest
With aught so fair and delicate as this ?
Nay, come—no coyness ! Both of you embrace.
Then to my heart of hearts—

MARIANA.

Soft you a moment !
Methinks the posy is not yet complete.
Say, for the sake of argument, I share
My rights with this pale beauty—(for she's pretty ;
Although so fragile and so frail a thing,
That a mere puff of April wind would mar her)—
Where is the night-stock ?

[FIRMILIAN brings INDIANA from the tool-house.

Here !

MARIANA.

A filthy negress !
Abominable !

LILIAN.

Mercy on me ! what blubber lips she has !

MARIANA, *furiously* to FIRMILIAN.

You nasty thing! Is this your poetry—
Your high soul-scheming and philosophy?
I hate and loathe you! (*To Indiana*.)—Rival of my shoe,
Go, get thee gone, and hide thee from the day
That loathes thine ebon skin! Firmilian—
You'll hear of this! My brother serves the king.

LILIAN.

My uncle is the chief Inquisitor,
And he shall know of this ere curfew tolls!
What! Shall I share a husband with a coal?

MARIANA.

Right, girl! I love thee even for that word—
The Inquisition makes most rapid work,
And in its books, that caitiff's name is down!

FIRMILIAN.

Listen one moment! When I was a babe,
And in a cradle puling for my nurse,
There fell a gleam of glory on the floor,
And in it, darkly standing, was a form—

MARIANA.

A negress, probably! Farewell awhile—
When next we meet—the faggot and the pile!
Come, Lillian!

[*Exeunt.*]

INDIANA.

I shake from head to foot with sore affright—
What will become of me?

FIRMILIAN.

Who cares? Good night!

[*Scene closes.*]

Bravo, Percy! The first part of that scene is managed with a dexterity which old Dekker might have applauded, and the conclusion shows a perfect knowledge of womanly character and feeling. Firmilian is now cast beyond the pale of society, and in imminent danger, if apprehended, of taking a conspicuous part in an *auto-da-fé*. An author of inferior genius would probably have consigned him to the custody of the Familiars, in which case we should have had a dungeon and rack scene, if not absolute incrimination as the catastrophe. But Jones knew better. He felt that such a cruel fate might, by the effect of contrast, revive some kind of sympathy in the mind of the reader for Firmilian, and he has accordingly adopted the wiser plan of depicting him as the victim of his own haunted imagination. The closing scene is so eminently graphic and so perfectly original, that we give it entire.

A BARREN MOOR.

Night—Mist and fog.

Enter FIRMILIAN.

They're hot upon my traces! Through the mist
I heard their call and answer—and but now,
As I was crouching 'neath a hawthorn bush,
A dark Familiar swiftly glided by,
His keen eyes glittering with the lust of death.

If I am ta'en, the faggot and the pile
 Await me! Horror! Rather would I dare,
 Like rash Empedocles, the Etna gulf,
 Than writhe before the slaves of bigotry.
 Where am I? If my mind deceives me not,
 Upon that common where two years ago,
 An old blind beggar came and craved an alms,
 Thereby destroying a stupendous thought
 Just bursting in my mind—a glorious bud
 Of poesy, but blasted ere its bloom!
 I bade the old fool take the leftward path,
 Which leads to the deep quarry, where he fell—
 At least I deem so, for I heard a splash—
 But I was gazing on the gibbous moon,
 And durst not lower my celestial flight
 To care for such an insect-worm as he!
 How cold it is! The mist comes thicker on.
 Ha!—what is that? I see around me lights
 Dancing and flitting, yet they do not seem
 Like torches either—and there's music too!
 I'll pause and listen.

Chorus of IGNES FATUL

Follow, follow, follow!
 Over hill and over hollow;
 It is ours to lead the way,
 When a sinner's footsteps stray—
 Cheering him with light and song,
 On his doubtful path along.
 Hark! hark! The watchdogs bark.
 There's a crash and a splash, and a blind man's cry,
 But the poet looks tranquilly up at the sky!

FIRMILIAN.

Is it the echo of an inward voice,
 Or spirit-words that make my flesh to creep,
 And send the cold blood choking to my heart?
 I'll shift my ground a little—

Chorus of IGNES FATUL

Flicker, flicker, flicker!
 Quicker still, and quicker.
 Four young men sat down to dine,
 And still they passed the rosy wine;
 Pure was the cask, but in the flask
 There lay a certain deadly powder—
 Ha! his heart is beating louder!
 Ere the day had passed away,
 Gracia Perez lifeless lay!
 Hark! his mother wails Alphonzo,
 Never more shall strong Alonzo
 Drink the wine of Ildefonso!

FIRMILIAN.

O horror! horror! 'twas by me they died!
 I'll move yet farther on—

Chorus of IGNES FATUL

In the vaults under
 Bursts the red thunder;
 Up goes the Cathedral,
 Priest, people, and bedral!
 Ho! ho! ho! ho!

FIRMILIAN.

My brain is whirling like a potter's wheel!
 O Nemesis!

Chorus of IGNES FATUL

The Muses sing in their charmed ring,
 And Apollo weeps for him who sleeps,
 Alas! on a hard and stony pillow—
 Haverillo! Haverillo!

FIRMILIAN.

I shall go mad!

Chorus of IGNES FATUL

Give him some respite—give him some praise.
 One good deed he has done in his days;
 Chaunt it, and sing it, and tell it in chorus—
 He has flattened the cockscomb of Apollodorus!

FIRMILIAN.

Small comfort that! The death of a shard-beetle,
 Albeit the poorest and the paltriest thing
 That crawls round refuse, cannot weigh a grain
 Against the ponderous avalanche of guilt
 That hangs above me! O me miserable!
 I'll grope my way yet further.

Chorus of IGNES FATUL

Firmilian! Firmilian!
 What have you done to Lilian?
 There a cry from the grotto, a sob by the stream,
 A woman's loud wailing, a little babe's scream!
 How fared it with Lilian,
 In the pavilion,
 Firmilian! Firmilian?

FIRMILIAN.

Horror! I'm lost!—

Chorus of IGNES FATUL

Ho! ho! ho!
 Deep in the snow
 Lies a black maiden from Africa's shore!
 Hasten and shake her—
 You never shall wake her—
 She'll roam through the glens of the Atlas no more!
 Stay, stay, stay,
 This way—this way—
 There's a pit before, and a pit behind,
 And the seeing man walks in the path of the blind!

*FIRMILIAN falls into the quarry. The IGNES
 FATUL dance as the curtain descends.*

And so ends the tragedy of Firmilian.

It is rather difficult to give a serious opinion upon the merits of such a production as this. It is, of course, utterly extravagant; but so are the whole of the writings of the poets of the Spasmodic school; and, in the eyes of a considerable body of modern critics, extravagance is regarded as a proof of extraordinary genius. It is, here and there, highly coloured; but that also is looked upon as a symptom of the divine afflatus, and rather prized than otherwise. In one point of proclaimed spasmodic excellence, perhaps it fails. You can always tell what Percy Jones is after, even when he is dealing with "shuddering stars," "gibbous moons," "imposthumes of hell," and the like; whereas you may read through twenty pages of the more ordinary stuff without being able to discern what the writers mean — and no wonder, for they really

mean nothing. They are simply writing nonsense-verses; but they contrive, by blazing away whole rounds of metaphor, to mask their absolute poverty of thought, and to convey the impression that there must be something stupendous under so heavy a canopy of smoke. If, therefore, unintelligibility, which is the highest degree of obscurity, is to be considered a poetic excellence, we are afraid that Jones must yield the palm to several of his contemporaries; if, on the contrary, perspicuity is to be regarded as a virtue, we do not hesitate in assigning the spasmodic prize to the author of *Firmilian*. To him the old lines on Marlowe, with the alteration of the name, might be applied—

"Next Percy Jones, bathed in the Thespian Springs,
Had in him those brave sublimary Things
That your first Poets had; his Raptures were
All Air and Fire, which made his Verses clear;
For that fierce Madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a Poet's Brain."

THE QUIET HEART.

PART THE LAST—CHAPTER XXXI.

COURAGE, Menie Laurie! Heaven does not send this breeze upon your cheek for nought—does not raise about you these glorious limits of hill and cloud in vain. Look through the distance—look steadily. Yes, it is the white gable of Croft-hill looking down upon the countryside. Well, never veil your eyes—are you not at peace with them as with all the world?

Little Jessie here wearies where you have left her waiting, and trembles to move a finger lest she spoil the mysterious picture at which she glances furtively with awe and wonder. "The lady just looks at me," says little Jessie; "no a thing mair. Just looks, and puts it a' doun like writing on a slate." And Jessie cannot understand the magic which by-and-by brings out her own little bright sun-burnt face from that dull canvass, which had not a line upon it when Jessie saw it first.

Come to your work, Menie Laurie; they make your heart faint these wistful looks and sighs. No one doubts it is very heavy—very heavy—this poor heart; no one doubts it is full of yearnings—full of anxious thought and fears, and solitude. What then!—must we leave it to brood upon its trouble? Come to little Jessie here, and her picture—find out the very soul in these surprised sweet eyes—paint the loveliest little heart upon your canvass, fresh and fair out of the hands of God—such a face as will warm cold hearts, and teach them histories of joyous sacrifice—of love that knows no evil—of life that remembers self last and least of all. You said it first in bitterness and sore distress; but, nevertheless, it is true. You can do it, Menie. It is "the trade" to which you were born.

And with a long sigh of weariness Menie comes back. No, it is not a very fine picture; the execution is a woman's execution, very likely no great thing in the way your critics judge; but one can see how very like it is, looking at these little simple features—one could see it was still

more like, looking into the child's sweet generous heart.

"What were you crying for this morning, Jessie?"

A cloud came over the little face—a mighty inclination to cry again; but Jessie glanced at the picture once more, and swallowed down her grief, feeling herself a very guilty Jessie, as one great blob of a tear fell upon her arm.

"It wasna little Davie's blame—it was a' me." Poor little culprit, she dares not hang her head for terror of that picture. "He was paddling in the burn—and his new peeny ga'e a great screed, catching on the auld saugh-tree; but it wasna his blame—he's owre wee—it was a' mine for no looking after him. Just, I was awfu' busy; but that's nae excuse—and my mother ga'e Davie his licks, for a' I could say."

Another great tear; no one knows so well what an imp this said little Davie is—but Jessie sighs again. "It was a' me."

But it is not this little cloud of childish trouble that throws a something of pensive sadness into Jessie's pictured face. The face is the face before you; but the atmosphere, Menie Laurie, is in your own heart. Something sad—touched with that sweet pathos which lies on the surface of all great depths—and this true picture grows under Menie's hand to a heroic child.

It is a strange place for an artist to be. From this dark rafted threatening roof which catches your first glance, you look down to the mother by the fire with her unpretending look of gentlewoman—to the daughter's graceful head bending over her work—to pretty little Jessie here with her flutter of extreme stillness, looking at the grey walls and sober thatch without. You would never think to surprise such a group within; and yet, when you look at them again, there is something of nobleness in the primitive cottage where these women have come to

live independent and unpitied—come down in the world—very true; but it would be hard to presume upon the tenants of this wayside house.

You need not fear to enter, little July. Half-weeping, blushing, trembling, and with all these beseeching deprecations of yours, you may come in boldly at this narrow entrance. "It is no blame of hers, poor bairn," Mrs. Laurie says, with a little sigh. No blame of hers nor of Randall's either, for Menie has kept her secret religiously, and will never tell to mortal ear what broke her engagement. Nelly Panton knows it, it is true; but Nelly, with the obtuse comprehension of a mercenary mind, thinks Randall broke off the match in consequence of Mrs. Laurie's poverty, and knows of no more delicate difficulties behind. Come in boldly, July Home—for no manner of interpretation could disclose to you the sudden pang which seizes Menie as she bends her head down for an instant, when she discovers you at the door. Now she says nothing, as she holds out her hand; but Menie is busy; it is only her left hand she extends to her friend; that is why she does not speak.

"I'm not to come out again," whispers July, sitting back into Mrs. Laurie's shadow, and speaking under her breath. "I came here the very last place—and oh, Menie, will you come?"

The colour mounts high to Menie's temples; this means, will she come to July's marriage, which is to happen a week hence. Will she be there? Some one else will be there, the thought of whose coming makes Menie's heart beat strong and loud against her breast. But Menie only shakes her head in reply—shakes her head and says steadily, "No."

"You might come, for me. I never had a friend but you, and you've aye been good to me. Mrs. Laurie, she might come?"

But Mrs. Laurie too, after quite a different fashion, shakes her head with a look of regret—of only partial comprehension, but unmistakable solicitude. "No," she says, doubtfully; "I do not see how Menie could go;" but, as she speaks, she looks at Menie, with an eager wish that she would.

Courage, Menie Laurie! If your hand falters, they will see it; if a single tear of all this unshed agony bursts forth, your mother's heart will be overwhelmed with pain and wonder—your little friend's with dismay. This is best—to look at the child and go on—though little Jessie has much ado to keep from weeping when she meets, with her startled face, the great gloom and darkness of Menie's eye.

"This is from Menie and me," said Mrs. Laurie, taking out a pretty ring. "You are to wear it for our sake, July. Menie, can you put it on?"

Yes—Menie takes the little trembling hand within her own, and fits her mother's present to a slender finger—and no one knows how Menie presses her own delicate ankle under her chair, to keep herself steady by the pain. "You must try to be very happy, July," says Menie, with a faint smile, holding the hand a moment in her own; then she lets it drop, and turns to her work once more.

What can July do but cry? She does cry, poor little trembling heart, very abundantly, and would fain whisper a hundred hesitations and terrors into Menie's ear. But there is nothing of encouragement in Menie's face—so steady and grave, and calm as it looks. The little bride does not dare to pour forth her innocent confidences—but only whispers again, "I never had another friend but you, and you were aye so good to me;" and weeps a flood of half-joyful, half-despairing tears, out of her very heart.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"No one can doubt that Randall is unhappy; but Randall is not a humble man, Mrs. Laurie; he will not woo and plead and supplicate, I am afraid; he will honour only those who

honour him, and never obtrude his love where he thinks there is no response. You know them bo'h—could anything be done?"

Alas! good Johnnie Lithgow, we

are all proud. This is not the wisest line of attack, in the circumstances. Mrs. Laurie sits gravely by the fireside to listen. Mrs. Laurie was Mrs. Laurie before Randall Home was born. It is wonderful how she recollects this; and, recollecting, it is not difficult to see which of the two, in the opinion of Menie's mother, has the best right to stand on their dignity.

"I cannot advise," said Mrs. Laurie somewhat coldly. "Menie has made no explanation to me. Mr. Home has not addressed me at all on the subject. I am sorry I cannot suggest anything—especially when I have to take into consideration the lofty ideas of your friend."

It was a little bitter this. Lithgow felt himself chilled by it, and she saw it herself immediately; but Mrs. Laurie said no word of atonement, till a sudden recollection of Menie's strangely altered and sobered fate broke upon her. Her countenance changed—her voice softened.

"I would be glad to do anything," she said, with a slight faltering. "To make Menie happy, I could accept any sacrifice. I will see—I will try. No," she continued, after a considerable pause, "I was right after all—your friend is what you call him. My Menie has a very high spirit, and in this matter is not to be controlled by me. They must be left to themselves—it is the wisest way."

Lithgow made no answer. Mrs. Laurie sank into silence and thought. As they sat opposite to each other by the little fireplace, the young man's eye wandered over the room. His own birthplace and home was such another cottage as this; and Lithgow's mother, with her homely gown and check apron—her constant occupation about the house—her peasant tastes and looks and habits, was suitable and homogeneous to the earthen floor and rude hearth of the cottars' only room. But very strangely out of place was Menie's easel—Menie's desk—Mrs. Laurie's delicate basket of work—her easy-chair and covered table; strangely out of place, but not ungracefully—bearing, wherever they might be, a natural seemliness and fitness of their own. And if a rapid cloud of offence—a vapour of pride and resentment, might glide over Mrs.

Laurie's brow, it was never shaded by so much as a momentary shame. As undisturbed in her household dignity as at her most prosperous time, she received her visitor in the cottage, nor ever dreamt she had cause to be ashamed of such an evidence of her diminished fortunes.

But Lithgow's thoughts were full of Randall; he was not willing to give up his attempt to reconcile them. "Randall is working very hard," said his generous fellow-craftsman. "I think his second success will lift him above all thought of hazard. He does his genius wrong by such unnecessary caution; he could not produce a commonplace thing if he would."

"And you, Mr. Lithgow"—Mrs. Laurie's heart warmed to him, plebeian though he was.

"I do my day's work," said the young man, happily, "thanking God that it is very sufficient for the needs of the day; but between Randall and myself there is no comparison. I deal with common topics, common manners, common events, like any other labouring man. But Randall is an artist of the loftiest class. What he does is for generations to come, no less than for to-day."

This enthusiasm threw a flush upon his face. As it receded, gradually fading from his forehead, a quick footstep went away from the cottage threshold. Menie Laurie had paused to listen whose the voice was before she entered, and, pausing, had heard all he had to say.

The happy golden purple of the sunset has melted from Criffel and his brother hills; but there is a pale light about all the east, whither Menie Laurie's face is turned as she leaves the cottage door. From her rapid step, you would fancy she was going somewhere. Where will she go? Nowhither, poor heart—only into the night a little—into the silence. It would not be possible to sit still in that noiseless house, by that lonely fireside, with such a tumult and commotion in this loud throbbing heart—forcing up its rapid cadence into the ears that thrill with sympathetic pulses—leaping to the very lips that grow so parched and faint. Oh! for the din of streets, of storms, the violence of crowds and noise of life—

anything to drown this greater violence, these strong perpetual throbs that beat upon the brain like hailstones—anything to deaden this.

But all the air remains so still—so still; not a sound upon the silent road, but the heart and footsteps, so rapid and irregular, which keep each other time. But by-and-by, as Menie goes upon her aimless way, another sound does break the silence—voices in the air—the sound of wheels and of a horse's feet. Listen, Menie—voices in the air!

But Menie will not listen—does not believe there are voices in the world which could wake her interest now—and so, unconsciously, looks up as this vehicle dashes past—looks up to receive—what? The haughty salutation—uncovered brow and bending head, of Randall Home.

She would fain have caught at the hedge for a support; but he might look back and see her, and Menie hurried on. She had seen him; they had looked again into each other's eyes. "I never said I was indifferent," sobbed Menie to herself, and, in spite of herself, her voice took a shriller tone of passion—her tears came upon her in an agony. "I never said I was indifferent; it would have been a lie."

Hush! be calm. It is safe to sit down by the roadside on this turf, which is unsullied by the dust of these passing wheels;—safe to sit down, and let the flood have vent, once and never more. And the soft whispering air comes stealing about Menie, with all its balmy gentle touches, like a troop of fairy comforters; and the darkness comes down with gracious speed, to hide her as she crouches, with her head upon her hands, overcome and mastered;—once, and never more.

Now it is night. Yonder the lights are glimmering faintly in the cottage windows of the Brigend. Far away above the rest, shines a little speck

of light from the high window of Burnside, where once was Menie Laurie's chamber—her land of meditation, her sanctuary of dreams. The wind rustles among the firs—the ashtrees hold up their bare white arms towards the heavens, waiting till this sweet star, lingering at the entrance of their arch, shall lead her followers through, like children in their dance. And—hush!—suddenly, like a bird new awaked, the burn throws out its voice upon the air, something sad. The passion is overpast. Look up, Menie Laurie; you are not among strangers. The hills and the heavens stretch out arms to embrace you; the calm of this great night, God's minister, comes to your heart. Other thoughts—and noble ones—stretch out helping hands to you like angels. Rise up; many a hope remains in the world, though this one be gone for ever.

And Menie, rising, returns upon her way—away from Burnside, her old beloved home, and, going, questions with herself if ought is changed since she made the bitter and painful decision which in her heart she thought it right to make. Nothing is changed—the severance has been made—the shock is over. At first we knew it would be very hard; at first we thought of nothing but despair. We never took into our calculation the oft-returning memories—the stubborn love, that will not be slain at a blow; and this it is that has mastered mind and heart and resolution now.

There is no one else upon the road. The night, and the hills, and Menie Laurie, look up through the silence to heaven—and no one knows the conflict that is waging—none is here with human voice or hand to help the struggle. Fought and won—lie still in her religious breast, oh heart! Fittest way to win your quiet back again, Menie Laurie has laid you down—come good or evil, come peace or contest—laid you down once for all at the feet of God.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A brilliant company—the very newspapers would say so if they had note of it; distinguished people—except here and there a few who are

only wives or sisters of somebody; the ladies and gentlemen present, individual by individual, are somebodies themselves. For a very pretty collec-

tion of Lions, as one could wish to see, are drawn together into Mr. Editor Lithgow's drawing-room, to do honour to his wedding-day.

And you may wonder at first to hear such a moderate amount of roaring; Lions of the present day are not given to grandiloquence. If the truth must be told, the talk sounds somewhat professional, not unlike the regimental talk of soldier officers, and the ladies pertaining to the same. True, that a picturesque American, bolder than her compeers on this side the Atlantic, *poses* in one corner, and by-and-by makes a tableau, lying down in wild devotion at the feet of two respectable and somewhat scared good people—literary ladies of a modest standing, who have done just work enough to make their names known, but are by no means prepared for such homage as this. And for the rest of the company, it must be said that they sit or stand, lean back or lean forward, as propriety or common custom enjoin;—that there is a great talk of babies in that other corner, where the mistress of the house is surrounded by a band of matron friends;—and that there is in reality very little out of the common in this company, if it were not for the said professional talk.

The young mistress of the house! She talks pretty nearly as much now as other people talk—quite as much, indeed, when her heart is opened with that all-interesting subject, babies—or when her tongue has leisure to talk of the marvellous feats of certain babies of her own. July Home has been a married wife five years.

There is nothing very costly or rare in this drawing-room; but it is well-sized and well-furnished, notwithstanding, and a pretty apartment. Lithgow himself, not a very stately host, attends to his guests with an unassuming kindliness which charms these somewhat sophisticated people, in spite of themselves; and Lithgow is full of the talk of the profession, and speaks great names with the confidence of friendship. In these five years, mother though she be, and mistress of a London household, all you can say of July is, that she has grown a pretty girl—a little taller, a little more mature in action—but a

girl, just as she was when we saw her last.

Being addressed, but of his own will scarcely speaking to any one, there is a remarkable-looking person among Mr. Lithgow's guests. Looking up to his great height, you can just see some threads of white among his hair, though his age does not justify this, for he is a young man still; and a settled cloud upon his brow gives darkness to his face. It is not grief—it is not care; a gloomy self-absorbed pride is much more like what it is.

"That is Mrs. Lithgow's brother," says another guest, in answer to the "who's that" of an unaccustomed visitor. Mrs. Lithgow's brother! Is this all the distinction that remains to the lofty Randall Home?

"And a literary man, like all the rest of us," continues, condescendingly, this gentleman, who is a critic, and contemptuous in right of his craft. "He made a great success with his first publication six or seven years ago. I saw it on that table in the corner, covered with a pile of prints and drawings. They say Home cannot bear to see it now. Well; he lingered a long time polishing, and elaborating, and retouching his second book, expecting, no doubt, a universal acclamation. Poor fellow! the public never so much as looked at it—it was a dead failure."

"Was it not equal to the first?" inquired breathlessly the original speaker, who in his heart was a warm adherent of Randall, though personally unknown to him, and who was a great deal better acquainted with the work in question than his informant.

"There was merit in the book," said the critic, poisoning a pretty paper-knife carelessly on his forefinger—"merit, such as it was; and Lithgow, here, gave him an article, and tried hard to get up a feeling; but he's a supercilious fellow, sir—proud as Lucifer; he is constantly running against somebody, and we put him down."

The critic turned to speak to another critic on his other hand; the interrogator stood aside. Solitary in the midst of this animated company—dark, where all was glowing with a modest brilliancy—it was not won-

derful that this good man should inquire of himself whether there was nought of the evil thing called affectation in the gloom and pride of Randall Home. One thing at least it was not difficult to see—that Randall knew people were looking at him—wondering about him—and that more than one lady of sentiment and enthusiasm had marvelled already, with wistful melancholy, whether any one knew what the grief was which had blighted the young author's life.

The young author's life was not blighted. On him, like a nightmare, sat a subtle spirit, self-questioning, self-criticising. He was disappointed;—a bitter stream had come into his way, and by its side he walked, his eyes bent downward on it, pondering the evils of his fate, trying with a cold philosophy to believe them no evils, assuming to despise them, yet resenting them with bitterness in his own secret heart.

"Randall, look at this; it minds me of home," said his sister in his ear. He took mechanically what she put into his hand—carelessly: not the slightest interest in his face for poor July's enthusiasm—as like as not he would smile and put it down with a careless glance. Things that other people look on with interest were matters of chilled and disappointed indifference to Randall Home.

Yet he looks at this child's face that has been brought before him; insensibly a smile breaks upon his lips in answer to this sweet child's smile. He, who is a critic, knows it is no *chef d'œuvre*, and has little claim to be looked upon as high art; but for once Randall thinks nothing of the execution—as on a real countenance he gazes upon this. These sweet little features seem to move before him with the throng of gracious child-like thoughts that hover over the unclouded brow—childlike thoughts—thoughts of the great eternal simplicities which come nearest to angels and to children. This man, through his intricacies and glooms, catches for an instant a real glimpse of what that atmosphere must be through which simple hearts look up into the undoubted heavens; for scarcely so much as a summer cloud can float between this child and the sky.

Come this way, Randall. Here is a little room, vacant, half-lighted, where lie other things akin to this. Take them up after your careless fashion. What message can they have to you? Be ready, if you can, to put them aside with a word of bitter criticism—only leave out this child's portrait. Say with your lips it is good and you like it; feel in your heart as if it spoke to you long, loving, simple speeches; and when you turn from it—hush! it is irreverent—do not try with either sarcasm or jest to cheat this sudden desolateness which you feel at your heart.

A cloudy face—is this no portrait? The wind is tossing back wildly the curls from its white high brow, and out of a heavy thunder-cloud it looks down darkly, doubtfully, with a look which you cannot fathom. Uneasily the spectator lays it aside to lift another—another and another; they are very varied, but his keen eye perceives in a moment that every face among them which is a man's bears the same features. Other heads of children unknown to Randall—pictures of peasant women, real and individual, diversify the little collection; but where the artist has made a man's face, everywhere a subtle visionary resemblance runs through each and all. Through altered features the same expression—through changed moods and tempers the same sole face. The room swims about him as he looks—is it a dream or a vision—what does it mean?

The long white curtains faintly stir in the autumn night-wind which steals in through the open window; the shaded lamp upon the table throws down a little circle of light—a larger circle of shadow—upon these pictures, and faintly shines in the mirror above the vacant hearth. He has sunk on one knee to look at them again. What memory is it that has kept this face, what sad recollection has preserved its looks and changes so faithfully and so long? No ideal, noble, and glorious, such as a heart might make for itself—no human idol either, arrayed in the purple and gold of loving homage—and the heart of Randall, startled and dismayed, hides its face, and beholds itself for the first time truly. He knows that none of these

is meant for him—feels with certain confidence that reproach upon him is the last thing intended by this often portraiture; yet stands aside, and marvels, with a pang—a great throb of anguish and hope—to see himself, changed in habit and in aspect, with years added and with years taken away; but he feels in every one that the face is his own.

Love that thinks you loftiest, noblest—love that worships in you its type of grace and high perfection, its embodiment of dreams and longings—rejoice in it, oh youth! But if you ever come to know a love that is disenchanted—a love that with its clear and anxious sight has found you out and read your heart—knowing not the highest part alone, but, in so far as human creature can, *all* that is written there—yet still is love; if you rejoice no longer, pause at least, and tremble. Light is the blind love of the old poets—frail, and in constant

peril. Heaven help those to whom is given the love that sees as nothing else can see—It struck to the heart of Randall Home.

Through secrets of his being, which himself had never guessed, this lightened eye had pierced like a sunbeam. Unwitting of its insight, nought could it say in words of its discovery, but unconsciously they came to light under the artist-hand. Menie Laurie—Menie Laurie!—little you wist when your pencil touched so dreamily these faces, which were but so many shadows of one face in your heart—little you wist how strange a revelation they would carry to another soul.

“Something has happened to Randall—he will not hear me,” said July to her husband when the guests went away. “He makes me no answer—he never hears me speak, but stands yonder steadfast at the mirror, looking in his own face.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The sun has struck on Criffel's sullen shoulder. Look you how it besets him, with a glorious burst of laughter and triumph over his gloom. And now a clown no longer, but some grand shepherd baron, he draws his purple cloak about him, and lifts his cloudy head into the sky. Marshal your men-at-arms. Warder of the Border? Keep your profound unbroken watch upon the liege valleys and homes at your feet—for the sun is setting in a stormy glory, and the winds are gathering wild in their battalions in the hollows of the hills.

Travelling with his face towards the east is one wayfarer on this lonely road. He knows the way, but it is long to his unaccustomed feet; and he is like to be benighted, whatever speed he makes. The sky before him is cold and clear, the sky of an autumn night, gleaming itself with an intense pale lustre, while great mountain-heaps of clouds, flung upon it, stand out round and full against its glittering chilly light; and with a wild rush the wind comes down upon the trees, seizing them in a sudden convulsion. The road ascends a little, and looks from this point as if it went abruptly

into the skies; and on either side lies the low breadth of a peat-moss, on which it is too dark now to distinguish the purple patches of heather, or anything but the moorland burn and deep drain full of black clear water, from which is thrown back again, in long flying glimmers of reflection, the pale light of the sky.

There is not a house in sight. Here and there a doddered oak or thorn, or stunted willows trailing their branches into the pools, give a kind of edge, interrupted and broken, to the moorland road; and now and then on a little homely bridge—one arch of stone, or it may be only two or three planks—it crosses a burn. With every gust of wind a shower of leaves comes rustling down from the occasional trees we pass, and the same cold breath persuades this traveller very soon to regret that his breast is not guarded by the natural defence—the grey plaid of the Border hills.

He does not lift his foot high and cumbrously from the ground, as the men of this quarter, used to wading through the moss and heather, are wont to do; nor does he oppose to this wild wind the broad expanded

chest and weather-beaten face of rural strength; but he knows the way along which he walks so smartly—pauses now and then to recognise some ancient landmark—and pushes forward without hesitation, very well aware where he is going to, nor fearing to choose that shorter way across the moss, like one to the manner born.

A narrower path, broken in upon here and there by young sapling trees, self-sown willows, and bushes, which are scattered over all the moss. Suddenly—it may be but a parcel of stones, a little heap of peats—but there is something on the edge of the way.

Going forward, the traveller finds seated on the fallen trunk of a tree two children—a little girl drawing in to her side the uncovered flaxen head of a still younger boy, and holding him firmly with her arm. The little fellow, with open mouth and close shut eyes, is fast asleep, and his young guardian's head droops on her breast. You can see she watched long before she yielded to it; but she too has dropped asleep.

The traveller, touched with sudden interest, pauses and looks down upon them. Indistinctly, in her sleep, hearing his step, or conscious of the human eye upon her which breaks repose, the little girl moves uneasily, tightens the firm pressure of her arm, murmurs something—of which the spectator, stooping down, can hear only “little Davie”—and then, throwing back her head and changing her attitude, settles again into her profound child's sleep.

What arrests him that he does not wake her? What makes him pause so long after his previous haste? Yes, look closer—stoop down upon the damp and springy soil—bend your knee. The pale faint light has not deceived you, neither has the memory, which holds with unwonted tenacity, the likeness of this face—for this is indeed the original. Sweet in its depth of slumber, its lips half closed, its eyelash warm upon its cheek, the same sweet heart you saw in London in the picture—the very child.

Eleven years old is Jessie now; and to keep little Davie out of mischief is a harder task than ever. So helpless, yet in such an attitude of guardianship and protection, the tra-

veller's eyes, in spite of himself, fill with tears. He is almost loth to wake her, but the wind rushes with growing violence among the cowering trees.

He touches her shoulder—she does not know how gently—as suddenly she starts up broad awake. One terrified look Jessie gives him—another at the wild sky and dreary moor. “You're not to meddle wi' Davie; it's a' my blame,” said Jessie with one frightened sob; “and oh, it's dark nicht, and we'll never win hame!”

“How did you come here?” said the stranger gently. Jessie was reassured; she dried her eyes and began to look up at him with a little returning confidence.

“I dinna ken; it was Davie would rin—no, it was me that never cam the road before—and we got on to the moss. Oh, will you tell me the airt I'm to gang hame?”

He put his hand upon the child's head kindly. This was not much like Randall Home. The Randall of old days, if he never failed to help, scarcely ever knew himself awakened to interest. There was a great delight of novelty in this new spring opened in his heart.

“Were you not afraid to fall asleep?”

Poor little Jessie began to cry; she thought she had done wrong. “I couldna keep wakin. I tried as lang as I could, and then I thoct I would just ask God to take care o' Davie, and then there would be nae fear. That was the way I fell asleep.”

A philosopher! But how have these tears found their way to his face? Somehow he cannot look on this little speaker—cannot perceive her small brother laying his cheek upon her breast, without a new emotion which ought to have no place in the mind of an observing moralist whose thought is of cause and effect. Again he lays his hand upon her head—so kindly that Jessie looks up with a shy smile—and says, “You are used to say your prayers?”

“I aye do't every nicht.” Jessie looks up again wistfully, wondering with a sudden pity. Can it be possible that he does not say his prayers, gentleman though he be?

“Say them here, little girl—I would like to hear your prayers”—and his

own voice sounds reverent, low, as one who feels a great presence near.

But Jessie falters and cries—does not know what to answer, though it is very hard to contend against the impulse of instant obedience. "Oh, I dinna like—I canna say them out-by to a man," she says in great trouble, clasping and unclasping her hands. "I just mind a'boddy, and little Davie—and give my soul to Christ to keep," added the little girl solemnly, "for fear I shouldna wake the morn."

There is a little silence. She thinks this kindly stranger is angry with her, and cries; but it is only a something of strong unusual emotion, which he must swallow down.

"Now, you must wake up little Davie, and I will take you home. Is it far? You do not know, poor little guardian. Come away—it is near Brigend? Well we will manage to get there. Come, little fellow, rouse up and give me your hand."

But Davie, very wroth at such a sudden interruption of his repose, shook his little brown clenched hand in the stranger's face instead, and would hold by no other but his sister. So in this order they went on, Jessie, with much awe, permitting her hand to be held in Randall's, and sleepy Davie dragging her back at the other side. They went on at a very different pace from Randall's former rate of walking—threading their encumbered way with great difficulty through the moorland path—but by-and-by, to the general comfort, emerged once more upon the high-road, and near the cheerful light from a cottage door.

And here he would pause to ask for some refreshment for the lost children, but does not fail to glance in first at the cottage window. This woman sitting before the fire has a face he knows, and she is rolling up a heavy whitefaced baby, and moving with a kind of monotonous rock, back and forward upon her seat. But there is not a murmur of the mother-song—instead, she is slowly winding up to extremest aggravation a little girl in a short-gown and apron, who stands behind her in a flood of tears, and whose present state of mind suggests no comfort to her, but to break all the

"pigs" (*Anglicè* crockery) in the house and run away.

"Will I take in twa bairns?—what would I do wi' twa bairns? I've enow o' my ain; but folk just think they can use ony freedom wi' me," said the woman, in answer to Randall's appeal made from the door. "I'm sure Peter's pack might be a laird's lands for what folk expect; and because there's nae ither cause o' quarrelling wi' a peaceable woman like me, I maun aye be askit to do things I canna do. It's nane o' my blame they didna get their dinner. Lad, you had best take them hame."

"I will pay for anything you give them cheerfully; but the little creatures are exhausted," said Randall again from the door. He thought he had altered a good deal his natural voice.

The woman suddenly raised her head. "I'm saying, that's a tongue I ken," she said in an under-tone. "This is nae public to gie meat for siller, lad," she continued; "but they may get a bit barley scone and a drink o' milk—I've nae objections. 'Ye'll no belang to this country yoursel?' For, with a rapidity very unusual to her, she had suddenly deposited her gaping baby in the cradle, and now stood at the door. Randall kept with-out in the darkness. The lost children were admitted to the fire.

"No."

"I wouldna say but you're out o' London, by your tongue. I've been there mysel before I was married, biding wi' a brother o' mine that's real weel-off and comfortable there. I've never been up again, for he's married, and her and me disna 'gree that weel. It's an awfu' world—a peaceable person has nae chance—and I was aye kent for that, married and single. Ye'll have heard o' my man, Peter Drumlie, if you come out o' Cumberland; but I reckon you're frae London, by your tongue."

With a bow, and a sarcastic compliment to her discrimination, Randall answered her question; but the bow and the sarcasm were lost upon the person he addressed; she went on in her dull tone without a pause.

"Ay, I aye was kent for discrimination," she said with modest self-approval, "though it's no everybody

has the sense to allow't. But you'll ha'e come to see your friends, I reckon—they'll be biding about this pairt?"

"Just so," said Randall.

"Ye'll ken mony a change in the countryside," continued the woman. "There's the auld minister dead in Kirklands parish, and a' the family scattered, and a delicate lad, a stranger, in the Manse his lane; and maister and mistress gane out o' Kirklands House, away somegate in foreign pairts; and Walter Wellwood, the young laird, he's married upon a grand lady and joined to the Papishees; and—but ye'll may be ken better about the common folk o' the parish. There's auld Crofthill and Miss Janet their lee lane up the brae yonder, and ne'er a word frae Randy—maybe you would ken Randy?—the awfulest lad for thinking of himsel; and then there's the family at Burnside—they're come down in the world, wi' a' their pride and their vanity—living in naething but a cot-house on the siller Jenny makes wi' her kye; and Miss Menie, she makes pictures and takes folk's likenesses, and does what she can to keep hersel. Eh, man, there's awfu' changes!—And wee July Home, Crofthill's daughter, she's married upon our Johnnie, keepit like a leddy, and never has a hand's turn laid to her, wet day or dry—it's a grand marriage for the like o' her;—and there's mysel—I was

ance Nelly Panton, till I got my man—but I've nae occasion to do a thing now but keep the house gaun, and mind the siller—for Peter, he's a man o' sense, and kens the value o' a guid wife—and I live real comfortable among my ain folk in a peaceable way, as I was aye disposed—though they're an ill set the folk hereway—they're aye bickering amang themselves. Will you no come in-by and rest?"

Randall, who felt his philosophy abandon him in this respect as well as others, and who could not persuade himself by any arguments of her insignificance to quench the passion which this slow stream of malicious disparagement raised within him, answered very hotly, and with great abruptness, that he could not wait longer. A moment after he found himself again upon the road, with the reluctant children dragging him back, and Nelly looking out after him from her door. He had time to be annoyed at himself for betraying his anger; but Randall began to have changed thoughts—began to lose respect for the self-constraint which once had been his highest form of dignity—began to think that no natural emotion was unworthy of him—of *him*. For the first time he laughed at the words with bitterness as he looked up to the pale gleaming sky, with its clouds and stars. Unworthy of him—who then was he?

CHAPTER XXXV.

"The man's richt—they'll ha'e strayed in on the moss. Oh, my bairns! my bairns!" cried the distressed mother into the night. "And Patie was telling, nae farther gane than yestreen, what a bogilly bit it was, till a' the weans were fleyed; and if they're no sunk in the moss itsel, they'll be dead wi' fricht by this time. Oh, my bonnie Jessie! that was aye doing somebody a guid turn; and wee Davie—puir wee Davie! he was aye the youngest, and got his ain way. My bairns! my bairns!"

A snort came through the misty gloom. By this time it was very dark, and Randall could hear the voices as they approached.

"What's the woman greeting for?

Her bairns?—her bairns? I would just like to ken what suld ail her bairns—little mischiefs! They're warm at somebody's ingle-neuk, I'se warrant. That wee Davie's an imp o' Satan; nither fricht nor bogles will harm him. Come this road, woman. What gart ye leave the lantern? If there werena better wits than yours!"

Jenny's voice was interrupted by a sudden footstep crushing the bramble branches on the side of the way, and by a sudden glow of light thrown full upon the dazzled eyes of little Jessie, who left Randall's hand with a cry of joy—"Oh, it's the leddy—we're safe at hame."

The lantern flashed about through-

the darkness. Randall's heart beat loudly. With a great start, he recognised the voice which gave kindly welcome to the strayed child, and he could distinguish the outline of her figure, as she shaded the lantern with her hand; then she raised it—he felt the light suddenly burst upon his face—another moment, and it was gone. Little Jessie flew back to him dismayed; voice and figure and light had disappeared as they came; one other step upon the brambles, and they were alone once more.

He had no time to marvel or to follow, for now the mother and Jenny, suddenly drawing close to them, fell upon the lost children, with cries of mingled blame and joy. "It was the gentleman brought us hame."

"Thanks to the gentleman—would he no come in and rest?—he would be far out of his way—the guidman wou'd take a lantern, and convoy him"—and a hundred other anxious volunteerings of gratitude poured upon Randall's ears. "I must go on—I must go on!" He burst past them impatiently; he did not know where the house was, or if she had gone home; but Menie had seen him, and Menie he must see.

Step softly, Randall! In her high excitement, she hears every stir of the falling leaves without, and could not miss your footstep, if you trod as softly as a child. She has reached to her shelter already—she has put out her mother's lights, and stands in the darkness, pressing her white face against the window, looking out, wondering if she will see you again—wondering why you come here—praying in a whisper that you may not cross her path any more, but contradicting the prayer in her heart. Mrs. Laurie stands by the door without, watching for the children's return; and now they come, Davie lifted into his mother's arms (for he has been almost asleep on his feet), Jessie eager that everybody should understand "it was my blame," and Jenny smartly lecturing each and all. The rest of the family—all but the goodman, who has gone to the moss to seek the children—are gathered in a group before the cottage; and the red light of the fire glows out upon them, and some one has picked up the lantern

which Menie Laurie dropped. A little crowd—the inner circle of faces brightened by the lamp, the outer ones receding into partial gloom, hearing little Jessie tell her story, speculating what part of the moss it could be, and "where was the gentleman?"—a question which none could answer.

"Though I've heard his tongue afore, mysel," said Jenny, "I'm just as sure—woman, will ye no take that little Satan to his bed?—and puir wee Jessie's een's gaun thegither. It wasna your blame, you deceitful monkey! Ye may cheat the wife there, but ye'll no cheat Jenny. It was a' that little brother—it wasna you. Gang out o' my gate, callant! If nane o' the rest o' ye will stir, I maun pit the bairn to her bed mysel."

From her window Menie Laurie looks out upon the scene—upon the darkness around—the one spot of light, and the half-illuminated faces; looks out wistfully, straining her eyes into the night, wondering where he has gone, and getting time now, as her agitation calms, to be ashamed and annoyed at her own weakness. Very calm for many a day has been Menie Laurie's quiet heart—soberly, happily contented, and at rest. Little comforts and elegancies, which neither Mrs. Laurie's income nor Jenny's kye could attain, Menie has managed to collect into this little room. Her "trade," as she still calls it—for Menie is the person of all others least satisfied with her own performances, and will not assume to be an artist—has brought her in contact with many pleasant people; her mother is pleased that they have even better "society" here, in the cot-house, than they had in prosperous Burnside; and it even seems a thing probable, and to be hoped for, that by-and-by they may go back to Burnside, and be able to live without its fifty yearly pounds. This success could not come without bringing some content and satisfaction with it; and constant occupation has restored health and ease to Menie's mind, while almost as calm as of old, but with a deeper, loftier quiet, a womanly repose;—light, within her eased breast, has lain Menie Laurie's heart.

And why this face of strange excitement now, Menie cannot tell. She found him out so suddenly—flashing her light upon the face which least of all she thought to see. But Menie wonders to feel this strong thrill of agitation returning on her as she touches the window with her pale cheek, and wonders if she will see him again.

The night falls deeper—darker; the wind overhead comes shouting down upon the trees, throwing their leaves from them in wild handfuls, and tearing off their feebler branches in a frenzy. Here where we stand, you can hear its going forth with its cry of defiance against the hills, flinging a magic circle round the startled homesteads, attacking bridges upon rivers, stacks in farmyards. The goodman, who has returned with a glad heart to find his children safe, says, when he closes the cottage door, that it is a wild night; but here, amid all its violence waiting a moment when he may see her—strangely excited, strangely emancipated, owning the sway of one most passionate and simple emotion, and for the first time forgetting, not only himself, but everything else—here, with his bare forehead to the wind, stands Randall Home.

Now come hither: Jenny's candle in the kitchen thriftily extinguished, leaving her window only lightened by the firelight, proves that Jenny has come "ben" to the family service—the daily meeting-ground of mistresses and servant, child and mother. There is no need to close the shutters on this window, which no one ever passes by to see. Calm in her fire-side corner sits Mrs. Laurie, with her open Bible in her lap; Jenny is close by the table, drawing near the light, and poring very closely upon the "sma' print," which runs into a confused medley before her, not to be deciphered—for Jenny will not be

persuaded to try spectacles, lest they should "spoil her een;" while Menie, who reads the chapter aloud, reverently turns over the leaves of the family Bible, and, with all her quiet restored, speaks the words which say peace to other storms than that storm never to be forgotten, in the Galilean Sea.

You remember how she was when you saw her last—you remember her through the flush of your own anger, the mortification of your own pride—but pride and mortification have little to do with this atmosphere which surrounds our Menie now. Her delicate hand is on the open Book—her reverent eyes cast down upon it—her figure rising out of its old girlish freedom and carelessness, into a womanly calm and dignity. He follows the motion of her head and lips with an unconscious eager gesture—follows them with devotion, longing to feel himself engaged with her; and hears, his frame quivering the while—rising upon his heart with a command, that hushes all these violent strong voices round—the low sound of *her* voice.

Now they were at prayer. Her face is folded in her hands, Randall; and there may be a prayer in Menie's heart, which Mrs. Laurie's voice, at ways timid at this time, does not say. Whatever there is in Menie's heart, you know what is in your own—know at once this flood of sudden yearning, this sudden passion of hope and purpose, this sudden burst of womanish tears. Now then, overmastered, subdued, and won, turn away, Randall Home—but not till Jenny, starting from her knees, has burst into a violent sob and scream. "I dreamt he was come back this very night; I dreamt o' him yestreen—Randall—Randall Home!" But, with an awed face, Jenny returned from the door to which she had flown. Randall was not there!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Something of languor is in this chill morning, as its quiet footstep steals upon the path of the exhausted storm—something worn out and heavy are Menie's eyes as she closes them wear-

ily upon the daylight when Jenny has cleared the little breakfast-table, and it is time for the day's work to begin. They speak to her softly, you will perceive, and are very tender of Menie,

as if she were ill, and Jenny cannot forgive herself for the shock that her exclamation caused last night.

A heavy stupor is on Menie's mind, lightened only with gleams of wild anxiety, with fruitless self-questionings, which she fain would restrain, but cannot. Jenny, firm in the belief that she has seen a spirit, is melancholy and mysterious, and asks suggestive questions—whether they have heard if there is "ony great trouble in London enow," or who it was that was prayed for in the kirk last Sabbath—a young man in great distress. Mrs. Laurie, uneasy and solicitous, cannot stay these pitiful looks which unawares she turns upon her daughter, and hangs perpetually about her with tender touches consoling words, and smiles, till poor Menie's heart is like to break.

The day's work is over in Jenny's "redd-up kitchen;"—the uneven earthen floor is carefully swept—the hearth as white and the fireside as brilliant as Jenny's elaborate care can make them; and Jenny has drawn aside a little the sliding pannel which closes in her bed, to show the light patch-work quilt, and snowy linen of the "owrelay." Bright brass and pewter carefully polished above the high mantel-shelf—bright plates and crockery against the walls—with a glance of satisfaction Jenny surveyed the whole as she passed into the private corner where she made her toilette—a "wise-like" kitchen; it was worthy of Jenny.

And now, in her blue and yellow gown, in her black and red checked plaiden shawl, in her great Leghorn bonnet, fashioned in antique times, Jenny sets out from the cottage-door. No one knows where Jenny is going, and there has been some surprise "ben the house" at her intimation of her proposed absence. But Jenny keeps her own counsel, and walks away soberly, seeing Mrs. Laurie at the window, in the direction of Burnside. "Nae occasion to let the hail town see the gate Jenny was gaun," she says to herself, with a slight fuff; and, altering her course before she reaches the Brigend, Jenny turns rapidly towards the hills.

And something of growing gravity, almost awe, is on Jenny's face. "Eh, puir callant, he's young to take fare-

weel o' this life. Weel, laddie, mony's the time Jenny's grutten for ye; and may be it's best, after a', if ane could but think sae." These lamentations fall like so many tears on Jenny's way—and she is rapidly climbing the brae, as she utters them, towards the house of Crofthill.

It is a wintry autumn afternoon—so dull that the potato-gatherers in the fields are chilled into silence, and the ploughmen scarcely can whistle into the heavy atmosphere which droops upon them laden with unfallen rain. The paths of the little triangular garden of Crofthill are choked with masses of brown leaves, fallen from the trees, which sway their thin remaining foliage drearily, hanging lank from the crest of the hill. The goodman is thrashing to-day; you can hear the heavy tramp of the horses, the swing of the primitive machine; it is almost the only sound that breaks the silence of the place.

Nay, listen—there is another sound; a slow monotonous voice, wont to excite in Jenny certain sentiments the reverse of peaceable. The kitchen door is open, a great umbrella rests against the lintel, and Miss Janet's tall figure is just visible, in a gown not much unlike Jenny's own, standing before the fire listening, as Jenny, arrested at the threshold, must be content to listen too.

"Na; I can do nae mair than tell what's true; I canna gie folk the judgment to put trust in me. I'm no ane that meddles wi' ither folks concerns—but I thoct it richt ye should ken—I'm no saying whether it's in the flesh or the spirit—that Randall Home was seen upon the Kirklands road last nicht."

"But I tell ye, woman, it couldna be our Randy—it couldna be my bairn," exclaimed Miss Janet in great distress. "Do ye think Crofthill's son would ca' upon the like o' you, and no come hame? It's been some English lad, that's spoken grand, like Randall; and how was you to ken to look at his presence, that never ane had like him? Na, it wasna our son."

"Presence or no presence, I mind him weel," said Nelly, emphatically. "I wouldna think, mysel, an appearance or a wraith could ha'e grippit thae weans, and kent the road sae weel

to carry them hame—no to say that spirits would ha'e little patience, as I think, wi' barley scones, when they canna partake themselfs; and I tried him about the Burnside family, and Crofthill as weel; and I saw his een loupin' wi' passion, and he scarce ga'e me thanks for my charity. It's an awfu' thing to see as I do ilka day—and I canna think but what its just because I'm sae peaceable mysel that a'body flees into raptures wi' me. But I just ken this—I saw Randall Home."

Miss Janet turned round to wring her hands unseen. She was very much troubled and shaken, and turning, met, to her dismay, the keen inquisitive face of Jenny. With a little start and cry, Miss Janet turned again, to dash some tears off her cheek. Then she addressed the new-comer in a trembling voice. "Ye'll have heard her story—your house is on the same road—have you seen anything like this?"

"I wouldna put a moment's faith in her—no me!" said Jenny promptly. "It's a dull day to her when she disna put somebody in trouble; and it's just because there's no a single mischief to the fore in Kirklands that she's come to put malice on you. Put strife amang neibors, woman—naebody can do't sae weel; but what would ye come here for to frighten honest folk in their ain houses?"

"For every friendly word I say, I aye get twa ill words back," said Nelly meekly, with a sigh of injury. "But it's weel kent the spirit that's in Burnside Jenny, and I wouldna take notice, for my pairt, o' what the like o' her might say; but I canna help aye being concerned for what happens to Crofthill, minding the connection; and if I didna see Randall Home's face, and hear Randall Home's tongue, in the dark at my ain hoor yestreen, I never saw mortal man. If he's in the flesh, I wouldna say but he was hiding for some ill-doing—for you may be sure he didna want me to see his face, kenning me for far sicht langsyne; and if it was an appearance, I'll no gie you muckle hope o' his state, for the awesome passion he got in, though he never said a word to me; and, as I said before, I can tell you what's true, but I canna gie

ye faith to believe—sae I'll bid ye good day, Miss Janet; and ye'll just see if ye dinna think mair o' what I've said, afore you're a day alder—you and the auld man too."

Slowly Nelly took her departure, Miss Janet looking on like one stupefied. As the unwelcome visitor disappeared, Miss Janet sank into a chair, and again wrung her hands; but looking up with sudden fright to perceive Jenny's elaborate dress, and look of mystery, hastily exclaimed, "Jenny, woman—it's no but what you're aye welcome,—but what's brocht you here the day?"

"I cam o' my ain will; naebody kens," said Jenny abruptly.

"But ye maun have come with an errand—I'm no feared to greet before you, Jenny," said Miss Janet, with humility. "Oh, woman, tell me—do you ken onything of my bairn?"

"Me! what should I ken?" said Jenny turning her face away. "You'll have gotten word? Nae doubt, being grand at the writing, he aye sends letters. What gars ye ask the like o' me?"

Miss Janet caught her visitor's hand, and turned her face towards the light with a terrified cry. "You may tell me—I ken you've seen him as weel."

Jenny resisted for some time, keeping her head averted. At length, when she could struggle no longer, she fell into a little burst of sobbing. "I never would have telled ye. I didna come to make you desolate—but I canna tell a lee. I saw him in the dark last nicht, just ae moment, glancing in at the window—and when I gaed to the door, he was gane."

Half an hour after, very drearily Jenny took her way down the hill—and looking back as the early twilight began to darken on her path, she saw Miss Janet's wistful face commanding the way. The twilight came down heavily—the clouds dipt upon the hill—drizzling rains began to fall, carrying down with them light dropping showers of half-detached and dying leaves—but still Miss Janet leaned upon the dyke, and turned her anxious eyes to the hilly footpath, watching with many a sob and shiver, for Randall—in the flesh or in the spirit. Surely, if he revealed himself to strangers, he might come to her.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

After this there fell some very still and quiet days upon Mrs. Laurie's cottage. Everything went on languidly; there was no heart to the work which Menie touched with dreamy fingers; there was something subdued and spiritless in her mother's looks and movements; and even Jenny's foot rang less briskly upon her earthen floor. They did not know what ailed them nor what it was they looked for; but with a brooding stillness of expectation, they waited for something, if it were tempest, earthquake, or only a new glow of sunshine out of the kindly skies.

Was it a spirit? Asking so often, you make your cheek pale, Menie Laurie; you make your eyelids droop heavy and leaden over your dim eyes. Few people come here to break the solitude, and we all dwell with our own thoughts, through these still days, alone.

"Menie, you are injuring yourself; we will take a long walk, and see some people to day," said Mrs. Laurie. "Come, it is quite mild—it will do us both good; we will go to the manse to see Miss Johnston, and then to Woodlands and Burnside. Put up your papers—we will take a holiday to day."

Menie's heavy eyes said faintly that she cared nothing about Miss Johnston, about Woodlands or Burnside; but Menie put aside her papers slowly, and prepared for the walk. They went out together, not saying much, though each sought out, with labour and difficulty, something to say. "I wonder what ails us?" said Menie, with a sigh. Her mother made no answer. It was not easy to tell; and speaking of it would do more harm than good.

A hazy day—the sky one faint unvaried colour, enveloped in a uniform livery of cloud; a faint white mist spread upon the hills; small invisible rain in the air, and the withered leaves heavily falling down upon the sodden soil.

"This will not raise our spirits, mother," said Menie, with a faint smile; "better within doors, and at work, on a day like this."

But why, with such a start and tremble, do you hear those steps upon the path? Why be struck with such wild curiosity about them, although you would not turn your head for a king's ransom? Anybody may be coming—the shepherd's wife from Whinnyrig yonder, the poor crofter from the edge of the peat-moss, or little Jessie's mother bound for the universal rural-shop at the Brigend. We are drawing near to the Brigend—already the aromatic flavour of the peats warms the chill air with word of household fires, and we see smoke rise beyond the ash-trees—the smoke of our old family home, the kind hearth of Burnside.

Hush! whether it were hope or fear, is no matter; the steps have ceased; vain this breathless listening to hear them again; go on through the ash-trees, Menie Laurie—on through the simple gateway of this humble rural world. By the fireside—in the cottage—with such simple joy as friendly words and voices of children can give you—this is your life.

And only one—only one—this your mother—to watch your looks and gestures—the falling and the rising of your tired heart. Wistful eyes she turns upon you—tender cares. Look up to repay her, Menie; smile for her comfort; you are all that remains to her, and she is all that remains to you.

Look up; see how solemnly the ash-trees lift their old bleached arms to heaven. Look up Menie Laurie; but here, at our very ear, these bewildering steps again.

Do not shrink; here has come the ordeal you have looked for many a day. Well said your prophetic heart, that it drew near in the hush and silence of this fated time. They stand there, arched and canopied, under these familiar trees, the hamlet's quiet houses receding behind them—Burnside yonder, the limit of the scene, and the burn, the kindly country voice, singing a quiet measure to keep them calm. An old man and a young, learned with experiences of life: the elder, fresh and noble, daring to meet

the world with open face, aware of all the greatest truths and mysteries of the wonderful existence which we call common life, but nothing more; the younger, trained in a more painful school, with his lesson of self-forgetting newly conned, with knowledge sadder than his father's, with a heart and conscience quivering still with self-inflicted wounds—they stand there bareheaded under the cloudy sky—not with the salutation of common respect, which might permit them to pass on. A courtly natural grace about them both, makes their attitude all the more remarkable. With blanched cheeks and failing eyes, Menie Laurie's face droops; she dares not look up, but waits, trembling so greatly that she can scarcely stand, for what has to be said.

Mrs. Laurie, with a sudden impulse of protection, draws her child's arm within her own—moves forward steadily, all her pride of mother and of woman coming to her aid; bows to her right hand and her left: says she is glad to see that this is really Mr. Randall, and not the wraith her simple Jenny had supposed; and, speaking thus in a voice which is but a murmur of inarticulate sound to Menie, bows again, and would pass on.

But John Home of Crofthill lays his hand upon her sleeve. "You and me have no outcast to settle. Leave the bairns to themselves."

With a startled glance Mrs. Laurie looks round her, at the old man's face of anxious friendliness, at the deep flush on Randall's brow, and at her own Menie's drooping head. "Shall I leave you, Menie?" Menie makes no answer—as pale and as cold as marble, with a giddy pain in her forehead, unable to raise her swimming eyes—but she makes a great effort to support herself, as her mother gradually looses her hand from her arm.

Passive, silent, her whole mind absorbed with the pain it takes to keep herself erect, and guide her faltering steps along the road; but Randall is by Menie's side once more.

Father and mother have gone on, back towards the cottage; silently, without a word, these parted hearts follow them side by side. If she had any power left but what is wanted for her own support, she would wonder

why Randall does not speak. She does wonder, indeed, faintly, even through her pain. With downcast eyes like hers, he walks beside her, through this chill dewy air, between these rustling hedges, in a conscious silence, which every moment becomes more overpowering, more strange.

"Menie!" with a sudden start she acknowledges her name; but there is nothing more.

"I said, when we parted, that you were disloyal to me and to Nature," said Randall, after another pause. "Menie, I have learned many a thing since then. It was I that was disloyal to Nature—but never to you."

Still no answer: this giddiness grows upon her, though she does not miss a syllable of what he says.

"There is no question between us—none that does not fade like a vapour before the sunlight I see, Menie, can you trust me again?"

She cannot answer—she can do nothing but falter and stumble upon this darkening road. It grows like night to her. What is this she leans upon—the arm of Randall Home?

Miss Janet sits in her shawl of state in Jenny's kitchen—very curious and full of anxiety. "Eh, woman, such a sair heart I had," said Miss Janet, "when wha should come, as fast up the road as if he kent I was watching, but my ain bairn? He hasna been hame since July's wedding; ye wouldna think it o' a grand lad like our Randall, and him sae clever, and sae muckle thocht o' in the world—but when he gaed owre his father's doortane again, the puir laddie grat like a bairn. Will you look if they're coming, Jenny?—nae word o' them? Eh, woman, what can make Miss Menie sae ill at the like o' him?"

"The like o' him's nae such great things," said Jenny, with a little snort. "I wouldna say but what Miss Menie has had far better in her offer. She's a self-willed thing—she'll no take Jenny's word; but weel I wat, if she askit me—"

"Whisht, you're no to say a word," cried Miss Janet, coming in from the door. "I see them on the road—I see them coming hame. Jenny, you're no to speak. Miss Menie and my Randall, they're ae heart ance mair."

And so it was—one heart, but not

a heart at ease; the love-renewed still owned a pang of terror. But day after day came out of the softening heavens—hour after hour preached and expounded of the mellowed nature—the soul which had learned to forget itself; other pictures rose under Menie's fingers—faces which looked you bravely in the face—eyes that forgot to doubt and criticise. The clouds cleared from her firmament in gusts and rapid evolutions, as before these brisk October winds. One fear followed another, falling like the au-

tumn leaves; a warmer atmosphere crept into the cottage, a brighter sunshine filled its homely rooms. Day by day, advancing steadily, the son drew farther in, to his domestic place. The mother gave her welcome heartily; the daughter, saying nothing, felt the more; and no one said a word of grumbling, save perverse Jenny, who wept with joy the while, when another year and another life lighted up into natural gladness the sweet harmonious quiet of Menie Laurie's heart.

MARATHON.

[*Note*.—These lines were written shortly after a visit to the plain of Marathon, and personal inspection of the ground. The historical facts are taken from Herodotus; the mythological allusions, and other incidental circumstances, from the two chapters of Pausanias (*Att. l.*, c. 15 & 32), where the paintings of the famous Portico of the Stoics in Athens, and the district of Marathon, are described with characteristic detail.]

1.

From high Pentelicus' pine-clad height*

A voice of warning came,
That shook the silent autumn night
With fear to Media's name.

Pan from his Marathonian cave†
Sent screams of midnight terror,
And darkling horror curled the wave
On the broad sea's moonlit mirror.

Woe, Persia, woe! thou liest low, low!

Let the golden palaces groan!

Ye mothers weep for sons that shall sleep

In gore on Marathon!

2.

Where Indus and Hydaspes roll,

Where treeless deserts glow,

Where Scythians roam beneath the pole

O'er fields of hardened snow,

* Pentelicus overhangs the south side of the plain of Marathon, separating it from the great Attic plain. Those who have seen the beautiful Bay of Brodick, in the Island of Arran, have seen Marathon on a small scale, except that Goat Fell, which represents Pentelicus, is on the north. On the south, or Athenian side, this famous mountain is sufficiently bare, but towards Marathon it is richly wooded; and the direct road from the village of Vrana to the valley of Cephissus, over the north-west shoulder of the mountain, is one of the wildest and most picturesque passes in Greece.

† PAN played a somewhat prominent part in the great Persian war.—(HERODOTUS, I. 105.) He had a famous cave near Marathon (PAUSAN, I. 32), which archæologists have idly endeavoured to identify.

The great Darius rules ; and now,
Thou little Greece, to thee
He comes ; thou thin-soiled Athens, how
Shalt thou dare to be free ?
There is a God that wields the rod
Above : by him alone
The Greek shall be free, when the Mede shall flee
In shame from Marathon.

3.

He comes ; and o'er the bright Ægean,
Where his masted army came,
The subject isles uplift the pean
Of glory to his name.
Strong Naxos, strong Eretria yield ;
His captains near the shore
Of Marathon's fair and fateful field,
Where a tyrant marched before.*
And a traitor guide, the sea beside,
Now marks the land for his own,
Where the marshes red shall soon be the bed
Of the Mede in Marathon.

4.

Who shall number the host of the Mede ?
Their high-tiered galleys ride
Like locust bands with darkening speed
Across the groaning tide.
Who shall tell the many-hoofed tramp
That shakes the dusty plain ?
Where the pride of the horse is the strength of his camp,
Shall the Mede forget to gain ?
O fair is the pride of those turns as they ride,
To the eye of the morning shown !
But a god in the sky hath doomed them to lie
In dust on Marathon.

5.

Dauntless beside the sounding sea
The Athenian men reveal
Their steady strength. That they are free
They know and inly feel
Their high election on that day
In foremost fight to stand,
And dash the enslaving yoke away
From all the Grecian land.
Their praise shall sound the world around,
Who shook the Persian throne,
When the shout of the free travelled over the sea
From famous Marathon.

6.

From dark Cithæron's sacred slope
The small Platean band
Bring hearts that swell with patriot hope
To wield a common brand.

* Darius was led by Hippias, who was familiar with this approach, to Attica, having come this way with his father, Pisistratus, when that tyrant established himself in the sovereignty of Attica for the last time.

With Theseus' sons at danger's gates ;
 While spell-bound Sparta stands,
 And for the pale moon's changes waits
 With stiff and stolid hands,
 And hath no share in the glory rare
 That Athens made her own,
 When the long-haired Mede with fearful speed
 Fell back from Marathon.

7.

"On, sons of the Greeks!" the war-cry rolls,
 "The land that gave you birth,
 Your wives and all the dearest souls
 That circle round each hearth ;
 The shrines upon a thousand hills ;
 The memory of your sires,
 Nerve now with brass your resolute wills,
 And fan your valorous fires!"
 And on like a wave came the rush of the brave—
 "Ye sons of the Greeks, on, on!"
 And the Mede stept back from the eager attack
 Of the Greek in Marathon.

8.

Hear'st thou the rattling of spears on the right?
 See'st thou the gleam in the sky?
 The gods come to aid the Greeks in the fight,
 And the favouring heroes are nigh.
 The lion's hide I see in the sky,
 And the knotted club so fell,
 And kingly Theseus' conquering eye,
 And Macaria, nymph of the well.*
 Purely, purely the fount did flow,
 When the morn's first radiance shone ;
 But eve shall know the crimson flow
 Of its waves by Marathon.

9.

On, son of Cimon, bravely on!
 And Aristides just!
 Your names have made the field your own,
 Your foes are in the dust.
 The Lydian satrap spurs his steed,
 The Persian's bow is broken ;
 His purple pales ; the vanquished Mede
 Beholds the angry token
 Of thundering Jove that rules above ;
 And the bubbling marshes moan †
 With the trampled dead that have found their bed
 In gore at Marathon.

* Hercules was the patron-saint, to use modern language, of Marathon ; and where the Athenians conquered, Theseus could not be absent. These two heroes, therefore, were represented in the picture of the battle of Marathon in the painted Stoa, (PAUSAN., l. 15). The fountain of Macaria, the daughter of Hercules and Deianeira, is mentioned by Pausanias, (l. c. 32), as being on the field of Marathon ; and sure enough there is a well on the road from Marathon to Rhamnus, near the north end of the plain, which Mr. Finley is willing to baptise with the name of the old classical nymph.

† There are two extensive marshes, mostly overgrown with great reeds, one at each end of the field. The Persians, of course, were driven back into the marsh at the north end. This was represented in the painting on the Stoa.

10.

The ships have sailed from Marathon
 On swift disaster's wings;
 And an evil-dream hath fetched a groan
 From the heart of the king of kings.
 An eagle he saw in the shades of night,
 With a dove that bloodily strove;
 And the weak hath vanquished the strong in fight—
 The Eagle hath fled from the dove.
 Great Jove that reigns in the starry plains,
 To the heart of the king hath shown,
 That the boastful parade of his pride was laid
 In dust at Marathon.

11.

But through Pentelicus' winding vales
 The hymn triumphant runs,
 And high-shrined Athens proudly hails
 Her free returning sons.
 Chaste Pallas, from her ancient rock,
 Her round shield's beaming blaze
 Rays down; her frequent worshipper's flock,
 And high the pæan raise,
 How in deathless glory the famous story
 Shall on the winds be blown,
 That the long-haired Mede was driven with speed
 By the Greeks from Marathon.

12.

And Greece shall be a hallowed name
 While the sun shall climb the pole,
 And Marathon fan strong freedom's flame
 In many a pilgrim soul.
 And o'er that mound where heroes sleep,*
 By the waste and reedy shore,
 Full many a patriot eye shall weep,
 Till time shall be no more.
 And the Bard shall brim with a holier hymn,
 When he stands by that mound alone,
 And feel no shrine on earth more divine
 Than the dust of Marathon.

J. S. B.

* The famous mound in the middle of the battle-field, mentioned by Pausanias, and described by all modern travellers.

LONDON TO WEST PRUSSIA.

NORTHWARD and eastward the eyes of Englishmen are turning, straining to catch a glimpse of the white sails of their country's ships, to discern the streaks of smoke which tell of far-off steamers, or to hear the echo at least of their thundering cannon. And many, too, not content to wait for tidings, are hurrying towards the scenes of action, if haply they may witness or sooner learn what the fortune of war may bring. Due east from the northern part of our island the Baltic fleet is now manœuvring; but from London the speediest route is through Belgium, and along the German railways, till the traveller reaches Stettin. Thence he can skirt the Baltic landwards by Königsberg as far as Memel, beyond which it will scarcely be safe to venture; or he can, by ship or boat, from the mouths of the Stettiner Haaf, prosecute his recognisance on the waters of the east sea itself.

But as mere ever-moving couriers, few, even in these exciting times, will travel. Most men will stop now and then, look about them, ask questions, gather information, reflect between whiles, and thus add interest at once and extract instruction from the countries they pass through. Especially they will observe what bears upon their individual professions, pursuits, or favorite studies; and thus, almost without effort, will gather new materials to be used up in the details of ordinary life, when, the warlike curiosity being gratified, they return again to the welcome routine of home or domestic duties.

Such has been our own case, in a recent run from London through Stettin into Western Prussia, in less genial weather than now prevails; and it may interest our readers to make the journey with us, by anticipation, at their own firesides, while the trunks and passports are preparing for their own real journey.

On the 27th of January, at eight in the morning, a huge pyramid of luggage blocked up the London station of the South-eastern Railway. Troops of boys hovered about, some true

Cockney lads, and others half-Frenchified, with an occasional usher fussing about the boxes. "Do you see that mountain, sir?" said the superintendent to us. "All school traps, sir." "Two hundred boys at least?" we interposed, interrogatively. "No; only fifty. Fill a steamer, sir, itself." However, the master contrived to get all put right, the mountain vanished into the waggons, the whistle blew, and we were off. The boys gave a hearty hurrah as we left the station, which they repeated time after time, at every fresh start we made, from station to station. At Dover the boat was waiting, the day fine, the wind in our favour, the sea moderately smooth, and by 11.40 we were on our way to Calais. Alas for the brave boys! The last cheer was given as they bade adieu to the cliffs of Dover. Melancholy came over them by degrees. It was painful to see how home-sick they became. From the bottom of their stomachs they regretted leaving their native land, and, heart-sore, chop-fallen, and sorely begrimed as to their smart caps and jackets, they paraded, two hours after, before the custom-house at Calais, like the broken relics of a defeated army. M. Henequin was importing the half-yearly draft of Cockney boys to his school at Guines; and we recommend such of our readers as are curious in sea-comforts respectfully to decline the companionship of M. Henequin and his troop, should they at any future time lucklessly stumble upon them on the gangway of a steamer.

At Calais the patriotic and Protestant Englishman, who visits the cathedral of Notre Dame, will particularly admire a huge modern painting, which is supposed to adorn the north transept, and will have no difficulty in interpreting the meaning looks of the gaping peasantry when he reads underneath—"Calais taken from the English in 1558, and restored to Catholicity."

The *Pas de Calais*—at least that portion of the department of that name through which the railway runs

—at once tells the Englishman that he is in a new country. Low, wet, and marshy, like the seaward part of Holland, it is parcelled out, drained and fenced by numberless ditches. Wandering over its tame and, in winter at least, most uninviting surface, the eye finds only occasional rows of small pollard willows to rest upon, as if the scavengers of the land had all gone home to dinner, and in the mean time had planted their brooms in readiness along the sides of the ditches they were employed to scour.

But passing St. Omer and approaching Hazebrook, the land lifts itself above the sea marshes, becomes strong and loamy, and fitted for every agricultural purpose. Arrived at Lille, the traveller is already in the heart of the most fertile portion of northern France. Twin fortresses of great strength, Lille and Valenciennes, are also twin centres of what, in certain points of view, is the most wonderful industry of France. The sugar beet finds here a favourite soil and climate, and a rural and industrial population suited to the favourable prosecution of the beet-sugar-manufacture. Though long before suggested and tried in Germany, this manufacture is purely French in its economical origin. The Continental System of the first Napoleon raised colonial produce to a fabulous price. At six francs a-pound colonial sugar was within the reach of few. The high price tempted many to cast about for means of producing sugar at home, and a great stimulus was given to this research by the magnificent premium of a million of francs offered by the Emperor to the successful discoverer of a permanent source of supply from plants of native growth. Of the many plants tried, the beet proved the most promising; but it required twenty years of struggles and failures, and conquering of difficulties, to place the new industry on a comparatively independent basis. Twenty years more has enabled it to compete successfully with colonial sugar, and to pay an equal tax into the French exchequer. From France and Belgium the industry returned to its native Germany, and has since spread far into the interior of Russia.

The total produce of this kind of sugar on the continent of Europe has now reached the enormous quantity of three hundred and sixty millions of pounds, of which France produces about one hundred and fifty millions in three hundred and thirty-four manufactories.

It is a pleasant excursion on a fine day in autumn, when the beet flourishes still green in the fields, and the roots are nearly ripe for pulling, to drive out from Lille, as we did some years ago, among the country farmers ten or twelve miles around. The land is so rich and promising, and on the whole so well tilled—and yet in the hands of good English or Scotch farmers might, we fancy, be made to yield so much more, and to look so much nicer, and drier, and cleaner, that we enjoy at once the gratification which in its present condition it is sure to yield us, while we pleasantly flatter ourselves at the same time with the thoughts of what we could make it. That it is not badly cultivated the practical man will infer from the average produce of sugar-beet being estimated about Lille at sixteen, and about Valenciennes at nineteen tons an acre. At the same time, that much improvement is possible, he will gather from the fact that, though often strong and but little undulating, the land is still unconscious of thorough drainage, and of the benefits which underground tiles and broken stones have so liberally conferred upon us.

The adjoining provinces of Hainault and Brabant—which the traveller leaves to the right on his way to Ghent and Brussels—are the seat of the sugar-manufacture in Belgium. There the average yield of beetroot is said to be from eighteen to twenty-four tons an acre, the land in general being excellent, while the total produce of beet-sugar in Belgium is ten millions of pounds. In Belgium, as in France, the home-growth of sugar is equal to about one-half of the home consumption.

Late in the evening we found ourselves in Brussels, and the following morning—though wet and dirty—we were visiting, as strangers do, the numerous churches. It was Sunday; and as in the face of nature we had

seen in the Pas de Calais that we were in a foreign country, so to-day the appearance of the streets told us at every step that we were among a foreign people. The shops open everywhere, and more than usually frequented; the universal holiday sparkling upon every face; the frequent priests in gowns, bands, and broad-brims to be met with on the streets; the crowding to morning mass at St. Gudule's and St. Jacques': the pious indifference of the apparently devout congregations; the huddling together and intermixture among them of all classes and costumes; the mechanical crossings and genuflections even in the remotest corners, where only the tinkling of the bells was faintly heard; the easy air of superiority, and lazy movements and mumbling of the officiating clergy at the altar; and the happy contentment pictured on every face as the crowd streamed from the door when the service was ended;—all these things spoke of a foreign people and a foreign church. The evening theatres and Sunday amusements told equally of foreign ideas and foreign habits; while the old town-hall and the other quaint buildings which the English traveller regards at every new visit with new pleasure, kept constantly before his eyes that he was in a foreign city.

The characteristic of Belgium among foreign countries is, that, with the exception of Spain, it is probably the most completely Roman Catholic sovereignty in Europe. To this almost exclusive devotion to the Roman Church the peculiarities to which we have referred are mainly to be ascribed. Of its population, which by the last census was 4,337,000, not less than 4,327,000 were Roman Catholics, and only 7,368 Protestants. The total expense of the dominant Church to the state, which pays all the clergy, is 4,366,000 francs, or about a franc a-head for each member of the Church. It has besides private revenues of various kinds for repairing churches, for charitable foundations, &c., amounting to 800,000 francs, making the total revenue about 5,000,000 of francs. This, divided among five thousand clergy of all ranks, gives less than one thousand francs as the average stipend. And when we add to

this that the archbishop's stipend is only £840, that of a bishop £580, and of a cathedral canon from £100 to £130, we should fancy the Church to be in money matters poor, and the clergy badly off. But in Protestant countries we understand very little of the system of fees and unseen payments in the Catholic Church, and we form probably a very erroneous idea of the real income and means of living of a Roman Catholic clergy when we conclude that, as a general rule, their main dependence is upon the known and avowed salaries they derive from the State or from other public sources.

While we are at home discussing with some little sectarian animosity the subject of State payments to Popish chaplains for our prisons and military hospitals, it is but fair to this most Catholic country to mention, that to the 7,368 Protestants the Belgian state-chest pays yearly 56,000 francs to eleven native pastors and six Church of England ministers, for salaries and other church expenses—being at the rate of eight francs for each Protestant in the kingdom. It allows also 7,900 francs to the Jews, or about seven francs a-head. For their religious liberality the reader will give such credit to the Belgian clergy as he may think they deserve.

Detained by unforeseen circumstances for a day in Brussels, we witnessed the honours paid to Prince Napoleon on his entry from Paris, and in the afternoon were on our way to Cologne. Passing Louvain and Tirlemont in the dark, we recognised the neighbourhood of Liege only by its coke-ovens and iron-works, and an hour before midnight reached Cologne.

Cologne, with thy sixty stinks still redolent, even a midnight entrance reveals to travelling olfactories thy odoriferous presences! As we jogged along to the Hotel Disch, enjoying alone a luxurious omnibus, the slumbering memory of long-familiar smells sprung up fresh in our nostrils, and awoke us to the full conviction that our railway conductor had made no mistake, and that we were really passing beneath the shadow of the magnificent cathedral of Cologne.

Early morning saw us passing the

nave of the gigantic pile, admiring anew its glorious windows, peering into its chapels, glancing hurriedly at its saintly pictures, turning away both eyes and ears from unwholesome-looking priests intoning the morning service, admiring the by-play called "private worship," which was proceeding at the same moment in the northern aisle, and offending susceptible un-fee'd officials by indecent looks, as we stealthily paced the circumference of the lordly choir. No familiarity can reconcile an English Protestant to the mummeries of a worship performed before tawdry dolls by the light even of a dozen penny candles. And the paltriness appears the greater in a vast pile like this, which itself is but a feeble attempt to do something adequate to the greatness of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands. This feeling awoke within us in full force as we came, in our promenade round the church, upon a large side-chapel, with its Virgin dressed in lace, enclosed in a small glass cupboard, with votive offerings of waxen limbs and other objects hung up beside it, while three small candles in dirty sconces burned beneath. And before this trumpery exhibition knelt and prayed grave men and women, who had passed the middle of life; and young girls with warm hearts, who had still the world with all its lures and temptations before them. Pity that hearts so devout and so susceptible should be so badly directed—that the plain helps and comforts of Scripture should be set aside for the aggrandizement of a powerful craft!

Much had been done here by architects and masons since our former visit. Much money had been collected and expended, and many men are still at work on this vast building; and yet the stranger's eye discovers from without only small changes to have been effected during the past ten years. Here and there, as he walks around it, a white pillar, or a less discoloured arch, tells him where the workmen have been busy; but the several portions of the work are so massive, and proceed of necessity so slowly, that the progress of years produces advances which seem almost

microscopic when compared with the whole. While they satisfy us, however, that generations will still come and go, leaving the growing cathedral still immature, yet they give us at the same time a far grander idea both of the vastness of the work which has already been accomplished, and of the original greatness of the conception, which so many centuries have failed to embody fully in durable stone.

At eleven in the forenoon we had already crossed the Rhine to Deutz, had taken our seats on the Winden railway, and at the blowing of the official trumpet had begun to move along the rich flat land which here borders the Rhine. The walls and river-face of Cologne, now spread out before us, carried back our musings to the times of the historical grandeur of this ancient city. During the period of Roman grandness, emperors of the world were born and proclaimed within its walls; centuries later, a king of the Franks was chosen in Cologne; and still six hundred and fifty years later began that bright period of its commercial prosperity, which for three hundred years made it the most flourishing city of Northern Europe. Thirty thousand fighting men, from among its own armed citizens, could then march defiantly from its gates. Its whole population is now but ninety thousand, and its trade comparatively trifling.

But the cause of this decline interests an Englishman more than the actual decay. Commerce, it is true, had begun in the seventeenth century to find new channels, and this circumstance, had the city been merely abandoned to supineness, might have gradually affected its prosperity. But it was positive measures of repression that forced it to decline. It fell under the dominion of the Roman priesthood, which first drove out the Jews, afterwards banished the weavers, and finally, in 1618, expelled the Protestants. From this time, for nearly two hundred years, it became a nest of monks and beggars, till at the Revolution the French changed everything, drove out the two thousand five hundred city clergy, seized their revenues, and turned to other uses their two hundred religious buildings.

Hand over Liverpool or London to the same clerical dominion, and the same depressing circumstances would most certainly follow.

High over walls and houses, as we fly along the railway, towers the cathedral with its ancient crane still erect on its unfinished tower. Who designed this huge building? Alas! centuries before his work is complete, the name of the architect is lost. Six hundred years ago the work was begun, but the glory of God is the plea on which it has been prosecuted, and upon that altar the humble designer has sacrificed his fame!

And as it fades from the sight, memory recalls another scene which, four centuries ago, was witnessed beneath the shadow of this great pile. In a small upper room, with rude appliances, and a scanty store of materials, two men are seen curiously putting together the letters of a movable alphabet, arranging them into the form of tiny pages, and with slow deliberation impressing them, page by page, on the anxiously moistened paper. The younger of the two is William Caxton, the father of English printing. Here he learned the then young art which has since rendered him famous in his native land. How would William Caxton admire, could he now for a moment be carried into the printing-office of a metropolitan journal, and see with what marvellous speed and certainty the operations he watched so anxiously at Cologne are now conducted.

But as the quick thoughts course through our mind, we rush as quickly along towards Dusseldorf. We have now left the country of hedgerows of timber and of visible fences, and divisions of the land. Open, flat, and rich, it stretches inward from the Rhine, often light, and sometimes sandy or gravelly; all cultivated on the flat, all neat and clean, but naked, at this season, both of animal and vegetable life. A few sheep sprinkled over one field, and a rare man or woman trudging along beside deep ditches, were the only symptoms of moving life we saw between Cologne and Dusseldorf; while pollard trees here and there, and long rows of unpollarded poplars by the highway-sides, where a village was

near, as tamely represented the vegetable ornaments which beautify an English landscape.

Following the Rhine for twenty miles further, the line turns to the right, and we pass through the coal district which supplies the soft coke by which the locomotives are fed, and the dirty-looking coal to which the neighbouring region owes so much of its industrial prosperity. Iron furnaces, coal-pits, and chemical manufactories, remind us, as we pass Oberhausen, of the denser peopled and more smoke-blackened coal-fields of northern and western England, while all the appointments we see around them speak of an economy in management somewhat different from our own. No heaps of waste and burning coal indicate the approach to a colliery, nor columns of black smoke vomiting waste fuel into the tainted air, nor wheels and ropes rattling and busily revolving in the open day, nor troops of blackened men and boys lifting their heads to gaze, as the train skims swiftly by. Fine buildings cover in and conceal the openings to the pits with all their gear; and it is not quite obvious whether climate and profit compel this system, or whether it is the general habits of the people which thus manifest themselves. Cattle are kept under cover nearly all the year through; thoughts are very much kept under cover, even in so-called constitutional Prussia and Hanover; and the operations of the coal-pit may be boxed in and hidden from the vulgar gaze, merely as the consequences of a precautionary habit.

Dordmund, with its fortifications, and its associations with the famous "Vehm-gericht," stands in the middle of this coal-field. Several borings in progress on the flats of black land, which stretch away from its old walls, exhibited the living influence of railway communication in changing the surface of old countries, in opening up long neglected resources, and in imparting new energy to half-dormant populations. Through the fertile Hellweg we sped along leaving Dordmund behind us, and through the region of Westphalian hams, till the dark wet night overtook us. But, easy and comfortable in our luxurious carriages, we only quitted the train at

Hanover that we might spend a morning in the city with which England has had so many relations.

From the moment the Englishman enters a Continental railway carriage, and especially if he is proceeding into Germany, two things strike him: First, the extreme luxury, roominess, and comfort of the carriage; and, second, the universal propensity to the use of tobacco. The second-class carriages are generally fully equal in their fitting and provisions for ease to our British first-class, while the German first-class carriages surprise us by the numerous little thoughtful appliances they exhibit to the wants and fancies of their temporary occupants. This seems rather a contradiction to an Englishman, who flatters himself that the word *comfort* is indigenous to his own country, and who actually sees, go where he will, that in its domestic arrangements an English house and household is the most comfortable in the world. This discordance between the practice of home and foreign countries, is probably to be traced to the difference of general habits and tendencies. To an Englishman, home is the place which is dearer than any other. In it he spends his time chiefly. He makes his home, therefore, and likes to see it made, the most comfortable place of all. To him a public conveyance or a public place of resort is no permanent temptation. He comes back always the happier, and he counts generally how soon he may get back again to his home. But on the Continent it is generally different. Home has few comforts or attractions, chiefly because habit has led to the custom of dining, of supping, of sipping coffee and punch, of drinking wine, and of smoking, in public. The public places of resort are made comfortable and luxurious to invite these visits. People look for and provide more comfort abroad than at home; and thus into their railway carriages, which, like other public places, are really smoking-shops, they carry the luxurious appliances which they deny themselves at home.

In Germany there is thus an excuse for travelling in second-class carriages, because of their excellence, which we do not possess in England. This cus-

tom in consequence is very general, not only among natives, but among foreigners also. "On the Continent," says Professor Silliman, in a book of travels he has lately published, "and particularly in Germany, we have generally taken the second-class carriages. They are in all respects desirable, and few persons, except the nobility, travel in those of the first class, which appear to possess no advantage except the aristocratic one of partial exclusion of other classes by the higher price." There is, perhaps, a little advantage in point of comfort; but the second-class carriages are certainly in this respect quite equal to the average of the railway cars in the United States. As to our second-class carriages in England, they are, adds Professor Silliman, "made very uncomfortable. They have no cushions, but simply naked board seats. The backs are high and perpendicular." But in these arrangements the learned Professor was not aware that our railway directors patriotically study the conservation of our domestic habits. Were the carriages made too comfortable, people might prefer them to their own easy-chairs and sofas at home, and thus might be tempted to frequent them too much and too often for the general good. As to ourselves, we have always taken first-class tickets in our German tour, chiefly because in this way we could, in most cases, secure to ourselves a carriage in which we could avoid, for our lungs and our clothes, the contamination of the perpetual tobacco. In West Prussia, it is true, we were told that nobody but "prinzen and narren" (princes and fools) travelled first class; but even with the risk of such nicknames we continued our plan.

"On ne fume pas ici," you see stuck up on a rare Belgian carriage in a long train; and in Prussia a ticket with the words, "Far nicht rauchende," is in like manner suspended to a carriage in most of the trains on the main lines. But if this select carriage be full, you must take your place among the *fumeurs* or the *rauchende*: and should you there be fortunate enough to escape the torments of living smoke, you have the still more detestable odours to endure, the after-smells which linger wherever tobacco-

smokers have been. We have lately perceived symptoms of the introduction of this custom into our English railway-carriages. We trust that no desire to increase the home revenue in these war times will induce even our most patriotic railway directors to shut their eyes to the growth of so annoying a nuisance.

A morning in Hanover is agreeably spent. Like other German cities, it has derived an impulse from the railway, and new streets and magnificent buildings already connect the station with the older parts of the town. But it is in these old streets and their quaint buildings that the greatest enjoyment awaits the sight-seer. The dress and manners of the people, especially in the markets, their habits and tastes, as indicated by the articles everywhere exposed for sale, and especially the quaint old Gothic and curiously ornamented houses, which range their gables here and there along the streets—these attractions interest even the keenest lovers of progress. Old-world times come up on the memory with all their associations, and by dint of contrast awaken trains of thought not the less pleasant that they are totally different from those which railways and their accompaniments are continually suggesting to us.

Among these quaint old houses, that in which Leibnitz lived is in itself one of the most attractive, and in its associations by far the most interesting. Elevated from the din of the main street (*Schmiede strasse*) on which it is situated, the philosopher is said to have studied in the garret which looks out from the upper part of the gable, and there to have arrived at those results of thought which have given both his name and his monument a place in the annals of the city, which none of its kings can boast of. It is honourable to one of these kings, Ernest Augustus, that he bought the old house, and caused it to be kept from disrepair, and to the citizens of Hanover that in 1790 they erected a simple monument to the memory of the philosopher, consisting of a bust on a marble pedestal. This now stands on a slight mound of earth on one side of Waterloo Place, surrounded by a humble railing. Few stran-

gers visit the city who have not heard of the man, and who do not feel gratified to have seen his likeness in his bust. Fewer, whose love of books has carried them to the royal library, have not in silence looked, and with a melancholy interest, on the chair in which he sat when the death-stroke came upon him, and at the books which he was still holding in his hand when the sudden summons came.

Bursting its old boundaries, like Hamburg, Brunswick, Breslau, and many other fortified cities, the walls and ditches and towers of Hanover are gradually disappearing. Some of the last of the ditches we saw in the act of being filled up; and the progress of the arts of peace will henceforth, it is to be hoped, save its modern inhabitants from the frequent sufferings which besieging armies have in former times inflicted. Traversed by the river Leine, which, at a short distance from the town becomes navigable from the junction of the Ilme, they have now facilities for communication in every direction; the mercantile class of the city is every year becoming more influential; and as education is beginning to spread among the masses—a thing which is far from being unnecessary—a more rapid advancement of the neighbourhood, both in commerce and agriculture, may hereafter be anticipated.

To the south-west of Hanover, at the distance of a few miles, appear the terminating hills of the Deister, from which sloping grounds, densely peopled and generally fertile, extend almost to the city. Rich clay-soils on this side are fruitful in varied crops; but, stretching away from its very walls on the other side, are sand, moor, and heath, the flat and inhospitable beginnings of the far-extending Lüneburgh heath. Away over these flat, black, and sandy moors we sped in the afternoon to Brunswick. The brief stoppage of the train gave us time to walk through some of the clean streets of this city, and to admire its richness in picturesque gable-fronted buildings, many of them three centuries old. We commend it to the leisurely traveller as worthy of a more protracted visit; and if he is cunning in malt liquor, we entreat him to indulge his palate with a glass

of the so-called "Brunswicker mummie," the real substantial black-strap for which Brunswick is famous.

Daylight scarcely served to bring us to Magdeburg. We hurried past Wolfenbützel, famous for its library and its relics of Luther; and as we glided into the station of the celebrated fortress-city, we could form little idea either of the fertility of the river banks on which it stands, or of the strength of the fortifications from which Magdeburg derives its place in history. Within the walls it resembles Hanover and Brunswick in the mixture of old and new, plain and picturesque, common and quaint, which its streets present. Here are the simple remarks which a day's stroll through the city suggested recently to Madame Pfeiffer:—

"Magdeburg is a mixed pattern of houses of ancient, medieval, and modern dates. Particularly remarkable in this respect is the principal street, the "Broadway," which runs through the whole of the town. Here we can see houses dating their origin from the most ancient times; houses that have stood proof against sieges and sackings; houses of all colours and forms; some sporting peaked gables, on which stone figures may still be seen; others covered from roof to basement with arabesques; and in one instance I could even detect the remains of frescoes. In the very midst of these relics of antiquity would appear a house built in the newest style. I do not remember ever having seen a street which produced so remarkable an impression on me. The finest building is unquestionably the venerable cathedral. In Italy I had already seen numbers of the most beautiful churches, yet I remained standing in mute admiration before this masterpiece of Gothic architecture."

This cathedral is worthy of all the admiration which Madame Pfeiffer expresses. The glitter of the Roman Catholic worship is now foreign to it, but the dignity of the pile remains. The city is Protestant, and fondly it ought to cherish its purer worship, for in the same quaint streets Luther sang as a poor scholar for charity, and at the doors of the rich men of the time, to enable him to prosecute his learning.

But without the walls Magdeburg is equally attractive to one who has just escaped from the sands and peaty flats of the Lüneburg heath. Situated where the Elbe widens, with its citadel planted on one of the river islands, the city walls are skirted on either hand by fertile plains, rich in corn and other produce. Still flat, however, unenclosed, without hedgerows, clumps of trees, straying cattle, and the numerous rural peculiarities which give life and variety and interest to an English landscape, almost a single glance suffices to take in all they exhibit of the picturesque, and to satisfy the merely superficial tourist. But there is attraction in these flat plains, nevertheless, and an economical interest, which may induce even the railway traveller to stay and inspect them. Fitted by its free and open nature for the growth of root crops, these alluvial shores of the Elbe have become the centre of a husbandry of which little is known as yet in England. In Murray's *Handbook*, the traveller is informed that "much chicory is cultivated in this district;" and this is one of the roots for the growth of which the soil is specially adapted. The culture was in former years more extensive than at present; but there are still five or six thousand acres devoted to the raising of this crop. The yield in dried chicory from this extent of land is from twenty to thirty millions of pounds. It is largely exported to England and America through Hamburg—that which we receive from this port being chiefly from the Magdeburg chicory manufacturing factories.

But the growth of the sugar beet, and the extraction of beet-sugar, are superseding the chicory trade, and are gradually assuming the first place both in the rural and manufacturing industry of Magdeburg and its neighbourhood. The largest producer of beet-sugar in the world is France; but the German Customs' Union is the second in this respect, and Magdeburg is the principal centre of the German production. Like eager horses, skillfully jockeyed, and running neck and neck, the C's and

Trans Rhene sugar-extractors have for years back been struggling hard to get ahead of each other in the perfection of their methods, and the profit of their fields and manufactories; and many curious facts and difficulties have come out or been surmounted during this chemico agricultural and chemico-manufacturing contest. For it is an interesting circumstance, that while chemistry was on the one hand, aiding the farmer to grow large and profitable crops of roots, it was, at the same time, on the other, assisting the manufacturer more perfectly and profitably to extract the sugar from the roots when raised. But it is curious, at the same time, that in the advances thus made on either hand, the increased profits of the one party were found singularly to clash and interfere with the profits and processes of the other. Increase the size of your turnip by chemical applications, said agricultural chemistry, and you have a heavier crop to sell to the sugar-manufacturer. And the grower took the advice, and rejoiced in his augmenting profits. The practice of North British turnip-growers were introduced by British settlers, and their imitators, on the plains of Magdeburg; and root crops more like those which cover our British turnip-fields were seen, for the first time, on the banks of the Elbe.

Then up rose economical chemistry, on the other hand, and said, No, no, Mr. Farmer, we don't want, and we won't buy, your larger roots. We cannot afford to purchase your gigantic beets, the offspring of your high manuring. The chemistry which enlarged the roots did not increase the quantity of sugar in proportion. "A ton of good big beets gives me less sugar, says the extractor, "than a ton of your small ones; and therefore, if you will grow the big ones, I must have them at a less price in proportion. And, besides, your high manuring puts salt into the turnip, which prevents me from fully extracting all the sugar they do contain." Thus chemistry, on the one side, was at issue with chemistry on the other, and the progress of a profitable scientific agriculture appeared to be arrested by that of a scientific and economical extraction of the sugar.

But the difficulties to men of science are only things to be overcome. On the one hand, the farmer kept down the size of his roots. He sought to make up in number for the deficiency in size, while he applied his manure at such times in his rotation, and of such a quality, as to give him a slower-grown, more solid root, rather than a porous, light, rapidly forced, and less saccharine crop. And on the other hand, the chemical sugar-maker set his skill to work to devise means of more fully extracting the sugar still, and of overcoming the difficulties which the presence of salt in the juice had hitherto thrown in his way. And thus, by improving in different directions, the two interests are gradually ceasing to clash, and at the present moment a mutually advancing prosperity binds together more and more the chemical manufacturer and the chemical farmer on the alluvials of the Elbe.

We have already alluded to the importance of the beet sugar industry to the continent of Europe. But the reader will see, from what we have just said, that it has a relative as well as a positive importance, very similar to that which the arts of brewing and distilling have in this country. It cannot flourish anywhere without causing the agriculture of the place to flourish along with it. A necessary condition to the establishment of a flourishing sugar manufactory, is the existence of well-cultivated farms, and skilful farmers in the neighbourhood. The erection of such works, therefore, is a positive and direct means of promoting agriculture, by affording a tempting and constant market for an important part of the yearly produce. This is no doubt one of the reasons why the German governments have given so many encouragements of late years to the extension of this branch of manufacture, and why the astute government of Russia should have incited the nobles of the empire to exert themselves in its behalf in the various provinces of the Czar's dominion. Russia, in consequence, possesses a greater number of beet-sugar works than any other country. Even as far as Odessa the culture has penetrated, and is now carried on.

Mr. Oliphant, who recently visited

the shores of the Black Sea, informs us that—

"Lately, in the neighbourhood of Odessa, the cultivation of beetroot, and extraction of sugar from it, was carried on to a considerable extent by the large landed proprietors of the adjoining provinces. Notwithstanding most praiseworthy exertions, these aristocratic beetroot growers were totally unable to make their speculation remunerative, and many of them must have been ruined had not the legislature stepped in and prohibited the sale of any other sugar. The consequence is, that the inhabitants are obliged to buy sugar at a hundred per cent higher than the price at which our colonial sugar could be imported into the country. It is some satisfaction to know that, notwithstanding this iniquitous regulation, combined with the system of forced labour, the beetroot-growers are unable to cultivate with profit." *

But the train is in motion, the trumpet has sounded, and we are off through the darkness, and along the slightly undulating flats, on our way to Berlin. We found ourselves in company with a pleasant Frenchman *en route* from the embassy in London to the embassy in Berlin; and before our most unanimous deliberations on the affairs of the East had come to a close, we found ourselves at the end of our journey, and by 10 P.M. had reached our quarters in the Hotel de Russie.

Berlin, how many beauties and attractions dost thou present to the stranger who steps out for the first time from this hotel, and, walking a few yards, places himself in the centre of the Unter den Linden, with his back to the river and bridge. Leisurely he feasts his eyes as he turns, now to the right and now to the left, now gazing down the long vista which terminates at the Brandenburg gate, now turning towards the arsenal and the museum, and now farther round towards the cathedral and the royal palace. Architecture, sculpture, and the arts of decoration and design, all contribute their attractions; massing, grouping, and colouring, add their effects upon the intelligent eye, while the heart is touched by the mementoes of the past which here and there arrest his glance, the grateful homage to the departed which the monumental statuary ex-

hibits, the love of country breathing from brief but frequent inscriptions, and over all the love and veneration of both king and people for the Great Frederick, the founder of the Prussian fortunes. Deeper than all the other sights which thus first arrest the stranger's eye, the monument to Frederick and his times will touch and impress the sensitive stranger. On his war steed there he rides, the iron man, the observed of all eyes, surrounded, it is true, by the generals who rose to fame beneath his banner, but not less conspicuously by the statesmen who led his civil armies, by the poets and great writers whom he esteemed and imitated, by the advocates of science in his time, and by those who ornamented his reign through the decorations of the fine arts,—all here find their place side by side, attendant upon the great monarch, at once giving and receiving lustre. It is a monument to the age rather than to the man—or, we might rather say, to the man and his age; and the lover of abstract art, and the worshipper of modern progress, will equally admire the design and execution of this interesting monument. We were touched by a feature in the inscription, which others have no doubt noticed as well as ourselves. The words of the whole inscription are: "To Frederick the Great, Frederick-William III., 1840, completed by Frederick-William IV., 1851." Two kings emulous of the distinction of dedicating this monument to their illustrious predecessor! This scarcely expresses more highly the mutual veneration of both father and son for the national hero whose blood they boast of, than it bespeaks their pride in the work of art it was their happiness to be able to dedicate to his memory. How many will admire and cherish in it the genius of art, who will deplore and condemn the genius of war to which the great hero offered his most ardent and most costly sacrifices!

Yet the most deadly haters of war cannot but acknowledge that there is something sublime in the special features of Frederick's character, which the letters recently published have

* *Russian Shores of the Black Sea*, by L. OLIPHANT, p. 335.

disclosed. Oppressed by the anxieties consequent upon military disasters, and apprehensive of further defeats, in which he sees the possibility of himself being taken prisoner, he writes to his minister, and prescribes the course to be taken for the safety of the royal family in such an eventuality. And then, speaking of his own possible position, and of the compulsion which might be exercised upon him as a prisoner, he commands them to attend to no instructions or orders he may issue while detained a prisoner, and no longer to be regarded as a free agent. He is of a great mind who knows, can anticipate, and provide against the special or possible weaknesses of his bodily nature. And so Frederick, dreading what impatience for liberty or personal suffering might possibly force from him in such circumstances, lays upon his servants, while free, his heaviest commands to regard him no more than one dead, should he happen to become a prisoner, and to consider not his state or condition or written orders *then*, but solely the tenor and substance of what he *now* writes, viewed in connection with the interests of his people and his country. How many men have lived to despise themselves for acts of weakness, of folly, or of vice, which in feeble hours they have committed! Here we have the philosophical hero providing for the possible contingency of such an hour of bodily weakness or mental imbecility casting his heavy shadows over him! There is in this trait something not only for descendants to be proud of, and for a people to venerate, but for strangers of other nations also to respect and admire.

The character of the society in Berlin is familiar to most travellers. To those who have access to diplomatic circles, the evening reunions in the hotels of the ambassadors are described as agreeable in a high degree. But of real Berlin hospitality in the houses of the Berlin aristocracy, or of the nobles whose domains are in the provinces, little is either to be seen or said. We had no leisure to seek an *entree* to the house of imperial and kingly representatives, then over head and ears in notes, rejoinders, protocols, and despatches, and teased every hour of the night by thundering

couriers and impatient despatch boxes. We had, indeed, occasion to experience, as we had long before done in St. Petersburg, the kindness and affable attention of Lord Bloomfield, and were happy to find that his long residence abroad had not lessened his keen sympathy with English feeling, nor his contact with Prussian vacillation made him undecided as to the conduct and policy of England in the then approaching crisis.

But Berlin boasts a scientific society, to which it was our pride and happiness to obtain an easy introduction. Every one is acquainted with some of the numerous names which adorn the list of scientific men who form the educational staff of the University of Berlin, or who hold official situations of various kinds in the Prussian capital. No city in Germany can boast of so many men of real eminence as illustrators and discoverers in the several walks of science; and nowhere will you find a pleasanter, franker, happier, more unpretending, jolly, and good-natured a set of evening companions, over a bottle of good Rhine wine and a *petit souper*, than these same distinguished philosophers!

One of the most agreeable of the evening meetings at which the stranger may have the fortune to meet the greater part of the men of science in Berlin, is that of the Geographical Society. The President is the distinguished Carl Ritter, who was in the chair when we attended, and around him were many whom we had come to see. But on turning over the leaves of the book of travels of our friend Professor Silliman, of which we have already spoken, we find an account of the meeting of the same Society at which he was present two years before, which appears so exact a photograph of the one at which we assisted that we shall not scruple to quote his words.

"Several papers were read on geographical subjects, and different gentlemen were called upon to elucidate particular topics. Their course is, not only to illustrate topography, but all allied themes, including the different branches of natural history and of meteorology that are connected with the country under consideration. In this manner the discussions become fruitful of instruction and enter-

tainment, and the interest is greatly enhanced.

"A supper followed in the great room of the Society. Among the eminent men present whose fame was known to us at home were Professor Ehrenberg, the philosopher of the microscopic world; the two brothers Rose; Gustav, of mineralogy, and Heinrich, of analytical chemistry; Dove, the meteorologist and physicist; Magnus, of electro-magnetism; Poggendorff, the editor of the well-known journal which bears his name; Mitscherlich, of general and applied chemistry, besides many others almost equally distinguished. We received a warm welcome to Berlin, and throughout the evening the most kind and cordial treatment."

We, too, had the pleasure of eating and drinking with all these great men. We had the satisfaction also, among the papers read, to hear one by our friend Professor Ehrenberg, on microscopic forms of life which exist in the bottom of the Atlantic, under the enormous pressure of a thousand feet of water. They are found in a fine calcareous mud or chalk which covers the seabottom, and which was fished up from this and still greater depths by Lieutenant Maury, of the United States' coast survey. Ehrenberg, as a scientific man, enjoys the singular distinction, we might almost say felicity, not only of having discovered a new world, but of living to see it very widely explored, and of having himself been, and still being, its chief investigator. His microscope and his pencil are as obedient to him as ever, eye and hand as piercing, as steady, and as truthful as ever; and, to all appearance, microscopic investigation, and the classification of microscopic life, must assume a new genius, before Ehrenberg cease both himself to steer, and mainly to man and work, the ship which he built, and rigged, and launched, and for so many years has guided on its voyage of discovery.

Among the curiosities of the microscopic world which Ehrenberg has investigated, we may notice in this place, as likely to interest our readers, his singular suggestion in relation to the

foundations of the city of Berlin. This city stands in the midst of an inferrible flat plain, through which the river Spree wends its slow way, passing through the centre of the city itself. Beneath the present "streets of palaces and walks of state" exists a deep bog of black peat, through which sinkings and borings in search of water have frequently been carried. This peat, at the depth of fifty feet below the surface, swarms at this moment with infusorial life. Countless myriads of microscopic animals, at this great depth, beneath the pressure of the superincumbent earth and streets, live and die in the usual course of microscopic life. They move among each other, and wriggle, to human sense, invisible; so that the whole mass of peaty matter is in a state of constant and usually insensible movement. But in Berlin the houses crack at times, and yawn and suffer unaccountable damage, even where the foundations seem to have been laid with care. And this, our philosopher has conjectured, may be owing to the changes and motions of his invisible world—the sum of the almost infinite insensible efforts of the tiny forms producing at times, when they conspire in the same direction, the sensible and visible movements of the surface by which the houses that stand upon it are deranged! The conjecture is curious, the cause a singular one, but who shall say that it is inadequate to the effect?

Another among the names above mentioned—that of Mitscherlich—stands in relation to the crystalline forms of matter in a nearly similar relation to that which Ehrenberg occupies in regard to microscopic life. The discoverer at an early period of his life, of what is called the doctrine of Isomorphism, he has lived to see his discovery assume a most important place in chemico-crystallographic science, and to branch out into various kindred lines of research; and at the same time has the happy satisfaction of feeling that he has himself always led the progress, and that he is acknowledged everywhere as still the

principal advancer and head authority in the department of knowledge he was the first to open up.

But among the scientific men of Berlin, we must spare a few words for one who shines among them as the acknowledged chief—the veteran and venerable Alexander Von Humboldt. Here is Professor Silliman's description of the old gentleman, as the American Professor saw him, by appointment, in the autumn of 1851:—

"I then introduced my son, and we were at once placed at our ease. His bright countenance expresses great benevolence, and from the fountains of his immense stores of knowledge a stream almost constant flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our prompting, whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English, and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no stateliness or reserve about him; and he is as affable as he if he had no claims to superiority. His voice is exceedingly musical, and he is so animated and amiable that you feel at once as if he were an old friend. His person is not much above the middle size; he stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of eighty-two. He has no appearance of decrepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round although not fat, his hair thin and white, his mind very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. We retired greatly gratified, and the more so, as a man in his eighty-third year might soon pass away."—*Vol. ii. p. 318.*

Two years more had passed away, when we were honoured with an audience of the distinguished philosopher during our stay in Berlin. Age sits lightly upon his active head. Still full of unrecorded facts and thoughts, he labours daily in committing them to the written page,—for the grave, he tells you, waits him early now, and he must finish what he has to do before he dies. And yet he is as full at the same time of the discoveries and new thoughts of others, and as eager as the youngest student of nature in gathering up fresh threads of knowledge, and in following the advances of the various

departments of natural science. And in so doing it is a characteristic of his generous mind to estimate highly the labours of others, to encourage the young and aspiring investigator to whatever department of nature he may be devoted, and to aid him with his counsel, his influence, and his sympathy. We found him congratulating himself on the possession of a power with which few really scientific men are gifted—that of making science popular—of drawing to himself, and to the knowledge he had to diffuse, the regard and attention of the masses of the people in his own and other countries, by a clear method, and an agreeable and attractive style in writing. "To make discoveries plain and popular is, perhaps, more difficult," he said to us, "than to make the discoveries themselves." And the feeling of the present time seems very much to run in sympathy with this sentiment. The power of diffusing is a gift perhaps as high, and often far more valuable to the community, than the power of discovering, and it should be esteemed and honoured accordingly. He expressed himself as especially pleased that no less than four original translations of one of his late books have appeared in the English tongue. In a work so honoured by publishers' regards, there must exist some rare and remarkable element of popularity which our scientific writers would do well to study.

Professor Silliman, in his description of Humboldt, scarcely seized the most salient and characteristic points of his personal appearance. Fifty commonplace men have "benevolent countenances, lively and simple manners, and persons which are round though not fat." But look, gentle reader, at the picture of the venerable sage as it hangs there before us. What strikes you first? Is it not that lofty, towering, massive brow, which seems all too large, as it overarches his deep-sunk eyes, for the dimensions of the body and the general size of the head itself? And then, does not the character of the eye arrest you—the thinking, reflecting, observing eye—which, while it looks at you quietly and calmly, seems to be leisurely looking into you, and reflecting at the same time upon what you

have said or suggested to his richly stored mind? There is benevolence, it is true, in the mouth, and something of the satisfied consciousness of a well-spent life, the more grateful to feel that it is almost universally acknowledged. But there is tenacity of purpose in the massive chin, and indications of that rare perseverance which for so long a life has made him continuously, and without ceasing, augment the accumulated knowledge of his wide experience, and as continuously strive to spread it abroad.

The celebrity of Berlin among German cities depends in part upon its architectural and other decorations, but chiefly upon the scientific and literary men whom, during the last half-century, it has been the pride and policy of successive governments to attach to its young university. Where so many high-schools exist, as is the case in Germany, the resort of students can only be secured by the residence of teachers of greater genius and wider distinction. Fellowships and other pecuniary temptations do not invite young talent to the universities there as with us. Place a man of high reputation in a scientific chair in a puny university like Giessen, and students will flock to his prelections. Remove him to Berlin or Heidelberg, and all Germany will send its most ardent natures to sit at his feet in his new home. The love of knowledge carries them to college, the fame of its professors decides in which college they shall enrol themselves. To the sedulous choice of the best men from the various schools of Germany, and to great care in rearing and fostering the best of its own alumni, the university of Berlin owes its rapid growth in numbers and in reputation, and the city of Berlin the agreeable circle of distinguished philosophers, among whom the intellectual stranger finds at once a ready welcome and a great enjoyment.

Though Berlin is actually south of London, yet its inland position gives it a winter climate of much greater severity. It derives, also, a peculiar character from the cold north wind which, descending from the frozen Baltic, sweeps across the flat country by which this sea is separated from Berlin. These winds gave to the air, during a portion of our stay, the feel-

ing as if it was loaded with minute icicles, which impinged upon and stuck in the throat as the breath descended. The public statuary, and the plants in the public walks, were mostly done up in straw to keep them from injury; scarcely an evergreen was anywhere to be seen, and, as in Russia, our common ivy was cultivated in flowerpots, and preserved as a hothouse plant.

In our walks through the city, our attention was attracted one day by a sign-board announcing a "*Cichorien fabrique und eichel coffee handlung*"—a chicory and acorn coffee-manufactory. As the latter beverage at least was a novelty to us, we entered the premises and explored the rude manufactory. Attending a huge revolving cylinder, something like a gas-retort, stood one unclean workman, while on the floor at his feet was a heap of dirty half-charred rubbish, which we learned was the roasted chicory. Watching another machine, from which streamed a tiny rivulet of coarse brown powder, stood a boy, who, with the master, completed the staff of the establishment. The one machine roasted and the other ground the materials, while place and people were of the untidiest kind. We saw and bought samples of both varieties of so-called coffee. The chicory, as the master told us without any reserve, was made up half of chicory and half of turnips, roasted and ground together. The latter admixture made it sweeter. The acorn coffee, made from acorns roasted and ground, was made, he said, and sold in large quantities. It was very cheap, was given especially to children, and was substituted for coffee in many public establishments for the young. This may be done with a medicinal rather than an economical view, as acorn coffee finds a place in the Prussian and other German pharmacopœias, and is considered to have a wholesome effect upon the blood, especially of scrofulous persons. It is, however, manufactured and used in many parts of Germany for the sole purpose of adulterating genuine coffee, and it has been imported into this country for the same purpose, chiefly we believe, from Hamburg.

It is very interesting, in an economic-physiological point of view, to mark and trace the historical changes

which take place in the diet and beverages of nations. The potato came from the west, and by diffusing itself over Europe has changed the daily diet, the yearly agriculture, and the social habits of whole kingdoms. Tea came from the east, and has equally changed the drinks, the tastes, the bodily habits and cravings, and we believe also very materially the intellectual character and general mental and bodily temperament, of probably a hundred millions of men, who now consume it in Europe and America. Coffee, coming in like manner from the east, has in some countries of Europe turned domestic life, we may say, literally out of doors. The coffee-house and living in public have in France and elsewhere superseded the domestic circle and the quiet amenities of the home hearth. And now, to succeed and supersede both coffee and tea, we are ourselves in the west now growing and manufacturing chicory, which in its turn is destined materially to alter the taste, and probably to change the constitution, and thus to affect the mental habits, dispositions, and tendencies of the people who consume it. In chemical composition, and consequent physiological action upon the system, this substance differs essentially from tea and coffee, and, whether for good or for evil, it must gradually produce a change of temperament which we cannot at present specially predict,—that is to say, if the consumption spread and increase as it has done in recent years. For, little comparatively as we have yet heard of this plant in England, the European consumption of chicory, mixed and unmixed, amounts already to not much less than one hundred millions of pounds.

Between Brussels and Berlin, when seen on a Sunday, much difference will strike the English traveller. He is now in a Protestant country; and though the bill-sticker announces balls and concerts, and open theatres for the evening, yet the Sunday mornings are quiet in the streets, and the bustle of business or of holiday pleasures in no offensive way obtrudes itself upon the attention. The tendency also, during the present reign, is to make the observance of the day more strict still, though there, of course, as

at home, opposition shows itself, and diverse opinions prevail. Among the four hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants of Berlin, there are comparatively few Roman Catholics. Two churches and a chapel are all the places of public worship they possess; and hence the passing to and fro of priestly vestments as we walk the streets does not strike the eye here as it does in Brussels.

But at a time like this, politics are likely to be talked of in the military capital of Prussia quite as much as either religion or science. As to the Russian question, three main things, difficult to reconcile, embarrass the Prussian policy. The people hate Russia—barely tolerate the supposed sympathy of the court of Berlin with that of St. Petersburg—and would not suffer the King to take part with the Czar. Then both court and people equally hate and distrust the French. They fear to be robbed of their Rhenish Provinces by a sudden incursion from France; and that, were Prussia once engaged in a struggle with Russia, the occasion would be too favourable for the French to resist. The life of Louis Napoleon is uncertain, his death would be followed by a revolution, and this very probably by war upon their neighbours. With England they would unite, but they cannot cordially do so with a country they talk of as fickle and faithless France. And as a third main element in the question comes the jealousy of Austria. Berlin and Vienna watch each the motions of the other. If the one were to commit itself, the course of the other would be clear; but so long as neither feels that it can heartily trust in France or safely defy Russia, a union between the two on a German basis, equally anti-Russian and anti-French, such as has recently been announced, seems the only safe solution possible. But cool reasoning on probabilities and situations is not to be expected from a Prussian more than from an Englishman,—less, perhaps, from the former than the latter, since, in Prussia, patriotism is always associated with more or less of that military feeling and ardour with which a three years' service in the army more or less inoculates all; and still less can

it be expected from an unstable and wavering Prussian King, whom sympathy, more than duty, bends and binds.

Among the items in Berlin newspapers, which daily amused us more than their politics, were the marriage advertisements which have their constant corner in the *Berliner Intelligenz Blatt*. Here is a bit of conceit. "A man in his thirtieth year wishes to marry. To ladies who possess a fortune of four to five thousand dollars or upwards, and who have no objections to become acquainted with persons of good character, I hereby give the opportunity to send in their addresses to; &c. &c." Side by side with this we have—"An active and respectable widow, about thirty years of age, who has a secure pension, wishes to connect herself in marriage with a man of business, and requests in all negotiations the most inviolable secrecy." Addresses to be sent, &c. &c. Some of the ardent male candidates for connubial bliss put forth the melting plea that they want to marry, but have no female acquaintances; while the females, on the other hand, urge that they have no protectors, and in these piteous circumstances both sexes find an excuse for making their wishes known through the public prints.

But we linger, not unnaturally perhaps, but somewhat long from our narrative, in the city of Berlin. The passports are again viséd, however, and stowed away in our safest pocket, the trumpet sounds anew, and we are off to Stettin. Through the flats and sands and moors as before, and occasional patches of pine forest, we pass for the most part of the way. Here and there a stretch of poor cornland breaks upon the monotony, and occasional undulations of the surface confine the view. But no home-like fences divide the land, nor signs of comfort make up for the natural nakedness and repulsive aspect of the bleak-looking country. This character of the land and landscape prevails both east and west along the southern shores of the Baltic sea, not only in Prussia, but in the Danish appendages of Holstein and Sleswick, and across

to the mouth of the Elbe. Yet there are some so little experienced in the features of a fair landscape, or so patriotically blind, or so poetically disposed by nature, as to see beauties even in these unpromising countries, and to derive a pleasure from passing through them which the majority of travellers can scarcely appreciate. Madame Pfeiffer crossed this tract of country on her way from Hamburg through Holstein to Kiel, in which route we also remember sands and heaths somewhat less forbidding than those which intervene between Ungernsunde and Stettin. This matter-of-fact old lady, who was already beyond the age of poetry, thus speaks of what she saw and heard as she glided along—

"The whole distance of seventy miles was passed in three hours; a rapid journey, but agreeable only by its rapidity. The whole neighbourhood presents only widely extended plains, turf bogs, and moorlands, sandy places and heaths, interspersed with a little meadow and arable land. From the nature of the soil, the water in the ditches and fields looked black as ink." And then in the way of reflection, she adds—

"The little river Eider would have passed unnoticed by me, had not some of my fellow-passengers made a great feature of it. In the finest countries, I have found the natives far less enthusiastic about what was really grand and beautiful than they were here in praise of what was neither the one nor the other. My neighbour, a very agreeable lady, was untiring in her laudation of her beautiful native land. In her eyes the crippled wood was a splendid park, the waste moorland an inexhaustible field for contemplation, and every trifle a matter of real importance. In my heart I wished her joy of her fervid imagination; but, unfortunately, my colder nature would not catch the infection."*

This region, so tiresome to the eye, is yet interesting to the student of the pre-historic condition of this vast flat region. Covered everywhere with a deep layer of drifted materials, which consist, for the most part, of sand, sometimes of gravel, and more rarely of clay, no rocks are seen *in situ* for

* IDA PFEIFFER'S *Visit to Iceland*, p. 40.

thousands of square miles. But strewed, now on the surface, now at depths of two or three feet, and now beneath fifty or sixty feet of sand or gravel, lie countless blocks of foreign stone, of every size, from that of the fort to that of a small house. These the waters of the once larger Baltic brought down ages ago from the rocky cliffs of the Finnish and Bothnian gulfs. During that very recent geological epoch which immediately preceded the occupation of the country by living races, these flats of North Germany as far south and east as the mountains of Silesia, were covered by the waters of the Baltic Sea. Yearly over this sea the northern ice drifted, bearing with it blocks of granite and other old rocks as it floated southward, dropping masses here and there by the way as the ice-ships melted before the summer sun. But in greater numbers they bore them to the shores on which the ice flows, stranded and strewed them in heaps along the flanks of the Silesian hills. Hence now, when the land has risen above the sea, the huge stones now transported, age after age, are found at every step, if not on the very surface, yet always at some small depth beneath the sand, or gravel, or clay, or in the deep peat which covers so much of the wide area, and piled up in heaps on the slopes of the Silesian mountains, at heights of nine hundred or twelve hundred feet, the traveller wonders to see the same distant-born strangers, unlike any of the living rocks on which they rest, and which talk intelligibly to the geologist of their ancient homes in the frozen wilds of Scandinavia.

Admired by the students of prehistoric physical geography, these boulder stones are prized and sought for by the inhabitants of this wide tract of rockless plains. Though hard and intractable beneath the chisel and hammer, these hard granitic and metamorphic masses are the only durable building materials which are within their reach. Hence all solid constructions are formed of them, and the houses of wood generally stand on a substratum of these more lasting stones. In this way the traveller sees them employed in town, village, and farm. Palace, fortress, and cottage are equally indebted to the antedilu-

vian icebergs of the old-world Baltic. And thus near the ancient towns, and wherever frequent people live, few of the unremoved boulders catch the traveller's eye as he rides over the unenclosed plains around them. But they occur singly, in groups, and in rapid succession, when he penetrates to the less peopled interior, or explores the primeval forests, or where railway cuttings dip deeply into the drift, or clay beds are worked for economical purposes, as we see them in the vicinity of Berlin.

Stettin, well known to our Baltic merchants and shipowners, and famed among the fortresses of Germany, stands near the mouth of the Oder—where the river escaping from the long flats through which it has wound its slow way, is about to expand into a broad lake. This lake, called the Haaf, would in reality be a wide fifth or arm of the sea, were it not that its mouth is blocked up by the islands of Usedom and Wollin, which leaves three channels for the escape of the waters of the Oder. The central channel, called the Swine, is the deepest and most used; but all are difficult and narrow, and easy of defence against attacks by sea. The Silesian commerce has its principal outlet by the Oder, which connects Stettin with Frankfort-on-the-Oder and with Breslau. Above the town of Stettin, for the two or three last miles, the river winds, and again and again returns upon itself, through the almost perfect flat—and even throws off several small arms, which flow to the Haaf through channels of their own, before the main stream passes the city. To look down upon these windings from the tower of the old palace, when the bright morning sun rests upon the valley, reminded us of the winding Forth, as it is seen by thousands yearly from the beautiful summits of our well-beloved Ochil Hills. Beyond this distance the whole valley on either side is hemmed in by a lofty natural embankment of sand and gravel, the ancient limits of the Haaf when the land was lower and its waters covered the whole flat. The embankment which thus girdles the valley, and skirts at a distance the river flanks, consists for the most part of a ridge of ancient downs, such as we see on our own sandy shores where

sea-born winds blow often inland; which hide Flemish towns and steeples from the eyes of the passing sailor, and which in Holland occur far from the modern shores, telling how widely in former times the sea asserted her dominion. Through this amphitheatre of sandy ridges the river forces its way into the flat valley; and it is the natural strength which the ridge possesses on the right bank where the town now stands of which art has taken advantage in erecting the strong fortifications which make Stettin the key of Pomerania. In the city itself there is not much to see even in summer. At the time of our visit the river was frozen up, some inches of snow covered the ground, the people had already commenced the winter amusements to which snowy climates offer so many inducements, and a single day was enough to satisfy our taste for sight-seeing. The rumours of war here as elsewhere were agitating the Prussian population. The course then our Government might take naturally touched very nearly the interests of a city which, by its commerce, was concerned for the openness of the sea to its ship; which, as a fortress of the first class, was liable to bombardment and siege in the event of hostilities by land; and which, by its nearness to the Russian territory, was so likely to be assailed should war commence. House property in the city was said to have already fallen much in value, and commercial speculation for the time was in a great measure paralysed.

But we were bound for West Prussia. We had a desire to see the manners and *manege* upon an old Prussian barony, where an ancient schloss still overlooks lake, field, and forest, and a numerous peasantry, though not bound like serfs to the soil still pay so many days of bodily toil for the house and land which they hold of the lord. By the Posen railway, therefore, we left Stettin, and in four hours reached Woldenburg, whence four hours more by extra post brought us to the village of Tütz. Here a welcome awaited us from our friends in the old place, while a natural interest, not unmixed with a little wonder, recommended us to the kind consideration of the villagers. Many of these

simple people had never before seen a real live John Bull, and could not help suspecting a connection of some sort between the visit of "die zwei Engländer" and the rumours of war which even in this secluded spot were already agitating their minds.

The lands attached to the old schloss in which we found ourselves, were in former times very extensive. When there were Dukes of Brandenburg, the lord of the place, it is said, was wont to go to war with his neighbours; on one occasion, when taken prisoner, was he obliged to ransom himself by ceding to the duke a large forest, which is still the property of the crown. But the castle has passed through several hands since, and the whole estate now includes only twenty thousand acres, worth in fee about £30,000. Of these, about nine thousand are in forest, chiefly pine, four thousand in lakes and bogs, four thousand in arable culture, and three thousand rented in farms. These divisions include a considerable quantity of pasture and meadow land, and on the edge of the forests the sheep find food in summer. The soil is generally light and sandy, with a bed of clay marl at a greater or less depth below. The custom of the Prussian proprietors is to farm their own land, and thus they have extensive establishments, and carry on various branches of rural economy. The timber is felled, and either sold on the spot to merchants who come from a distance to buy, or is split up into billets and sent to the large towns for firewood, or, where a shipping place is accessible, is sawn into barks (balken) suitable for the English market. The pines are principally Scotch firs (*Pinus sylvestris*), and here and there at the outskirts, or in the open glades of the forest, are seen magnificent trees of this species throwing out picturesque old arms, such as at times arrest the eye and step of the traveller in our Scottish highlands. Such he may see, for instance, on the borders of Loch Tula, the straggling relics of what were great forests in the days of our forefathers.

The arable land is chiefly under rye, of which great breadths are occasionally seen without fences or divisions. Already where the snow

had melted the surface of these rye fields was beautifully green. The average yield scarcely exceeds twenty bushels an acre, and it is often very much less. Were the labour and manure expended upon half the land, the profit, as our own experience has shown, would on the whole be much increased. Few root-crops are grown, and these only on the low, black, and boggy land. The manures employed are what is made by the cattle and sheep, marl, black earth (*moder*) from the peaty bottoms, the pine leaves which are collected in the forests, and are known under the name of *wald-streu* (forest straw), and the wood and peaty ashes from their fires. It is common to grow rape for the seed; and then the proprietor, if he has the means, erects a crushing-mill, uses the cake for his cattle, and sells the oil. Of rape-cake it is usual to give about a quarter of a pound a day to the horses—their other food being oats, peas, and rye, mixed in equal quantities, and given three times a day with chopped straw *ad libitum*. Of his potatoes the lord makes brandy, and feeds his stock on the refuse which remains in the still. Thus, he is a distiller as well as an oil-crusher, and a distillery in most parts of Germany is a usual appendage to the farm. Only very small, usually waxy, potatoes are retained for table use, the large and mealy ones being given either to the pigs or to the brandy-maker. Then the lakes yield their share of revenue. They are fished in winter, with nets introduced through holes in the ice; and the take from the lakes in this quarter is sent to the market of Berlin. Thus the lord is a fish-merchant also. Some proprietors, again, begrudge the waste of wood ashes upon the land; and as these readily melt into glass, another way of adding to the revenue is to build a glass-house. Hence many small glass-houses are scattered about in the midst of the forests, and another complication is added to the affairs and the manifold accounts of the North Prussian landlord. If he possess a bed of good marl, he burns it into lime with his waste timber, and both sells and uses it. If he find good clay, he makes bricks and coarse pottery. Thus he attempts to develop everything, to turn everything into money.

He is the sole capitalist. There is no division of labour. He monopolises all trades and wholesale commerce. He has large concerns, various establishments, numerous servants, intricate accounts, and withal, as we Englishers would expect, it is only one man here and there who makes things yearly better, and finally enriches himself. Thus the Prussian aristocracy are liveries in the country, full of affairs, rarely reside in Berlin, and at the most come for a month or two to apartments in a hotel, and attend a few state balls and receptions given by the royal family, and return again to their country habits. Amid the limited society of the unproductive sandy plains these habits not unfrequently degenerate.

Upon this estate two farms were let to tenants. We visited one of them. It was let on a lease for fifteen years, contained 2000 acres of corn-land, and 550 of meadow. The rent was 1800 dollars in money, 200 in kind, and about 500 in taxes—in all, about 2500 dollars, or a dollar (3s.) an acre. The tenant had upon it 800 sheep, 14 cows, 18 draught-oxen, and 10 horses. Twelve families of labourers were lodged upon the farm, and extra labour was employed as required. Everything in the way of stock and implements was defective. The sheep are kept under cover in the winter. They are fed on hay, the breeding ewes receiving, besides, chopped turnips and carrots. The sheep-houses, both here and elsewhere, we found to be warm and comfortable. The lord worked his own land with 64 horses and 76 draught-oxen, and had a yearly increasing flock of sheep, amounting at present to 4500.

The farm labourers are but poorly off. Those who live on the farm (the *hausinnen*) receive for the man's wage four silver groschen, and for the woman's three silver groschen a-day. (Five silver groschen make an English shilling.) They have a house, for which each of them, the man and woman, must pay two days a-week in summer, one day and a half in autumn, and half a day in the three first months of the year. They are allowed also two acres of corn-land, and a third of an acre for a garden. They

have pasture for a cow, and are permitted to cut the inferior wood on the heath for fuel, and to gather the pine-needles from the forest for manure. Day-labourers, not resident on the farm, receive 5 silver groschen a day—the unhappy sixpence of our Irish peasant.

There are on the outside, and here and there indenting the large estate, numerous small properties of from five to eight acres, formerly belonging to the lord, and many of them owing him still, a yearly acknowledgment. These people, though in a sense independent, yet upon such land are generally poor. They keep one or two horses, or two cows, to plough their light sandy soil, from three to thirty sheep, and a few pigs. With a single horse a man will work his farm of forty or fifty acres. Milk is their principle diet, and many never eat meat once a year, unless it be a bit of their own home-fed pork.

In this part of Prussia the people are nearly all Roman Catholics. Most of the traffic is in the hands of Jews. Each sect has its own place of worship and its own school in the village. The Roman Catholic priest is nominated by the lord, and the evangelical minister and the Jewish rabbi must both be approved by him. There are six schools on the estate, which are under government inspection, and of which the salaries of the masters are paid by the estate. Religious instruction is not excluded from the schools, but each denomination has here at least its own school. The sectarian spirit is very bitter, especially on the part of the ignorant Romanists, against the evangelicals, whose church had gone down, but has lately been rebuilt, very much to the dissatisfaction of the dominant party. Hence, though Protestant children are sometimes found in the Romanist school, the contrary is never the case. On occasion of our visit, a grander display than usual was got up by the priest in honour of the English visitors of our host. The village *Schüzerei*, sixty strong, marched up on the Sunday morning, with music and banners, to escort us to church. The whole population had turned out to see the strangers. The church was crowded to suffocation; and to identify himself with the occasion, the priest

got up a religious procession through and around the church. First went so many of the sharpshooters, carrying their muskets, next a party bearing the Virgin and Child under a canopy, then the *Herrschaft* from the schloss, with lighted candles in their hands, then the priest with the Host under a large canopy, borne by four men, and the procession was closed by the remainder of the armed schutzer, and by men and women in great numbers from the congregation. Coming out at the west end of the church, it marched northwards round the church, through six inches of untrodden snow; and when the head of the procession again reached the west end, the priest stopped, and with him the people. He then elevated the Host, when down went men and women, all in adoration, kneeling in the cold snow. Our travelling companion, who had never assisted at a Roman Catholic service, had accompanied the party to church, not knowing what awaited him, and he was indeed mortified when he found himself unintentionally, and from the goodness of his nature, involved in such an act of worship.

While the party were absent at church, we walked to an adjoining round hill for the purpose of enjoying the view, when, in a thin plantation which partially covered it, we stumbled upon the Jewish burying-ground. Scattered among the trees here and there stood on end slabs of granite and other hard rock split from the boulder-stones of which we have already spoken; and on the flat faces of these were graven large, beautifully clear, deeply cut, Hebrew characters, bearing, no doubt, the names and commemorating the virtues of the dead, and expressing the love and sorrow of the living. In this far-off region the lonely Hebrew graves, so far from the homes of the once-favoured people, recalled to our minds those distant days when the Euphrates saw them weeping disconsolate, and the oppressor, as now in Poland and its borders, treating them with contumely and despoite.

“By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we re-

membered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

"For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us, mirth. Sing us of the songs of Zion.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land!

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning.

"If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

It is very remarkable to find three millions of Jews settled in this portion of Europe. It may have been that, in former ages, when the Roman Church persecuted them so madly, they found greater peace and safety near the limits of the Eastern and Western churches, where the power of both was somewhat lessened; but certainly, in modern times, the two million two hundred thousand who are subjects of the Czar might readily find a more comfortable home.

Among other things which will amuse the Englishman in Germany, and if, like ourselves, he refreshes himself at times with a cup of good tea, may perchance annoy him occasionally, is the kind of beverage he will obtain under this name. In the hotels we had often experienced this, and we expected to have our tea weak enough in the schloss also. But a refinement we had heard of but never met, here presented itself in the form of a tiny bottle of rum, which was handed round with the sugar and cream to give a flavour to the tea! This contrivance for giving the tea some taste and flavour, so much less simple, one would suppose, than adding more of the pure leaf, is common in other parts of Germany besides West Prussia. Here is a humorous passage from a recent work of fiction by a German baroness, which illustrates very graphically the Teutonic notions about tea-drinking.

"At this moment Walburg exclaimed, 'The water boils!' and they all

turned towards the hearth. 'How much tea shall I put into the tea-pot?' asked Madame Berger, appealing to Hamilton.

'The more you put in the better it will be,' answered Hamilton, without moving.

'Shall I put in all that is in this paper?'

Hamilton nodded, and the tea was made.

'Ought it not to boil a little now?'

'By no means.'

'Perhaps,' said Walburg, 'a little piece of vanille would improve the taste.'

'On no account,' said Hamilton.

'The best thing to give it a flavour is rum,' observed Madame Berger.

'I forbid the rum, though I must say the idea is not bad,' said Hamilton, laughing.

Hildegarda put the tea-pot on a little tray, and left the kitchen just as her stepmother entered it.

His tea was unanimously praised, but Madame Rosenberg exhibited some natural consternation on hearing that the whole contents of her paper cornet, with which she had expected to regale her friends at least half-a-dozen times, had been inconsiderately emptied at once into the tea-pot!

'It was no wonder the tea was good! English tea, indeed! Any one could make tea after that fashion! But then, to be sure, English people never thought about what anything cost. For her part, she found the tea bitter, and recommended a spoonful or two of rum.' On her producing a little green bottle, the company assembled around her with their tea-cups, and she administered to each one or two or three spoonfuls as they desired."

Here our limits compel us to stop. After staying a few days at Tütz we returned upon our steps, again saw our friends at Berlin, thence came to Cologne in one day, to Ghent the second, and to London the third. We fell in with the Peace deputies on their way from Petersburg, and divers other accidents happened to us which our most patient readers will thank us for passing by.

THE NATIONAL LIFE OF CHINA.

If it becomes one to know something of those with whom he is about to be brought into contact, it is high time the rest of the world were acquainting itself with that portion of the vast human family that has so long segregated itself upon the plains of China. The world seems to have entered again upon a migratory era of mankind, in which no longer solitary individuals are seen groping their way over land or over sea, in search of the excitement of adventure or the pleasure of acquiring strange knowledge; but whole nations are seen feverous with the passion for emigration, and throwing off their surplus swarms to settle in the more favoured places of the earth. Ireland is emptying itself upon America,—England and Scotland are peopling Australia; a restless host, 150,000 strong, yearly takes its march from the Continent, mostly for the New World; while in America itself a similar movement is ever afoot, pressing peacefully from east to west, but not seldom dashing covetously against the crumbling States that line the coveted shores of the Mexican sea. We do not know if the Old World likewise, within its own bosom, is not on the eve of exhibiting a similar movement of nations—a heave and roll of people upon people, of north upon south—an overflowing of the long-pent-up barbaric energies of Muscovy over the crumbling states which fringe alike its European and Asiatic borders. But how different the impelling motive here, and how significant of the undeveloped state of the Russian compared with the Western world! It is the barbaric lust of territorial extension, the rude fervour of fanaticism, the sensual dream of luxury to be captured in the South;—in one word, it is the same spirit that animated the hordes of an Attila or Gengis Khan that now spreads its contagion among the Russians. They move, too, like an inert mass. There is no *individual life* in them, that culminating phase of civilization,—no spontaneous and self-reliant action in the units of the mass. They move, not by virtue of an innate and self-

directing force, but are swayed to and fro by the will of their Czar, as vastly and unresistingly as the slumbrous mass of ocean beneath the influence of the moon. They press southwards from their northern homes as the vast torpid mass of the glacier gravitates from its cradle in the snows, crushing its slow way down to the plain, and spreading a cold blight around in valleys that once bore the vine. The glacier soon melts when it overpasses the zone of cultivation; so, we trust, will the power of Russia when it strives to take hold of the seats of civilization.

It is a fanatic but unholy crusade that now enlists the sympathies of the Slavonic millions; but it is peace and wisdom that elsewhere foster the spirit and guide the course of emigration. It is the effort of individuals to better themselves. The units of society are learning to think for themselves; and the spread of peace and tolerance, and the triumphs of mechanical invention, are laying “the world all before them where to choose.” It is a great thing to see this power of reflection and self-reliance spreading among mankind; for assuredly, wherever it is met with, it argues a stage of national development which only long centuries of civilization suffice to produce. Such a faculty it is, fostered by the external circumstances which we have named above, which is now drawing those hermits of the world, the Chinese, from their long seclusion, and bringing them into yearly and fast increasing contact with Europeans. Alike in California and Australia, in our West India colonies and in the islands of the Pacific, the Chinamen may be seen side by side with the European, the Negro, and the Malay; and as he immeasurably transcends the other coloured races in industry and intelligence, so not unfrequently he may compare with the European even in point of that business-like cast of intellect which we self-managing Anglo-Saxons so highly prize.

The Chinese are coming out into foreign lands to meet us, and we in turn are posting ourselves on their

shores to become better acquainted with them. In fact, of late China has been such a centre of interest, that almost every power that has a navy, has a detachment of war-vessels cruising off its shores. Great Britain, America, France, Russia (not to speak of stray vessels from other Powers), are regularly represented by naval squadrons in its waters; so that China, the oldest and not least notable of existing empires, is actually revolutionizing and reforming herself under the eyes of the leading representatives of the world's civilization. It is high time, then, we repeat, that Europe should know as much as possible of this vast Power that is now for the first time being linked into the community of nations. Every information respecting their character and customs has now a practical and more than ordinary value; and it is all the more wanted, inasmuch as no people appears hitherto to have been more imperfectly comprehended by the rest of the world. Twelve centuries before our era, we find them, by indisputable proof, in a condition of advanced civilization. Not to speak of the larger items of civilization, which we have discussed on former occasions, they were then in possession of gold and silver—had money, and kept accounts—had silks, dyed in many colours—leather, hemp, wines, jewels, ivory, carriages, horses, umbrellas, earthenware, &c.;—they had a literature, and a board of history; and, moreover, a very complete ceremonial of observances, the empire being regulated with all the minute formality of a household, in conformity with its household origin. Arrived at that condition, thirty centuries ago, the Chinese are commonly supposed to have remained nearly stationary ever since, and to offer at this day a living picture of the condition of their nation three thousand years ago. We recently showed, from the history of this curious people, how fallacious was this opinion, alike in regard to their religion and their government, and filled in with broad touch the more salient features which have characterized the material and intellectual career of the nation throughout

its forty centuries of vicissitude. Now, dispensing with abstract disquisitions, we desire to present to our readers a rapid *coup-d'œil* of the national life of China, especially in its more practical and social aspects.

In length of years the Chinese Empire has no rival; nor is it easy to find, in the rest of the world's history, any States which may profitably be paralleled with it. In point of extent and populousness, the only ancient empire that can at all compare with it is the Roman; yet, in almost every other respect, they differ as widely as it is possible for any two States to do. Rome founded its empire wholly by the sword, China mainly by the ploughshare; the former by daring soldiers, the latter by plodding peasants. The conquests of Rome were those of a city that came to cast its chains over a world; the triumphs of China were those of a prolific nation, that absorbed its very conquerors. The splendid talents of the Roman generals, the ardour of the citizens to extend the republic, the thirst for glory, and the matchless skill and self-devotion of the legionaries, may find nothing equal among the sons of Han; but these latter produced heroes of peace, who instructed the people in industry and the useful arts, and increased by their skill the riches and population of the country. The former were masters in the art of destroying, the latter in that of preserving and multiplying human life. In China we must not (at least nowadays) look for the noble sentiments and grand actions which immortalized Greece and Rome. We find there an industrious but common-minded race, which strives stoutly to maintain its existence, however its numbers may multiply, and which finds no heart to sacrifice life for glory, no time to postpone business for politics. The rice-bearing plains are the fields of their glory, the centre of their hopes; and as they trudge forth to their never-ceasing labours, thus they sing:—

"The sun comes forth, and we work;
The sun goes down, and we rest.
We dig wells, and we drink;
We sow fields and we eat.
The Emperor's power, what is it to us?" *

The art of agriculture is coeval with the first establishment of the empire; and to this useful employment China mainly owes its grandeur and populousness. The enormous numbers of the people has caused the utmost attention to be paid to the art, and the cultivation of much of the country approaches as near as possible to garden-farming. Some parts of the country are mountainous and unfertile, but the greater proportion of it is fruitful, and densely studded with houses. The hills and mountain-sides are terraced; the rocky fragments are gathered off the slopes, and formed into retaining-walls; and the wonders of Chinese irrigation have never been rivalled. Upon the decease of the parents, lands are divided among the male children, and, like all Orientals, the people cleave with great fondness to their patrimonial acres. Any one, by simply applying to Government, may obtain permission to reclaim waste land; and a wise exemption from all taxes, until it becomes productive, allows the cultivator to reap a proper reward for his industry and enterprise. The agricultural knowledge of China cannot vie with ours in point of science; but it is far more widely diffused. A uniform system of cultivation, the result of centuries of experience, is known to, and practised by, every cottar in the empire; and that system is indubitably unequalled by that of any other nation, unless it be our own. The steeping of seeds, and drilling in sowing, are practised, and have been so for ages; they never fail to seize promptly the proper season and weather for their farming operations; they take every advantage of their summer time by the system of double-cropping; and in the vitally important matters of manuring and irrigation, as well as in making the most of their land, they are unsurpassed, perhaps unrivalled, by any nation in the world.

The Chinese Government has always fostered agriculture as peculiarly the national pursuit; and well has it repaid the imperial patronage. In a country nearly as large as all Europe, and far more densely peopled—containing, in fact, more than a third of the whole human race—more comfortably than any similar number

of men on the face of the globe. No emigration has until now issued from its shores, and each new myriad of the rapidly augmenting population has gone to increase the strength and resources of the State; while the invidious extremes of poverty and riches (that prime bane of old States) is there unknown, wealth being more equally divided than in any civilised country. Undisturbed in their little farms, the people are contented and cheerful; and with comparatively little commerce, and no manufactures (viewed as a distinct employment), the empire has continued for centuries thriving and unshaken by intestine commotions. The home consumers have maintained in comfort the home producers,—the grand opening of new markets has been found in the increase of the population,—the only emigration has been to the hill-side and the marsh. The French historian and philosopher, Sismondi, maintains that the real bone and muscle of a nation is its agricultural population, and predicted the coming ruin of the older states of Europe from the evident decline of this class of their people; but whatever truth there may be in his opinion, no such state of matters is likely soon to sap the foundations of the Chinese empire. There, no millionaire manufacturers, with machinery costing £30,000 or £40,000, overwhelm all competition, and, by ruining the small traders who ply the shuttle as well as till the ground, draw starving thousands to Nanking or Shanghai, feeding the towns to plethora at the expense of the country, and accumulating from the labour of thousands gigantic fortunes for individuals. The small farmer rears his crop of rice, cotton, or tea, dresses it, and sends it to market, and turns it to his own use as food or clothing; and although he cannot succeed in laying by money, it is only in periods of famine or inundation that he experiences the pressure of want.

"There are few sights more pleasing," says Mr. Fortune, "than a Chinese family in the interior engaged in gathering the leaves of the tea-plant, or, indeed, in any of their agricultural pursuits. There is the old man—it may be the grandfather, or even the great-grandfather—patriarch-like di-

recting his descendants, many of whom are in their youth and prime, while others are in their childhood, in the labours of the field. He stands in the midst of them, bowed down with age, but—to the honour of the Chinese as a nation—he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection, and his old age and grey hairs are honoured, revered, and loved." In the tea-districts, every cottager or small farmer has his own little tea-garden, the produce of which supplies the wants of his family, and the surplus brings him in a few dollars, which procure for him the other necessities of life. "When, after the labours of the day are over," says Mr. Fortune, "they return to their humble and happy homes, their fare consists chiefly of rice, fish [with which their rivers and lakes abound], and vegetables, which they enjoy with great zest, and are happy and contented. I really believe that there is no country in the world where the agricultural population are better off than they are in the north of China. Labour with them is pleasure, for its fruits are eaten by themselves, and the rod of the oppressor is unfelt and unknown. . . . For a few cash (1000 or 1200 cash = 1 dollar) a Chinese can dine in a sumptuous manner upon his rice, fish, vegetables, and tea; and I fully believe that in no country in the world is there less real misery and want than in China. The very beggars seem a kind of jolly crew, and are kindly treated by the inhabitants."

Commerce is discouraged by the Chinese Government, chiefly on account of their jealousy of strangers; but it is a pursuit so congenial to the national spirit that no exertions could succeed in putting it down. Wherever money can be made, a Chinaman will brave dangers to gain it, and will fear neither the jungles and marshes of his southern frontier, nor the inhospitable deserts of the north and west. For a thousand years and more, they have trafficked with the isles of the Indian Archipelago, and for nearly twice that time their silks have found their way into Europe. Nevertheless, the geographical situation of the country on the one hand, and the unskilfulness of the Chinese

in maritime enterprise on the other, oppose great obstacles to their prosecution of external commerce, so that the carrying-trade is almost entirely in the hands of foreigners. The journey across the inhospitable steppes of Mongolia to the nations of the west, or over the almost insurmountable Himalayas to those of the south, is attended by too much risk and expense, in the present state of the roads, to be prosecuted extensively; but the Chinese eagerly avail themselves of the marts opened in recent times by the Russian traders, and throng with their silks and tea to the grand fairs at Maimatschin. This overland commerce with Russia commenced in the reign of Peter the Great, by a treaty which stipulated for a reciprocal liberty of traffic, and by virtue of which caravans on the part of the Russian Government and individual traders used to visit Peking; but the Muscovites exhibited so much of their native habits of "drinking and roystering," that after trying the patience of the Celestials for three-and-thirty years, they were wholly excluded. After a temporary cessation of intercourse, however, a renewal of negotiations took place, by which it was agreed that only Government caravans should proceed to Peking, and Kiachta (distant four thousand miles from Moscow, one thousand from Peking, and close to the Chinese frontier town of Maimatschin) was built for the accommodation of private traders. This market, which has now risen to much importance, is most resorted to in winter. To the chief Russian merchants the trade is a species of monopoly, and a most thriving one,—some of them being millionaires, and living in the most sumptuous style, the "merchant princes" of the wilderness. "At the present day," says the *Hamburg Borsenhalle* of 20th July last, "the wholesale trade is in the hands of Russian merchants and commercial companies, while the retail trade is carried on by the Siberian tribe of Burglaetes. The wholesale trade takes place only twice a-year, and is a complete interchange of goods, of which black tea forms the staple, and cannot be replaced by any other article. This tea is brought to Kiachta from

the northern provinces of China, and is very superior to that exported by the English and Dutch from the southern provinces. The green tea which comes to the market is consumed by the Kalmucks, Tartars, and Siberians. The duty on tea yields an annual revenue of twelve to fifteen silver roubles, which is the sole advantage the Chinese claim from this important article of commerce. The Chinese will take nothing but cloth in return; and thus the consumers of tea are the persons who are the cloth-manufacturers. The Russians themselves derive no pecuniary advantage from this trade. They might make some profits, and the consumers pay less for their teas, if the trade were not monopolized; and if the tea might be exported from St. Petersburg to Odessa on payment of a moderate duty, the northern provinces of China would be obliged to lower the price of their tea, for which they have no other outlet."

Although fine Art has made little progress, and is little prized, great works, in which genius is joined to utility, are to be met with in China on a larger scale than anywhere else. Such a work is the Great Wall, raised by the first emperor to repel the inroads of the Nomades, and which guards the northern frontier for the space of fifteen hundred miles, from the shores of the Yellow Sea to Eastern Tartary. It is carried over the highest hills, descends into the deepest valleys, crosses upon arches over rivers, and at important passes is doubled;—being, in fact, by far the largest structure that human labour ever raised. A work more extraordinary still is the Imperial Canal. The Mongol emperor, Kublai Khan, who fixed the seat of government at Peking, constructed (or rather completed) the canal, in order to remedy the sterility of the plain in which that city stands. From the vicinity of Peking, it extends southwards for a distance of six hundred geographical miles,—now tunnelled through heights, now carried through lakes and over marshes and low grounds by means of stupendous embankments,—and exhibiting not merely a gigantic effort of labour, but sound practical skill on the part of its con-

structors, in availing themselves of every advantage that could be derived from the nature of the ground. Rivers feed it, and ships of good size spread their sails on its bosom. It is along this watery highway that the chief supplies are brought for the immense population of the capital; and another great merit of the work is, that it acts at once as an irrigator and as a drain to the country through which it flows, from Tientsin to the Yang-tse-keang; for while at some parts fertilising the sterile soil by diffusing its waters, at others, being carried along the lowest levels, and communicating with the neighbouring tracts by flood-gates, it renders available for agriculture much land that would otherwise be a useless swamp.

Education in China, as we have seen, is directed almost exclusively to the inculcation of moral and constitutional principles; and with such good effect, that nowhere in the East are the social relations so well understood and preserved. Class has never risen against class, and the religious apathy of the people has prevented any war of creeds. This social harmony has had the best effects upon the welfare of the people, by rendering an iron rule unnecessary on the part of the Government. However absolute the administration may be, the great mass of the people live quietly and happily, enjoying the fruits of their industry. The legislation is disfigured by an excessively minute attention to trifles,—an unavoidable result of the system of regulating the mind of the people through the agency of external observances; but the code is, on the whole, a clear and concise series of enactments, savouring throughout of practical judgment and European good sense; and if not always conformable to our liberal notions of legislation, in general approaching them more nearly than the codes of most other nations. The laws are more generally known and equally administered than in the other states of Asia,—wealth, comfort, and cheerful industry more equally diffused; and Mr. Ellis pronounces the Celestial Empire superior to them all in the arts of government and the general aspect of society. Sir George Staunton says that the condition of the

people is "wholly inconsistent with the hypothesis of a very bad government or a very vicious state of society," and conceived that he could trace almost everywhere the unequivocal signs of an industrious, thriving, and contented people. But we may go further than this, and fully concur with Mr. Davis that "there is a business-like character about the Chinese, which assimilates them in a striking degree to the most intelligent nations of the West; and there is less difference [in this respect!] between them and the British, French, and Americans, than between these and the inhabitants of Spain and Portugal, whose proneness to stolid bigotry and Oriental laziness was perhaps in part imbibed from the Arabs."

In regard to slaves, the code metes out less equal justice; but a like one-sidedness has defaced the legislation of every country—and slavery, as it exists in China, is infinitely milder than anywhere else either in the East or West. It is not superior humanity and generosity which occasions this difference: it results from the social condition of the nation. Slavery is the apprenticeship which, in one shape or another, uncivilised man has had to undergo in all countries before he becomes capable of sustained industry and self-government. In this state he falls under the power of his more civilised fellows, and obtains food and protection in exchange for freedom; and it is only when he has raised himself above the indolence and improvidence of savage life that liberty becomes beneficial even for himself. Resembling the western half of Europe, the whole Chinese nation is industrious, and has acquired that relish for the artificial wants of civilised life which tends so greatly to man's elevation, and which is so little felt elsewhere (save in some of the highest classes) in the regions of the East and South. No political or social distinctions of rank or caste exist in China, and education is provided by the State for all classes. On these accounts there is no *servile class*; and those who have lost or bartered their freedom resemble their masters in everything but wealth, and are treated rather as animals than as serfs. Slavery exists in China not as

a relic of barbarism, nor from the prevalence of caste or the absence of industry, but simply, it would appear as the effect of a redundant population: it is a man's last shift for employment.

We can give a most pleasing anecdote in connection with this point, which recently appeared in the *Java Bode* newspaper, published at Batavia, where there is a large Chinese population—which shows at once the good feeling of the Chinese in regard to the unfortunate objects of slavery, and the remarkable industry and self-relying spirit of the slaves themselves. In giving an account of a sale of slaves at the Chinese camp, it says:—The slaves, who were twelve in number, having been placed upon the table of exposition, arranged in four lots, rattled some money in their hands, and addressed a few words, timidly and in low tones, to the assembly. A person who acted as their agent here stepped forward, and stated that his clients, having accumulated by long and painful labours some small savings, solicited the favour of being allowed to make a bidding for the purchase of their own persons. No opposition was offered; and the first lot of three, being put up to auction, made an offer, through their agent, of forty francs. No advance being made on this sum, the slaves were knocked down to themselves. The next lot, encouraged by their predecessors' success, offered only twenty-four francs for themselves. The public preserved the same silence, and they likewise became their own purchasers. The third lot took the hint, and were even more fortunate, picking themselves up, a decided bargain, for the modest sum of ten francs! The *Java Bode* rightly sees in these facts signs of a great advance in civilisation among the Chinese, who constituted the great majority of the persons present.

Superficial writers on China judge of the whole nation by what they see of the population at Canton; and are profuse in their charges of lying, treachery, and inhumanity,—as if it were even possible for three hundred and sixty millions of human beings to be nothing but one black mass of moral deformity! The monstrousness of the idea ought to have been its own refutation. Such writers might

as well conclude that the whole abyss of ocean is a turbid mass, because its fringing waves are "gross with sand." In truth, their conclusions are as unjust as if one were to judge of our own nation solely by the doings of the wreckers of Cornwall or the mob of London. For the inhabitants of Canton are termed the "Southern boors" by their own countrymen; and it may safely be stated of the people of Fokien and the southern coasts of China, with whom alone foreigners come in contact, that they are all more or less addicted to piracy and smuggling, and have adopted the nefarious habits which commerce invariably engenders when carried on between nations who despise, and whose only desire is to overreach one another. The inadequacy of the ordinary data for judging of Chinese character is at once perceived by the few travellers who have got glimpses of the interior, or of those parts of the country where the manners of the people are unaltered by contact with foreigners. We have already quoted Mr. Fortune's pleasing picture of cottar-life in the interior, and on the general question he says:—"The natives of the southern towns and all along the coast, at least as far north as Chekiang, richly deserve the bad character which every one gives them; being remarkable for their hatred to foreigners and conceited notions of their own importance, besides abounding in characters of the very worst description, who are nothing else than thieves and pirates. But the character of the Chinese as a nation must not suffer from a partial view of this kind; for it must be recollected, that in every country, the most lawless characters are amongst those who inhabit seaport towns, and who come in contact with natives of other countries; and unfortunately we must confess that European nations have contributed their share to make these people what they are. In the north of China, and more particularly inland, the natives are entirely different. There are, doubtless, bad characters and thieves amongst them too: but generally the traveller is not exposed to insult; and the natives are quiet, civil, and obliging." Lord Jocelyn, who was with our fleet during the late war, and who landed on

various points of the coast, states, as the experience of his rambles among the villagers, that a kind word to a child, or any little notice taken of the young, will at once ingratiate a stranger with this humane and simple-minded people. Mr. Abel, also, (one of Lord Amherst's retinue) in like manner testifies to the simple kindness of the country-people. The nation at large (thanks to their education) are remarkable for the virtues of sobriety and filial reverence,—instances of noble generosity in individuals are said not to be infrequent,—and we may add that no people in the world, unless it be the French, are so ready to take notice of and applaud the casual utterance of noble sentiments. In fine, Mr. Lay says, that "no man can deny the Chinese the honourable character of being good subjects,—though, from the venality of their magistrates in general, they must often be exposed to many kinds of usage that tempt them to throw off allegiance." And he attributes their steady obedience to constituted authority, not to a tameness of disposition that disposes a man to take kicks without feeling the gall of indignation, but to "an habitual sentiment of respect and a share of sterling good-sense, that lead him to see and choose what is really best for his own interest."

We have said that there are no separate castes among the Chinese; but one of the most curious features that strikes a stranger in their social life, is the division of the people into clans, somewhat resembling the clanships of the Scottish Highlanders. There are altogether about 454 of these clans, each of which has its peculiar surname; but no jealous line of demarcation is allowed to be kept up between these different septa (some of whom number a million of souls), for, by a wise though somewhat stringent provision, every man is required to seek a bride in a different clan from his own,—thus acquiring two surnames. These clans are results of the Patriarchal or Family system, which forms the basis of the whole political and social arrangements in China. This system may seem a very narrow and illiberal one to us enlightened Westerns, and especially to our Transatlantic brethren, among whom the fifth commandment is but

little regarded ; but its influence upon the social relations in China has been unquestionably good. A Chinese father is a little emperor in his own household ; he is held responsible in some degree for their conduct, and is invested with unlimited power over them, so that even the punishment of death is hardly beyond his prerogative. Yet abuses of power are at least as rare there as here. "I have reason to believe," says Mr. Lay, "that the sway exercised by Chinese parents is seldom burdensome, and that their will and pleasure are enforced, for the most part with great mildness." And if we seek to judge of the system by its fruits at large, we find that the duties of mutual love and mutual help are fully recognised, as incumbent upon all who are within the circle of blood or affinity ; while the hilarities of family-feasts, or the sorrows of family-mourning, are entered into with a keenness of relish, or an acuteness of feeling, which leaves the Chinese perhaps without a parallel in the world. "Fear God" is a precept of which the modern Chinese know little or nothing ; but "Love, honour, and obey your parents," is the fundamental commandment of their moral system,—and to say or do anything against it, is as shocking and disgusting to their feelings as blasphemy to those of a Christian. "The practice of infanticide," says Mr. Meadows, speaking of Canton, "exists here, as the bodies of infants floating occasionally on the river sufficiently prove ; but it may be fairly doubted whether there is much more of it than in England," where the crime is punished with death, and where, of course, every means is taken to conceal it ; "and often having remarked instances of *deformed female* children being treated with constant and evident affection by their parents, I am inclined to believe that when infants are put to death, it is solely because their parents are altogether unable to support them." And Mr. Lay says, that the *rare* occurrence of dead bodies of children being found in the Canton river, "proves that, among a swarming population of indigent people, such deeds are none of their customary doings."

The Chinese are a cheerful light-hearted race, well trained to social

duties, and with no proclivity to the melancholy of the southern nations of Europe, or to the John-Bull tendency towards reserve and isolation. Social feeling—or good-humour, mildness of disposition, and a good-natured propensity to share in the mirth and hilarity of others, are seen wherever one meets with a company of Chinese. To live in society is a Chinaman's meat and drink. In a company of his fellows he is something,—by himself, nothing. Men of study and retirement are to be found in China, but by far the greater number seem to have their hearts set upon social delights and the celebration of public festivity. And what most strikes the spectator at such meetings is, the *respect* which every one is so anxious to pay to all around him,—(another point in which the Chinese nation is most nearly paralleled by the French). Nor are such attentions the frigid offspring of mere formality. "Apart from business," says Mr. Lay, "the intercourse of natives in China is made up of little acts of homage. The rules of relative duty command an individual to regard a neighbour as an elder brother, and thence entitled to the respect belonging to such eldership. These displays of veneration are not occasioned, then, by dread or hope of gain, but are the spontaneous results of a property essential to the character of the people," and strongly developed by their domestic training and the teaching of their schools. In walking abroad, for instance, the stranger may wonder what two gentlemen can have so suddenly found to dispute about ; but he soon perceives that each of them is severally refusing to advance a step until the other has set the example, and consented to go ahead!

On the other hand, it must be allowed that most of the loftier qualities of our nature seem to be deficient among the Chinese. The feeling of patriotism, at least nowadays, is almost unknown,—partly, it may be, owing to the immense size of the empire, and the imperfect intercourse kept up between the several provinces. Loyalty, as we understand the feeling, apparently never at any time had much hold upon the Chinese mind. Reason, rather than emotion, is the

prominent feature of their mental constitution; and although they have at all times entertained a profound regard for their sovereign, that regard had reference to the office, not the man, and is quite different from that chivalrous devotion to the monarch's person which plays so prominent a part in the history of European struggles. Self-denial and self-devotion, in fact—that fundamental basis of the noblest of human virtues—rare everywhere, is *very* rare in China. Even peace has its disadvantages. Virtues, like talents, require congenial circumstances to develop them; and probably the long reign of public tranquillity in China—where for nine centuries it has hardly been broken save at intervals of two hundred years—has helped to numb the courageous and masculine sentiment of self-devotion, and allowed the national mind to “settle on its lees.” Pleasure, money, sensuality,—these are now the objects that most greatly engross a Chinese. “The Chinese,” says Mr. Lay, are lovers of pleasure from the greatest to the least. They study ease and comfort in a way that leaves them, as a nation, without a rival in the art of ministering to sensual gratification.” This proneness to sensual indulgence is unhappily increased by the narrow spirit in which certain portions of their legislation are conceived,—the rich not being allowed to expend their superfluous wealth in the erection of elegant mansions, (that being looked upon as a misdirection of money from more useful purposes); nor dare they indulge in much public munificence, lest they attract the covetous eyes of the generally extortionate and unscrupulous mandarins. “A Chinese,” says Mr. Lay, “is licentious in the general turn of his ideas, and makes a public display of those forbidden pleasures which in many countries are somewhat screened amidst the shades of retirement. The floating abodes for ladies of pleasure are generally of the gayest kind, and are consequently the first thing to attract the traveller's attention as he draws near the provincial city of Canton.” The *auri sacra fames* is not less strong in the breast of a Celestial. “At a very early age,” says Mr. Lay, “the love of money is implanted in

his nature: indeed, one of the first lessons a mother teaches a child is to hold out its hand for a bit of coin.” Money, says Gutzlaff, is the idol of the Chinese. “It is the national spirit, the public sentiment, the chief good of high and low,”—the higher classes being as eager to obtain it in order to gratify their sensual inclinations, as the poor to procure food.

To call a man a liar is, in England, and in the European world generally, the surest way to provoke anger; but such an epithet has but little weight attached to it in China. This is partly owing to the fact that “white lies” have there a recognised and reputable existence not openly accorded to them elsewhere. In the eyes of a Chinese, as in the code of the Jesuits, a lie in itself is not absolutely criminal, and it may, on the contrary, be very meritorious. According to Confucius, a lie told by a child to benefit a parent is deserving of praise; and a Jeannie Deans, or the stern old father in Mr. Warren's *Now and Then*, so far from being held models of religion, would be regarded, the one as a stubborn fanatic, and the other as the most heartless and unnatural of parents. But another, and, we suspect, a much more powerful cause of this want of veracity among the Chinese, is their system of government. Here, as throughout Asia generally, Despotism—or in other words, an Executive power from which there is no proper appeal—generates mendacity in the people, as their sole refuge from irresponsible Power. Duplicity is the resource to which Weakness naturally betakes itself; and it is universally adopted wherever the decrees of Government officials are felt to be unjust as well as unappealable. Everywhere the result is the same; and in this, as in many other respects, a perfect parallel might be drawn between those two vastest empires of modern times, the Chinese and the Russian. In the latter empire as in the former, the vastness of the country, and consequent impossibility of an efficient surveillance over the host of officials, joined to the absence of municipal institutions and a free press to act as checks upon local tyranny, render it most difficult to detect or repress

abuses of power on the part of the Government officers. And the consequence in both countries may be told in the words of Alison, applied to Russia:—"So universal is the dread of authority, that it has moulded the national character. Dissimulation is universal; and like the Greeks under the Mussulman yoke, the Russians have become perfect adepts in all the arts by which talent eludes the force of authority, and astuteness escapes the discoveries of power." And we suspect we ought to add, in justice to the Chinese, that this disposition has been impressed upon them, as upon the Russians, by the invasion of the Tartar hordes, which in both countries reduced the native race to subjection for three long centuries.

In China, however, the domination of the Tartars has never been in any degree so complete as it was in Russia; and even among the maritime population, with whom foreigners are brought most in contact, and among whom lying is probably most prevalent, there exists a check which is found sufficient for the transaction of all matters of ordinary importance. Every great, busy, and closely-connected society (which Russia is not) requires some bond of mutual trust; and this is found, in China, in the custom of *guaranteeing*, which pervades all domestic and mercantile relations. Mr. Meadows states it as a fact that he has never known an instance in which a Chinese openly violated a guaranty known to have been given by him; and though, under strong temptations, they will sometimes try to evade its fulfilment, yet such instances are extremely rare, and they generally come promptly forward to meet all the consequences of their responsibility. "A Chinaman," says Mr. Lay, "is a man of business, and therefore understands the value of truth. . . . The standard of honesty is perhaps as high in China as in any other commercial country; and strangers who have known this people during the longest space, speak in the best terms of their integrity. Thieves of a most dexterous kind, and rogues of every description, are plentiful in China, because she has a swarming population to give them birth,—but they are not numerous enough to affect a

general estimate of the national character."

The imperfections of human language render it a difficult matter to give a description, at once short and correct, of national character. Thus it is both true and false to say that the Chinese possess a high degree of fortitude. They bear pain or adversity without murmuring or despondency; and, taken individually, they perhaps possess as much constitutional or animal courage as any other specimens of our race. But they are deficient in that courage which is based on self-reliance, and which enables a man to confront danger with a ready intrepidity—because their institutions and education are as unfavourable to its development as those of the Anglo-Americans are singularly propitious. They possess a great command over their tempers, and instances are common of their bearing, with the greatest apparent equanimity, insults and injuries which would make a European ungovernable; and this proceeds not from cowardice, but from their really regarding self-command as a necessary part of civilization, and passionate or hasty conduct as indecent, and giving evidence of a low nature. The readiness they evince to yield to the force of reason is another quality for which, says Mr. Meadows, "the Chinese certainly deserve to be considered a highly civilized people." They settle their disputes more by argument than by violence (a strange thing in the East); and a Chinese placard posted at the street-corners, exposing the unreasonable (*i. e.* unequitable) conduct of a party in any transaction is, if the want of equity be sufficiently proven, to the full as effective, if not more so, than a similar exposure of an Englishman in a newspaper. Bullies seem to be kept in check by the force of public opinion, and the Chinese neither fight duels, nor, though murders occur as in England, can they be said to assassinate or poison. Finally, we may round off this *précis* of Chinese character in the words of Mr. Lay:—"It is an abuse of terms to say that they are a highly moral people, but we may affirm that the moral sense is in many particulars highly refined among them. Respect to parents and elders, obedience to law, chastity, kindness, economy,

prudence, and self-possession, are the never-failing themes for remark and illustration.

No people in the world consume so little butcher-meat as the Chinese; and, unlike the Eastern nations—such as the Jews, Hindoos, Parsees, and Mohammedans generally—their favourite meat is pork. In fact in China, as in other parts of the world, the cottar-system of land-holding is found unfavourable to the rearing of horses, cattle, or sheep, but quite adapted (as witness Ireland) for the rearing of pigs. The national system of agriculture, like almost everything else in China, is based upon the strictly utilitarian principle of turning everything to the greatest account. We do not pretend to settle off-hand here how far the stimulating diet of animal food is necessary or advantageous to mankind. We would simply remark that butcher-meat is matter in a more highly organised form, and more nearly assimilated in composition to our own frames than vegetable food. It is in diet what alcohol is in drink; and the nations who most indulge in it—such as the British, the Anglo-Americans, and savages who live by the chase (we beg pardon for the unflattering conjunction!)—are generally as remarkable for gloomy strength and perseverance, as the more vegetarian nations are for cheerful quickness and volatility. But the preference which from time immemorial has been accorded to grain-crops in China is based upon the principle (of which our free-trade authorities are too forgetful in their admonitions to “plough less and graze more”), that grain is the cheapest form in which food can be produced, and that a much more numerous population can be maintained in comfort by tillage than by pasturage. Sheep have been justly styled “the devourers of men;” and the Chinese monarch who first turned the people from pastoral life, and taught them the civilising science of agriculture, is still, after the lapse of more than four thousand years, venerated throughout the empire by the title of “the divine Husbandman.” Fish, which abound in the numerous lakes with which the country is studded, and rice and other kinds of vegetable produce, form the staple of the national diet. From stern necessity, as well as

from a wise and unparalleled economy, everything is turned to full account, and even hair-cuttings and parings of all kinds are made matter of traffic,—while everything nutritive, including “rats and mice, and such small deer” (however unclean, according to European nations), are searched out and eaten for food. Opium is much in use; but both the perniciousness of its effects, and the extent to which it is indulged in, have been overstated by most writers on the subject. The misery caused by it is never to be compared to the plague of drunkenness, which is the bane of our own country. “Redness of the eyes,” as a mark of intoxication, is very conspicuous in the Chinese, as it was in the days of Solomon among the Jews; and if you see two Chinamen walking hand-in-hand in the street, says Mr. Lay, it is ten to one that they are both flustered with drink!

The Chinese, like most Asiatics, do not dance for pleasure, nor are their unmelodious voices formed for song.—Their favourite amusements are games of chance,—in which, perhaps, they out-do all Asiatics. The grand aim of a Chinaman, as we have said, is to *enjoy himself*; and this colours even his gravest doings. With him, banqueting and religious ceremonies are the same thing, and he would never keep any sacred festival if he could not enjoy himself. No festival is without its play, and only a few temples are without a stage; and so fond are the people of theatricals, that they will attend a whole night to them, without showing the least weariness, and will afterwards recount with ecstasy what they have seen. The people in general never pray, nor have they any forms of prayer; and the Mandarins, on public occasions, only recite a formula, in the shape of a simple message, to the idols, but never address them in their own words. The affairs of this life are ever uppermost in the mind of a Chinese; and long life, wealth, and male children, are the great objects of desire. Nothing is regarded with so much horror as death—gloomy death, after which their souls go to wander cheerless among the genii; and strange to say, the elixir of life seems to have been more generally and more persever-

ingly sought after in reasoning and materialistic China than among the most spiritual and imaginative nations of mankind.

"Polygamy," says Mr. Lay, "is not practised by all, and is seldom indulged in till the husband is advanced in years. It appears that by far the greater number among the rich, as well as all among the poor, reap the solaces of connubial life without suffering this hemlock to grow in their furrows. A few, from the surfeit of too much ease and prosperity, indulge in this practice, and a few more have recourse to it for the sake of building up their house with an heir, or a more numerous progeny;" while on the other side, it is fostered by "the anxiety of parents to see their daughters provided for in the houses of the great, and to reap a personal advantage from noble alliances." For untiring industry, cheerfulness of temper, fidelity to their husbands, and care of their offspring, the poor women are every way exemplary. Any one who visits China will find proofs of this wherever he turns his eyes, and a traveller has only to lay his hand upon the head of a little child to earn applause from a whole crowd of bystanders.

Constancy, habit of respect, and the social feeling are easily recognisable in the character of the Chinese women. Chinese stories are full of examples of love that knows no bounds. "There is only one heaven," said a forlorn maiden, when her parents upbraided her for spending her days in sorrowful libations of salt tears at the tomb of her lover, "and he was that heaven to me!" "A native of the United States," says Mr. Lay, "married a Chinese female, who had never felt the benefits of education, and therefore could scarcely have learnt to cultivate this sentiment by lessons from those who were older than herself. She accompanied her husband to America, and afterwards back again to Macao, where a friend of mine paid her lord a visit. On his return, I asked him how she demeaned herself towards her better half. 'With great respect,' was the answer. And this testimony in her favour was not solitary; for the captain who conveyed the pair across the Atlantic declared he

had never met with such passengers before, and that the wife rendered the services of a stewardess unnecessary in the cabin, and with her own hands kept everything in an admirable state of order and neatness." When a stranger sees that a Chinese lady of the house is not entitled to receive any civilities or acts of courtesy from the friend of her husband, and forgets that this interdiction is founded upon motives of propriety, consecrated by the usage of the earliest times, he is very apt to think her slighted, and that those apartments which the Chinese have decorated with so many flowery names are but a sort of prison. This is a great mistake, however, and the women of China are not only exempt from that rigid seclusion which prevails elsewhere in the East; but are treated much more nearly on terms of equality with their husbands. There is nothing abject or mean, either in principle or practice, in the deference which is paid, among high and low alike, to husbands; and "the air of a Chinawoman," says Mr. Lay, "has a majesty about it which is only compatible with sentiments of freedom; and the tone of her voice, and the glance of her eye indicate a consciousness that she was not born to be despised."

The existing monuments of ancient civilisation in China are not of the same kind as those of Egypt and Assyria, of Greece and Rome. Time has spared the mighty structures of these latter empires, as if in compensation for having buried the nations that reared them; but in China, where the dynasties have succeeded one another without interruption, and the people have gone on increasing in numbers, down to our own day, the wars which have swept over it, and the revolutions which have shaken it, have destroyed almost all the monuments which would have attested its former magnificence. We refer particularly to the great revolution effected by the Emperor Che-hoang-te (about 246 a.c.), who, for political purposes, ordered the destruction of every monument of the past, whether in metal, in stone, or on paper,—a proscription which lasted for nearly a century, and which left comparatively little to be regained by the most persevering re-

searches of after ages. Nevertheless, the early ages of the Chinese empire seem to have been distinguished by not a little science, and many rare discoveries. In their carefully kept ancient annals, we have full particulars of the circumstances attending an eclipse of the sun, which happened 2155 years before Christ; and in the reign of Shun, a century before this, we read of "the instrument adorned with precious stones, which represented the stars, and the moveable tube which served to observe them"—words which plainly indicate a celestial sphere, and a telescope, of some kind or other. After speaking of the discussions which took place in Europe last century, in regard to the high antiquity of astronomical observations in China, M. Pauthier remarks,—“All that we know of the reigns of the philosophical emperors, Yao, Shun, and Yu, and of the state of astronomical science in their time, justifies the supposition that, in the days of those emperors, sure methods were known for calculating beforehand the precise date of eclipses of the sun and moon, and all that concerned the calendar.” Another piece of knowledge possessed by the ancient Chinese, which is calculated to astonish our modern astronomers and mathematicians, is that not merely of the general spherical shape of the earth, but of its oblate form, in consequence of the flattening of the poles. We have not space to set forth the grounds we have for holding it probable that they really were acquainted with this recondite fact in physics; we must hasten on to add that the *Sacred Book of Annals* mentions facts which indirectly prove that music, poetry, and painting were known from the earliest historic times of China, and we know for certain that in the days of Confucius, the first of those arts was carefully studied, and apparently highly developed. Gunpowder was known four centuries before our era, and we read not only of this “devouring fire,” but of “fire-boxes,” “fire-tubes,” and “globes containing the fire of heaven,”—which latter expression, by its allusion to lightning, seems to indicate as if powder, even in those days, was used as something more than a mere toy. A knowledge of the properties of the

magnet or loadstone is another thing in which the Chinese were some two thousand or more years in advance of us Europeans; and the art of printing (by means of wooden blocks—xylography) was in use among them six centuries before anything of the kind was thought of elsewhere.

The character of Chinese literature may be guessed from what we have said of their system of education, which eschews speculation, and attends to little else than the precepts of public and private morality. The grandest, or we may say, the only grand achievements of their literature are in the department of practical politics and morals; and next to this are their annals and statistical reports upon the various provinces of the empire. Poetry is much studied by the educated classes in early life for the sake of obtaining command of language and elegance of expression, the latter of which is highly valued in the communications and epistles of the government officials; but the Chinese temperament possesses little of the *vis poetica*; and of the millions of Mandarins who have learned to rhyme, very few indeed have written anything that would pass as mediocre in Europe. They have a good command of poetic figures and expressions, and their descriptive pieces and moral odes are fair productions; but, that is all that can be said in their favour. Historical writings occupy a prominent place in their literature, and the greatest pains are taken to insure accuracy of statement; but these works are mere annals or chronologies, and have no pretensions to those intellectual and artistic qualities which distinguish the Livys and Xenophons, the Gibbons and Humes of ancient and modern Europe. It is to the credit of China that it has had a drama from a very early period, although we cannot speak particularly as to its merits. The writing of novels, also dates as far back as the third century, and seems to be a department of literature very congenial to the Chinese mind. Such works exist in great numbers, and amongst much trash there are some very able productions.

In the appreciation of beauty, the Chinese are below any other nation that ever merged from barbarism.

Their painting is of a very commonplace description,—though not so bad, we believe, as it is generally supposed to be in this country; and their only notion of sculpture is, to represent a thing lusty in order that it may look grand. Their architecture, says Mr. Barrow, “is void of taste, grandeur, beauty, solidity, or convenience; their houses are merely tents [an exaggeration]; and there is nothing magnificent even in the palace of the emperor.” One of the few notable exceptions to this remark is the celebrated Porcelain Pagoda at Nanking, which Du Halde thought “the most solid, remarkable, and magnificent structure in the eastern world.” For this want of beauty in their buildings, some excuse may be found in the circumstance that the law does not permit them to deviate from the established rules, and that any Mandarin who should venture to indulge an architectural fancy of his own would quickly draw down upon himself the vengeance of the Board of Rites; but “when there’s a will there’s a way,” and had the general taste ever advanced beyond the tent-shaped domiciles of their early ancestors, the administration of the law would hardly have proved an insurmountable barrier to improvement.

However flattering to the Chinese some of the preceding statements may be, it will be seen, on the whole, that they by no means hold a high place in regard to might of intellect. The discoverers of many important facts, and inventors of many useful arts, they yet seem as if they had stumbled upon them by chance, and were unable to appreciate their value; and the highly civilised race who, ages ago, were familiar with astronomy and printing, gunpowder and the magnetic needle, are now incomparably surpassed in their use by nations comparatively of yesterday. “Their mechanical contrivances,” says Mr. Wade, “remain but as monuments of an originality which seems to have exhausted itself by its earlier efforts. They appear never to have investigated the principles of the discoveries by which the requirements of their agriculture, architecture, or navigation, were first satisfied. The means which their genius suggested to meet their immediate wants they adopted,

and, without the aid of theory, perfected—in some instances, to a degree not surpassed, if attained, by the most scientific of nations; but errors and defects were left untouched; no spirit of inquiry quickened the dormant powers of their reason, and the lack of habit of reflection prevented their pushing their invention beyond a certain necessary point.” There is something stunted or microscopic in the intellect of the Chinese, which leads them to magnify trifles, yet to be blind when great facts stare them in the face,—to keep the steam-engine a toy and gunpowder a plaything, yet to spend an infinity of skill and patience upon the manufacture of one of their ivory “puzzles.” Excellent in imitation, and well adapted for details,—they are yet deficient in that highest quality of genius, which grasps a subject at once in all its bearings—which reasons outwards and upwards from the centre-object of contemplation, and which discerns in its latent powers and the uses to which they may be applied,—which sees in the vapour of a kettle the embryo of the mighty steam-engine, and in the fall of an apple the gravitating force that sustains the universe.

There cannot be a doubt, however, that the Chinese character has never yet had fair play. It has never had such advantages as those enjoyed by the nations of Europe, or indeed by every civilised community of modern times. We will not speak of the over-population, and consequent ceaseless and absorbing struggle for the necessities of life, which ever tends to act injuriously upon the moral and intellectual qualities of the majority of the people,—by extinguishing all high aspirations, and bending down the soul in slavery to the wants of the moment; for that over-population is not peculiar to China, and has, moreover, the attendant, though hardly compensating benefit of sharpening the national wits, and placing a large supply of cheap labour at the disposal of capital. We would rather point out the following peculiarity which affects this people alone of the nations of the earth, and which must ever be kept in mind by those who would correctly appreciate China’s place in universal history.

The Chinese empire belongs to the ancient—indeed, we ought to say to the primitive, world. It has long survived the empires of Egypt and Assyria, and the kingdoms of ancient India,—yet it is with these States alone that the isolated civilisation of China can fairly be compared. Like them, China has reared a civilisation for herself, without any help from without. Throughout her unparalleled existence of more than forty centuries, she has been a world to herself. No influx of new ideas, no inspection of other civilisation than her own has been granted to her. She has grown up like a Crusoe and his children and grandchildren upon a solitary island,—forced ever to compare themselves by themselves, and never enjoying the rare privilege, and help to improvement, to “see ourselves as others see us.” We Europeans of the present day—in this age of “running to and fro upon the earth”—are privileged to behold the endless variety of life, manners, and institutions with which the world is stored—to judge of them by their several effects as revealed in the pages of history, and to draw from them their moral; thus benefiting by the experience of a whole world, and perfecting ourselves upon the model of the best of our race. Moreover, the blood of a dozen different tribes of mankind runs in our veins (as was the case on a smaller scale in ancient Greece), producing a richly-blended nature, excelling in all departments, whether of thought or action—producing now a Shakespeare and now a Napoleon, now a Hildebrand and now a Howard, now a Richard Cœur-de-Lion and now a Peter the Hermit, now a Luther and now a Mozart, now Cromwell and now a Robespierre, now a Scott, a Watt, a Burns, a Dickens, a Kean, or a Grimaldi. China, on the contrary, presents but one phase of human nature,—but to that phase it has done marvellous justice. Good sense is its only idol—practical usefulness its prime test; but we have yet to learn that the former of these qualities has ever been more wisely or so perseveringly worshipped, or the latter been so unflinchingly and universally applied.

An attentive observation seems to indicate that this most ancient of empires, for so long stationary in power and intellect, has of late been in many respects retrograding. “The arts once peculiarly their own,” says Mr. Wade, “have declined;—neither their silks nor their porcelain, in their own estimation, equal in quality those of former years.” And Mr. Fortune arrives at a similar conclusion from the signs of decay which he met with in his wanderings. “There can be no doubt,” he says, “that the Chinese empire arrived at its highest state of perfection many years ago, and since then it has been rather retrograding than advancing. Many of the northern cities, evidently once in the most flourishing condition, are now in a state of decay, or in ruins; the pagodas which crown the distant hills are crumbling to pieces, and apparently are seldom repaired; the spacious temples are no longer as they used to be in former days; even the celebrated temples on Poo-to-San (an island near Chusan), to which, as to Jerusalem of old the natives came flocking to worship, show all the signs of having seen better days. And from this I conclude that the Chinese, as a nation, are retrograding.” Were this falling off only visible in the case of the temples, it might be wholly accounted for by the increasing apathy or scepticism of the people in regard to their religion; but, in truth, the signs of decay extend into almost every department of the State. And, writing immediately before the present rebellion broke out, Mr. Wade says, “With a fair seeming of immunity from invasion, sedition, or revolt, leave is taken to consider this vast empire as surely, though slowly, decaying. It has, in many respects, retrograded since the commencement of the present dynasty, and in none that we are aware of has it made any sensible progress.”

It would be a great error, however, to suppose that this vast empire is now stooping irretrievably to a fall. The whole tenor of its past history forbids the supposition. Again and again has it reformed itself;—again and again has it passed through the purifying furnace of suffering and convulsion, and re-emerged firm as before. Its periodic convulsions are

the healthy efforts of nature to throw off the corruptions which ease engenders in the system; and however much temporary suffering may attend the present, like every other of its score of preceding revolutions, the resultant good will ultimately atone for all. China will never fall. Its homogeneity, and the unconquerable vastness of its population, endow it with an earthly immortality. We have said that it lacks the variety of Europe; but in that variety, be it noted, there lurks political weakness, as much as intellectual strength. Every unit of Chinese society is homogeneous. The whole population are *one*,—in blood, sentiments, and language;—and hence it contains none of those discordant elements, those unwillingly-yoked parts, which proved the destruction of the old “universal empires,” and which are destined ere long to annihilate the present territorial system of Europe. China, in fact, has ever been, and is, what European Germany and Slavonia, and every other great State of the future will be—a *Race-Empire*;—and therefore indestructible. The Monguls may reign in it for eighty years, or the Mantchoos for two hundred,—and even then only by adopting the political and social institutions of the natives. But as time runs on, the wheel ever turns; one after another the foreign hosts are chased from the land, and a native dynasty is destined still to wield the sceptre of the Flowery Land.

But we must say more than this in regard to the fortunes of China. What it has hitherto wanted is, *new ideas*,—and now it is about to get them. In old times, nations could hardly inoculate their neighbours with their ideas save by conquest, and new mental life was only produced after a temporary death of liberty. It is otherwise nowadays, and China is likely to benefit by the change. As long as she was feeble, and as long as the sword was the only civiliser, Providence kept her shut in from the prowess of the restless Western nations. But now that her people have grown like the sands

on the sea-shore for multitude, and that steam has become the peaceful “locomotive of principles,” China is opened. Often as she has reformed herself before, the present is her true second-birth. She will now obtain those new ideas of which she has hitherto been starved, and will enter into ever-memorable union with the rest of the civilised world. The energy and science of the Anglo-Saxons will penetrate the empire, and the Chinese will not be slow to avail themselves of the new lights. Aversion to change, when such change is recommended by manifest utility, is not an original element of the Chinese character,—as we learn on the authority of Jesuit writers two centuries ago, before the advent to power of the Tartars, and their jealous exclusion of foreigners. And then, what country in the world can compare with China as a field for the triumphs of mechanical enterprise! Its vast rivers and canals present unrivalled scope for steam navigation; and its wide plains and valleys offer matchless facilities for railways. And then all this amidst the densest and perhaps busiest population in the world. The amount of internal travelling in China is such, that we are assured by those who have penetrated into the interior, that there are continuous streams of travellers, on horse, on foot, and on litters, as well as long lines of merchandise, from Canton to the Great Wall, and over distances of fifteen hundred miles;—in many parts so crowded as to impede one another, and even in the mountain-passes so numerous as to leave no traveller out of sight of others before or behind. In what other country of the world are such phenomena to be met with? And though it were vain to enter upon the tempting field for speculation which these few facts—and they could be multiplied indefinitely—present to us; yet we need have no hesitation to predict a striking future for the Chinese race, and one which will benefit the world at large, perhaps not less than themselves.

RELEASE.

I.

AWAY!—No more, the sport of scorn,
My vassal love shall serve the Past.
The bonded athlete, blind and shorn,
Hath pull'd the darkness down at last!

II.

The gilded wire he once would spurn]
The bird shall seek; the slave, once free,
To keep the bonds he burst shall turn;
Ere I return, weak heart, to thee.

III.

I gave thee up my life in thrall.
God wot, it was no silken thread!
Thy pride would make the gyves to gall;
And it has made them break instead.

IV.

Thy smiles might make me smile again:
Thy frowns in me no frown can move:
Thine art is less than my disdain:
Thy scorn is weak, as was my love.

V.

Out of the long lethargic trance
Of tears I wake with sudden strength.
My heart is cold beneath thy glance:
And pain hath grown to power at length.]

VI.

The suns *must* shine: the months *will* bring
Fresh flowers. New heat my fancy warms.
Young hopes cry out, like birds that sing
Against the wake of thunderstorms.

VII.

A light through tears! new forms, new powers
Arise: new life my spirit fills;
As down dark skirts of drifting showers
The wild light reels among the hilla.

VIII.

Where leaves are sear new buds may start;
Spring flowers may blow from winter frost:
But never to the selfish heart
Returns the empire pride hath lost.

IX.

There's but a moment 'twixt the Past
And all the Future. Now I see
That mystic moment's o'er at last;
And I am far away from thee.

TOO LATE.

I.

And we have met, O love, at last!
 Thy cheek is wan with wild regret,
 The bloom of life is half-way past;
 But we have met!—yes, we have met!

II.

My heart was wak'd beneath thy kiss
 From dreams which seem to haunt it yet:
 But I am I—thou, thou—and this
 Is waking truth—and we have met!

III.

Ah, though 'tis late, there may remain
 Before the grave—oh yet, even yet—
 Some quiet hours; and, free from pain,
 Some happy days, now we have met.

IV.

Thine arms! thine arms!—one long embrace!
 Ah, what is this? thine eyes are wet—
 Thy hand—it waves me from the place—
 Ah fool!—O love, too late we met!

V.

Couldst thou not wait?—what hast thou done?
 Another's rights are sharply set
 'Twixt thee and me. I come—mine own
 Receives me not. In vain we met.

VI.

Farewell! be happy. I forgive.
 Yet what remains for both? Forget
 That we did ever meet; and live
 As tho' our meeting were not yet.

VII.

But later. We shall meet once more,
 When eyes grown dim with care and fret
 No longer weep; when life is o'er,
 And earth and heaven in God are met.

TREVOR.

THE PROGRESS AND POLICY OF RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

It is one of the happiest peculiarities in the construction of the human mind, that it acquires knowledge so gradually, that it cannot realise the extent of that ignorance by which it was once clouded; and forms its opinions so imperceptibly, that no precise period can be attached to their origin. It is just a year since Prince Menschikoff visited Constantinople upon a mission which subsequent events have proved to have been fraught with the most portentous consequences to Europe. If it were possible now to convey to the public any adequate notion of the lamentable want of information which then prevailed upon all matters connected with the Eastern question, people would be inclined indignantly to deny its accuracy, if they did not go so far as to maintain stoutly that they had always penetrated into the true character of the policy of Russia, and anticipated her schemes of aggression; and, certainly, considering the prominence which this topic has acquired, it is not to be wondered at if familiarity with it should lead us into so natural an error. Nobody now doubts that the occupation of the Principalities formed part of that system of territorial aggrandisement which is the very essence of Russian policy, and which has not the less been successfully at work, because its operations have hitherto been so silently conducted as not to excite the alarm of the great powers of Europe.

The results of that policy were always apparent, no less in the history than on the map of Europe; and if they have only been forced upon our attention by events which have recently occurred, it has not been because the facts themselves were wanting which should have taught us what to expect, and have prepared us to meet that contingency which was inevitable; but unfortunately, even now, our inquiries and our discoveries end here, we are content with recognising the leading principle of Muscovite diplomacy without looking more narrow-

ly into its workings, and thus acquiring the very knowledge and experience best adapted to enable us to cope successfully with the wily and ambitious power which is now defying Europe. For it is a fair inference, that if success has uniformly attended the aggressive schemes of Russia, nothing else than a departure from her established policy could lead to a different result; and therefore it is interesting to investigate the system of frontier extension which she has hitherto pursued, so that, if it has been altered, we may not only be able to account for so important a change, but to show how it may be taken advantage of by the powers opposed to her in the present struggle.

Peter the Great devised a scheme of territorial annexation, which during his own splendid career he practised with the greatest success upon neighbouring countries, which he bequeathed to his successors, and which a very slight knowledge of Russian history will enable us to recognise as the formula since adhered to by the successive occupants of the Muscovite throne. In an able pamphlet recently published, upon the *Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East*, the process is thus described: "It invariably begins with disorganisation, by means of corruption and secret agency, pushed to the extent of disorder and civil contention. Next in order comes military occupation to restore tranquillity; and in every instance the result has been, PROTECTION FOLLOWED BY INCORPORATION." This process, however we hope to illustrate in a more detailed account of some of the acquisitions of the last century; but first it will be interesting to observe why the system of Peter the Great was the only one calculated to attain the object for which it was designed. That object was to extend the frontier of the empire in every direction, and to continue to do so to an unlimited amount. There was no single espe-

cially-coveted province, which, once gained, was sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the Czars. It was a never-ending process, and one which depended for its successful working entirely upon a strict adherence to the formula; for it is evident, that in proportion as the frontier became extended did the difficulty of guarding it increase, and that caution upon which the whole policy was built became more necessary with every new outpost which was established, in order that the jealousy of neighbouring States might not be awakened, or the tranquillity of the newly-acquired provinces disturbed. Where an influence so destructive to independence, and so blighting to prosperity was at work, it could not steal over the doomed country too imperceptibly; and, therefore, not until this latter had become sufficiently enervated was the disguise under which it had been acquired thrown aside, and the protecting hand of the friend was now recognised to be the iron grasp of an insatiable giant.

Hence it is no longer a matter of surprise if we find that, from Norway to China, the Russian frontier is composed entirely of provinces which have been added to the empire since the accession of Peter the Great. But with the principles of annexation which he inculcated, there were also rules laid down for the guidance of his successors in the administration of new territory; and the success which has attended every scheme of aggression, only renders a strict adherence to these maxims the more indispensable, since the empire is now encircled with a belt of disaffected provinces five thousand miles in length, and varying in breadth from three hundred to one thousand miles — a barrier not to be depended upon, and formed of very combustible materials; indeed, in time of war, a source of weakness rather than of strength, and from which much is to be apprehended. It is easy, then, to see why war formed no part of the policy of the Great Peter. He did not recommend coming Czars to surround themselves with gunpowder and then to thrust in the match, but rather by a slow process to decompose and absorb the combustible particles — and this in

many provinces has almost been effected. It is a work of time, which requires both external and internal tranquillity, and to engage in a general war is to undo all that has been going on during some of the quieter years of the last century. Energies which a long course of oppression have now almost crushed, will again develop themselves; and when the work of retribution once begins, there will be a heavy reckoning to be paid.

In all his diplomatic relations hitherto, the Emperor Nicholas has proved himself a worthy disciple of his great ancestor. He has never made a treaty without obtaining fresh territory, or acquiring the exercise of rights over new provinces which have ever proved the inevitable precursors of annexation. Recent attempts at negotiation, indeed, have not terminated in conformity with the uniform policy of the Czars; and we may venture to predict that the history of Russia affords no precedent for any such treaty as that which will probably be made at the termination of the hostilities now impending — and yet the Emperor has nothing to reproach himself with. Everything combined to lead him to suppose that the time had arrived to justify him in entering upon another step of the annexing process in the direction of Turkey. There had been comparatively little difficulty in appropriating Turkish provinces hitherto, and he is going through the customary formalities when his proceedings are most unexpectedly nipped in the bud, by what he had, no doubt, heretofore supposed to be an impossible combination of powers in the West. If the contingency of a war with Europe has never been anticipated by Russian autocrats as an impediment in the way of their aggressive designs, it is simply because the possibility of Europe combined against Russia has never been contemplated. If England and France were not now united to resist Russia, a treaty with Turkey might soon be expected upon conditions no less favourable than that of Adrianople. But, to the dismay and astonishment of the Emperor, the time for making the treaty has arrived, and he finds that it is literally hopeless to attempt to drive a profitable bargain. He has been call-

ed upon to choose between unconditional surrender of the countries he has occupied and unmitigated war. How, then, is he prepared to meet this contingency so suddenly forced upon him, how is his position affected by an emergency which has never been provided for, and how are the allied powers best able to profit by it? It is apparent, that if the power of Russia for defence or for attack depended only upon the extent of her resources, it would be enormous. Fortunately, however, the vital question is, not how vast, but how available those resources are—whether their development has been increased with the limits of the empire, or impeded by the acquisition of those extensive territories, the recent subjugation of which, to the rule of the Czar, must exercise an important influence upon the destinies of Russia in a crisis like the present?

In order thoroughly to appreciate these considerations, it would be necessary to dissect the whole extended frontier of the empire, and consider generally:—The political combinations which have in every case led to the annexation of each individual province—the advantage secured to Russia by such annexation—the present internal condition of the conquered province—the reasons which render any further extension of the frontier line in the same direction undesirable—and also to what country in Europe these reasons are more especially applicable—finally, with reference to the war now impending, the comparative strength or weakness of the advanced posts, and their general merits as points of attack. In making this survey the most eastern limit to which Russian influence extends forms the natural starting-point, and, as we explore the sands of Tartary, we shall soon discover that they possess at least far higher claims upon the notice of the British public than the snows of Lapland. At the same time, the information which we possess upon this remote quarter of the globe is so meagre as to render any very full account of the Kirghiz Steppes and their inhabitants impossible—and the historical records are so uncertain as to make it somewhat difficult to follow every step of the process by which Russia gradually exerted her influence over

those nomadic hordes who wander between China and the Caspian, between Siberia and Khiva. Nor would there be much use in pursuing the inquiry, did it not derive its interest from the extreme anxiety Russia has manifested for a century past to advance and consolidate her power in this direction—incurring vast expense and sparing no efforts to carry out the apparently insane project of subduing two millions of the most impracticable savages that ever defied civilization, and annexing a more uninhabitable series of deserts than are to be found in the whole continent of Asia. It is not to be wondered at, if an attempt so long and earnestly persisted in, and apparently so little in accordance with the sagacity which usually characterizes Muscovite diplomacy, should attract attention, more especially since the motives ostensibly assigned by Russia are by no means sufficient to account for her course of procedure. The necessity of protecting and encouraging her Eastern trade has been put very prominently forward as the principal ground of interference with independent barbarians; and, in so far as her commercial intercourse with Khiva and Boukhara are likely to promote her ulterior designs, this is doubtless the case. The trade of the East once passed through the Caucasian provinces; but when those provinces fell into the hands of Russia, it was diverted into another channel by the establishment of a restrictive system which proved that the encouragement of commerce was merely the pretext used to acquire a territory, the prosperity of which was a matter of indifference to the government. Had the same energies been expended in the formation of roads, or the construction of canals throughout the empire, which have been devoted to the protection of trade on the Kirghiz Steppes, the best interests of commerce would have been immeasurably further advanced; and therefore, so far as they are concerned, we are fairly entitled to assume that they did not furnish the real motives for any such expenditure. Perhaps a more plausible excuse is to be found in the annual captures by the Kirghiz of Russians who were sold to the Khivans for slaves. But the number

of these was very trifling, and the sums spent in a year, for political purposes, would have sufficed to repurchase ten times over those who were thus unfortunately kidnapped.

We have had, indeed, sufficient experience of the intrigues of Russia in the East, to enable us to perceive at once that the object which she has in view in subjugating Tartary is none other than that which she betrayed in her secret intercourse with Persia; and, in the present state of our political relations with the Russian empire, it is important to inquire how far her designs in the East have been attended with success, in order that we may be able to appreciate at their proper value those rumors respecting the advance of her armies in this direction, which find a ready circulation among those whom ignorance disposes to credulity, and an exaggerated estimate of the power and resources of our enemy excites to alarm. Thus we have had it regularly communicated to us as a fact for the last six months from India, that a Russian army is at Oorjunge, two marches distant from Khiva, with an occasional intimation received from good authority, that it is prepared to invade India, reinforced by levies of indomitable cavalry, supposed to have been raised upon the Steppes of Tartary. Alluding to such reports as these, the *Journal de St. Petersburg* inquires naturally enough whether the *Times* and its contemporaries have correspondents in the little states of Upper Asia, and records with much amusement some of the most glaring inconsistencies which have been gravely listened to, and credited by the British public. Thus, although Russia was said to have formed a quadruple alliance with the Khans of Khiva and Boukhara, and Dost Mahomed, it was nevertheless necessary to seize the town of Khiva, which succumbed after an energetic resistance of thirty-two days—certainly a most improbable mode this of cementing the alliance. At the same time, it is due to another portion of the home community to give them the benefit of holding views of a very different character. They utterly ignore the influence of Russia in the East—treat her possible advance in that direction as a chimera—and

the power which she has already acquired as a bugbear from which nothing is to be apprehended. The fact that views so diametrically opposed to one another are very generally entertained in this country, induces us to hope that any information we may be able to afford upon a subject which has hitherto been scarcely investigated, may prove both useful and interesting.

Among the vast and varied schemes formed by Peter the Great, for increasing his dominions and his influence in the East, he early conceived the design of opening up a trade with those nations to which, of all European powers, Russia was the most contiguous, and whose riches at that period found their outlet by different overland routes to the great markets of the West. In 1717, he sent a mission to the Khan of Khiva, under Prince Bekevitch, to negotiate a commercial treaty. The attempt, however, proved abortive, and Prince Bekevitch and his whole troop were assassinated. This catastrophe served its purpose, in so far as it proved that the really effective way of attaining the desired end would ultimately be by coercion, rather than by alliance. But as the vast tract of intervening country was inhabited by wandering tribes of savages, their subjugation was involved in any scheme of extended conquest. The motives which stimulated and encouraged Russia in the accomplishment of this primary object, have increased in proportion as the possessions and influence of Great Britain in India have been extended, and that trade monopolised by the enterprise and capital of this country, which Peter the Great had destined to flow, in a very different direction. The task, however, has proved one which for a century has demanded the exercise of a more than usual share of Muscovite cunning and perseverance; nor has it yet been perfectly completed as to render the conquest of Khiva a matter of certain practicability. It fortunately does not fall within our limits to enter into any dissertation upon the origin of the Kirghiz Cuzzacks, or to attempt to chronicle the early history of these tribes, which is as vague and uncertain as records of barbarism usually are. It appears that the country now inhabited by

the Kirghiz Cuzzacks, was formerly occupied by the Black Kirghiz or Bouroutes, nomades who attained to some degree of civilisation by reason of the commercial relations which they maintained with the Arabs, Boukharians, and above all, with the Khazars, who, inhabiting the Steppes of Southern Russia, kept up a constant intercourse with Constantinople. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the Bouroutes were compelled finally to emigrate to the neighbourhood of Kashgar, thus relieving the southern provinces of Siberia from the presence of a tribe whose warlike and predatory habits had proved a constant source of annoyance and irritation. The tranquillity of these provinces, however, was of short duration. The Kirghiz Cuzzacks, who now extended their wanderings to the borders of Siberia, claimed to be of Turkish origin, and had formed a portion of the subjects of the celebrated Gengiz Khan. They were originally called Cuzzacks, and the prenomem of Kirghiz was merely used as a distinctive appellation. Spreading over the Steppes of Tartary, they made frequent inroads upon the Russian territory, and in 1717 penetrated as far as Kazan. Surrounded, however, by tribes of Bashkirs, Calmucks, Zungars, and Nogais, the Kirghiz were continually attacking or being attacked, while their division into three hordes, the reason of which has never been fully accounted for, did not increase their warlike capabilities. Thus it happened that the great horde was completely subjugated by the powerful tribe of the Zungars, whose territory extended to the Chinese frontier; and it soon after became apparent that the middle and little hordes could not much longer continue to make a successful stand against the western tribes. In this emergency, Aboulkhair, the most celebrated of Kirghiz Khans, perceived the advantage of obtaining the protection of Russia. As, however, both hordes were excessively averse to any such proposal, the negotiations were carried on with great tact and secrecy by Tevkelef, a Russian agent, who guaranteed to Aboulkhair the assistance of Russia, in order to enable him to carry his designs into execution. This, however,

did not become necessary; the consent of the Kirghiz was ultimately obtained, partly through the persuasive eloquence of Tevkelef, and partly by the influence of Aboulkhair; and in 1734, the middle and little hordes were formally enrolled as subjects of the Empress Ann.

The submission thus obtained was not of any very permanent character, and Kirilof was sent with a small body of troops into the Kirghiz Steppes to take measures, which should insure the permanent subjection of these tribes. His instructions afford us the first glimpse of the ulterior designs of Russia, and the means proposed for their execution. Kirilof was commanded at once to build a town and fort at the embouchure of the Ori; to assemble the Khans and ancients of the two hordes, and obtain from them, in the presence of their subjects, the oath of allegiance, and having succeeded in this, he was to preserve the obedience of the Kirghiz by gentleness or by force, by presents or by menaces, according to circumstances. The Ural was to be considered the boundary of the empire, and the newly-acquired subjects were strictly prohibited from crossing it. A caravan was to be despatched across the Steppes to Boukhara, with the least possible delay, and every effort was to be used in order to attract merchandise from every part of Asia. Kirilof was himself to examine the annexed country, in the hope of discovering mines. A port was to be established upon the Sea of Aral, and ships built upon the Ural, and kept ready to be transported thither as soon as the town should be built, and such terms made with the Kirghiz as would facilitate their conveyance, and that of the artillery with which they were to be provided.

Among his diplomatic instructions Kirilof was told to avail himself of the animosity which existed between the Kirghiz and Bashkirs, to restrain it as much as possible so long as they continued subservient to the designs of Russia; but, in case of disaffection being exhibited on either side, he was to excite their mutual jealousies and thus save the expenditure of Russian troops. The exportation of ammunition was strictly prohibited,

nor was Aboulkhair to be supplied with pecuniary assistance to carry on war with the Khivans, or to be encouraged in it. It was considered peculiarly desirable that as much information as possible should be acquired relative to the more distant frontier tribes, and more particularly the Zungars, who possessed Turkistan, and who ranked amongst the most powerful of these. Kirilof, however, had scarcely commenced to carry out these instructions, and had just founded the town of Orenburgh, which has since risen to a position of such importance as the emporium of the Eastern trade of Russia, when he died. Thus had it been reserved for the Empress Ann to take the first step towards accomplishing what Peter the Great had meditated, and was about to attempt after the Swedish war when death terminated his career.

It was not long after Kirilof's death before a revolt among the Bashkirs and Calmucks rendered it necessary for his successor to stimulate Aboulkhair to attack the rebellious tribes. Indeed the subjects of the Khan, unaccustomed to so much tranquillity, desired nothing better than to be let loose upon their old foes, and entered upon the war with such good will that they not only speedily succeeded in suppressing the rebellion, but created some anxiety to Russia lest a portion of her subjects might be altogether extirpated, and the counter-irritation, which she desired to preserve to keep Aboulkhair in check, destroyed; for it was evidently essential to the success of the system that no one tribe should acquire such a preponderance over the others as no longer to dread them, or require the protection of Russia. The ambition of Aboulkhair, however, was sufficiently restrained by the fear of endangering the life of his son, who was restrained at St. Petersburg as a hostage. Indeed, without these pledges of the good faith of the border tribes, there was no means of insuring their submission longer than it was consistent with their own convenience; and throughout the later history of the Kirghiz, we find them continually intriguing for assistance with their powerful neighbours, sending hostages to Pekin

as often as to St. Petersburg, and endeavouring so to bring to bear the influence of their protectors as to secure their own ends, without permanently compromising their independence. Thus the allegiance of the Kirghiz to Russia was in a great degree nominal, and was resumed and cast off at pleasure. The advantages, however, which Russia derived from her uncertain dominion over her inconstant neighbours, and the hopes she entertained of rendering it permanent, were so great as to make it expedient to deal leniently with such troublesome conduct; and she soon learnt to discern how far she might extort obedience and make her will felt, without driving those whom she desired to rule to seek some less exacting protector.

Thus it will appear that the governor of Orenburgh was in a good school for diplomatic training, and after a successful administration here, was competent to officiate as minister at any capital in Europe. To know how best to profit by the distresses of his neighbours was the sum and substance of his policy, and just in proportion as they were desirous of propitiating Russia, did Russia refuse to be easily propitiated. So it happened that, after the plunder and massacre of the Calmucks and Bashkirs, Aboulkhair humbly sued for pardon,—for a new bugbear had risen in the person of the warlike Galdane Tsyerne, Khan of the Zungars, who held hostages both from the great and middle hordes; and the governor of Orenburgh, of course, pretended to hesitate before receiving the renewed allegiance of the little horde. This conjuncture of circumstances was deemed favourable to the project of a town on the Sea of Aral, which, at Aboulkhair's request, was to be built at the month of the Syr (Jaxartes), and an engineer officer was despatched to carry it into execution: the difficulties in the way, however, proved insurmountable, and the scheme fell to the ground. An attempt to carry out another article of Kirilof's instructions was equally unfortunate, and the first caravan ever despatched from Orenburgh to Boukhara was plundered on the steppes. Shortly after this Aboulkhair, who, profiting by the protection of Russia, if not by her assis-

tance, had possessed himself of Khiva, was driven out of that country by the formidable Nadir Shah. From this period his power gradually declined, and he was assassinated not long after the death of his enemy, the Khan of the Nungars. Russia obtained the election of Nourali, his son, as his successor, and offered him the use of a thousand men for fifteen days to erect a tomb to his father, on the condition that it should be four days' march on the direct road to Khiva, and that a town should be built near it. Engineering and every other assistance was afforded, in the hope that fixed habitations might be established at least at one spot upon the steppes; but the suspicions of the Kirghiz were roused, and they positively refused to permit the attempt, reminding the engineer officer, who endeavoured to overcome their objections, of the conquest of Astrakhan and Kasan, and assuring him that if those nomades had not fixed themselves where they did, their descendants would have been free still. Nourali had not long held the dignity of Khan before he offered to retake Khiva if Russia would furnish him with 10,000 men, and the necessary artillery. This was declined, as it was apparent that the conquest of Khiva by tribes who wished to strengthen themselves against the authority of Russia, would only retard her own views of conquest in the same direction, which could never be accomplished until the Kirghiz themselves were thoroughly reduced to subjection. One of the most striking illustrations of the method by which Russia hoped to arrive at so desirable a consummation, is afforded by an act of singular perfidy, of which Neplouieff, then governor of Orenburgh, was the perpetrator. The Bashkirs who inhabited what is now the province of Orenburgh, although they had been subject to Russia ever since the reign of Ivan Groznoi, had always been most insubordinate. In 1755 they originated a revolt in which the Kazan Tartars took part. It soon spread so widely as to cause the government much alarm, since the possibility of a junction being formed with the Kirghiz to the south rendered the position of the Russian line extremely critical. Neplouieff, how-

ever, who was a man of resource, devised a notable plan for extricating himself from his dangerous situation. Raising an army, chiefly composed of Don Cossacks and Calmucks, he succeeded in intimidating the insurgents, and, by promising pardon to those who would submit, he for the time put down the rebellion; those who did not trust his offer sought refuge with the Kirghiz. Fearing that the lull was merely temporary, Neplouieff perceived that the only real safety lay in sowing the seeds of irreconcilable enmity between the Bashkirs and Kirghiz. He determined, therefore, to deliver into the hands of the latter the wives and children of those of the Bashkirs who had trusted in his offers of pardon; upon two conditions—first, that the Kirghiz should come into the province of Orenburgh, and forcibly carry off their prizes; secondly, that they should give up the Bashkir refugees to the Russian government. He communicated this happy thought to St. Petersburg, where it met with the royal approval, and an intimation was received by the Kirghiz, to the effect that the Empress in her bounty had made them a present of the wives and children of the Bashkirs. The voluptuous Kirghiz rushed to the spoil. Their unfortunate victims, confiding in the promise of Neplouieff, were taken by surprise; and although they fought well for everything that was most dear to them, those of the men who did not escape were brutally massacred, and the Kirghiz returned triumphantly laden with their living booty. The Bashkirs no sooner came back to their homes than they vowed vengeance, and applied to the Russian government to be allowed to cross the border to obtain satisfaction for such deep injuries. Neplouieff publicly proclaimed that the Empress could not permit so bloodthirsty a proceeding; and when he had thereby thrown the Kirghiz off their guard, he gave secret orders to the commanders of the garrisons on the line, not to stop the transit of armed Bashkirs. When these latter learnt that the way to the Kirghiz steppes was thus open to them, large bands poured across the frontier line, pounced upon the unsuspecting Kirghiz—who, trusting in

the promised protection of Russia, were enjoying the possession of their prizes in fancied security—returned with interest the pillage and massacre their own tribe had suffered, and, regaining most of those whom they had supposed lost for ever, conveyed them in safety to their own homes. Nourali complained bitterly of so flagrant a breach of good faith. Neplouieff answered that the Kirghiz had not given up all the Bashkir refugees according to agreement; that the bargain was therefore at an end; and that he might shortly expect another inroad of Bashkirs. The Kirghiz prepared for their reception, and the two tribes continued mutually to slaughter one another, until Neplouieff, judging that they were so much weakened as no longer to be formidable separately, and hated each other too cordially ever to be united, prohibited the Bashkirs from crossing the frontier, and thus put a stop to the war. About this period the empire of the Nungars was overturned by the Chinese, and the Kirghiz grand horde delivered from their conquerors. They increased and spread rapidly under a powerful and enterprising Khan, vanquishing the Calmucks on the east, and extending their incursions to Tashkend. One of the most remarkable events, however, in the history of these steppes, was the Calmuck emigration from the shores of the Volga to join their brethren on the frontiers of China who had at the same time been freed from the yoke of the Zungars. This migration has been ascribed to various causes. Whatever may have originated it, the Russian government exerted all its energies to overtake the fugitives. The cupidity of all the tribes of Central Asia was roused to check the advance of more than twenty-eight thousand tents of Calmucks, who with their flocks and families, performed this wonderful journey; and, in spite of the most incredible natural obstacles, encountered, with more or less success, the attacks of the three hordes of Kirghiz, fairly diatancing a Russian army that was sent in pursuit from the lines of Orenburgh. The Black Kirghiz or Bouroutes, however, made such terrible havoc among these unfortunate adventurers, that they lost

about half their number before arriving at their destination.

During the reign of the Empress Catharine, the relations of Russia with the Kirghiz tended more than ever to two results which it had mainly in view: the first was to establish fixed habitations in the two hordes; the second, to secure the inviolability of caravans. The forts of Troisk and Semipalatinsk were built as trading stations, and a town was projected upon the banks of the Emba nearly one-third of the way to Khiva. This, however, was not then carried out. Indeed, notwithstanding the efforts made to tame and civilise the Kirghiz, they ever proved most pertinacious barbarians. The mosques built here and there for their use upon the steppe were allowed to fall into decay; and although caravans were no longer so invariably plundered as formerly, the attempt to erect caravanserais on the road to Khiva for their accommodation failed signally. Agriculturists were sent to their encampments from Russia; but the art of cultivation has scarcely improved to this day, nor has the extent of cultivated ground increased. Nourali, in spite of many protestations of loyalty, was always most insubordinate, and, as alleged by Russia, he encouraged his tribe in the capture of Russian slaves for the Khivan market, so as ultimately to incur the vengeance of the government, and render an expedition to the sources of the Emba necessary to recover the captives. These, however, had been transferred to Khiva before the arrival of the Russian troops, who compensated themselves for their trouble and disappointment by retaliating on their enemies after their own fashion, and capturing two hundred and thirteen Kirghiz, women and children.

Not long afterwards, the power of Nourali was much shaken by the growing popularity of an adventurer named Syrym, whose terrible and successful inroads into Russia soon procured him the support of the greater portion of the tribe. The policy of Russia on this occasion is worthy of notice. Perceiving that the ability of the usurper would render him a formidable neighbour, she offered to withdraw her protection from Nourali, and

place him at the head of the tribe under another title than that of Khan. Syrym seized the opportunity thus presented of getting rid of his rival. Nourali was for no ostensible reason deposed, a new constitution formed, and Syrym was placed as representative of the assembly of the Kirghiz little horde. The middle horde had sometime previous to this increased in importance under an enterprising chief, who consolidated his power so successfully, by maintaining relations with China, that he was enabled to throw off the Muscovite yoke. Meantime Catharine directed her attention more exclusively than ever to the internal organisation of the little horde. She constituted tribunals in three of the tribes, the heads of which were salaried by Russia; presents of land were made to those of the Kirghiz who would establish themselves in the empire, and permission was given them to settle wherever they pleased within the frontier; in consequence of which forty-five thousand tents wintered in Russia the same year. Syrym, however, proved faithless. He was discovered to be tampering with the Turka, who were then at war with Russia, and finally threw off his allegiance. The Empress had now gained a sort of prescriptive right to the election of the chief of the horde; her influence assumed a permanent character, and she was enabled to enforce the regulations she had imposed. It is adduced as an evidence of the improved state of things, that no less than twenty-two thousand tents, at their own request, established themselves inside the Russian frontier, where they have remained peaceable subjects ever since. The real fact that this emigration was compulsory does not alter the value of the testimony.

During all this while, the grand horde, whose remote position rendered them less amenable to Russia, had not been enjoying independence. It seemed essential to the existence of these wandering tribes that they should be protected by the countries on whose frontiers they occasionally encamped—and the grand horde had been subjects successively of the Khan of Kokan and the Emperor of China. About this time, however, a large

portion of it under the Khan transferred their allegiance to the Empress, who now found her influence extending more rapidly than ever. The middle horde was shortly after compelled to follow the example. This horde had, indeed, enjoyed greater tranquillity and independence than either of the others; it had neither been exposed to such repeated attacks from without, nor suffered, except for short intervals, from the protection of Russia. Now, however, tribunals of justice similar to those in the little horde were constituted; and not long after, it was thought necessary to draw out rules for the internal administration of such of the Kirghiz tribes as were definitely comprised in the category of *Inorodtsi*. The *Inorodtsi* are defined by Russia to be "subjects of Russia, without being Russians, or being confounded with the general population of the empire;—colonists, constituting colonies of their own, with their own regulations. They are half-savage nations, to whom the empire, interested, no doubt, but always benevolent, allows the advantage of its enlightened protection." A few extracts from the regulations drawn up for the government of the Kirghiz, may not be uninteresting, as illustrating the mode in which Russia proposed to exercise over these remote tribes that protectorate which has now become so proverbial as the distinguishing feature of her aggressive policy.

The Kirghiz are divided into *volostes*; these *volostes* into *aouls*. An *aoul* is generally composed of one hundred and seventy tents, and a *voloste* of ten or twelve *aouls*. A division contains fifteen or twenty *volostes*. The people of these divisions may communicate with one another without permission, but the limits are fixed by the officers of the quartermaster's department attached to the superior authority of the line. The divisions are divided into those which border with countries not dependent on Russia—the numbers of which should be as few as possible—and those which abut upon the Russian frontier, which should be as numerous as possible.

The *aouls* are governed by *star-chines* publicly elected every three years. The *volostes* are governed by

sultans; the office of sultan is hereditary. In each division there is a chamber of administration (Prikaz), constituted by a president or starchi-sultan, who is the highest authority in the division, and is elected for three years by the starchines, and receives 1200 rubles annually; two Russian members, who are named by the superior authority of the province, and receive 1000 rubles annually; and two *grandees* who are also elected by the starchines for two years. Should the Prikaz disapprove of the popular election of a starchine, it cannot reject him, but refers the matters to the superior authority. None of the members of the chamber can resign without permission from the same source. The starchi-sultan ranks with a major in the Russian army. If he is twice elected, he is raised to the rank of a nobleman of the empire. The other members rank as Russian employés of the 9th class; the sultans of *volostes* as of the 12th. The starchines and *grandees* rank with mayors of communities. From this it would appear that, though all the members of the government are nominally elected, there is not one of the offices, from the starchi-sultan downwards, that is not under the control of the superior Russian authority of the province. There is another tribunal presided over by the starchi-sultan, the functions of which are to make arrangements for the safety of the people in time of trouble; to watch over the domestic interests of the community, and encourage industry; to allow none to take the law into their own hands, no plundering of caravans; and, after due trial, to punish the offenders with death if necessary. There is a commanda or company of soldiers quartered near the Prikaz to keep the peace and protect caravans, and sentinels must be kept upon the boundaries of each division. Permission may be given to trade, but Chinese merchants found in the divisions are to be sent back to the frontier. Migrations into Russia by Kirghiz are not allowed without permission, and the sultans are personally responsible for the observance of the prescribed rules, and for the public peace and security. Houses for the members and officials connected with the Prikaz are to be built, together with hospitals

in each division, and a barrack for the Cossacks. For the first five years no taxes are levied; and after that the *Issak*, or a contribution of one animal out of every hundred, becomes due—except in the case of camels. Horses must be supplied gratuitously for Cossack regiments; and the line of communication must be maintained between each division and the frontier. Intercourse must be carried on daily between the aoul and the sultan, and the latter is ordered to keep up a weekly communication with the Russian authority by a courier on horseback. The corn trade is to be encouraged, and government granaries instituted; but the importation of corn brandy, or the distillation of it in the divisions, is prohibited. The cultivation of land is to be encouraged in every way. Five or six square *versets* round the Prikaz is the exclusive perquisite of the starchi-sultan; the other members are entitled to different proportions, as well as every domiciled Cossack or agriculturally disposed Kirghiz, provided he steadily perseveres in his new occupation. The land then becomes hereditary. The Russian members and Cossacks are specially enjoined to set the example, and show to the ignorant Kirghiz the use of hedges and ditches. Implements of husbandry, and other assistance, will be supplied by government. Missions and schools are to be established, and the Kirghiz to be permitted to send their children to Russia for their education. The superior Russian authority is commanded to make a tour of the divisions once a-year. Slavery is prohibited. During the introduction of these rules it is to be proclaimed as publicly as possible that the whole middle horde is under the Russian rule, and that faithful subjects on either side of the frontier shall enjoy the same rights. They must also be translated, and those *volostes* who do not submit to them are to be rigorously excluded from contact with those who do. So long, therefore, as the little horde will not conform to these rules, they are to be regarded as strangers. The lines of Siberia and the forts along it are not to be considered as fixed establishments; but the frontier is to be gradually extended as the new regime is propagated and embraces more distant por-

tions of the tribe. The effective movement of the frontier line is only to take place upon the decision of the supreme authority,—when a detailed and circumstantial plan is to be presented, showing a favourable conjuncture of circumstances, and taking into consideration the interests of the frontier posts and local situations. Hence it appears that “the effective movement of the frontier line” into their territory is one of those privileges which Russia, “interested, no doubt, but always benevolent,” allows to the Inorodtsi or frontier nations to whom she accords her protection. The savage character of the Kirghiz, however, has proved their chief protection; for these rules for an improved system of internal organization, so skillfully designed to destroy their nationality, have never been fully carried into effect, and the larger proportion of the Kirghiz have maintained their independence more entirely than the inhabitants of the more civilised countries of the west.

From the account we have already given of the policy of Russia with respect to these hordes, it is plain that, while she professes to encourage and protect their advances towards civilisation, her real object is their total subjugation; and the only possible way of accounting for her efforts to make an acquisition intrinsically so undesirable, is by the fact that it is necessary to her ulterior designs upon Khiva; and therefore it is that our inquiries are more especially directed to that part of the Kirghiz steppe through which a Russian army advancing upon Khiva would be compelled to march. So few travellers have recently visited these remote countries, and the information which we can obtain from Russian sources is so very meagre, and liable to so much suspicion, that it would be impossible here to enter into a detailed or minute analysis of the state of feeling towards Russia which prevails among the tribes of the little horde, or describe the facilities for moving large bodies of troops which Russia may recently have established upon the line of march. We know that ostensibly her influence extends over all the Kirghiz inhabiting the country between the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, and that the boundary line between the

Kirghiz and the Turcomans, in this direction, is merely imaginary, following as nearly as possible the 44th parallel of latitude. On the east of the Sea of Aral the Syr is the limit of Russian influence; and to the south of that, the Oozbegs and Karakalpaks extend to Khiva, forming a portion of the subjects of that government.

There are four routes by which a Russian army could cross the steppes of Tartary to Khiva. That which is best known is identical with the great caravan route from Orenburgh to Boukhara, as far as the south-east corner of the Sea of Aral, where it branches off to Khiva. The country has been accurately described by Meyendorff and Eversmann, who made the journey by separate routes to Boukhara in 1820. Meyendorff was attached to a mission, under M. de Negri, sent to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Khan of Boukhara; and as he travelled with a heavy caravan and some troops, his journey gives us some idea of the difficulties which would be opposed to an army following the same line. For the first three hundred miles these would not be very serious. The country, though partially desert and hilly, is well supplied with water. Numerous rivulets, frozen in winter, dry in summer, and abundant in spring and autumn, run down the valleys; and upon their banks enough verdure is found to satisfy the wants of the camels. The souls of the Kirghiz are frequent where the pasture is good; and at this short distance from the frontier they are comparatively submissive, and their assistance in transporting the artillery and heavy baggage would be indispensable to the Russians. The camels, though enduring, and of good breed, are not accustomed to heavy loads, and are excessively slow as compared with those of the Arabian deserts. Tombs are the only buildings to be seen upon the whole route, which is of the most cheerless character imaginable. The Ilek and the Emba are the most considerable streams. Beyond the latter river, the road, by a rocky pass, crosses the hills of Moughodjar, which are accounted important in the steppe country, above which they rise to a height of nearly a thousand feet;

The southern slopes of these hills are utterly devoid of vegetation; and here the real hardships of the way commence. The desert of Borzouk, which intervenes between this range and the Sea of Aral, furnishes a most scanty supply of water, and is composed of deep moving sand, rendering the carriage of artillery very arduous. Many of the carts accompanying Meyendorff's expedition were burnt for fuel, and the cattle suffered severely from want of water, which, when it was procurable at all, was generally very bitter or brackish. It was often found at a depth of five feet from the surface. Fodder was equally scarce, camel-thorn and wormwood scrub forming the entire means of subsistence for the camels. To add to the dreary aspect of the country, extensive saline deposits are crossed frequently, while occasionally the track skirts a salt lake; but few inhabitants are met with on these desolate wastes, and those not to be depended upon. The expedition was upwards of a month in reaching the Sea of Aral from Orenburgh, and, travelling along its desert shores, arrived at last at the mouths of the Syr or Jaxartes. It is now reported that a line of Cossacks has been established along the whole of this route. But we are almost inclined to doubt the practicability of permanent posts being maintained across the great Borzouk sands, which extend from the Moughodjar mountains to the Sea of Aral. Between Orenburgh and these mountains we know that Cossack posts do exist; and it is said that a garrison has been placed upon the Emba, which would serve as a cantonment for reserves. This station was first established here at the time of Peroffsky's expedition. This general succeeded, with ten thousand men, in reaching an intrenched camp half-way between the Emba and the Sea of Aral; but here (his journey having been undertaken in the dead of winter) he was stopped by the snow-drifts; and although he successfully defended himself from the attacks of the Oozbeg and Turcoman troops, sent from Khiva to arrest his further progress, he was compelled to retreat from his critical position, after suffering the loss of more than three-fourths of his men—thus proving that the obstacles which nature interposed

to prevent his invading Khiva were more formidable than those which were to be encountered from Khivan troops. Of the *object* of this expedition we shall speak presently. Its failure has been held to establish the fact that the transport of an army across the Kirghiz steppes is utterly impracticable. This is a point, however, which does not deserve to be thus summarily decided upon. Russia has evidently not abandoned the idea of invading Khiva; and in spite of our assertions of its non-feasibility, she may prove some day that her endeavours to improve the means of communication with the shores of the Sea of Aral have not been unavailing. She has established a port at the mouth of the Jaxartes, and launched two iron steamers upon waters skimmed heretofore only by the reed canoe of the savage Kirghiz. And the determination displayed, in arrangements such as these, to make this route available, should teach us not to treat too lightly the efforts of a powerful and ambitious nation to subvert the existing political organisation of the states of Central Asia, and direct their resources against the single European power which has hitherto monopolised the lion's share of their commerce. At the same time, it must not be supposed that the nature of the country to be traversed is the only impediment to the transport of troops. The southern Kirghiz are sufficiently far removed from the frontier of Russia not to dread its punishment; and as voluntary allegiance is never to be depended upon to the same extent as that which has been enforced, so the insubordinate tribes of the little horde, tempted by the prospect of plunder which the camp of the invading army would offer to them, might, by judiciously planned night assaults, inconceivably harass its movements; while, should they desire altogether to check the further advance of the army into their territory, burning the dry shrubs which form the only pasturage, or poisoning the few scattered wells upon which the army is dependent, are devices with which such savages are familiar. Moreover, they alone could supply the camels necessary for the transport of commissariat and artillery; and were they to desert the army in these sandy wastes, pursuit

would be impossible. Hence it follows that the co-operation of the Kirghiz is essential to the success of an expedition through their country; and we gather from the universal testimony of travellers, that such co-operation is not to be depended upon. They are avaricious, treacherous, and indolent, yet possessing violent passions. For a century they have professed allegiance to Russia, during which period she has endeavoured to coax them into a state of permanent obedience by a lavish expenditure, and the gentlest treatment; by the building of mosques, houses, schools, and courts of justice; by the appointment of khans, and by the encouragement of agriculture; and she has succeeded no better than China, who uses threats instead of entreaties, force instead of presents, and who, by the most excessive cruelty, has fruitlessly endeavoured to force her commands upon the grand horde. The Russian Kirghiz still continue to misbehave and apologise as usual: they still sell slaves to Khiva, and deny their guilt; and Russia, unable to punish them, accords them her gracious protection, because she hopes to march, by their help, some day to Khiva to—recapture her slaves! indeed, it is not to be expected that Kirghiz will respect Russians when they sell their own children to Russians themselves, and, in spite of the professed prohibition upon this traffic, continue to receive, on an average, three bags of corn for a boy, and two for a girl. No wonder the Russian trader finds this a profitable investment. The general trade, which consists of the exchange of horses, cows, sheep and goats, for grain and some of the simple luxuries of life, has decreased within the last few years. The population of the grand horde, partly subject to China, and partly independent, is estimated at four hundred thousand. The middle horde, the northern portion of which is *really* subject to Russia, and the whole nominally so, numbers about a million; and the little horde, whose allegiance is similarly divided, contains only two hundred thousand souls.

Hitherto we have only described the route to Khiva as far as the Jaxartes, because it is probable that a Russian army would embark

there for Khiva. The Jaxartes divides into numerous channels near its mouth, forming an extensive delta, covered with reeds so tall that, although Meyendorff and Eversmann visited the embouchure for the purpose, they could not catch a glimpse of the waters of the lake. These reeds, matted together, form floating islands; and the natives construct rafts and canoes with them, upon which to cross the deep broad stream of the Syr. Forests of rushes fringe the southern and eastern coasts of the Sea of Aral, which is reported to be shallow throughout its whole extent. The banks of the Syr are considered the most favoured region in the globe by the Kirghiz who there find trees occasionally six feet high, and rejoice in vegetation of a corresponding luxuriance. Upon some islands there are singular ruins of tombs and temples. It occupies a caravan five days of incessant marching through tall rushes to cross the delta. The principal arm of the river is said by Eversmann to be eight hundred yards broad. To the south of the Jaxartes, the route passes through a wood of saxsaal, a species of tamarisk, and then crosses the worst desert in this part of Asia—the Ksil Koum, or Red Sand Desert. A loaded caravan is obliged to carry with it a five days' supply of water, and is exposed to the attacks of the Kirghiz and Oozbeks who are subject to Khiva, and who inhabit the eastern shores of the Sea of Aral. It would be madness for a Russian army to attempt this route, and therefore the port has been wisely established at the mouth of the Syr. On the arrival of Meyendorff at Boukhara, after a journey of seventy-one days from Orenburgh, fifty of the horses which formed part of the escort died of fatigue.

The second route to which we have referred, passes along the western shores of the Sea of Aral. It was traversed in 1842 by a Russian mission to Khiva, and has been described by Basiner, a German, who accompanied the expedition. He left Orenburgh in August, the most trying time of the year, but found pasture abundant as far as the Ilek; it becomes scarcer between that river and the Emba. The route followed the line of Cossack posts at first; then crossing the Moughodjar hills, it

enters upon the desert of the Oust Ourt, at a distance of about six hundred versts from Orenburgh. This plateau, elevated more than a thousand feet above the sea, is perfectly level, and is composed of deep sand. For days not a hill was visible, and our traveller records passing a mound three feet high as a curiosity. Cliffs overhang the Sea of Aral, and occasionally rivulets trickle into it, but water is sometimes not met with for two or three days at a time. For three weeks not even a wandering Kirghiz was seen; and then, at the south-western corner of the Sea of Aral, only the most savage specimens were met with. Still this is the route which, if there be any truth in the rumour of a Russian army being at Oorjunge, it most probably must have taken; unless they had been conveyed across the Sea of Aral by steam, as, if they had followed its Eastern shores, they would have marched direct upon Khiva. Altogether the journey lasted seven weeks, and the description here given of the route does not lead us to suppose for a moment that it would be practicable for troops, more especially if their passage was disputed.

The third route, which has ever been regarded by Russia, with a more favourable eye, crosses from Mung Ishlak, on the Caspian, to Khiva, over the southern portion of this same plateau, and has been accurately described by Captain Abbott. He estimates the highest point of the Oust Ourt steppe at two thousand feet above the sea-level, and gives a picture of the route, calculated to appal the most determined general that ever led an army. Although it is only four hundred and eighty miles, or about half as far from the Russian fort of Alexandrofski, on the eastern shores of the Caspian, to Khiva, as from Orenburgh to the same place, the difficulties of the trajet would be far greater. Not even the tent of a Kirghiz was seen by Abbott during an interval of eight days; herbage was always scarce; and on one occasion the wells were one hundred and sixty miles apart. But the most serious objection to this route lay in the fact, that the greater part of it passes through the country inhabited by the tribes of Turcomans, which are subjects of Khiva, and a far more coura-

geous and enterprising people than the Kirghiz. For a lengthened period the troops would be obliged to sustain the attacks of a most pertinacious foe, in addition to the frightful hardships incidental to the route. Caravans, no doubt, prefer coming from Russia by Astrakhan and Mung Ishlak, to going round by Orenburgh; but the requirements of a caravan are very different from those of an army, and not until every soldier is supplied with a camel can the same rules be made applicable to both.

The fourth and last route is that which Mouraviev followed, in an expedition which he made to the country of the Turcomans, and afterwards to Khiva, at the desire of the Russian government, in 1819-20. The objects of this mission, undertaken a very short time before that of M. de Negri to Boukhara, throws considerable light upon the policy of Russia in these states. After the fatal termination of Prince Bekevitch's expedition, it became evident that, without propitiating the Turcomans, it would be impossible to maintain friendly relations with the countries lying beyond them; and in 1813, M. Rtchichev, the general then commanding in Georgia, sent into Turcomania Jean Mouratov, an Armenian merchant of Derbend, who, carrying on commercial transactions at Astrabad, had preserved relations with that country. At this period the Turcomans were an independent race, at war with Persia, and their alliance with Russia would prove a most opportune assistance to this latter power, who would thus command the whole northern Persian frontier. The proposal made by the Russian envoy for such an alliance, was eagerly received by the Khan of the Turcomans, and deputies sent to treat with Rtchichev. They found him at Gulistan, in Karabagh, concluding peace with Aboul Houssein Hhan. The Persian plenipotentiary, perceiving at once the danger of the proposed alliance between the Russians and Turcomans, objected to treat unless it were abandoned. This was agreed to by Russia; and many of the unfortunate Turcomans, feeling they were no longer able to resist Persia, submitted to that power, giving hostages to insure their future good behaviour. The Khan, however, with

many followers, retired to Khiva for shelter; while another portion of the tribe took refuge upon the shores of the Caspian, in the bay of Balkhan, where they were beyond the reach of a Persian army—and they have ever since not only maintained their independence, but have become the most successful slave-dealers in this part of the world. Five years after the treaty of Gulistin, and while still at peace with Persia, Russia, anxious to secure the alliance of a tribe whose hostility to that power would materially affect the existing state of their mutual political relations, deliberately, and in defiance of an express stipulation to the contrary, reopened communications with the independent portion of the Turcoman nation, and Major Ponomarev and Mouraviev were sent to negotiate the act of treachery. The following passage from Major Ponomarev's instructions may serve to illustrate their general character:—"From address in your conduct, the most favorable results may be anticipated; and upon this point the knowledge which you have of the Tartar language will be most useful. In your character of European, do not consider that flattery is a means which you cannot employ. It is very common among Asiatic nations; and although it may cost you something, you will find it to your advantage not to fear being too lavish of it. Your residence among a people who are almost altogether unknown to us, will furnish you, better than my instructions can, with light sufficient to guide you. As I believe in your capacity and zeal, I flatter myself that this attempt to form amicable alliances with the Turcomans will not be without success, and that the knowledge you will acquire of the country will facilitate the ulterior designs of government." The first Turcoman encampment visited was at the south-east corner of the Caspian, near Cape Serebrenoi. The Turcomans were delighted at the prospect of a Russian alliance, and of seeing a fort built on Cape Serebrenoi. "We will have revenge," they said, "on the Persians for their robberies. We do not know how to construct a fort; but when we make a general call to arms, we can bring ten thousand men into the field, and beat the Persians. Only five years

ago we cut their Sardars to pieces near here, and carried away their cattle." It is clear that if Major Ponomarev was prone to be too sparing of flattery, he did not scruple to betray to the Turcomans the ultimate designs of his government upon its allies the Persians. The Turcomans are agriculturists; they also possess large flocks and herds, and, from their proximity to the Persian frontier, have attained some little degree of civilization. They dress like Persians, and have adopted many of their manners and customs; but they are easily impressed by superior intelligence and civilization, and Mouraviev anticipates no obstacles, so far as they are concerned to the movements of troops. The route to Khiva is tolerably well supplied with pasture and water for the first few days after leaving Krasnavodsk; but then the same terrible desert must be crossed that in every direction divides Khiva from Russia, and for five or six days water is unprocurable. The nature of the country is similar to that already described; but this is the shortest of the four routes, Mouraviev having accomplished it in seventeen days. At Krasnavodsk, as at Alexandrofski, the Russians have built a fort; thus having a starting-point for each of the routes to Khiva. The ostensible motive for building the two forts on the Caspian, was to protect the Russian fishermen from their Turcoman allies, who occasionally sell them at Khiva as slaves.

So long, indeed, as stray Russians continue to be kidnapped by the frontier tribes, will the Czar have a fair excuse for waging war, not only with those tribes themselves, but with the nations to whom his subjects are sold as slaves. He will continue desirous to extend the frontier of his empire, simply because he cannot set at liberty these unfortunates without doing so. Such was the object of Peroffsky's expedition; the origin of which, as told to Abbott by the Khan of Khiva, is illustrative of what we have been saying. It was to the following effect: During the war between Khiva and Boukhara, about thirty years ago, a rich caravan, escorted by two hundred infantry and two guns, was sent by Russia to the latter state. To reach its destination, however, it was com-

pelled to pass through part of Khiva, or Khaurism, as the whole country is called. The Khan, fearing that so desirable an acquisition might be used by his enemy against him, politely intimated to the Russian commander his objection to the further advance of the caravan. In spite of this prohibition, the latter attempted to force a passage. Khivan troops were sent to oppose him in the Kisil Koum, where they inflicted serious loss, compelling the troops to retreat to the Russian frontier, and plundered the caravan. Fifteen years afterwards the Russians built the fort of Alexandrofski, in what was really Khivan territory, and soon after seized some Khivan caravans trading in Russia, and retained five hundred and fifty merchants as prisoners. Upon her ambassador being sent to demand their release, the Khan was informed that he must first release all the Russian slaves. As an earnest of his intention to do so, he sent six to Russia, demanding an equal number of Khivans. The Russians were retained, and the ambassador's brother imprisoned, but no Khivans were released. Upon this a third ambassador, with a hundred and twenty captives, were surrendered, but no answer was returned. "I therefore," said the Khan, "perceived that Russia was only playing upon my credulity. It is six months since the return of my last ambassador." At this very time there was an intrenched camp on the Emba, and an advanced post half-way between that river and the Sea of Aral. As we before remarked, the snows, and not the Khivans, rendered that expedition fruitless; and further attempts of a similar nature were put a stop to by the gallant exploit of Sir Richmond Shakespeare, who released nearly five hundred Russian slaves in Khiva, and conveyed them safely to St. Petersburg.

The slave traffic, however, still continues; and in 1842 Danielevsky was sent to Khiva, upon the mission to which we have already alluded, charged with obtaining the release of the captives then in slavery, and securing the inviolability of caravans to Boukhara, together with certain privileges for merchants trading in Khiva. We have no information as to the secret objects of the expedition,

or how far it may have been successful; but this is certain, that Russia does not need an excuse for invading Khiva, and has been paving the way for an occupation for many years. We have not space now to describe the condition of this country, the most savage of all the states of Central Asia; but, from the description of English as well as Russian travellers, it cannot be expected to offer any very serious resistance to Russian arms. The army is estimated by Abbott at one hundred and eight thousand men. It consists entirely of cavalry, and is furnished by the settled population at the rate of one horseman for fifty chains of land, and by nomades at the rate of one horseman for four families. The Oozbegs are the bravest of these, and compose nearly half the army; still, the encounters they have already had with the Russians prove that they are no match for disciplined troops; and if ten thousand men, in good condition, were landed upon the southern shores of the Sea of Aral, the independence of Khiva would be gone. It remains to be proved whether this is a possibility. The difficulties of marching an army across the Great Borzouk to the embouchure of the Syr have been already noticed, and do not seem altogether insurmountable. The Oxus is too shallow to allow of their being conveyed up its stream, and they would be compelled to disembark in the face of a whole population prepared to receive them. Mouraviev calculates upon a rising among the slaves in the event of any such invasion. But the mode which Russia would most probably employ to possess herself of Khiva, would be by exciting Persia or Boukhara to hostilities with that state, and then offering it her protection. Spring or autumn are the only seasons of the year at which the expedition could expect to make a successful traject of the steppes. Khiva, though a small state, is capable of being made a productive acquisition. Its annual revenue amounts to about £300,000. At present it furnishes scarcely any articles of export, and carries on a comparatively small trade with Russia. Boukhara is the great Eastern emporium; but the traffic is much intercepted by Turcoman banditti, who are subjects of Khiva. The

aspect of Khiva, after a journey over the steppe, which in every direction surrounds it, is most inviting. Canals intersect the country, forming little islands, upon which castelated houses are situated; tropical produce is abundant and luxuriant; vegetation affords a grateful relief to the eye of the weary traveller. The most fertile portion is about two hundred miles long by sixty broad. The entire population amounts to 2,500,000. In winter the cold is severe; and, though in the latitude of Rome, the Oxus is frozen over.

Having thus attempted to relate the mode by which Russia has extended her influence over those tribes whose furthest wanderings form the uncertain boundary which separates her subjects from the nomades of Khiva, and having described the nature of the country, and of the inhabitants through which a Russian army invading that state would be compelled to march, it is time to consider shortly what the object of such a campaign would be, and what its probable results. It is evident that, of all European nations we alone could be directly interested in such a movement on the part of Russia; but it is equally plain that, even should a Muscovite army succeed in occupying Khiva, its farther advance through Caubul and the Hindoo Khoosh is an utter impossibility. Bjornstjerna, the Swedish general, in his work on the East Indies, says it will require four campaigns before a Russian army could possibly arrive at the Indies by this route; and, indeed, the slightest acquaintance with the nature of the country to be traversed, will be sufficient to justify our discarding as absurd the notion of a Russian army invading India from Orenburgh and Khiva. But this consideration does not divest of their importance the designs of Russia upon Khiva, but should rather lead us to discover what those motives really are which induce her to entertain them at all; and a due appreciation of the present position of Russia in the East will quickly enable us to perceive why, while repelling her aggressions in the West, we should not neglect to watch her movements in that part of the world in which our own interests are more nearly affected. The tendency of those movements has not

been altogether concealed. Mouraviev says, unreservedly—"Masters of Khiva, many other states would be under our rule. The possession of it would shake to the foundation the enormous commercial superiority of those who now rule the sea." It is, therefore, not the invasion of India which is anticipated, but the acquirement of that influence over the neighbouring states which would have the effect of undermining the power of Great Britain in the East. The states here alluded to as bordering upon Khiva, are Boukhara, Caubul, and Persia. Supposing Russia to be at Khiva, so long at least as she was confined to that remote and inaccessible country, the possibility of her alliance with Boukhara and Caubul against England can scarcely be entertained. The barbarian rulers of these distant people are far too suspicious of so powerful a neighbour, and too ignorant of the relative power of European states, to join in a war between two great Christian empires, the objects of which they would not understand, and which they would conceive might probably lead to the extinction of Mahomedanism. While allowing that the conquest of Boukhara is possible, its acquisition would not facilitate the designs of Russia against India, for the intercourse between the two countries is unimportant, and the mountain ranges by which they are separated are almost impassable. The deserts which intervene between Khiva and Caubul, the mountainous nature of this latter state, and the bravery of its inhabitants, would render its conquest by a Russian army out of the question, as our own experience may testify. Persia, then, is the only state which would really be placed in imminent peril by the occupation of Khiva by the Russians, and it is the only state whose independence is of vital importance to our Eastern interests. "The independence of Persia," writes the author of the pamphlet we have already quoted, "is the only apparent obstacle to a position by Russia which would enable her to destroy in Asia the power of the Sultan, already shaken in Europe; to annihilate our commerce in Central Asia; to force us to diminish our revenues, and largely to augment our expenditure in India, where our finances are even now embarrassed; to

disturb the whole system of government in that country during peace ; to threaten it with invasion in war ; and to oppose to our maritime and commercial superiority her power to shake our empire in the East." If, then, we admit the view, here so ably expressed, to be correct, it only remains for us to consider how the taking of Khiva would be instrumental towards the subversion of Persian independence, and how we may best take advantage of the existing state of our relations with Russia, so as to relieve ourselves for ever from the anxiety arising from this source. The frontier of Khiva is conterminous with that of Persia from Herat to Astrabad, for a distance of four hundred miles. If Khiva became a Russian province, the whole northern frontier of Persia, from its most easterly to its most westerly point, from Boukhara to Turkey, would form the southern boundary of the Russian empire. Already has the Czar despoiled Persia of territory equal in extent to the British Islands, but hitherto he has been able to threaten her upon the western shores of the Caspian alone. It was the object of Mouraviev's mission to Turcomanir to induce the Turcomans to create a diversion upon the opposite coast, and, crossing the Attruck, to invade the province of Astrabad. That project would be rendered still more feasible by the possession of Khiva, whose influence extends more or less over the whole of Turcomania. The most bitter enmity has ever existed between these tribes and the Persians, fostered by the fanaticism consequent upon their profession of opposite Mahomedan creeds, and they would gladly seize this opportunity of avenging themselves on a power which has incessantly persecuted them, while even Caubul might be incited to join in a crusade against the heretical Sheas. The long-coveted provinces of Ghilan, Mazenderan, and Astrabad alone separate the Transcaucasian provinces of Russia from Turcomania and Khiva. Their ports are at the mercy of the Russian fleet on the Caspian ; and if, while the Turks are being conquered at the one end of the frontier, the Khivans are being subjugated at the other, Persia must, in her turn, submit to the omnipotent power from the

north, and her most fertile provinces will be added to the catalogue of "All the Russias."

But if, on the other hand, by a prompt conveyance of troops to the seat of war in Georgia, and a strict blockade of the eastern shores of the Black Sea, we are able, in conjunction with the Ottoman and Circassian armies, to drive out the Russian forces at present occupying them, we shall hear no more rumours of a Russian army being at Khiva. A Russian army in Khiva, unsupported by an army in Armenia, would find itself in a particularly useless position ; and, even in connection with the Affghans and Turcomans, could hope to gain no advantage over a power who, now that the tide of Russian aggression had been stayed, no longer believed in Russian omnipotence, as it saw with amazement that the allied powers of Europe had been able to maintain the tottering independence of plundered and enfeebled Turkey.

The conclusion, then, to which our consideration of the present state of the acquired provinces in Asia has brought us, seems to be, that they have been acquired only as a necessary prelude to the annexation of another and more important country ;—that, notwithstanding the judicious treatment of the Kirghiz, their internal condition is by no means satisfactory, while the natural obstacles which their country presents to the transport of troops are almost insurmountable ;—that even if the conquest of Khiva were achieved, it would be dangerous only to the British possessions in the East indirectly, or through the influence thus exercised upon Persia ;—that this influence can only exist so long as the Russian arms in Armenia are successful ;—that, in fact, the extension of the frontier line of Russia to the east of the Caspian must be regulated entirely by its progress to the west of that sea ;—and that it is in the power of this country to check that progress at once, and thus nip in the bud her long-cherished designs upon Persia, and her deeply-laid schemes for the appropriation of those sources of wealth and power in the East, which have so materially contributed to raise this country to her present high position among European nations.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

It is one of the painful duties which devolve on those connected with a work like the present, to be called on from time to time to commemorate the removal from this earthly scene, of those by whose original and inventive minds its peculiar character was impressed, or to whose genius and labours in after life it owed its continued influence and reputation. More than once that melancholy task has been ours, for Death has made more than his usual gaps in the ranks of those who were associated with the rise of this Magazine and its early success. But the greatest and most distinguished of that gifted band, whose name has been identified with it from first to last, had till now been spared;—withdrawn, indeed, for some time from those circles which he had enlightened and adorned—and already surrounded by some shadow of the coming night, but still surviving among us as a link connecting the present and the past, and forming the centre of a thousand sympathising and reverential associations. He also has at last been gathered to his fellows. Professor Wilson expired at his house in Gloucester Place on the morning of the 3d April 1854. Born in May 1785, he was thus in his sixty-ninth year when he died;—not prematurely taken, it may be said, for he had nearly touched the period which is proverbially allotted as the measure of human life, yet passing from among us long before he had attained that advanced old age, which, when united with health, wisdom, and worth, seems to afford one of the happiest conditions of existence, and of which, in his case, the vigour and elasticity both of his mental and bodily frame, had seemed to human calculation to promise the attainment. It is consolatory to think that his period of seclusion and sickness passed in tranquility both of mind and body; not perhaps painless, yet without acute or prolonged suffering;—the bodily energies waning gently, like the twilight, and the mind, though clear, partaking of that growing languor which had crept over the frame with which it was associated. As a proof of how long his mental vigour and capacity of exertion survived the effects of physical decline, it may be mentioned that two of the papers entitled "*Dies Boreales*," the last of a fine series on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, were written by him in August and September 1852, some months after the occurrence of that calamity by which his strong frame had been stricken down; papers written with his usual fine perception and impressive diction, but in a hand so tremulous, so feeble and indistinct, as to prove the strong effort of will by which alone such a task could have been accomplished. These were the last papers he ever wrote: they want, as is evident enough, the dazzling splendour of his earlier writings: they do not stir the heart like the trumpet tones of his prime, but they breathe a tone of sober grandeur and settled conviction; and these subdued and earnest words, now that we know them to have been his last, sink into the heart, like the parting accents of a friend, with a melancholy charm.

We leave to others, and in another form, the task of delineating the character of Professor Wilson as a poet, a novelist, a philosopher, and a critic: our more limited object is to speak of him only in connection with this Magazine, of which he was so long the animating spirit; to recall and arrest for a moment the lineaments of the man as he first appeared to us—as we were familiar with him in after life—and to embody in a few words our sense of what he has done for literature and for society, through the pages of that publication, in which, unless we greatly err, posterity will recognise the richest outpourings of his genius, and in which may be traced all the moods of his changing mind—from the first wild and sparkling effusions of youth, through the more matured creations of his manhood, down to that period when even genius takes a sober colouring from the troubles of life, and all those vivid and truthful pictures of the world around us begin unconsciously to be imbued and solemnised by the prospects of another.

When we first saw Professor Wilson—now more than three-and-thirty years ago—no more remarkable person could have attracted attention. Physically

and mentally he was the embodied type of energy, power, and self-reliance. The tall and elastic frame, the massive head that crowned it, the waving hair, the finely-cut features, the eye flashing with every variety of emotion, the pure and eloquent blood which spoke in the cheek, the stately lion-like port of the man,—all announced, at the first glance, one of Nature's nobles. And to the outward presence corresponded the mind within; for rarely have qualities so varied been blended in such marvellous and harmonious union. The culture of English scholarship had softened the more rugged features of his Scottish education. The knowledge of life, and sympathy with all its forms, from the highest to the lowest, had steadied the views and corrected the sentimental vagueness of the poetical temperament: a strong and practical sagacity pervaded, and gave reality to, all the creations of his imagination. Extensive and excursive reading—at least in English literature and the classics—combined with a singular accuracy and minuteness of natural observation, had stored his mind with facts of every kind, and stamped the results upon an iron memory. Nature and early training had so balanced his faculties that all themes seemed to come alike to his hand: the driest, provided only it bore upon the actual concerns of life, had nothing repulsive for him: he could expatiate in the field of the mournful as if it were his habitual element, and turn to the sportive and the fantastic, as if he had been all his life a denizen of the court of Comus. The qualities of the heart partook of this expansive and universal character. Affections as tender as they were impetuous, checked and softened the impulses of a fiery temper and vehement will, and infused a pathetic and relenting spirit into strains of invective that were deviating into harshness. That he should have been without warm dislikes, as well as warm attachments, would imply an impossibility. But from everything petty or rancorous he was absolutely free. Most justly was he entitled to say of himself, that he never knew envy except as he had studied it in others. His opposition, if it was uncompromising, was always open and manly: to the great or good qualities of his opponent he generally did justice from the first—always in the end; and not a few of those who in early life had regarded him merely as the headlong leader of a partisan warfare, both in literature and politics, came to learn their mistake, to reverence in him the high-toned and impartial critic, and to esteem the warm-hearted and generous man.

His conversation and his public speaking had in them a charm to which no other term is applicable but that of fascination, and which, in the zenith of his powers, we never met with any one able to resist. While his glittering eye held the spectators captive, and the music of the ever-varying voice, modulating up and down with the changing character of the theme, fell on the ear, and a flood of imagery invested the subject with every conceivable attribute of the touching, the playful, or the picturesque, the effect was electric, indescribable: it imprisoned the minds of the auditors; they seemed to fear that the sound would cease—they held their breath as if under the influence of a spell.

Thus accomplished by nature and education, did Professor Wilson apply himself to his self-imposed task in this Magazine—that of imparting to periodical literature in general, and to literary criticism in particular, a new body and a new life; of pulling down the old conventional walls within which they had been confined, and of investing criticism itself with something of the creative and poetic character of the great works of imagination to which it was to be applied.

And in what a noble and true-hearted spirit was that task accomplished. Much had no doubt been done within the century to enlarge the basis of our critical view, to exchange the criticism of particulars for that of generals, to contemplate and decide according to the essence rather than the form. But we hesitate not to say, that practically the criticism of the day was sectarian and political: class criticism, not catholic. It denied or coldly accorded merit to those beyond the pale of the reviewer's own opinions; it was too apt to assume in all cases an air of condescending superiority; and it was in its form inflexible, demurely decorous, and solemn, banishing from its sphere all that wide field of illustration afforded by the homely and the ludicrous, from the judicious contrast and opposition of which so much of added interest and novelty of view might fairly be derived. These wants the criticisms of Professor Wilson for

the first time effectually supplied. Reverential in all cases where reverence was justly due, his keen sense of the ludicrous made him at the same time unsparing of ridicule, when, either in his moral or artistic aspect, the subject of the criticism required and justified the application of such a weapon. Strong as might be his party opinions, they faded out of view whenever he had to deal with any of the greater questions of literature or the pretensions of its genuine candidates; while to how many of the humblest aspirants for fame did his cordial and unstinted praise, blended with just advice and chastened censure, speak hope and comfort amidst discouragement and poverty and pain! From every nook of nature, from every mood of mind, he drew his allusions and illustrations, ever-shifting, iridescent:—under his guidance, humour and feeling, long separated, walked hand in hand; and even the gravest minds readily reconciled themselves to his gay and fanciful embroideries on the web of life, because they felt that none knew better than he that its tissue was, after all, of a sombre hue;—because every page of these compositions, quaint and startling as they were, impressed them with the assurance that wherever the shafts of his ridicule might light, the nobler qualities of the soul itself—love, honour, duty, religion, and all the charities of life—were safe as in a sanctuary from their intrusion.

It would be idle, as it would be endless, to refer to particular examples in dealing with the criticisms of Professor Wilson. But we hesitate not to say, humbly, but with the conviction of its truth, that his contributions to this Magazine contain an amount of original and suggestive criticism, unparalleled in any publication to which the present time has given birth. From the *Noctes* alone what an armoury of bright and polished thought might be supplied! In his other papers, what a new aspect is given to old themes? The gentle and devout spirit of Spenser seems never before to have met with a congenial exponent. The infinite depths of Shakespeare's mind are made to reveal new treasures. Milton's stately fabric appears to expand its proportions, and to grow, at once classic and colossal, under his hand. Dryden's long-resounding march here meets with a spirit-stirring accompaniment; and he who "stooped to truth, and moralised his song," finds a defender, who can appreciate the sterling vigour and condensation of his thoughts, and the lucid felicities of their expression. Towards the few genuine poets who illumined the twilight of the last century—towards those who gilded the morning of the new—towards Scott, and Byron, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth—towards the lesser stars revolving within the orb of those greater luminaries—how just, how discriminating have been his acknowledgments! And in proof that these judgments, all glowing and impassioned as they seem, were yet founded on the truest appreciation of the principles of art, we would ask (and we do so with some confidence) in how few instances has the public shown any disposition to reverse the sentence which a deep poetical insight had dictated, and a lofty sense of duty had kept so impartial and so pure!

Nor is it to the mere professed criticism of literature that these observations are applicable. The same peculiarities and the same originality pervaded his numerous and varied essays, where he came more palpably into that field which Addison and Johnson and Goldsmith had trod before him. The humblest and most unpromising topics were on system made the vehicles of important truths; deep reflections "rose like an exhalation" out of hints thrown out as if in a spirit of dalliance; but the result was to exhibit man and his nature in many a new light, and to enforce reflection on many a vital question, where, under a more formal treatment of the subject, it would unquestionably have been evaded. Never, perhaps, was the power and value of the principle of surprise more aptly illustrated than in these essays, where we are suddenly withdrawn from some vulgar and prosaic foreground; led off—blindfold, it may be, and through brake and briar—yet, as we feel, by no unfriendly hand, till, when the journey ends, and the mask drops, we find ourselves translated to some mysterious mountain height, with the ocean of this life spread beneath our feet, and around us "the breath of heaven fresh blowing."

This, we feel, is no fit place for entering on the social or moral qualities of Professor Wilson "Something we might have said, but to what end?" The

depth and tenderness of his domestic affections are not themes for such discussions. His charities, his generosity, liberal and unfailing as they were, we would leave in that obscurity to which it was his own wish they should be consigned. His appreciation of all worth, however humble; his readiness to assist struggling merit; his utter absence of all affectation of superiority in himself; his toleration for the faults or presumption of others; his reluctance consciously to inflict pain on any one—a feeling which grew on him, as it grows on all good men, with advancing years; are they not written on the memories of all who were the objects of his aid or his forbearance? The charms of his social intercourse, who is likely to forget, whether first experienced “in life’s morning march, when his spirit was young,” or when added years and experience had pruned the luxuriance and softened the asperities of youth, but left all the bright and genial qualities of the mind undimmed, and the sympathies of the soul at once deepened and diffused? To those who had the privilege of enjoying his intimate acquaintance, as familiar friends or fellow-labourers in the same seed-field; to the many who have been indebted to him for that which he never failed to afford—wise and considerate counsel; to the thousands whom he has formed, guided, encouraged, admonished, or corrected, the thought of Professor Wilson will be among those recollections which they would most wish to arrest—those visions which, when they begin to fade, they would be most anxious to recall.

As a proof how completely he was superior to any feeling of party where a question of literature and genius was involved, and how his kindly disposition could urge him to exertion, even under the pressure of disease, we may mention, that the last occasion on which he can be said to have appeared in public, was when he left his brother’s house, and, supported by a friendly arm, came up to record his vote for a political opponent, Mr. Macaulay. The last occasion on which he left his own threshold, was when he drove out to congratulate a friend on an event, on which he believed his happiness in life was likely to depend.

So lived, so died Professor Wilson—in the union of his varied mental gifts, in the attractive and endearing qualities of his character, one of the most remarkable men whom Scotland, in the present or any other century, has produced. In our remarks we have confined ourselves to his services to this Magazine, and through that to literature. We have not referred to his other productions, nor to his academical prelections. If the value of the latter were to be estimated by the effect which they produced in stimulating the minds and awakening the interest of his auditory, they would be entitled to a high rank; but as yet there exists no materials from which a deliberate judgment as to their merits can be formed. In other respects, opinion has given the preference to his prose over his poetry, and to his essays over his narrative fictions. The judgment has been so general that it is probably just. In poetry, in prose fictions, he seems overmatched by other men: in the field of the discursive essay, with its “numerous prose,” he is felt to be unique and unapproachable—without a prototype, and in all probability without a successor.

We are aware that in what we have said we have uttered nothing new; that the marking lines of Professor Wilson’s literary character and compositions have been often drawn before; that his characteristics as a man have been indicated by worthier hands. But our object now is, not to say what is new, but to record what is true—true, as it presents itself to us, and true, as we should wish it to be for other times. The public has already pronounced its judgment, and with sufficient approach to unanimity, on Professor Wilson’s genius; it has formed and expressed its estimate of him as a man; in both cases we are content to accept the verdict as it stands; for in both we think it generous as well as just—we ask only to be allowed to register it in our pages.

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JEROME CARDAN.

MR. MORLEY has here given us a painstaking and conscientious biography of one who, if not a very eminent, was certainly a very extraordinary man. We cannot say that we have risen from the book with a very distinct view of the character, moral and intellectual, of the man Cardan; but this may be attributed rather to the nature of his subject than to any deficiency in Mr. Morley. He proceeds cautiously, gives his authority at each step, and at all events provides the reader with materials for forming a judgment, if he himself has not succeeded in grouping these materials into one distinct and impressive portraiture.

Mr. Morley wins our confidence as a trustworthy biographer. At first, indeed, we felt a sense of alarm and insecurity. Some trace of the manner of the novelist led us to suspect that the imagination would be drawn upon to a degree inconsistent with strict historical fidelity. But this intrusion of the peculiar style of the novelist speedily disappears; we are not annoyed again by its occurrence; and as we proceed with our author, we feel that we are in safe hands, and may rely upon his statements. We may sometimes wish that they embraced a wider field (for in examining the writings of Cardan, he has sought too exclusively after what is singular and curious, or what to us, in this age,

may appear strange and amusing), but so far as his statements extend we feel that we may confidently depend upon them.

"In the year 1501," thus Mr. Morley's biography commences, "a woman flying from the plague passed under the gate of Milan which leads out upon the road to Pavia. She was a young widow, the daughter of a studious man, Giacomo Micheria, and she turned her back not only on the plague, but also on a grave juriconsult and mathematician, who was at that time probably as much an object of aversion to her as the plague itself—his name was Fazio Cardan.

"Fazio Cardan was a man of note among the learned in his neighborhood, and was then fifty-six years of age. At the age of fifty-six he had already become toothless, although strong of limb and ruddy of complexion. He had good eyes,—not in the sense of being beautiful, for they were white, but in the sense of being useful, for it was said that he could see with them in the night-time. To his last days—to the age of eighty—Fazio Cardan continued to see objects clearly with the aid of less light than his neighbors needed, and required no spectacles. As a doctor both in law and medicine, and member of the venerable college of men skilled in law, the white-eyed, toothless, stuttering, and round-shouldered mathematician clothed his healthy body in a purple robe. He wore a black skull-cap, which he dared only to remove for a few minutes at a time, because his skull had suffered damage in

The Life of Jerome Cardan, Milan, Physician. By HENRY MORLEY.

his youth, and it had been found necessary to remove some pieces of it."

Such was the gallant who had led the young widow Chiara Micheria into folly. After mentioning some literary production of this juriconsult and mathematician, Mr. Morley continues—

"This offspring of the mind of Fazio was about twenty years old when Chiara Micheria, flying for refuge from the plague to Pavia, took with her offspring of another kind, to which he also was the father, a child yet unborn. Whatever pains Fazio had taken to protect his literary bantling against any risk of dropping dead into the world, the care that preceded the birth of his true child was bestowed in a precisely opposite direction. Chiari Micheria was still very young, passionate of temper, and had quitted Milan in the worst of humours."

"It was at Pavia, then, on the 24th of September, 1501, that this unwelcome child persisted in being born. And here our author suggests for the penitent, passionate, and frail widow, a train of thought which certainly appears to us more ingenious than probable. Chiara, or Clara, takes into grave consideration the "habitual tenacity of life" which these Cardans have for many generations displayed. After passing in review the family pedigree, Mr. Morley says—

"Since several of these men were living in the year 1501, Clara Micheria could take into her calculations a part only of these facts: there was enough, however, in her knowledge to remind her that the unwelcome son came of a *long-lived stock*, and that if he was to be accounted a discredit, he would probably discredit her for many years to come."

Now, if Mr. Morley thought fit to supply us with the supposed cogitations of Clara Micheria, he might certainly have devised something more probable, and which would have had some real effect in aggravating her own calamity. Of what possible importance could it be to her whether this unlucky Girolamo should live to the age of eighty, or die when he attained only half that age? She would not live to see him an old man of eighty or sixty. If he died a youth at twenty, there was a period long enough for her to look forward to of discredit or disgrace. But we are

happy to say that this is almost the only instance that occurs to us of that faulty style of narrative where the fictitious is mingled with the historically true. The biography preserves in general, as we have already said, a tone of trustworthy solidity, and the remarks scattered throughout are distinguished for plain good sense.

The Girolamo Cardan, the child of passion and disgrace, grew up under many difficulties to be one of the most learned men of his age—a most voluminous author, moralist, philosopher, mathematician, and, for a short time, perhaps the most eminent physician in Europe. But with much learning and ingenuity he combined so much folly, such puerile superstitions, and such egregious vanity, that some have explained his inconsistencies and extravagancies by the supposition that a certain measure of insanity mingled in his composition. Others have suspected that he introduced a number of idle tales and other absurdities into his books in order to sell them. Mr. Hallam, in his *Literature of the Middle Ages*, is disposed to admit "a portion of insanity." His present biographer will allow neither of these dishonourable suppositions. At all events, it is plain that Cardan has presented so incongruous and paradoxical a character to those who have had the task of forming some estimate of him, that these appear inevitably to fall into a strain of paradoxical language themselves whenever they speak of him. In the *Dictionnaire Historique de la Médecine* we have the following summary of the qualities and accomplishments of our erudite physician:—"His immense knowledge and extraordinary sagacity, his freedom of thought, and his style, in general manly and spirited, would place him at the head of the celebrated writers of the sixteenth century, if he had not united with these qualities a decided love of paradox and of the marvellous, an infantine credulity, a superstition scarce conceivable, an insupportable vanity, and a boasting that knew no limits. His works, full of puerilities, of lies, of contradictions, of absurd tales and charlatanry of every description, nevertheless offer proofs of a bold inventive genius, which seeks for new paths of

science, and succeeds in finding them." Leibnitz is reported to have said of him, that, with all his puerilities, he was a great man.

The intellectual character of Cardan presents, therefore, a problem sufficiently intricate to excite the labours of a biographer; and when we add that his life, also, was full of various incidents—that he endured the extreme of misfortune, and rose to the height of professional honour—that he was battling throughout his life both with men and with books—we have said enough to justify Mr. Morley in his choice of a subject.

The life of Jerome Cardan (for by that name he is generally known amongst us) might make an interesting chapter in the history of medicine, itself one of the most curious portions of the history of man. Let us briefly recall the position he occupies in this history of medicine. At the period when Cardan makes his appearance on the stage, Galen was the great authority of the medical world; so that our retrospect inevitably carries us back to the Greek sage, born at Pergamus, A.D. 131.

Galen was one of those pre-eminent men, who, like Aristotle, are alternately treated with a homage bordering on servility, and with an unjust and ungrateful disrespect. He found that the physicians of his own day were occupying themselves with futile disputes on idle theories, and departing widely from the method of careful observation which Hippocrates had first opened for them. To that path he reconducted them, or did his best to reconduct them. He was the true successor of Hippocrates, whose claim to be the father of medicine has been universally allowed. It was Hippocrates who first separated the art of healing from the rites and ceremonies of religion, with which it had been inextricably mingled. He first led the god *Æsculapius* from his temple, and induced him to visit the bedside of the patient in the form of the human physician. If Galen was not a man himself of great original genius, he had the merit of distinguishing and revering those truly great men who had preceded him. It is remarked of him that it was his constant aim throughout his works to reconcile, as

best he could, his three great authorities in philosophy and medicine—Plato, Aristotle, and Hippocrates. We see at once from this description that he would be more led by the "bookish" theorem than by facts gathered from his own observation. But he was also an observer; and Sprengel, the learned historian of medicine, concludes his account of Galen by observing that it would have been fortunate for the study of medicine if it had only been prosecuted from the point of view which he had taken, and that the science could not have failed to make rapid progress if his successors had followed him in the track he had been treading.

But this was not to be the case. No science can proceed alone, least of all that of medicine. As the human body is but a part of the great system of nature, while men are speculating wildly upon the whole mundane system, they will of course speculate as wildly upon the human frame, its functions and its diseases. The physiology of the time will be a reflection of the natural philosophy, or (if the term is more appropriate) of the cosmogony of the time. The prevailing theory of the constitution of the world at large gives the physician his first theory of health and sickness and the constitution of the human body. The successors of Galen did not add to the amount of facts, or of absolute knowledge, on which he had to form his opinions; but they invented, or borrowed from the Arabians, new and wilder theories. They seemed to have imitated and exaggerated all his frailties. He could speculate with very little hesitation upon his *vital*, his *animal*, and his *natural* life, and place these at will in the brain, the heart, and the liver. His successors could play still more boldly with their *elements* and their *humours*, and having settled the physical construction of the world at large, could very confidently determine the nature of the *little world* of man; for what more plain than that the *microcosm* of man must be a compendium of the *microcosm* of nature? Galen could suggest that the critical days of a fever might depend on the revolutions of the sun and the moon, or their position in the heavens. His succe-

sors found a sympathy between every blood-vessel in the human frame and the remotest stars in the firmament. Galen, though born in our Christian era, was still a pagan in his creed; and though he speaks at times both wisely and piously of the universal Providence which governs and protects mankind, he had not risen above such superstitions as a belief in dreams sent by the god *Æsculapius*. His successors poured into what must be called the science of medicine every possible form of superstition, and this whether it could be brought by any ingenuity into harmony with the Christian doctrine, or whether it was as much opposed to the teaching of the church as to enlightened reason.

All this went on before the barbarians of the north had subverted the Roman empire, and suspended for a time the prosecution, under any form, of learning and science. The Goth and the German have really very little to answer for. Roman emperors themselves could persecute the disciples of Aristotle, and give their patronage and put their trust in men who affected to cure disorders by magical ceremonies. Magic and astrology were taking the place of the science of Hippocrates. The church did its best to oppose unholy rites and incantations, gathered perhaps from the Persian religion, or the old idolatries of Europe; but the church was itself no friend to the science of medicine. The temple of *Æsculapius*, in which miraculous cures were wrought, and in which the people were instructed to look for relief to the especial favour of the god, was substituted by Christian temples, in which the saints performed the office of the heathen deity. The church was in the habit of teaching that all grave maladies were punishments from God, and could be healed only by prayer and fasting and religious exercises. Its protest against magical rites, necromancy, astrology, and other mischievous trash of the same kind, was never made in the interest of science or of medical knowledge. There was even a certain degree of impiety in the attempt to cure an illness, which was also a punishment, by any other means than the intercession of the

church. Even under the papal reign of Innocent III., the physician was interdicted from applying what remedies he had till he had called in the ecclesiastic.

Those who are curious in such matters may still read the very words of magical power which Marcellus Empiricus, a Roman living under a Roman emperor, could gravely prescribe as a cure for the results of our indigestion, or other bodily infirmities. The words were to be repeated three times, or nine times over, "spitting at each time." One of the extraordinary prescriptions of Marcellus is worth repeating, as it shows how completely imagination was in the ascendant. Fancy proceeded with its guess-work without condescending to wait for even the most imperfect experience; for in the following instance it is hardly possible to suppose that the learned physician had made any test or experiment whatever of his proposed remedy. A person afflicted with a defluxion of humour from the eye was to be cured by—a process we are quite sure no one so afflicted had ever made trial of. He of the watery eye was to look out for a falling star, and, having caught sight of it, was to count over to himself so many numbers as he could between its first appearance and its vanishing. So many times as he counted, so many years would he be relieved of his malady.

Passing over the interval of complete darkness—almost, under these circumstances, grateful to the eye—which followed on the final overthrow of the Western Empire, and travelling on to the thirteenth century, we find medicine under the especial influence of two very different studies—astrology, and the scholastic philosophy or dialectics. Aristotle studied in Latin translations of Arabian commentators, and theories of stellar influence, and a cosmical sympathy extending throughout creation (the links of the chain being coined only by the fancy)—these meet us as the most conspicuous, though by no means the only elements or substitutes for science. If the simple question were asked, Whether barley-water was good for a fever? the answer of the scholastic physician, we are told, would have run in

this fashion: No, not good, because barley-water is a substance, and fever is an accident; the one, therefore, could not operate on the other. But if dialectics did not solve the question—and we must have recourse to nature as well as to logic—then what more evident than that the universe is one—that the higher must rule over the lower—that all human bodies are compounded of the elements of some “four cardinal humours,” over which the stars must preside? Now, therefore, if the aqueous humour be deficient, take your barley-water, but neither take that, nor any physic whatever, be it purge or vomit, without first consulting the stars.*

In the fourteenth century, learning, if not science, began to revive. The taking of Constantinople by the Turks, by driving Greek refugees into Italy, revived in the West the knowledge of the language of Plato and Aristotle, Galen and Hippocrates. Still, however, medicine itself advanced but slowly. How could it be otherwise? Surgery was still committed to the keepers of baths or to the barber. It was thought ignominious to operate upon the living, shameful and impious to dissect the dead. And in every department of science it was still the fashion to reason downwards from certain assumed elements, or power, or entities, instead of reasoning upwards from individual facts to great general truths. We hear constantly of vital and animal souls, of cardinal humours, of the seat and function of the one, of the proper balance of the others. It is a favourite idea, that man is a summary of the universe: they could study him therefore in the universe.

Towards the conclusion of the fifteenth or the commencement of the sixteenth century, medicine had received what aid it could from the revived study of the Greek writers, and new impulses and new efforts begin to be perceptible. A class of very extraordinary men now presented themselves as the representatives of science; men open to the strangest superstitions and the wildest vagaries of the imagination, yet withal of a bold, inquisitive

temper. Under all their faults they had a noble thirst for knowledge. This should never be forgotten, nor the circumstances under which that thirst for knowledge was felt, when we would estimate such men as Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Campanella, or our own Fludd. Better the wildest guess-work than that perfect torpor which follows on the parrot-like repetition of the words of a predecessor. They, by their irregular and ungoverned impetuosity, broke open many a new path, some of which were trodden afterwards with good results. We are surprised when we hear the historian of medicine attribute improvement in its method to study to so strange and erratic a genius as Paracelsus. We find it impossible at first to reconcile the accounts we read of that famous mystic and egregious charlatan with grave statements assigning to him a reform in the science of Galen. But the difficulty is solved for us by this consideration, that though the chemical theories of Paracelsus may have been as wild and as rash as theories could well be, still they were *chemical*. They ushered in the dawn of chemistry—nature was to be looked at from a new point of view. Instead of being satisfied with quite imaginary conceptions of primary elements and cardinal humours, the demand was now to be heard for a veritable analysis of the substances around us, and of which we ourselves are composed. There is no need to say what important changes in our systems of medicine and physiology have been introduced, and continue to be introduced, from the advancing science of chemistry.

Our Jerome Cardan was one of those who assisted in breaking the bondage of a too implicit faith in Galen and Aristotle. But though he had superstitions enough of his own, he cannot be said to belong to this peculiar group of mystics. He had no strange theosophy nor magical system like Cornelius Agrippa; he was no Rosicrucian, no mystic after the order of Paracelsus; nor did he explain all things in nature, like our

* See SPRENGEL'S *History of Medicine*.

Fludd, from the Jewish Cabala. He was, after all, of too shrewd and worldly a character to adopt any of these enthusiastic courses. Nor does he appear to have been at all systematic in his habits of thought. A man of great natural sagacity, and extremely fond of disputation, he doubtless exposed many errors of his time, and threw into circulation many individual truths and facts. But we are not aware that he took any new view, or promulgated any scheme of doctrine, with sufficient distinctiveness to give his name to it.

The quotation we have already made from Mr. Morley contains the circumstances of the birth of Jerome Cardan. Clara Micheria and her boy were afterwards received into the house of the old mathematician and jurisconsult. Young Jerome was made serviceable to his father in sundry menial capacities, and we have him especially brought before us following the parental steps through the streets of Milan, charged with his bag of legal papers. At a later period, when the boy showed some taste and aptitude for study, his father began to interest himself in his education, and gave him some instruction in his own favourite science of mathematics. But upon the whole, the circumstances of his early youth were very unpropitious to mental culture; for his wants and his idleness together drove him into habits of gambling, which clung to him during a considerable portion of his career.

But whilst applying all he knew of mathematics and arithmetic to games of chance, he was already burning with the ardent desire for literary fame. They who look on every character for some ruling passion, would not hesitate long before they determined what was the predominant sentiment of master-motive in the mind of Cardan. It was vanity—a love of fame—or, to choose an expression which shall neither be laudatory nor the reverse, the love of approbation. To distinguish himself was his great passion, and the writing of books was the means by which distinction was to be achieved. The very first treatise he composes is one on *The Earning of Immortality*! Before he has

anything to tell the world, before he has learnt anything himself, he is busy, pen in hand, proving how immortality is to be obtained, and perhaps advancing some faint claim to it. He has all his life a perfect rage for book-making. He cannot think a thought that he is not anxious immediately to communicate to the public, and the most private transactions of his life are laid open to the inspection of the world. A more restless egotism few men have exhibited. One is at first astonished that any man, and especially a vain and boastful man, should have made the strange confession of his own faults, sins, and follies which Cardan appears to have done, both in his autobiography and throughout his works; but, on reflection, it will be seen that this is only one phase of egotism. Men who love to be talking of themselves will turn from self-laudation to unmeasured censure of themselves, rather than leave entirely the dear theme. They are still attracting attention to themselves: they bid us note that they are always remarkable men, for their failings as well as their virtues; and they know all the while that if we are gazing at them with wonder for their errors and passions, they have in store a list of excellent qualities which will at any time convert our wonder of condemnation into a wonder of applause. Moreover, what courage, and what frankness, in this very confession of their sins! It is right, they think, that such men should have errors, that they may be able to show the world so noble an instance of the love of truth. This alone redeems all the failings they avow.

But because egotism and vanity took, as years advanced, a somewhat repulsive form, and indeed led him into falsehoods of many kinds, we must not, on this account, refuse our sympathy with Cardan in the years of early youth, when, notwithstanding a social position calculated to degrade and depress him, he was glowing with a love of fame and of honourable distinction. Mr. Morley says very well:—

“The sense of power, without which no genius can bear fruit, was rooted firmly in Cardan. The slights and sorrows that had made the outer world in childhood

and in youth seem vanity, had driven him to contemplation of that inner world from which there was no pleasant voice to call his thoughts. Self-contemplation, constantly provoked and never checked, acquired a feverish intensity. After the death of his friend Nicolo, when Jerome, with warm passions, found himself at home but half a son, and out of doors regarded as a questionable comrade, a young man with no lawful parents and no prospects, hearing his mother reproached coarsely for his birth, holding the position of a servant with no visible means of escape from it, we feel that there is something touching in the pride of loneliness in which his heart depended for its solace; 'As much as it was permitted me,' he tells us afterwards, 'I lived to myself, and, in some hope of future things, despised the present.'

It is with regret that we read in the next paragraph that our young philosopher and aspirant for fame has hitherto no better field for the display of his powers than the gaming-table:—

"Worldly advancement seemed impossible, restlessness became recklessness, and the neglected youth turned all the energy that was not spent in nursing his ambition upon games of chance. He brought his acquired taste for mathematics to the gaming-table, and calculated nicely the probabilities in cards and dice. . . . There was no game played in his day with dice at which Jerome Cardan did not become proficient."

At length the father, who had hitherto instructed him in little else than mathematics "and some astrology," was persuaded to send his son to the university of Padua. To this he was prompted by the solicitations of Micheria, who, whatever her faults, shows no want of maternal affection towards Jerome. At Padua he succeeds in obtaining such a degree as entitled him to practise as a physician: but it is long before he is admitted as a member of the College of Physicians in his native town of Milan. This honour, however, is at length accorded to him, and, after a sharp struggle with poverty, we see him rise into professional eminence, and into celebrity as an author.

It is not our design to relate in due succession the events in Cardan's life.

Mr. Morley has done this for us: and his biography being neither long nor tedious, but, on the whole, a spirited and entertaining book, we have no motive for abridging the story which he has told. We refer only to such facts as it may be necessary to call to mind to render intelligible the few observations we have to make on the character and the writings of Cardan.

We have noticed the egotism of the man; and his superstition is equally conspicuous. Unfortunately the two co-operate; for, as he is generally the hero of his own tale, his vanity gives an additional stimulus to his love of the marvellous. Of dreams and omens there is no end. Prodiges accompany him at every step, and every work he enters on is ushered in by dreams or visions. To all sorts of wonderful properties or experiences he loves to put in his own claim. Celsus speaks of a priest who could separate his spirit from his body, and remain as one dead, as one devoid of life and sense. Cardan must therefore intimate that he too could do the like. His old father Fazio had a demon or familiar spirit in his service—whether of the good or bad order—whether of the class that waited on Socrates or Dr Faustus—we cannot tell. Cardan cannot of course be less favoured than his father or Socrates, and he too has some mysterious relation with some especial demon. Nothing can happen to him that is not announced by a series of omens: we may be sure, therefore, that his marriage, which was not a very prudential one, was ushered in by certain mysterious events, the significance of which, however, we do not very clearly perceive. "A quiet dog howled with unusual pertinacity; ravens sat upon the house-top and croaked more than they were wont; *bundles of sticks broken by a boy emitted sparks of fire.*" The lovers of the marvellous of the present day will be delighted to hear that "spirit-rapping" or mysterious knockings have their due place amongst the announcements of warnings which Cardan receives from the invisible world. 'At Pavia, one morning while in bed, and again while dressing, he heard a distinct rap, as of a hammer on a wall on his room, from which he knew that he was parted by a chamber in an empty

house. At that time died his father's friend, Galeozza Rosso." On another occasion a noise is heard as of drops of water falling in a court-yard where there was no water to fall. Mr. Morley very sensibly remarks that the ear is frequently deluded as well as the eye, when the nervous system is in a condition which was not unusual with Jerome Cardan.

Everything with him was marvellous. "Who was the man," he says, "who sold me a Latin Apuleius when I was, I think, about twenty years old, and instantly departed? I bought it without judgment for its gilded binding: *but the next morning found that I could read it.*" At this time his knowledge of Latin was extremely limited. Unfortunately it is not only where the incident is of a miraculous nature that we are compelled to be slow of credence: when Jerome is relating anything of himself, it is plain that he *romances* occasionally. Some solitary instance is converted into a habit; or from slight foundations a long story is constructed. "In more than one place we are told by Cardan that his mind suffered at times pains so intense that he was glad to relieve it by applying counter-irritation to his body. He would beat his thighs with a switch, bite his left arm, pinch tender bits of skin, would fast, and endeavour by such means to produce a flow of tears, for he was relieved greatly by weeping, but was frequently unable to obtain for himself that method of relief." He may have acted like this once in his life: to such extent our faith will reach; but the deliberate practice of this counter-irritation we look upon as quite fabulous. As a conscious, systematic proceeding, it would indeed entirely fail. It seems admitted by his own confession that Cardan was not a brave man, yet we have some singular instances of courage or temerity. "He was afraid of fire-arms. Absolutely a coward he was not; for in his restlessness it was one of his favourite amusements to face at night the dangers of the streets, wandering about, contrary to law, armed, having his face concealed by a black woollen veil." Here too we are inclined to suspect that a solitary instance was converted into "a favourite

amusement." What are we to say to such a story as the following:—

"When I was at Venice," Jerome tells us, "at the festival of the birth of the Virgin, I lost my money at cards, and on the next day what remained: but I was in the house of the man with whom I played. When, therefore, I noticed that he used foul play, I wounded him in the face with a poniard, but slightly. There were present two youths of his household, and two spears were hanging from the rafters, and the house door was fastened with a key. But when I had taken from him all his money, both his own and mine, having won back early that morning, and sent home by my boy the clothes and rings that I had lost to him on the preceding day, I flung back to him of my own accord, some of the money, because I saw that he was wounded." Having achieved so much, Cardan pointed his sword at the two servants, and threatened death to them if they did not unlock the door and let him out. Their master, balancing the cost in his own mind, and finding, says Jerome, that what he had now lost was not more than he had previously taken, bade that his assailant should be suffered to go unmolested.

"On the same day, while Cardan was wandering about, with arms under his clothes, endeavouring to avoid the wrath of the chief magistrate for his assaults upon a senator, after dark his feet slipped, and he fell into one of the canals. By clinging in his struggle to the oars of a passing boat he obtained rescue at the hands of the rowers, and was dragged on board. He found on board his adversary, with a fillet round his face, who covered him, not with reproaches, but with a dry suit of his own clothes."

Events succeed each other like this in dreams, and only in dreams. In our sleep we fight and conquer, and the next moment fall into canals, and are rescued by our late adversary, who is suddenly transformed into a kind nurse with a dry suit of clothes upon his arms. The story wears very much the appearance of a dream converted into a narrative of actual events. Mr. Morley tries hard to believe in Cardan all he can; and apparently, on many occasions, he leaves the disagreeable and ungracious part of doubt and incredulity to be performed by the reader.

Cardan's rise to eminence as an author and as a physician must form the chief points of interest in his biogra-

phy; and as his authorship embraced a wider field than medicine only, these two points of view must necessarily be kept distinct. We will first regard him as an author.

We found that his first treatise was on the method of earning immortality. He no sooner obtains some little knowledge of mathematics than he begins to write books on the science; he no sooner has decided upon following the profession of physic, than he commences a treatise, published long afterwards, on the *Differences of Doctors*. "From the first," says Mr. Morley, "he was unable to confine his mind to labour on a single topic. He did not sit down to work out his immortality of fame by writing a great book; he began at once with three or four books. He was never, throughout life checked in the commencement of a new literary labour by the reflection that he might have four or five unfinished works already in hand. Book-writing was pleasure, and he could not easily deny himself any addition to a pleasure that he loved."

It was easier for him to write his books than to get them printed. Twice we are told the cruel misfortune befell him—surely the most disastrous that could afflict a young author—of having his manuscripts lost by the person to whom he had lent them. At length a college friend, who had set up a printing-press at Venice, undertook to publish some of his writings. "Cardan was thirty-five years old, and up to this date, though an indomitable author from his youth up, not a sentence of his writings had been printed. At last, however, the great day was near, when, for the first time, he should talk to the whole world in print, and ascertain whether he could really make it worth men's while to pay attention to his talking."

If he could only print his book! This had been long the secret aspiration of his soul. And now a book was printed. It bore the title *De Malo Medendi Usa*. The nature of the work, and the results of its publication to the author, shall be told in Mr. Morley's words:—

"It was a clever book, denouncing seventy-two errors in practice. Such errors were the total denial of wine to the

sick, the denial of fish, and the allowance of flesh to people sick of fever, the belief prevalent in many quarters that there could be found one mode of cure for all diseases, and the doctrine that no patient should be bled while suffering under acute pain—a woeful sentence to some, sentence of death, for example, to the man tormented by the agonies of an acute inflammation of the peritoneum. He taught that to do nothing with physic was much better than to do too much, and urged the great number of things that have to be considered before a man desiring to act rightly should set his hand to a prescription. The book was clever, and was of a kind to meet with rapid sale.

"It did sell rapidly, but its appearance plunged the luckless author into a new distress. It had not been long subject to criticism before Cardan was made aware of so many petty faults in matter, style, and grammar, that any pride he may himself have had in his work, when he sent it to the press, was altogether humbled. The sound part of the book, which in many points condemned and opposed prevailing practices, of course received from the doctors of Milan, hostile enough already, the strongest condemnation and opposition. The cry was raised against its author that he did not practise his profession; and it was asked, How, then, could he presume to teach it to the men who did! The unlucky title of his book was quoted constantly against him; and if anybody thought of seeking medical assistance from Jerome Cardan, it could be urged against him not only that he was not recognised by the local College of Physicians, but that he was an eccentric man, who would imperil the lives of his patients by rash crochets of his own. He was a poor man, maddened by poverty, struggling against men high in repute and rich. He was a young man, complaining of his elders. Rivals and enemies looked grave, shrugged their shoulders, merely pointing out that the author of a book on the *Bad Practice of Medicine in Common Use*, might have a better practice of his own; but, from the very title of his work, it was obvious, as the public generally could but admit, that he opposed singly the experience and learning of the whole profession.

"And this was all that resulted from the book written and printed with so much hope of a happy issue. It was to have led the way to sick-beds, by the proof it would afford that he who wrote it had thought soundly and deeply as a

practical physician. It was to have brought to him the first honours of public authorship. 'But when I looked for honour,' said Cardan, 'I reaped nothing but shame.' The book damaged him in every respect but one. It had satisfied the printer, who derived a profit by its sale. It had been bought to be abused; the printer rejoiced while the author grieved. He held his type still at the service of the poor philosopher, and so, at any rate, one difficulty was overcome."

The next work he published was one on *Judicial Astrology*. After this a *Treatise on Mathematics* appeared, from which he dated the first access of good fortune. But the order of publication does not, in Cardan's case, correspond with the order of the composition of his works, printed and unprinted. He writes on everything, and for every purpose; and if adversity afflicts him, he writes on that, and divides his grief into chapters, and shapes it into a philosophical treatise.

"Work of the pen went on. Seized by a bold idea, Jerome brought his astrology to bear on the nativity of our Lord, and began a *Life of Christ*, confirmatory of his horoscope. He wrote also three medical tracts, and began a work on the *Arcana of Eternity*! . . . In the year 1537—he being then thirty-six years old—the world still used him ill, and prompted him to write two books—one upon wisdom, one upon consolation—philosophic shields against the outer miseries of life. In the same year he proved himself a true philosopher, by burning about nine books that he had written upon various subjects, because they seemed to him, on perusal, empty and unprofitable."

His *Horoscope and Life of Christ* were not among the books he voluntarily burnt. The Church kept guard over him here. His caution preserved him from the clutches of the Inquisition; and his superstition—abundant enough for all purposes, and for all creeds—kept him within the pale of the Church. The absurd report that he was an Atheist does not deserve a notice; and though he loved to speculate with the philosopher, he detested heretics.

In mathematics, or rather in algebra, Cardan appears by all accounts to take rank as an inventor or discoverer. Mr. Hallam, in his *Literature of the Middle Ages*, gives

him the sounding title of "founder of the higher algebra;" and notes, as his chief specific contribution, the "rule for the solution of cubic equations." Yet this very discovery, to whatever it may amount, is confessed to be due to Tartaglia, from whom Cardan extracted his secret, on the promise not to divulge it. He revealed it in his *Ars Magna*; and though he gives to Tartaglia the credit of the discovery, he was undoubtedly guilty of a breach of faith in publishing it at all. The loss of his secret drove Tartaglia almost mad; on him, however, Mr. Morley will have no compassion whatever. He says that the "attempt to assert exclusive right to the secret possession of a piece of information, which was the next step in the advancement of a liberal science—the refusal to add it, inscribed with his own name, to the common heap, until he had hoarded it, in hope of some day, when he was at leisure, turning it more largely to his own advantage, could be excused in him only by the fact that he was rudely bred and self-taught, and not likely to know better. Any member of a liberal profession who is miserly of knowledge, forfeits the respect of his fraternity." This is perfectly correct, if applied to the present time; but, as Mr. Hallam has remarked, there was then no scientific application for these rules of algebra. It was the practice of the day to propose certain problems, and challenge other learned men for a sum of money that they would not solve them, and that the proposer would. Such a secret as Tartaglia possessed was therefore a species of property, and he might well complain of being robbed of it. Mr. Morley contends that but a small portion of the discovery was really due to Tartaglia. This is another matter, and on which we advance no opinion.

Of this same Tartaglia Mr. Morley gives us a very interesting sketch. "Self-taught" he seems indeed to have been, if his own account of his early tuition be correct.

"The mother of Tartaglia was unable to provide for him any instruction. Therefore, when he was about fourteen years old, he put himself (as he tells us) to school to learn to write, and in fifteen

days learnt to make letters as far as *k*, but there, his schooling ended. The schoolmaster's first copy-book reached only to *k*; when that was finished by a pupil he received another, upon which were the remaining letters. Nicolo had put himself to school without the means of paying for instruction, so that the fifteen days represented the extent of his credit; that being exhausted, since he had no money, he had nothing more to spend, and very properly retired. He contrived to go away, however, with the master's second copy-book, out of which he taught himself, and which he did not afterwards, return. In plain words, he stole instruction in the rudiments of writing. From that day he declares that he had no other teaching than what he could get through the help of a daughter of Poverty called Industry."

If we were reviewing the works of Jerome Cardan, we should now have to mention the *Differences of Doctors*, a work in which he brings together the discrepancies of learned writers on medicine, and then himself decides between them: the several treatises *De Subtilitate*, on all subtle matters of philosophy, and *De Varietate Rerum*, a most commodious title, and which fully explains itself. Nor must we have passed over the four books on Consolation, and the three books on Wisdom. By these last Cardan was more generally known in England than by any of the others, they being translated into our language, and the gambler of Venice was here popularly esteemed as the Epistolus of his age. We very willingly, however, transfer our reader to Mr. Morley for an account and estimate of these several writings.

In biographical dictionaries and histories of medicine, we have been accustomed to find the name of Cardan ushered in with terms of high and general applause; but when we ask for his specific contributions to medicine or philosophy, the answer appears to be very indistinct. "Il a rendu les plus éminens services à plusieurs branches des connaissances humaines." "Il avait secoué les chaînes de l'ancien système galienique." Such general praise we read of. But whether the world was very much the wiser for the ten folio volumes of Jerome Cardan, we would not venture to decide. He who dis-

putes with everybody must occasionally be right, and that disputative spirit which led him to encounter the prevailing authorities of Galen and Aristotle may have appeared at an opportune moment. The best part of his writings seems to consist of detached remarks, the result of natural good sense, and of observations of a quite empirical or practical character. For the rest, there was no absurdity of the time, out of the arena of medical science, which he did not adopt; and he added a large fund of his own. As a specimen of the singular and heterogeneous mixture which his works presents, we will quote a part of Mr. Morley's account of the treatise *De Subtilitate*.

"In the work on Subtlety, Cardan, at the outset, defines subtle things as those which are sensible by the senses, or intelligible by the intellect, but with difficulty comprehended. Then he treats of matter, which he supposed, as we suppose now, to be composed of ultimate parts, minute, hard, and eternal, out of which things have been created according to their form and nature. In their creation the Divine Being has produced, he says, the best combination that was possible of an existing material eternal like Himself. Having discussed matter and first principles, cold and heat, dryness and moisture, the book passes on to a description of a few mechanical contrivances—of a wonderful lamp, pumps, syphons—Jerome's contrivance for the raising of sunk vessels, levers, scales. He teaches that there are but three elements—air, earth, and water; fire he excludes, because nothing is produced out of it. He treats further of fire, of lightning, of artillery—shows how to know those cannons that will burst, as one burst at Pavia during the All-Saints' procession and destroyed six men. He endeavours to explain why fire can be struck out of a stone—why a string will not burn when it is tied round an egg—why heat breeds putridity, and so forth. He treats of air, of the cause of plague, of tides, of the origin of rivers;—they have, he says, many sources, but the chief is air converted into water.

"Of the earth we find it stated, that the earth is entirely stable, round, and in the middle of the world. These things are demonstrated by mathematics; for the whole earth is no more able to stir from its place than the heavens are able to stand still.' And of mountains he says, 'their origin is threefold. Either

the earth swells, being agitated by frequent movements, and gives birth to mountains as to pimples rising from a body, which is the case with a mountain called La Nova, near the Lake Averno—or their soil is heaped up by the winds, which is often the case in Africa; or, what is most natural and common, they are the stones left after the material of the earth has been washed away by running water; for the water of a stream descends into a valley, and the stony mountain itself rises from the valley; whence it happens that all mountains are more or less composed of stones.' . . .

"The treatise next passes to substances compounded of the elements, to metallic substances, earths, and gems, inquiring, among other things, why amber attracts straws and other light substances, of course without any idea of electricity. He attributes the phenomenon to the fatness and warmth inherent in the constitution of the amber. . . . The eighth book is botanical. The ninth treats of the animals generated from putridity, and of their propagation; how from the putrid matter of oxen we get bees, from that of horses wasps, and hornets out of mules. In this book, treating of the power of warmth as a principle of life, Cardan quotes Joannes Leo, who related that in Egypt the executioner cuts criminals in half, and that the upper half, being then placed upon a hearth over which quicklime has been scattered, will understand and answer questions for a quarter of an hour. The next book treats of perfect animals, and in this is contained, under the head of sheep, the praise of English wool, not less renowned than was the Milesian in the days of Virgil. 'Now, therefore,' says Jerome, 'is Britannia famous for her wool. No wonder, when there is no poisonous animal in the country, and it is infested now only by the fox, and by the wolf formerly; but even the wolves now being exterminated, all the flocks wander in safety.' Then he goes on to state how the sheep in England slake their thirst upon the dews of heaven, and are deprived of every other kind of drink because the waters of the land are deadly to them. He adds that the moist grass of England is quite full of worms, and assigns that as the reason why the air is quite full of crows that feed upon them. There are no serpents on account of 'the immense cold.'"

Those who are amused with such learned follies as these will have a fund of entertainment in Mr. Morley's book. Cardan revelled in absurdities. Even when his professional expe-

rience must have exposed the nonsense, he still must give it utterance. "If you would have black-eyed children, you must intrust them to a black-eyed nurse." And he can gravely ask—"Why is it that men who smell well are more ingenious than other people?" He can confound in the same category, "burning-glasses, and mirrors in which future or distant objects are revealed." Astrology by no means satisfies his thirst for divination. He has a system of Cheiromancy, and is very profound on the lines in the human hand, and a science completely his own, which he calls *Metoposcopy*. Here the character and fortunes of an individual are revealed by the lines in his forehead.

"Seven lines drawn at equal distances one above another, horizontally across the whole forehead, beginning close over the eyes, indicate respectively the regions of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The signification of each planet is always the same, and forehead-reading is thus philosophically allied to the science of palmistry."

Metoposcopy was treated of in thirteen books, doubtless with many an episode. We have notice of one on warts. A woman with a wart at the root of the nose, is given over to the worst of crimes, and to the most miserable destiny. If the wart appear on the left cheek, "where the dimple is or should be," she will be herself the victim of another's crime—"she will be eventually poisoned by her husband."

Now, if a man of this temper occasionally stumbles, amongst his random guesses, on what proves to be a truth, what degree of merit is to be assigned to him for the discovery? In him, in fact, it is not a discovery; it is, like the rest, a mere random guess. We call him only a discoverer who establishes a truth, who enunciates it in that form, and with that degree of proof which renders it a possession to his posterity. If we were to adopt any other canon of criticism, we might have to assign the results of scientific calculation, and of elaborate thought, to the merest dreamers. Not only the least scientific of men would take the honours of our great astronomers and chemists, but our

latest inventions and theories might be traced to people who had never dreamt of science at all. We know not over what wild country, or by what cross-roads, we should have to travel, in order to trace the origin of our present systems. St. Theresa, in a preface to one of her devotional works, speaking of a pain and a noise in the head, which had prevented her from writing, says, "This noise is not in my ears, but in the top of my head, where they say the *superior part of the soul resides*." Was St. Theresa therefore a phrenologist?

Cardan not only wrote books which may be truly described as *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, but he also wrote books upon his own books—*De propriis Libris*; and upon his own life—*De propria Vita*. But we must pass on to some brief notice of his professional career, and mark how the *physician* prospered in the world.

We left Cardan a licentiate of Padua, but unable to obtain admission into the College of Physicians at his native town of Milan. His illegitimate birth was the ostensible ground of his exclusion, but we suspect that his irregular life as a gamester, his poverty, and, in one word, his general want of *respectability*, were the real and operative causes. Some fortunate cures, his books, and the patronage of a few powerful friends, overcame at length the opposition made to him. "In the year 1539, after twelve years of resolute exclusion, Jerome Cardan at last came to be enrolled among the members of the Milanese College of Physicians, and acquired the legal right of practising for fees, or taking office as a teacher in the University.

It was not, however, immediately after this that he experienced any real change of fortune. For some years longer he earns, we are told, very little as a physician, something as an almanac-maker, something by the sale of astrological opinions, but that his chief resource is still the gambling-table. His reputation now brought him the offer of the professorship of medicine at Pavia, which he accepted. Here he had the famous Vesalius for his co-professor, who, at that time,

filled the chair of anatomy. A younger man than Cardan, and of a more scientific character, Vesalius was now teaching anatomy, based on dissections of the human subject. Mr. Morley gives us a spirited notice of Vesalius. The theme is one that warms into passion even the stately Hallam. "He and his fellow-students," says the latter, "prowled by night in charnel-houses, dug up the dead from the grave, climbed the gibbet in fear and silence to steal the mouldering carcass of the murderer; the risk of ignominious punishment, and the secret sting of superstitious remorse, exalting no doubt the delight of their useful, but not very enviable pursuits." Both Mr. Hallam and Mr. Morley seem to imply that Vesalius was the first who dared the prejudice, or discarded the superstition, which protected the dead body from examinations so necessary to the cause of science. But we have elsewhere read that "Mondini, a professor in the university of Bologna, publicly dissected two female subjects about the year 1315,"* and that he published anatomical drawings taken from the human body. To Vesalius, however, is attributed, on all hands, a great advancement towards the true method of studying anatomy; and with such a condjutor Cardan must have been stimulated to make his own chair of medicine as instructive as possible. His own reputation as a physician was rapidly extending.

The stars had predicted that Jerome Cardan should die before he reached the ripe age of forty-five; "but," says he, "it was when I ought to have died that I began really to live." His astrology always deceived him, but, like all true believers, he was only the more faithful to his astrology. His reputation was now so great that he was invited by the pope, Paul III., to Rome. Very liberal offers were made him, which he declined. Christian, king of Denmark, also wished to attach him to his court, as his own physician; but he preferred to continue in his present safer and more independent position.

We now approach the event in his

* See a Survey of the History of Medicine that prefaces the *Encyclopædia of Practical Medicine*.

professional life which is to us the most interesting,—his journey into Scotland, and visit to the Archbishop of St. Andrews. He had now resigned his professorship at Pavia, and was at Milan when a long letter—a very long letter, (Mr. Morley has given us the greater part of it, and very rightly, for it is a curious epistle in its way), reached him from Dr. Cassanate, the body-physician of the Lord Archbishop. This letter, after many compliments to Cardan, stated the illness of the Archbishop, his wish to consult so learned a man, and proposed that patient and doctor should meet halfway at Paris. We must give our reader an extract from this epistle; we could not possibly withhold the whole of so curious a composition from him; it shall be that portion which describes the Archbishop's disease, with the medical opinions held upon it at this period:—

“The brother of the most humane prince, the regent of the kingdom of Scotland, the most illustrious Archbishop of St. Andrews, whose physician I have been for about four years, was vexed at the age of about thirty, ten years ago, with a periodic asthma. The first accession of the disease was a *distillation from the brains into the lungs*, associated at that time with hoarseness, which by the help of the physician then present, was for the time removed, but there was a bad temperature left in the brain; it was too cold and moist, so that an unnatural matter was collected in the head, which was retained there for a short time, because the brain could neither properly digest its own aliment (especially since it was nourished with pituitous blood), nor had it power to resolve the vapours brought into it from the parts below. Things being left in this state by a preceding attack, it happens that whenever the whole body is filled with a matter which, as a substance, vapour, or quality, invades the brain, there is a fresh accession of the complaint—that is to say, there is a flow of the same humour down into the lungs. And this accession agrees almost accurately with the conjunctions and oppositions of the moon. . . . The arterial pulse is soft, small at the beginning of the attack, frequent and irregular, showing the constriction and pain in the respiratory parts, and the increase of the body's heat; for the air drawn in, on account of the narrowness of the road left for it, is not enough to cool the head and lungs.

“You have here the whole theory of the disease, which hitherto I have laboured to assuage, and hinder from passing into worse.

“Now leaving the great tumult of his cares and undertaking, he (the Archbishop) is about to visit Paris, a city flourishing as the seat of studies of all kinds, and especially of medicine, entirely bent upon attending to his health. But since he has frequently been informed by me of your eminent virtue, your singular erudition, and most abundant experience as a practising physician, the Archbishop most eagerly desires your help, as the most valid protection he can obtain against his malady; so that he is persuaded that he will be healed by you, as if by the hands of a favouring Apollo. Therefore he desires in this affair, not only to receive your advice, but he is so eager to profit by your presence with him, that he would spare no cost that would attract you before some fixed day to Paris. Therefore contrive, I beseech you, that Lutetia (Paris), the nurse of so many great philosophers, may behold you, at least once, that you may be surrounded and admired by so many scholars, that they may receive, cherish, and venerate with fresh honour, a man whose writings have already had from them a worshipful reception.

The man must have been of stone who could have resisted such an epistle. Moreover, Cardan was quite disposed to visit Paris. When, however he arrived at Paris, he learnt that the Archbishop could not possibly leave home, and he was persuaded to continue his journey into Scotland.

John Hamilton, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, does not bear a very good character, at least with Protestant historians. This very illness is attributed to the irregularities of his life. Mr. Morley treats him leniently; more leniently, for instance, than Mr. Cook in his *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, who writes of him thus:—“The regent was completely under the direction of his natural brother, the primate, who sought to compensate for a dissolute life, and counteract the effect of it, by that intemperate zeal which has so often been manifest by the most profligate and irreligious of men.” However, it is not with his moral character that we have here to deal, but only with his health, only with that “distillation from his brains” which is flowing into his own lungs.

Cardan did not altogether adopt the theory of the body-physician Cassanate. Who imagines that he would? "Cassanate had placed at the base of the disease a cold brain; Jerome traced all the evil to a hot one." There were also other points of difference. Applying his theory to practice, Cardan recommended the use of a food as much as possible "cold-natured and humid." The cold natured food would "resist the attraction of the brain, for it is the nature chiefly of warm things to exhale and to ascend."

Both physicians attacked the brain as the seat of the disorder. The humour must have flowed *downwards*. They would have been surprised enough if they could have been told that their successors would trace the asthma to a spasm in the muscular fibres of the bronchi—muscular fibres whose existence could not have been suspected. Cardan gave several prescriptions for "a purgation of the head." In some, the mixture was to be "drawn through the nostrils when the patient has an empty stomach." In others, it was to be applied to the coronal suture—being, in short, a blister of no gentle operation. But however absurd his theoretical reasonings and some of his remedies may have been, there was manifest good sense in the regulations which he imposed upon the archbishop as to his diet, exercise, study, and repose. These told upon his health, and Car-

dan retired victorious from the field, carrying back an increased reputation, and the more substantial results of the liberality of his patient.*

From Scotland he was summoned to the court of England, to give his advice on the declining health of Edward the Sixth. Cardan's interview with the young monarch and the account he gives of that precocious prince, we would willingly extract, but we are warned that we must draw to a conclusion.

We shall convey Cardan back to Milan with all his honours thick upon him. Eminent men solicited his advice as he returned: the King of France would have detained him at his own court. We leave him at the zenith of his fame. The sad calamity that was in store for him, the affliction that a worthless and criminal son brought down upon his grey head, and how he sank again into poverty and disrepute, we must leave our readers to learn from Mr. Morley's book.

We hope we shall soon again see this author in some other biography. He does not need to be told that subjects enough await him, and nowhere more abundantly than in the medical literature of the middle ages. That group of mystics, as we must call them, for want of a more definite term, to which we have already alluded, still await the candid and judicious biographer. Paracelsus is still a problem with us; Cornelius Agrippa

* It may be amusing to turn from the medical discussion of Cardan and his contemporaries to the theological discussions which at the same time were vexing the archbishop and the clergy of St. Andrews. This was the period of the commencement of the Reformation; and some Protestant had humbly suggested that the Lord's Prayer ought not (from the very tenor of it) be said to the saints. As in physic, so in theology, dialectic skill was to determine the whole matter. The animated discussion which this heresy excited amongst the learned doctors of theology seemed to be entirely carried on by mere terms of logic. "Some maintained that the Lord's Prayer was said to God *formaliter*, and to the saints *materialiter*; others held it was said to God *principaliter*, and to the saints *minus principaliter*; but it was by the majority concluded that it should be said to God *capiendo strictè*, and to the saints *capiendo largè*." At a synod subsequently held, the question was formally debated; but the synod seems to have been unable to choose between this collection of logical phrases, and were contented with determining "that the Lord's Prayer should be said to God, yet so that the saints also be invoked."—*Cook's History of the Reformation in Scotland*. The same historian proceeds to say that a servant of the sub-prior of St. Andrews asked his master what the long discussion had been about, and being told, decided that the *Pater noster* should be only said to our Lord. "What, then," said the sub-prior, "is to become of the saints?" "Oh," said the man, with strange mixture of faith and irreverence, "give them *Aves* and *Credos* enow, in the devil's name; that will suffice them."

has become a quite fabulous person; and the theosophist is lost sight of in the magician. From the writings of Campanella surely something may be gleaned, and his life is not divested of even a tragic interest. Mr. Morley has shown that he has that "tough faculty of roading" which would be so essential to the task: he has good sense and sound judgment and liberal

feeling. It is not every one we would trust amongst the mystics. Some would have eyes only for what was absurd and ridiculous; others would turn mystics themselves. We have follies enough in the scientific world without wishing for a revival of the Rosicrucians in any other manner than in the pages of an enlightened biographer.

YOUNG BENGAL.

OUR contemporary, the *Westminster Review*, some time ago expressed his astonishment at the wide and enduring popularity of Mr. Canning's *Knife-grinder*. It appears easy enough to account for it by remembering the deep and universal truth it contains. The friend of humanity accosts a man apparently in very miserable circumstances, and invites a confidential communication of his grievances,—inferring that they are, of course, owing to some one or other of the class who wear broadcloth and wash their hands. "Was it the Squire, the Parson of the parish, or the Attorney?" Alas! for the disappointed sympathiser; he meets with a recital of physical annoyances caused by the sufferer's own misconduct, backed by an appeal for pecuniary assistance, which he, the philanthropist, indignantly repels!

It is the correctness of this example which the world—dull dog as it is generally accounted—has perceived and honoured. The scene is acted and re-acted, as often as people attempt to set up for reformers without understanding the case they propose to treat. And it is more or less complete, according as the quack is, or is not, a well-meaning fellow at bottom. Those—and we know there are many of them—who undertook the work in earnestness, however ignorant, will acknowledge their errors, and by withdrawing altogether, or by conferring succour in the way required by the object of their solicitude, since he will not have it in theirs. The more designing and interested practitioner will insist on administering his inappropriate nostrum, thereby establishing a claim

to his fee, and vindicating his own consistency, though he may in so doing destroy his patient. The latter may die, or he may go mad under the treatment; or may refuse it and recover, but the doctor—like the king—can do no wrong.

British India has been a good deal before the public lately in this way. Various zealous individuals, imitating their great prototype immortalised in the *Anti-Jacobin*, have assumed a number of evils which they hold to be afflicting our Eastern dependency; and have suggested a number of remedies, against the majority of which there are but two objections—that they are not required, and they could not be put in practice. Nor let the philanthropic reformers be too severely blamed. They have often only acted according to their lights; and surely there is something noble in the ardour with which a generous mind, taking fire at a recital of oppression or neglect, plunges boldly forward in the cause of distant, but, as they believe, suffering fellow-creatures. Nor is it enough to reply by bidding them look at home. Undoubtedly there is a frightful mass of material want, of moral and of spiritual destitution, in our own streets; assuredly there is a tendency in the minds of Englishmen to look over the heads of their prostrate neighbours wallowing in filth and darkness, and to scan the telescopic miseries of the antipodes. Yet, even this, so it be but genuine, is not altogether a fault; it is an education in sympathy, and need not be quite incompatible in the end with the discharge of more domestic duties. At any rate, human nature is human nature, British nature is British; and it is, if not

altogether right, at least natural, if we must study a disagreeable subject, to do so at as great a distance as is consonant with earnest and practical investigation: if the choice lies between this and nothing at all, we would far rather have our countrymen inquire into the case of distant and alien tribes, than close their eyes and hearts in egotistic apathy; more especially when those tribes are pointedly committed by Providence to their care and kindness. "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

If it were worth while to complain at all, we should be tempted to lay the heaviest charges at the door of those who presume upon an acquaintance, more or less superficial, with the country, and on the influence they acquire from their known connection therewith, to furnish the home reformers with worthless matter on which to work. It has been said that there are two kinds of falsehood—one, that which the utterer knows to be false; the other what he does not know to be true. Both have been told about India. Gentlemen connected with the English press in presidency towns, who have never wandered five miles beyond their respective offices, and could not converse with a native, high or low, except to call for a pipe-light, or a glass of brandy-and-water; barristers of the supreme courts, who administer English law to the mongrel population of seaports, and add to the Cockneyism of the "able editor" the peculiar disqualifications of the legal pedant; European planters who would be glad to live above all law; native landed gentlemen who only value it as an exciting kind of speculation, or a means of oppressing their tenantry—such have been the sources from which our information has usually been derived. It is very true that none of these classes, that not all put together, in any way represent the public opinion of the country; but at the same time their opinions, and their facts or assertions, are those of people residing in India; the majority of the Indian public is utterly silent; and members of parliament who wish to make a name, editors

who are anxious to lead the age, the ambitious, the conscientious, the factious, the restless, are all alike obliged to work as they can on the materials at their command.

There are public wants in India; questions there are which affect the thoughts and the talk of those who, from actual experience, know and love that long-lost country, and its well-nigh God-forgotten people. Some of these are discussed, in the little volume* we are now about to bring before the readers of *Maga*. In doing so, we would plainly state that we are influenced partly by the wish to give a notion of the topics which are occupying the attention of real friends of India; and partly by a feeling that it is right for both parties that the unassuming Hindoo, who has worked his way up from the bosom of savagery and superstition, should be brought to the notice of that great British public, whose dim and distant image has evidently thrown its long shadow over every function of his mind.

Perhaps such words as "superstitious savagery" may appear an overstrained statement of the condition of a country which sent us the beautiful productions witnessed in the Indian courts of the Great Exhibition, and which produced epic poems and rock-cut temples, when our ancestors were wandering about with unshorn locks and family portraits painted on their knee-caps. But, bright and delicate as are the tissues of India, elaborate as may be its ivory carvings, they are surely of no great practical value on human happiness; and such as they are, or even better, were those produced by their progenitors, and architects of Elephanta and the Mahabharat. Such civilisation as the Hindoos ever possessed has steadily retrograded these many centuries.

"None of the arts and sciences ever reached to any extraordinary degree of perfection in India," (so says Baboo Shoshee Chunder); "and the history of the Hindoos bears testimony to but a very ordinary degree of education, and a very low degree of morality. It is true that the Greeks, before the time of Pythagoras, used to travel into India for instruction; but that, we believe, proves

nothing more than what requires no proof, that the Hindoos were a much older people, and had attained, even at that age, a certain degree of improvement. But that their learning, even when it thus stood as a model to foreign admirers, had anything solid or remarkable in it, except its subtlety, we must be permitted to doubt; and that *the national character, on the other hand, was ever a depraved one*, is borne out by the testimony of the code of Ment itself, wherein are mentioned penances and punishments under the criminal law, for pollutions which must remain unnamed. Naturally the Hindoo mind is assuredly as capable of intellectual and moral improvement as that of any other race; and it has exhibited, too, in divers cases, surprising abilities, so far as as they have been developed now, or in remote antiquity. But never coming into collision with other geniuses, or with the whole of even his own community—never associating with foreigners—never availing himself of the great advantages derivable from voyages and travels, and even shut out from the adoption of everything foreign by his laws, the Hindoo has not profited by the revolution of ages, and is still walking in the midst of comparative darkness, while his brethren of the western world, who were sunk in primeval gloom when he saw the light, are basking in the blaze of enlightenment."

Further on, in the same essay, (Hindoo Caste, p. 204),—

"The British government has done much to allay our sufferings, and elevate our national character. . . . But all the laws that ever were enacted will not render a vicious, ignorant, and superstitious people intelligent, virtuous, and happy."

Of the Brahmins, the hereditary priesthood, whose very existence is "the deadly Upas, whose noxious exhalations have made us what we are," our author thus states his opinion:—

"Cicero, speaking of the Roman senate of his time, says, that 'a more scandalous company of sharpers never sate round a gaming-table;' a compliment which can be applied with perhaps even greater felicity to our clergy, only that their right to pre-eminence extends to every sort of guilt, and is not circumscribed to thieving alone."

These are startling sentences; but we have not quoted them as particularly favourable specimens of the Baboo's style. They derive their value

from the fact of their affording the best of all testimony, that of a true Indian patriot, to the fact, so singularly overlooked by the zeal of many of our reformers, that Indian society has been tried and found wanting, and that in English influences is contained, as far as human eye can penetrate, its last chance of redemption. Accordingly a large section of the intellectual classes in Calcutta and the neighbourhood (where the English character has had more momentum and more scope for its action), have earned the name which stands at the head of our paper by boldly discarding the past, and endeavouring to give their unhappy country a new civilization, based professedly on foreign principles. It is to this class that we must refer our author himself, who has devoted to his fellow-labourers a long and fervent treatise, in which he confers on them the synonyme of "the Hopes of India." To those who have ever frequented the taverns, the billiard-rooms, the race-course of Calcutta, the name of "Young Bengal" will call up associations of turbans, top-boots, and trumpery trinkets worn by persons naively described by our Baboo as "men of licentious habits and dissipated character; and a love for food proscribed by the Shastras, and a morbid anxiety for promiscuous intercourse with females of all orders, are the chief causes of their liberalism." These members of "Young Bengal" are unfortunately those of whom the European resident sees the most, but they are not the fair type of the class. It can boast of names distinguished in literature, in society, in patriotism, in law, physic, and even in Christian divinity. Many in this country may remember the earnest Rammohun Roy, who unhappily sought for truth in the broken cisterns of Deism, and the magnificent Dwarkanauth Tagore, who, like him, died of our ungenial climate—victims both to a love of knowledge, which rarely breaks through the bigoted conservatism that binds the Hindoo to his native shores. To these may be added the names of Prosameomar Tagore, the munificent patron of education; of Ramgopal Ghose; and of the whole family of the Dutta, sons and nephews of Baboo Russomoy Dutt, a well-known and

deservedly respected judge in Calcutta. No less than five of these gentlemen have relieved the active pursuit of the various avocations of the schoolmaster, the lawyer, and the clerk, by the production of English poetry of very considerable excellence. The following specimen of the muse of our own author, Baboo Shoshee Chunder Dutt, is, we submit, far better than the general run of the "Arundines Cami;" and would do no discredit to many an established writer, using his mother tongue;—

NO. I.—THE GANGES.

"THE waves are dashing proudly down,
Along thy sounding shore;
Lashing, with all the storm of power,
The craggy base of mountain tower,
Of mosque, and pagod hoar,
That da kly o'er thy waters frown;
As if their moody spirits' sway
Could hush their wild and boisterous play!

But reckless yet of gloomy age,
As heedless too of smile,
Through various climes with regal sweep
Rolls on thy current dark and deep;
Nor ever stoops to wile
The blooming fruits and flowerets shy,
That lightly bend to reach thy wave,
Their beauteous breasts therein to lave.

Unconscious rolls the surges down,
But not unconscious thou,
Dread spirit of the roaring flood!
For ages worshipped as a God,
And worshipped even now—
Worshipped, and not by seer or clown;
For sages of the mightiest fame,
Have paid their homage to thy name.

Canst thou forget the glorious past?
When, mighty as a God,
With hands and hearts unfettered yet,
And eyes with slavish tears unwet,
Each sable warrior trod
Thy sacred shore, before the blast
Of Moslem conquest hurried by,
Ere yet the Mogul spear was nigh.

Thine was glory's brightest ray,
When the land with glory teemed;
The fairest wreath the poet won,
The praise of every daring done,
On thee reflected beamed;
When glory's light had passed away,
Thine were India's wrongs and pain,
Despite that brow of proud disdain.

O'er crumbled thrones thy waters glide,
Through scenes of blood and woe,
And crown and kingdom, might and sway,
The victor's and the poet's bay,
Ignobly sleep below.
Sole remnant of our ancient pride,
Thy waves survive the wreck of time,
And wanton free as in their prime."

Perhaps of a still higher character

are the following, the productions of Jovind Chunder Dutt. Viewed as the work of a foreigner and a heathen, who has only such acquaintance with our language as he may have acquired in his own country, they surely show two things:—1st, That a very good English education is at the command of some at least of the natives of India; and, 2d, That the soil is not unfitted for its reception:—

NO. II.—GOUR.

"I GAZED upon the ruins, wrapt in thought,
Sudden they melted to my dreaming sight,
And in their place rose moated castles
bright;
Like the great temple without workmen
wrought,
The scene with deepest interest was
fraught—
Banners unfurled like meteors mocked the
light,
And burnished armour red reflections
caught,
As sentries slowly paced the ramparts
white.
The streets were peopled with a motley
throng,
Brave men and bashful women half afraid,
Huge elephants forward urged by man and
thong,
And snorting steeds in trappings rich ar-
rayed,
In one continuous tide were borne along,
While martial music at a distance played."

NO. III.—LINES WRITTEN ON THE FLY- LEAF OF MY BIBLE.

"I SOUGHT for fame; by day and night
I struggled that my name might be
Emblazoned forth in types of light,
And wafted o'er the pathless sea;
But sunken cheek and vision dim,
Were all I got by seeking him.
I sought for Wealth; the lust of gold
Sucked my best feelings, seared my heart,
Destroyed my aspirations bold,
And formed my nature's "better part."
And, at the last, though seeming fair,
The prize I clutched was empty air.
I sought for Power; the loftiest steep,
The topmost heights I strove to scale,
Nor dark abysses, yawning deep
Around me, could my courage quell;
But bolder ones, with swifter pace,
Outstripped me in the eager race.
I sought for Love; his heavenly flame
Lit for a time my cheerless way;
But when it fled my path became
More gloomy for the transient day,—
Death spread above his sable pall,
And turned my fondest hopes to gail.
I sought for Health; the changeless girl,
The more I followed, farther fled;—
Where the streamlet's billows curl,
And wild flowers burst, she hid her head;
I prayed her to return again,
My prayers were breathed,—but all in vain

What shall I seek now? All I sought
Eluded, shunned, my nerveless grasp:
What shall I seek? oh, sinful thought,
While still this Volume I can clasp!"

But we must proceed with our enumeration. We have yet to name Drs. Chuekerbutty, Bhowse, and Seal, young men who boldly broke through the trammels of caste; visited England; and, having graduated at the University of London with the greatest distinction, are now in successful practice as physicians in their own country. Nor must we omit the Rev. Krishna Mohun Banerjee, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, who has a cure of souls in Calcutta, and preaches with equal eloquence in Bengalee and English. Of this gentleman a curious fact is recorded, and one which must be in the power of very few persons now living to perform. He has translated a portion of the *Odyssey* from the Original Greek into Sanscrit. It calls up strange sensations to see the glorious child thus, after the lapse of ages, brought face to face with its aged but unhonoured parent.

It must not be supposed that the men here mentioned, and the branch of the community they represent, have never been induced to join in the contemptible agitations and "Monster Meetings" of the Calcutta politicians. It would be almost too much for human nature to resist the united temptations of persuasive demagogues, and of the general frenzy, backed as they may have been, in such cases, by feelings of genuine patriotism. But let us judge them by what they do in cold blood. The book we are noticing is almost entirely devoted to social subjects, and we may be sure that they are amongst those which must occupy the attention of real Indian reformers. Judging from the table of contents, as well as from the general tone of treatment, it is difficult to perceive what complaint can be brought on such grounds, or on what feeling of discontent entertained by sensible and well-disposed persons like these, who owe all they are, not more to their own intelligence and energy than to the society of Englishmen, and the institutions of the British Government.

Baboo Shoshee Chunder's bill of Fare is as follows:—

Young Bengal, or the Hopes of India.
Vedantism, and the Bruhma Sublimia.
Women in India; their Condition
and Character.

The Rohilla Affghans in India.

Hindu Caste; its Nature, Origin, and
Tendency.

Hindu Female Education.

Now, all these, with the exception of the fourth, are subjects in which the future amelioration of the country is deeply involved; but none of them such as the most despotic government can interfere in with any degree of justice, or any hope of ultimate benefit. They must spring from the PEOPLE. The utmost government can do, is either through its individual members and servants, or by grants and official measures, to suggest the nature and direction of such efforts as they deem it advisable for the people to make. But such suggestions must always be attended with uncertainty. No government has much sympathy with popular wants; least of all can such be expected where the ruling power neither shares the language, the religion, nor the social feelings of the community. So that, after all, the only certain impetus that can be given to reform by our government in India should seem to be by diffusing wider and deeper the blessings of a sound education; and even this is not perhaps altogether the duty of the State. Great efforts are, however, being made, efforts which have been hindered, as they still are amongst ourselves, by party differences. Fortunately for India, these were not of the same absorbing nature as they are in England. The two great parties were the Anglicists and the Vernacularists; those who wished to introduce civilization through the language of the civilizers, and those who were for reviving and employing in the good work the Babel tongues of India, not one of which possesses a literature equal to that of the Gaelic or the Basque. On this subject let us hear our Baboo.

"The endeavour to assimilate the literature of a country like India, which sooth to say, has no popular literature of its own, with the literature of such civilised quarters of the globe as Britain or France, in preference to creating a new literature for it, which, when refined to

its extremest polish, would not, in all probability, surpass that of Burmah, China, or Japan, can hardly beset down as unpatriotic in its more enlarged sense. It is all very well to speak of rescuing the language of a country from contempt, and refining it, and making it worthy of a rising people. But it is not quite so easy to raise and refine a language hitherto common only to fishermen and shopkeepers, and adapt it to literary purposes, as all that patriot cry would wish us to suppose. *Almost every district has a separate dialect.*"

Almost every district of one province! and there are perhaps twenty such provinces in India. As for the literature that does exist, our author tells us that it is profligate and indecent, and has "certainly not failed to give many a rake to the world."

But, as we hinted above, people have contrived to keep their passions out of this dispute, and the natural consequence is, that it is now pretty well accommodated on principles of experience and common sense. All friends of education in India seem now agreed that for the mass of the people, that common amount of teaching which is required to render an agriculturist or a handicraftsman an intelligent member of his own class, the three "R's" of Sir William Curtis must be taught in the *patois* of his district or his province. But the student who seeks anything higher in education—who demands of it an enlargement of mind—who aspires to distinction in the higher walks of law, literature, or science, must find in the language of England what, under similar circumstances, was provided to his ancestors in the Arabic, and to our own in the Latin and the Norman French. This matter being now happily adjusted, and the principles of the two sorts of education for ever disentangled and rendered independent and unconfused, a heavy responsibility does indeed rest upon the English in India, officially and in private, individually, and as the supreme source of rewards and institutions, to keep the two channels carefully distinct, that both in their due course may carry benefits throughout the length and breadth of the thirsty land.

But to the people must be left the task of hearty co-operation in this

good work. And in no way can they more effectually aid it, than in breaking down all time-dishonoured customs that exist as barriers; to the removal of which, a government—most of all a foreign government—must be necessarily inadequate.

Foremost among these is the pride of CASTE. But, second, nor less grievous, is the foolish prejudice which, acquiring denser blindness in its old age, has given the force of an indiscriminating law to the disfavour with which the early Hindoos regarded the pursuit of literature by their wives and daughters. For the first five or six years of a boy's life, he is entirely influenced by his mother; and "if she be weak-natured, or small"—We remember how the Laureate argues it out.

Well and wisely does the worthy Baboo put this.

"*All children are still born in paradise*—a paradise as beautiful as that in which Adam lived—and born with hearts as sinless and as pure as were those of our first parents. What converts this Eden, then, into an unweeded garden? . . . What but the training which the sinful communicate to the sinless. . . . If the opinion of schoolmasters were taken, it would be found that, in educating Hindoo lads, more difficulty is encountered in weaning them from wrong notions and ideas, than in impressing on them more correct principles. . . . What difficulty is felt in making him relinquish these—for which he has often the best authority, that of his mother—tutors alone can testify. Why is this so, but that the mother is ignorant? Nature has provided her with patience, gentleness, eloquence, and love; educate her, and she becomes fit for her duty. Who so fit to teach a child as she? Who can weave instruction and love in one sweet cestus around its heart? Is the mother to be left illiterate—this being who can hardly breathe around herself without blighting or shedding freshness and life on the souls of her children?"

The picture of *Zenana* life afforded by our author is new, valuable, and complete. Even in India, we believe no European, previous to the publication of this essay (which appeared originally, as we are told in the Preface, in "*Saunders' Magazine*," a local miscellany), had any correct notion of this matter. In this country, we are sure that, beyond a vague picture of latticed stonework and hookah-

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 What shall I seek? oh,
 While still this Volume

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At length the silence and the solitude become insupportable even to this unsocial Being. He wishes, and on the instant arise a series of phantasmagoric illusions, which form the scenery to be peopled by emanations from Himself—human souls, disguised in the shadowy vestments of mortality. So far we have merely speculations which have been held in all ages by holy men and wise, and even in connection with the most orthodox forms of Christianity. Man is made in God's image, say our Scriptures; Plato, and many even of his Christian followers, thought that eternal being could no more have a beginning than an end; Bishop Berkeley, starting from far-water, came ere long to disbelieve in the actual existence of matter. All these phantasies seem to have little influence, one way or the other, on the great ends of our existence. But the Hindoo philosophers are not satisfied with

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and follow the ulterior destinies of creation—the theatre, and its actors. And now commence their difficulties. Justification by works will not suit their logical intellects; "for works," says the text, "are not to be considered as a bargain;" and again, "*fellers are fellers, even be they of silver or of gold.*" Yet the moral application of this magnificent thought is all missed, because the idea of an atonement and of justification by faith were the sacred fire, which could not be communicated to man but by being brought down from Heaven. So universal is the truth, that "man by wisdom knew not God." Still they skirt, with wonderful dexterity, the abysmal depths of Antinomianism; but it is only to land us *ὡς περ κἀτάγελως τῆς πράξεως*, on the absurd catastrophe of total uselessness, and statuesque abnegation of all and several our functions. "When the senses and the mind are at rest, and when the understanding is not occupied, that is the state for obtaining liberation." And again, "when the Jogee renounces all assistance from the understanding, and remains without the exercise of thought, he is identified with Brūhma, and remains as the pure glass when the shadow has left it."* And the reward of this life of indolent vegetation, the highest possible phase, say our philosophers, of mortal existence, is a total loss of identity: the soul, being reunited to its Divine fountain, "as rivers flowing merge into the sea, *losing both name and form.*"

And this is the scheme attempted to be revived to-day, by those enlightened but misguided philanthropists, who, seeing the lost condition of their country, wish to reform and restore it, with no assistance but what they may derive from indigenous resources; and it is to this the largest class of influential Bengalees that some of our own reformers wish to intrust

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smoking, not one person in a million has ever attempted to form a notion of it. Yet the condition of the women of a country is not only its domestic life, but the hinge upon which turns the whole framework of society. What were the history of Greece without the Hetaire?—what that of Rome without the free and high-hearted matrons?—what that of France without the heroines, the *précieuses*, the *intrigantes*, the Cordays, Rambouilleta, Longuevilles, Rolands, De Staels?

The leading features of woman's position in India are these: early marriage; complete ignorance; domestic subservience and drudgery without parallel—without intermission; exclusion from society, and restriction from second marriage. Uncompromising is the observance of the ancient text of Menù: "Whether a female be a child, or a young woman or old, she must ever be dependent. In her childhood, she must be in subjection to her parents, in her youth to her husband, and in her old age to her children." "She has been condemned," says the Baboo, "to seclusion, and reduced to servitude; the most innocent freedoms of life have been denied to her; and she has been withheld altogether from intercourse with society. Instead of being permitted to lead the taste and direct the sentiments of man, she has been degraded to a concubine and housekeeper." So profound is the contempt entertained for the sex, that the birth of a female child is usually regarded as a family misfortune; the terms "son-in-law" and "brother-in-law" are the *ne plus ultra* of native vituperation; and amongst whole tribes—and those some of the noblest in the land—the parents, high and low, murder their female offspring with a pertinacity which has hitherto defied, though gradually with less and less success, the humane but necessarily imperfect surveillance of our police.

Still lower is the degradation of the widow. The married woman, during the lifetime of her husband, enjoys some advantages in freedom from personal danger or temptation, and in that natural supremacy over the domestic department, of which no-

thing can deprive the warm and busy female heart,—the orderly duteous intellect bestowed upon that half of mankind by the irresistible designs of Providence. But for her whose lord is dead, though the ceremony may be (and often is) but an unconsummated betrothal, there remains nothing but menial drudgery and unnatural solitude, with the possible alternative of unhonoured concubinage. The prejudice, common to every man, in favour of having unprecedented and unchallenged possession of his help-mate's heart, has in this country been crystallized by the petrifying conservatism of the people into an irrefragable law, of which the logical conclusion led at last to the custom—scarcely now, under a Christian government, wholly suppressed—which ordained that the wife or wives should ascend the funeral pile of their husband, and be consumed alive with his defunct carcass.

Here, then, is native testimony to the wants of India. No imaginary grievances, no political aspirations, are expressed. True patriot as our author is, he is yet too sensible a man not to feel that India has had a fair trial of self-government. She has proved utterly wanting. And now, apparently, as a last resource, Providence has temporarily committed the education of this fallen but interesting and gifted race to the hands of that people who stand first of all the world for moral as for physical civilization. What are the materials on which the English in India are to work?—or rather, what are the noxious encumbrances that must be removed before the soil will be fitted for the ploughman or the sower? A religion which the Hindoo, whose pages we have been noticing, broadly states to be inferior to the most degraded forms of Greek or Roman Christianity, is the first. "Never in the days of Socrates and Plato," says he, "were the Grecians—low as they are at this moment—so high, as a moral people, as now; though Christianity amongst them is like a withered trunk, a rotten tree. Never in the days of Brutus, Cato, or Cincinnatus, were the Romans—dark as their present corruption is—more practically moral as a nation than

now, even though perverted doctrines have marred amongst them all the sublimer features of Bible religion. All this has Christianity achieved; and all this has never been achieved by the Vedānta."

And be it remarked, that this Vedānta is no vulgar scheme of idolatrous rites and superstitious practice, but a system of soaring and transcendental eclecticism; which, attracting to itself some portions of revealed truth, and grafting them on the pure metaphysics of some of the subtlest thinkers in the world, has ended in producing a mere jumble of contradictions, compromises, and checks, only so far practicable as a moral rule of life, as it wanders from its texts, and condescends to borrow the ideas of its plain and holy rival. God, according to the Vedānta (as originally delivered by Vijasa), is the Animus Mundi of Lucretius and Epicurus. In an eternity of self-satisfied apathy, he brooded over the nothingness around. Like the deity of D'Aumale, in the *Henriade*—

"Tranquille, au haut des cieux, il se mêle de lui-même."

At length the silence and the solitude become insupportable even to this unsocial Being. He wishes, and on the instant arise a series of phantasmagoric illusions, which form the scenery to be peopled by emanations from Himself—human souls, disguised in the shadowy vestments of mortality. So far we have merely speculations which have been held in all ages by holy men and wise, and even in connection with the most orthodox forms of Christianity. Man is made in God's image, say our Scriptures; Plato, and many even of his Christian followers, thought that eternal being could no more have a beginning than an end; Bishop Berkeley, starting from tar-water, came ere long to disbelieve in the actual existence of matter. All these phantasies seem to have little influence, one way or the other, on the great ends of our existence. But the Hindoo philosophers are not satisfied with

accounting for the existing phenomena of the universe; they must also fulfil the whole character of man—

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the Hindoo millions. As well might a man at death's door, with a lingering cancer, protest against his being cured by any means but those existing in his diseased and putrefying body; or, as our author still more strongly puts it, just as possible is it for dissipation and excess to restore an exhausted constitution to pristine vigour and health." For, be it added, the above system, such as it is, is merely proposed as an esoteric doctrine for the high and the learned; the poor (to whom "the gospel was preached") are to be sustained on the more digestible nutriment of polytheism and idolatry! A propagation of these tenets, professedly false, is announced by the neo-Vedantic reformers of Calcutta as part of their plan.

Secondly, We have to deal with CASTE,—the result of which, as stated broadly by our author, has been to keep all classes in their respective original states of misinformation, so as to render it necessary to have one religion for the high, and another for the low; and to perpetuate and strengthen false principles in science, art, manufacture, and social practice.

Thirdly, there is the organized darkening of the minds of women—a full half, some think the better one—of the community. They are excluded from knowledge, from society, as far as possible from influencing conduct, life, history.

Fourthly, and cognate with the above, is the organized oppression that condemns widows to perpetual servitude, solitude, or prostitution.

Fifthly, we shall add—though we suspect our author himself is hardly aware of its importance—the natives must disabuse themselves, to a great extent, of their shiftless dependence on government. *Aidez toi, et l'état t'aidera*, must be the advice of all true friends to young India. Our Baboo seems, in more places than one, to blame the rulers of British India for not grappling more directly with the above-mentioned evils. He should remember that, if no government can lead a nation very far, either morally or socially, how much more difficult must the task be for a government alien to the people, and incredibly advanced beyond them,—bound, moreover, by innumerable expressed pledges,

no less than by the whole character of their tenure, from interference on points of domestic or religious nature, further than may be necessary for that which is the first, if not the ultimate duty of rulers—the protection, namely, of life and property. But, on the whole, is not our Baboo a fine fellow? And can that people be altogether worthless, or that foreign regime altogether unproductive of results, from whence springs a man capable of discarding the prejudices of national tradition, and acquiring the tone of thought of a handful of alien conquerors, till he can write such passages as we have quoted? God speed him! and may He be pleased to spare his country, and raise it to its due place among the nations, for that it contains not ten, but let us hope ten hundred, such as this man! The population of India, it is true (and the volume before us amply supports the assertion), is not yet in any way typified by such men as Shoshee Chunder Dutt; the literary class is not more highly raised above the hewers of wood and drawers of water in Christian countries, than are he and his few compeers above the mere educated section of their compatriots. But they are working, and honest Englishmen are working with them—both officially and individually; though necessarily, if our view is correct, more in the latter mode than in the former: and we cannot avoid hoping that, with such workmen and such material, the blessing of Providence will one day crown the labour.

In conclusion, we would only remark that it is very childish, not to say unfair, that the government of British India should be blamed for all the backwardness of civilization, and the religious, moral, and social heresies that make that country so melancholy a type of stagnation and misery. When first it passed into our possession, there were certainly many things which prominently called for the notice of the supreme power, and they received it. Internal warfare and apoliation—long chronic, almost normal—have been completely stopped; Thuggee is unheard of; Suttee as rare as high treason in England; Dacoity only lingers where judges are scrupulous; the police and criminal law

worked mainly by Asiatics, is decidedly superior to that of any other Asiatic country, and is daily improving; prison discipline is better than it was in England in the days of Fielding and Smollett; while the registration of landed property has attained a degree of simplicity and precision to which we in Britain are still strangers. Now, surely to have conferred upon the most anarchical of Eastern populations a progressive protection for life and property, will be admitted by the most liberal politicians to be a fulfilment of the first and most peremptory claim that can ever demand the attention of the state. Nor is it easy to perceive why, with their hands full of pressing work like the above, in a country, where the rudest principles of polity were utterly unknown, the rulers of India should be blamed, because they have not, in less than a century, overturned the domestic social and moral code that has gone on petrifying since the times of Agamemnon or Nebuchadnezzar. To take the extreme instance of female infanticide—a case with which, as involving the sanctity of human life, the government was undoubtedly called upon to deal—will be sufficient to show the *physical* impossibility of a government, and that an alien one, attempting to put down a domestic evil, without securing the co-operation of their subjects. The history of the movement shows that magistrates of uncommon zeal, ability, and experience, backed by the almost consular authority of an Indian district-officer, endeavoured in vain to meet the undoubted commission of this foul unnatural crime with conviction or punishment. At length Mr. Raikes, then stationed at Mynpoorie, conceived the expedient of convening the influential members of the daughter-slaving clans, and suggesting to them the abhorrence with which their prac-

tice was regarded by civilised mankind, and the easy means afforded for its abrogation in the united resolution of society. Rules were at once framed, and cordially acceded to; and statistical inquiries have triumphantly vindicated the principle of the measure, which has recently been repeated on a still larger scale by the administration of the Punjab. But the evils noticed by Baboo Shoshee Chunder are not such as in any way affect life or property; for the government have shown a firm resolve that they shall not be permitted so to do. The isolation of the widows led to Suttee, and it was proscribed as murder; the institution of Caste involved the civil disqualification of a person who changed his religion, so that he could not succeed to his patrimonial inheritance. This also has been annulled by a special regulation. But it must surely be obvious to the most superficial observation, that the re-marriage of widows, the loosening of the bonds of Caste, the opening of the Zenânas to the visitor or the schoolmaster—that these and similar reforms could not be effected against the will of the people; and that the attempt would justly warrant the most impassioned invectives ever heaped on the tyranny of the Indian government. If a man has an imposthume that is bringing him to the grave, the physician must first arrest the progress of the sore; but the restoration of the patient's general vigour must be left, under Providence, to his own care and the resources of his constitution. The medical man may prescribe a regimen, and administer tonics; in like manner, the English in India may suggest the direction and the means of reformatory movements; but whether they shall be adopted, and whether they shall succeed, must depend on the spirit with which they are received, and on the favour of the great Disposer of Events.

MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

THERE are some names which Providence seems to have gifted with the perpetual attribute of youth. Every one knows how many years it is since the world was gladdened with those sweet kindly English villages and circles of good neighbours, of which Miss Mitford is the parent and creator; but few, we believe of all that wide population of unknown friends which she has made for herself, will read the sad but uncomplaining preface of *Atherton* without a shock of sorrowful wonder. The very genius of open air and daylight, of bright-eyed loving observation, of rural freedom and innocent unrestraint, it is sad to think of her old age condemned to the bondage of a sick-room, of those fetters of bodily helplessness, those weary days of imprisonment, which she herself mentions so calmly. Decay and pain, strange alien influences, jar with a stronger discord when we hear of their effect on one so fresh and young at heart; and it is difficult to believe that the presence which pervades all those sweet living stories with an unmentioned but always visible individuality, is confined within four walls, or sentenced to the still more dreary thralldom of a bed of pain. After mentioning an accident which happened to her nearly two years ago, Miss Mitford writes of her present state of health: "The autumn found me again confined to my room; wheeled with difficulty from the bed to the fireside; unable to rise from my seat, to stand for a moment, to put one foot before another; and when lifted into bed, incapable of turning or moving in the slightest degree whatever. Even in writing, I was often obliged to have the ink-glass held for me, because I could not raise my hand to dip the pen in the ink. In this state, with frequent paroxysms of pain, was *Atherton* written." If boasting were in Miss Mitford's way, she has abundant room for self-graduation over so singular a feat; for the air is as sweet, and the out-of-doors atmosphere as full of light and motion and fresh winds, in this story as in any

tale she ever wrote; and we know no higher praise.

Among the earliest in the throng of feminine writers who animate the literary annals of the past half-century, Mary Russel Mitford, one of the most womanly and unpretending of them all, holds a friendly footing in thousands of homes, which her personal presence never approached, nor herself had note of. She who neither dazzles by her genius, nor much enlightens by her philosophy, does what neither wisdom nor genius always succeed in doing—comes in at the heart alike of her subject and her hearer. Neither learned in metaphysical analysis, nor nice in the varying shades of passion, her true and natural eye is wise to see the unstrained and common emotions which lie warm in the bosom of ordinary life; and needing no monsters, either of vileness or perfection, to stimulate her own interest in her fellow-creatures, she offers no such unwholesome excitation to her audience. A truer intuition and a nobler insight is hers. Skilled to discover those hidden qualities of heart and spirit which shy honesty nurses within itself, and sturdily refuses to make demonstration of—and with a quick eye for the occasions which call forth latent heroism, magnanimity, and courage—her loving revelation throws light upon the redeeming spot in many a rugged nature, and opens the contracted doorway of many a home of faded gentility or penurious cottage,—not to spy the poverty of the land, but to disclose the wide heart, great enough to contain the whole world, which somehow has come to harbour there. No one ever rose from the fresh chronicles of Miss Mitford more learned in signs of selfishness, more wisely suspicious or wary of his fellows. For her own part, she has too little skill in evil motives to render them cleverly, or search them out at all; and we must be content to like our neighbour better and not worse, to embrace our friends more heartily, to trust dependants with a franker security, and judge the uni-

versal world with a more kindly eye, if we would receive the genial interpretation of humanity which this sunshiny nature spreads before us. Three-score years, with all their toils and trials, and with much knowledge of many people to boot, have not learned Miss Mitford better. Good wary sceptic, unfold your brows, and try what candour and a pure heart will do. After all, most people in this world would rather do you a good turn than a bad one; but generosity and loving-kindness are tender flowers, and all the artifice in the world will not force them into bloom under a forbidding and suspicious eye.

Fiction has greatly changed its sphere and purpose since the days when Sir Walter fixed the limits of the half fabulous and romantic at sixty years since. Poets and story-tellers no longer think it necessary to dive into an unknown time, or seek a half-discovered country, before they venture to give their imagination wing. Utopia and Arcadia are scarcely more out of date than the visionary Spain or romantic Italy, the mysterious German forests and Rhonish castles, which wont to be the proper seat of romance. Even the wilder wastes of Ireland, or solitudes of the Highlands, where it is safe to believe anything may happen, begin to be forsaken by the wandering minstrel race. Poor ancient Dermots and Donalds, it is well for them if they find a better chronicler than some wicked Cockney tourist, or wickeder critic, ready to extinguish the noblest "Farquhard More M'Tavish" in inextinguishable laughter; and what can romance do for the very Rhine, where Brown and Jones and Robinson are in undisturbed possession, or the storied Teutonic forests given up to baths and gambling-houses and tawdry gaiety? Finding nothing safe in the material world from these vulgar intruders, the weary wings of fancy strain no longer after the unknown, but come back, like summer swallows, to build among the eaves, and lie low, like the lark, on the grassy fields at home. The great primitive passions—the lovelier loves and nobilities—come as ready to the hand in one rank of humanity, and in one corner of earth, as in another, says the new doctrine,

and the Real holds its ground, and sets up its claim, sometimes to be truer than all idealities—often to be falseer than any lie.

Wherefore down with all Mrs. Radcliffes—away with the impossible heroes, the mysterious destinies, the incomprehensible entanglements of the antique art; and when the dust clears away and the commotion stills, we give you full warrant you shall find nothing fairer in all England than the sweet quiet of Our Village, with all its blossomed orchards round it, with its warm banks of turf, its flowers, and wooing bees, and running stream. Not a bit of hedgerow or greensward in it that is not true as the daylight which overspreads it all. The labourers are all a-field, the good wives at home; the cottage maidens, trim in the afternoon sunshine, knitting or sewing by open lattice or shadowed porch;—here, a hundred little voices sending their hum over the green from the village school; and there a solitary truant fishing with his crooked pin, and bending to his stolen pleasure with guilty delight. Nor do you fail to perceive the hall, overseeing this bright domain from among its stately trees—nor the rectory, peeping out from its embowered gate—nor the patrician cottage, with its sunny lawn and gay gardens; rural footsteps, leisurely and measured as those that sound upon the lanes and high-road—true rustic voices those that ring into the air; and the morning rises full of stir and energy, and the languid sunny afternoon droops after, and the cows come home at eventide; and we who live in dusty towns, and streets full of never-ceasing bustle, wake up to look with wonder upon those walls pressing so close to us, and discover that we have been in the country all unawares, and without trouble, and come back refreshed, with a breath of showers and dews and sweet healthful winds about us—with no perception of a book at all, but a very clear one of the genial rural life and its sunny side. Then to know it is not all a delusion—that this very May whitens a hundred orchards with the self-same blossoms, and cheers all those homely hearts as it cheers ours—that we can honestly answer in the affirmative that wistful child's question, "Is it

true!"—honour to the pleasant chronicle and sweet historian. We refuse no credit to your castle founders, your builders of monastery or cathedral; but we claim a place for the maker of Aberleigh and Belford Regis nearer the heart than theirs.

The earlier writings and publications of Miss Mitford were poetry, of which few people knew more than that they are unknown; then her rising strength expanded into dramatic writing—a lofty and perilous experiment for a very young woman. Several of her plays were very successful, and attained a high degree of popularity in their day, and we understand that it will not be long possible to impute to them the mingled slight and compliment of being "out of print"—since a new edition is shortly promised. Of the plays themselves, besides the graceful and fluent writing which is as remarkable in them as in the less ambitious narrative of their author, we may remark the animated and rapid action so unusual to modern dramas. *Rienzi*, indeed, reads like a sketch, so hurried and breathless is its story; and the *Two Foscari*, if less impetuous, is singularly unencumbered with the tedious and unnecessary dialogue which forms so large a portion of ordinary dramatic writing. Our author in the former has taken only too brief a space for her work; and hence an air of haste and undignified speed which makes *Rienzi*'s course a race of precipitate fate, and loses the greatness in the abruptness of the quick concluded tale. Singularly equal in strain, one rather admires the beautiful telling of the story than pauses upon points or passages, and it is not easy to make extracts: but we recommend these dramas heartily to all by whom they are unknown, vouching for it, that without interest, without even a spark of a rarer thing—excitement—no one will read them, and that without entering upon their claims to higher rank, a more graceful addition could not be made to any collection of dramatic works. More it were easy to say, but it would be impossible with any justice to say less.

It must have been a singular transition to the young writer, stepping at once from the applauses of the theatre, the excitement of lofty historic

subjects, and the melody of tragic verse, to the simple landscapes of her home village, the common people and common incidents with which henceforth her name was to be identified. We have little doubt that the ardent young poetic spirit on whom the wider world and its commendations had just broken, must have felt a pang of involuntary humiliation and disappointment as she made this descent. The candour of advanced life which has surmounted its own little private prides, and has no longer any one surviving on whom the acknowledgment can cast a reproach or pain, says simply that this change of sphere was forced upon her by household wants and necessities; that she needed to work, in short, and to work upon such materials as were most surely remunerative. We wonder how many things of beauty, which are joys for ever, have their origin from such a motive; how large the number really is, perhaps no one will ever know; but a strange and touching record of much endowed yet troubled poverty might grow out of the enumeration even now. That gay, brilliant, fascinating doctor, the dear indulgent papa of Miss Mitford's childhood—the cherished and beloved father of her maturer years, whom one is perpetually impelled by a whimsical appropriation of national character to count for an Irishman—was but a thriftless provider, as it seems, for his own large wants and necessities, or for the less exigent claims of his home; and the good daughter, whose childish good fortune brought wealth to the family years before (after that wild obsolete fashion of unlooked-for fortune, a lucky lottery-ticket), had, with no such fairy chance falling to her a second time, a very serious call upon her exertions now. Loving the drama with all her heart, and no doubt feeling it all the more endeared to her for her own personal success, the young author found it a precarious means of producing the substantial return which it was necessary to produce; and like a true hero, she put aside her own preference, and chose the humbler way in which that indispensable success was to be found. The plays were set aside, the sketches of country life and manners were begun: it is a

comfort to think her heart must have been in it even then, or nothing so gladsome and full of sunshine could have answered to the call; and *Our Village* established Miss Mitford's name and fame above, question or cavil—conferred on her a widespread and most kindly popularity, and made every subsequent work welcome and honoured which came from her pleasant pen.

Our Village is now a classic, and of age enough to hold its place unsupported in the ranks of modern literature. Who can forget the truth of these delightful stories—the fresh sweet looks of these simple rural maidens, the comfort of these pretty village homes, the incidents so true, so natural, so touching, so loyal to all the simple powers of nature? We remember us, some twenty years ago, of an extremely sensitive and “touchy” child, much given to juvenile despairs and misanthropies, and wont to break its heart over a momentary quarrel with mother or with friend. The reproof that this small rebel needed was neither harshly administered nor much prolonged: but we have a vivid recollection of many proud and melancholy withdrawals from the home circle; many silent chokings over tears restrained, by staircase windows and out-of-the-way corners; and much imaginary desolation and abandonment, forgotten half an hour after they came to their climax of childish despair, but easily enough recalled now. This little would-be sufferer was town bred, and knew the country only in dreams. Oh, those banks of flowers so odorous and alive, those rich green fields where the foot sank among sweetest grass and clover, those glimpses of deep, full, silent woods! Lying deep in the germ in this young visionary's mind, what a revelation was *Our Village*, making reality out of fancy, and truth from dreams. Only to run away and get among them!—only to hide one's self for ever among these dewy nooks of shade, and bright stretches of sunshine! They looked like coverts spread for all earthly trouble—sweet soothing harbours, where loneliness itself was delight, and grief or estrangement could enter no more. This little dreamer has grown old since

then, and had many a pang of experience and reality added to the innocent afflictions of childhood, but even now has never lost the delusion, and still in trial years for those deep rural solitudes—that close protecting leafage and those sweet floral comforters—which first became real and tangible solacements in the sun-bright pages of Miss Mitford's oldest book.

Dipping into the same pleasant volume at chance, what prettier sketch was ever made than Fanny's fairings, old friend and favourite? Everybody come to the age of discretion knows it already, but everybody will be glad to see it again; and happy the school-room, thrice happy the holiday adolescent, who knows not the true fairy tales among which this little group finds a place. Tom, a merry boy of nine, his elder brother William, and Fanny, his cousin, are setting out for the fair.

“Through Tom's impatience the party were early astir; indeed, he had roused the whole house long before daybreak; and betimes in the forenoon they set forth on their progress; Tom in a state of spirits that caused him to say, Ho! ho! every minute, and much endangered the new hat he was tossing in the air; William and Fanny, with a more concentrated and a far quieter joy. One could not see a finer young couple—he decked in his Sunday attire, tall, sturdy, and muscular, with a fine open countenance, and an air of rustic gallantry that became him well; she, pretty and modest, with a look of gentility about her plain dark gown and cottage bonnet, and the little straw basket that she carried in her hand, which, even more than her ignorance of tree, and bird, and leaf, and flower proclaimed her town breeding; although that ignorance was such that Tom declared, that, on her first arriving at Upton Lea, she did not know an oak from an elm, or a sparrow from a blackbird. Tom himself had yet to learn poor Fanny's excuses—how much oaks and elms resemble each other in the London air, and how very closely in colour, though not in size, a city sparrow approaches to a blackbird.

“Their way led through pleasant footpaths; every bank covered with cowslips and bluebells, and overhung with the budding hawthorn and the tasselled hazel; now between orchards, whose trees, one flush of blossom, rose from amid beds of daffodils, with their dark

waving spear-like leaves and golden flowers; now along fields, newly sown with barley, where the doves and wood-pigeons, pretty innocent thieves, were casting a glancing shadow on the ground as they flew from furrow to furrow, picking up the freshly-planted grains; and now between close lanes peopled with nightingales; until at last they emerged into the gay high-road, where their little party fell into the cloud of people pouring on to the fair, much after the manner in which a tributary brooklet is lost in the waters of some mighty stream.

"A mingled stream in good sooth it was, a most motley procession! Country folks in all varieties, from the pink-ribboned maiden, the belle of her parish, tripping along so merrily, to the sober and demure village matron, who walked beside her with a slow lagging pace, as if tired already; from the gay Lothario of the hamlet, with his clean smockfrock, and his hat on one side, who strutted along, ogling the lass in the pink ribbons, to the 'grave and reverend signor,' the patriarch of the peasantry, with his straight white hair, and his well-preserved wedding-suit, who hobbled stoopingly on, charged with two great grandchildren—a sprightly girl of six lugging him forward, a lumpish boy of three dragging him back. Children were there of all conditions, from 'mamma's darlings' in the coroneted carriage—the little lords and ladies, to whom a fair was as yet only a 'word of power'—down to the brown gipsy urchins strapped on their mother's back, to whom it was a familiar sight;—no end to the children! no end to the grown people! no end to the vehicles! Carts crammed as full as they could be stowed, gigs with one, two, three, and four inside passengers; waggons laden with men instead of corn; droves of pigs; flocks of sheep; herds of cattle; strings of horses; with their several drovers and drivers of all kinds and countries—English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch—all bound to the fair. Here an Italian boy, with his tray of images; there a Savoyard with her hurdy-gurdy; and, lastly, struggling through the midst of the throng, that painful minister of pleasure, an itinerant showman, with his box of puppets and his tawdry wife, pushing, and toiling, and straining every nerve of fear of being to late. No end to the people! no end to the din! The turnpike-man opened his gate and shut his ears in despairing resignation. Never was known so full a May-fair."

to the much curiosity of Tom, turn out, when this inquisitive youth finds a happy chance of examining them, to be—

"First, a roll of white satin ribbon—'Ho! ho! ho!'—then a pair of white cambric gloves—'Ho! ho! ho!'—then a rich-looking, dark-coloured, small plum-cake, nicely frosted with white sugar—'Ho! ho! Miss Fanny!' Last of all, a plain gold ring, wrapped in three papers, silver, white, and brown—'Ho! ho! once more shouted the boy, twirling the wedding-ring on his own red finger, the fourth of the left hand—'so these are Faany's fairings. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!'"

And here is a sweet bit of portrait, set in sky and sunshine:—

"Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Nafad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her was driving a donkey-cart up a hill, one sunny windy day in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curriele, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill; now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards, now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and carressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding,

Fanny's fairings, mysteriously purchased by the two elders of the party,

and shaking her little whip at us, darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure, in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound—a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects; but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.”

So often quoted and so universally known, it would be useless to multiply examples of Miss Mitford's peculiar power. There are few more successful landscape-painters—and with her minute pencil and fairy colours there is no pre-Raphaelite brother that will “do” you a sunny bank of flowers or bit of entangled foliage with equal truth, or observation as skilled. Miss Mitford's grass does not bristle in individual blades, but mantles like close-piled velvet; and her delicate wild-flowers are not lying all abroad, but peeping, half-discerned and half invisible, from the rich verdure round them, with all the shy and blushing modesty of nature, all unaware that it is sitting for its portrait. Other than a fertile country—a land rich with blessings of the dew and of the sun, and above all prodigal in flowers—her art is not acquainted with; and it is not hers to arrest the tempest on its solemn passage, or to set the mountain tops aglow with glorious sunsets, and dawns that are less of earth than heaven. That grander rendering—that wild heroic blending of mists and mountain sunshine—those royal purples of the twilight and majestic midnight glooms, so often spread before the readers of this journal, by one whose hand will never dash golden light upon earth's cloudy canvass again—is not in Miss Mitford's sphere. Neither highlands nor storms—nothing higher than a

green flowery hill, or more violent than a sudden hail-shower, exist in her sunny world;—her scenery is purely English, and of England's richest simplicity—nothing stunted or half-grown, nothing precocious or premature,—the blossoms prodigal, but the fruitage bearing out their promise, and every season keeping march and time,—everything clear, real, and familiar within the soft horizon; and leaves trembling in the wind, and clouds afloat upon the upper air, with that delicate motion which gives the landscape a charm of life inanimate, perhaps the sweetest and most fanciful attraction which these verdant solitudes have to give.

Miss Mitford's next step in literature did not remove her far from her (prose) starting ground. Receiving, as she says, the suggestion of a friendly critic, she supplemented the records of the village by those of the town—the quiet, rural, self-occupied market-town, so extremely fresh and untown-like in its own simple fashions, yet much exalting itself over the primitive “country,” where its little streets and dinless walls reigned in superior state. And a delightful supplement is *Belford Regis*; its portraits clearer and more distinct; its little community more fairly grouped, and holding closer by each other; and its scenery as well portrayed, but less repeated and lingered on, than are the sunny precincts on the village. Stephen Lane, capital Stephen Lane, with his hearty simplicity, his wealth, and pride, and humbleness, his conservative instincts and reforming politics, his great shop and “Rembrandt-like” breadth of shadow; and King Harwood, poor superannuated dandy, who has good in him after all; and the delicate little Abbé, with his pupils, and his foreign loneliness, and his tragical end; and good, rich, roundabout Miss Blackall, with her parrot, and her coach, and her black footman; and the somewhat romantical Louis Duval, and the group which surrounds him—pretty Hester and broken-hearted Mrs. Kinlay, and the long-outstanding but quickly-subdued uncle—not to speak of the good curate and his sailor boy, nor of the pleasant background of shops and servitors—old rich counters, where everything is of the most superlative

quality, with the neat old ladies, and pretty Susans and Patties, presiding over the same. The Patties and the Susans are more familiar creatures than a rare Constance Lisle or Julia Elphinstone, and the humbler beauty carries the day—perhaps because the grander order of existence does not permit such kindly elaboration as becomes the low-lying grounds so well.

But the human nature in Miss Mitford's sphere seems to the full as lavish in beauty as is the floral undergrowth which clothes all her banks and braes. Beauty is a rare gift in our apprehension, unfrequently seen—and where it is seen, unvoluntarily distinguished, and set upon its eminence. Common as good looks may be, and not uncommon as are pretty faces, we seek in vain for the universal glow of loveliness which falls over all the feminine creations (barring the Mrs. Tomkines) of Miss Mitford's fancy. We will not quarrel with our genial author for making all these simple beauties good, and turning to us the sunny side of all their homely ways; but so full a sweetness wants a little break of discord—at least a plain face here and there to relieve the bright ones; a little shadow, to let us see the sunshine, and make it something more than an undistinguished breadth of light.

After the publication of *Belford Regis* we lose sight of Miss Mitford for many years, during which time, save for contributions for Annuals and other pretty periodicals, she seems to have made no advance in authorship; and after this long interval, during which she has grown into the bright-eyed old lady of the frontispiece portrait, the "Reminiscence of a Literary Life" once more awakes the public with Miss Mitford's name. To tell the truth, the title is a very delusive one, and considerably calculated to raise fruitless expectations. All the world owns to a little curiosity concerning literary notables. If an author addresses not the strange population who speak his language, but the unknown friends whom his works will discover among them, it is no less certain that these unknown friends find a centre and point of kindly light in him, with which they would fain be more closely connected; and the

man or the woman who expresses for us thoughts which we recognise at once as long entertained but unexpressed, and represents for us those true moods and states of mind which we can feel, but cannot represent, weaves a warm link between us, as of those who have looked into each other, heart to heart; and we are glad to know what means our friend had of knowing us and our life so well, and how it came about that he found our trials out, so far away and obscure as we are to him. So many a wearied reader brightened up at the sound of Miss Mitford's reminiscences, and a whole circle of famous people, her gentle self the centre of all just about to descend in bodily presence into the midst of us, awoke ready interest and an eager audience. But though there is very much in these volumes to remind us of the delight of our first acquaintance with the author of *Our Village*, and many sunny bits of autobiography and pleasant recollections, yet the reminiscences are so much more those of a reader than an author, that curiosity is foiled and expectation disappointed. Those very glimpses of Dr. Mitford's succession of pretty houses, and his daughter's pleasant education, and happy girl-companions and fond friends, are so tempting, that one longs for more, and rather grudges at the long extracts, however fine they may be in themselves, which might be got elsewhere, whereas nowhere else is it possible to find Miss Mitford, her friends, and her home. "Memorials of much reading" is a title which would better express the character of these volumes, which nevertheless are fascinating volumes, well worth a place in any library. Chronology does not much trouble our kind critic, and she does not fear to skip in the length of a page from Longfellow to Cowley, and to place Davis and Banim, the Irishmen of to-day, before old Herriek and Withers. Nor are her own personal descriptions more correctly classified, since the little girl of three comes a good way later in the story than the old lady of sixty; and we are puzzled to hear a pretty little tale of school and childish generousities, after we have been present at the losing of that ancient aristocratic gold-headed cane which once sustained a duchess,

and is now the favoured companion of Miss Mitford's walks. The pleasant framework of personal narrative in which these literary gleanings are enclosed, consists of a series of sketches, unconnected, except as belonging to one individual life, and, in general, suggested by the following extract, be it of prose or verse—the circumstances under which Miss Mitford first read it, or the associations which it brings to her memory. The rule fails in some cases, as we confess we cannot see by what reason the name Samuel Johnson holds a place at the head of one chapter, which, much more agreeable than that ursine potentate of literature, records a child's first journey to London, and all its maze of delights. A pleasanter plan could not be than this personalising of one's reading. What strange and laughable contrasts would a few specimens, by different hands, give of the individuality of mind and infinite diversity of circumstances! Here is a pattern for school girls, being the first introduction of Mary Russel Mitford, pupil in a suburban "young ladies' establishment," to the dramatic literature of which she professes herself so warm a lover still. The young lady, rejected by sundry professors of the piano, as hopelessly deficient in "ear, taste, and application," is sentenced, much against her will, to become an accomplished performer on the harp:—

"It so happened that our school-house (the same, by the way, in which poor Miss Landon passed the greater part of her life), forming one angle of an irregular octagon place, was so built that the principal reception-room was connected with the entrance-hall by a long passage and two double doors. This room, fitted up with nicely-bound books, contained, amongst other musical instruments, the harp upon which I was sent to practise every morning—sent alone, most comfortably out of sight and hearing of every individual in the house, the only means of approach being through two resounding green baize doors, swinging to with a heavy bang the moment they were let go; so that as the change from piano to harp, and from the impulsive Herr Schubert to the prim demure little Miss Essex, my new music mistress, had by no means worked the miracle of producing in me any love of that detestable art, I very shortly betook myself to the book-

shelves, and, seeing a row of octavo volumes, lettered *Théâtre de Voltaire*, I selected one of them, and had deposited it in front of the music-stand, and perched myself upon the stool to read it, in less time than an ordinary pupil would have consumed in getting through the first bars of *Ar Hyd y Nos*.

"The play upon which I opened was *Zaire*. *Zaire* is not *Richard the Third*, any more than M. de Voltaire is Shakespeare; nevertheless, the play has its merits. There is a certain romance in the situation, an interest in the story, a mixture of Christian piety and Oriental fervour which strikes the imagination. So I got through *Zaire*; and when I had finished *Zaire*, I proceeded to other plays—*Œdipe*, *Merope*, *Alzire*, *Mahomet*—plays well worth reading, but not so absorbing as to prevent my giving due attention to the warning doors, and putting the book in its place, and striking the chords of *Ar Hyd y Nos* as often as I heard a step approaching; or gathering up myself and my music, and walking quietly back to the schoolroom as soon as the hour for practice had expired.

"But when the dramas of Voltaire were exhausted, and I had recourse to some neighbouring volumes, the state of matters changed at once. These new volumes contained the comedies of Molière, and, once plunged into the gay realities of his delightful world, all the miseries of this globe of ours—harp, music-books, practising, and lessons—were forgotten; Miss Essex melted into thin air; *Ar Hyd y Nos* became a nonentity. I never recollected there was such a thing as time; I never heard the warning doors; the only tribulations that troubled me were the tribulations of *Sganarelle*; the only lessons I thought about, the lessons of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. So I was caught—caught in the very act of laughing till I cried over the apostrophes of the angry father to the galley, in which he is told his son has been taken captive. '*Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère.*' The apostrophe comes true with regard to somebody in a scrape during every moment of every day, and was never more applicable than to myself at that instant.

"Luckily, however, the person who discovered my delinquency was one of my chief spoilers, the husband of our good schoolmistress, himself a Frenchman, an adorer of the great dramatist of France, and no worshipper of music. He was also a very clever man, with a strong and just conviction that no proficiency in any art could be gained without natural qualifications, and sincere

good-will. Accordingly, when we could speak for laughing, what he did say sounded far more like a compliment upon my relish for the comic drama than a rebuke. I suppose that he spoke to the same effect to my father. At all events, the issue of the affair was the dismissal of the poor little harp-mistress, and a present of a cheap edition of Molière for my own reading. I have got the set still—twelve little foreign-looking books, unbound, but covered with a gay-looking pink paper, mottled with red, like certain carnations."

This dear papa! How few school-girls are fated to a sway so indulgent—and how very few could repay it half so well.

A brief but a very clear record of family misfortunes—rather of this kind, handsome, dashing papa's manifold imprudences—of the failures that attended him in very consequence of all the gifts which ought to have brought success, and of the quick and marvellous melting of one fortune after another—together with the story of the lottery-ticket, which brought twenty thousand pounds, and left a Wedgwood dinner-service sole trophy of the miraculous chance—comes in an episode of purely personal interest; and then poets of all sizes and stations, from the peasant Clare to those polished people, ladies and gentlemen, who have audience enough in their own circles, and do not, we suppose, feel much want of the public, which has no extraordinary interest in them, crowd upon Miss Mitford's pages. Some pleasant correspondences, too; bits of poetical autobiography, and one strange trial, with much description of places identified with, and belonging to, the tribe of lettered and legendary folk, fill up the volumes. Then there are glimpses of the house where, without the dear father of other and more struggling days—solitary, except for the little maid and faithful man who are her attendants—but still in a very bright and cheerful atmosphere, followed by the honour and the love which her long life has won, and rich in many friends—the lonely fresh-hearted old lady lives among the rural influences she loves. Sad to think that, since then, harsher attendants, pain and sickness, have come into her quiet rooms; but without a word of such unwelcome visitants closes the book of two years ago—the

cabinet of recollections—of cherished verses and treasured memories, strung upon the thread of her life.

Something like a leave-taking, a final salutation, and farewell, are these graceful volumes, so that it is no small surprise to find an entirely new production from the pen which has laboured so long. The history of the present book, and its appearance, seems to be this: Miss Mitford, not much given to long stories in her own person, has had in her mind and imagination, for more years than are to be reckoned, the germ of a tale, we believe in a considerable degree founded upon fact—a tale unhinted at in any other of her works, very likely from the cherished idea of producing it some day in full and perfect form. This beloved plan would, in all likelihood, have shared the fate of many another fancy, and gone with her untold to her grave—far may that final resting-place be from the mistress of Swallowfield!—but for the remonstrance of a bold friend, who little given to dallying in his own affairs, seized upon the coy imagination, and urged it into being. We have already given, in Miss Mitford's own words, an account of the state of physical helplessness in which this tale was written, and we can only hope that the stir of a return to her old world of busy labour, and all the little commotion of publication, may do the invalid good, and that it may please her in her retirement to know how many people, in how many spheres and places, have had pleasant readings of old, and dear associations, recalled to them by the very name and announcement of another tale of hers.

The story of *Atherton* is more distinctly a story than Miss Mitford's sketches generally are. There is the strange and sudden enrichment of a sweet little country beauty—there is a proposed match "for money," in which the fortune-hunter, strange to the temper of his kind, is as unselfish and unmercenary as the most devoted lover could be—there is a great house and family falling to decay and ruin, which nothing but this money can redeem—and there is an equal fortune, the other half of a dead miser's collectings, for which it is impossible to

find the rightful heir;—last of all, there is a governess, a “perfect woman, nobly planned,” self-denied, refined, and delicate as ever poor gentlewoman was; and this pensive but by no means pining Honor Clive has been in former times deeply beloved by Major Delancy, the heiress’s compelled suitor, and has rejected him, reason unknown. Lord Delancy, the Major’s stately but tender father, is persecuted by a visionary villain of his own near kindred, who holds over all his estates and lands the infallible power of mortgagee, and who makes only one brief personal appearance, remaining quite as illegible and indistinct a personage after it as before. Katy, the little heiress, a rosebud of sixteen, one of Miss Mitford’s peculiar and delightful rural heroines, though she does not seem much displeased either to be wooed or married till the very last moment, is as good-humouredly indifferent to Major Delancy—whom, nevertheless, she likes better than any man she knows, except his father—as heart could desire; and we are a little puzzled at first to know whether anybody is in love at all—if Honor rejected out of pure inclination, or if the Major has not learned indifference to his first love. Be that as it may, the Major proposes, and Katy accepts, to the much satisfaction of various plotters concerned, and everything goes on very quietly till the marriage-day. The moving spring of the book—the lawyer, Stephen Langton, who is everybody’s friend,—has given singular orders to leave the names blank, till his arrival, in the settlements. This same day is the last on which the mortgage can be redeemed, and the universal climax of fate to bride and bridegroom, father and son. The lawyer is late of arriving, little Katy begins to experience the reality of being married and leaving home, and finds it by no means so easy a business as she expected. So, as she gets time to watch the looks of her bridegroom and her governess, a glorious thought strikes upon Katy—self-emancipation and general comfort—and when the lawyer arrives at last, the bride springs into his

friendly arms, begging of him to endow Honor forthwith with half her fortune, to leave her at home, and let her friend be married in her stead. Mr. Langton does not consent to this; but he, too, had his motives in leaving the names blank in the marriage-settlement; and our readers must ascertain for themselves by what fairy chance it is that Honor Clive can be made the bride instead of Katy Warner by an instant substitution, and Atherton Hall be, nevertheless, redeemed and established to the falling house of Delancy, and everything go well.

We must pause for a moment’s remonstrance. No masculine hand has made such encroachments on one of the rights of woman—that most primitive and inalienable right which entitles her to be “wooed, and, not unsought, be won,” as the female writers of this generation. If the right of asking be in some sense a mark of superiority, consider, gentle ladies, the power of rejection is no contemptible might. As for choice, good luck! do you think these poor gentlemen have a shadow of freedom in this all-important affair more than yourselves? Not so. Yonder noble hero vowed his heart to an ideal lady of romance—he has got the dullest good woman who ever made a shirt or a pudding; and that brave fellow, whose imaginary love was to be the very dove of doves—he plays but a small fiddle now at home. Chance and fate, those heathenish deities, seem to hold their last stronghold in this affair of marriage, and the passive side of the enchanted line has to the full as good a chance as the active, not to speak of such inferior matters as natural fitness and original intent. The last person whom we could have fancied likely to aim a blow, ever so lightly, at this fundamental privilege of womankind, was Miss Mitford; yet even Miss Mitford proves herself infected by the prevailing sin of modern female authorship. Why did Honor Clive put up with that blank in the settlements?—why be content with orange blossoms, whose original destination was for another head than hers?—and why take so little asking before she relented? Fie on Honor!

Little Katy herself would have done better, with nothing but instinct to guide her, though she was still less a woman than a child.

Leaving our solitary fault-finding, who would not have a friend at Atherton great farm?—who would not fly on swiftest wings of express at the slightest breath of invitation from such a land of plenty?—who would not fast all day of set purpose to do justice to that groaning tea-table, with all its dainties, whereat the critical mouth waters from mere hearing? The house is presided over by Mrs. Warner, grandmother of the heiress, a “gentleman” farmer, and born gentlewoman—undignified, it is true, by the actual accident of good descent, but a lady by right of all the natural grace and simplicity which belongs to the name; and by her daughter-in-law, and contrast, a bustling country housekeeper, Mrs. Bell, Katy’s mother, a widow for the second time. Very bright, and true, and real as are these personages, they scarcely equal their locality. Look at this sketch, exterior and interior, of the great farm of Atherton:—

“There were few houses which were more completely the outward show of comfort and prosperity than the Great Farm at Atherton. It was a large square substantial building, with fine fruit-trees covering the upper part of the walls, and jessamine, honeysuckle, and China roses clustering round the windows. The green court, which divided the house from the road, was gay during nine months of the year with flowers and flowering trees; and boasted still some lingering spikes of hollyhock, a stray blossom of clove and scarlet geranium, and branches of that most fragrant of roses which is called ‘of the four seasons.’ The mignonette, too, and the violet, still mingled their delicious odours. People who sincerely love flowers contrive to make them blow sooner and later than others. We see this in the poorest cottages, and here was no poverty to contend with. On one side of the court was that most affluent of all territories, an immense orchard—a perfect grove of fruit trees, cherry, apple, pear, plum, and walnut, at their tallest growth and fullest bearing. Behind was a large kitchen garden, and on the side opposite to the orchard a magnificent farm-yard, a huge and indescribable mixture of riches and mud. Behind that came ulyr-yard and rick-yard, horse-pond

and duck-pond, barns, stables, cart-houses, cow-houses, dovecotes and pigsties, with all their inhabitants, biped and quadruped, feathered and unfeathered, of every denomination.

“Everything thrived in this female household, from the flocks, whose numbers were counted by thousands, down to Katy’s bees.

“The parlour, the common living-room of the family, was smaller than, to judge from its appearance, any room in that house ought to have been, chosen, perhaps, on that account—people who can command large rooms having a frequent tendency to use small ones.

“It was a sort of excrecence on one side of the dwelling, a kind of after-thought, with a sunny bay-window commanding the farmyard, from which it was only parted by a low paling and a slip of turf, and giving a peep at the highroad.

“A snug and cheerful apartment, after all, was that little parlour, crowded with furniture, from the good old lady’s high-backed chair to the low stool on which Katy, whenever that mercurial little person did stay five minutes in a place, used to sit at her grandmother’s feet.

“In the centre was a small Pembroke table of dark mahogany, somewhat rickety; at the end a sideboard of the same material, the drawers groaning with stands of spirits and bottles of home-made wine, the top covered with miscellaneous articles, Mrs. Warner’s large Bible, surmounted by a cookery book, occupying one corner, whilst Mrs. Bell’s enormous work baskets and work-bags over-filled the other; a beautiful jar of dried grasses, Katy’s property, occupied the middle. Katy’s possessions, indeed, might be traced everywhere. Her litter, living and dead, cumbered the walls and the floor. Birds, kittens, skipping-ropes, bridles, riding-whips, and battle-dores, were distributed all over the room, whilst a fat spaniel called Flora lay basking before the fire.

“Two triangular cupboards occupied two opposite corners, of which one was so crammed with closely-packed glass and china that it was dangerous for any unaccustomed finger to attempt to extricate cup or saucer from the pile; whilst the other was filled to bursting with articles of daily call, tea, sugar, lemons, nutmegs, and gingerbread. Fruit at all seasons, and cakes of many denominations, completed the array. No one could enter that room without tasting the light seedcake—diet-bread Mrs. Warren called it—compounded from a family recipe a hundred years old; or the green

gooseberry wine, famous as that of Mrs. Primrose, sparkling and effervescent as champagne. It was the very temple of hospitality.

"A side-door opened into a hall, which, perhaps, might lay equal claim to that title; a large flagged apartment, with a wide open hearth and a heavy oak table, on which business of eating and drinking was going forward all day long. The materials, it is true, were somewhat different, consisting not of such kickshaws as cake and wine, but of solid beef in its most ponderous form of round and sirloin, massive bacon, and mighty ale. All the comers and goers of the farm paid a visit to the stone hall, and it may be suspected that they occasionally made an errand for no better purpose."

From this bright scene of plenty, to which the good lawyer, the spectator-personage of the story, carries tidings of fortune, 'as unlooked-for as they seem to be' unnecessary, we go at once to the faded magnificence of the Hall, baronial and grand, indeed, but depressed by the consciousness of coming ruin—and so onward to the incidents—if incidents they can be called—of the proper tale. Then there is a Rectory, with its learned, profound, and simple master, its "elegant" mistress, and a glimpse of their family, with whom neither we nor the story have very much to do. Much less dignified, but of greater importance, is a certain small imp called Jacob Stokes, between whom and the heiress there exists a true "twinship of soul," and who is Katy's favourite footboy and attendant in all circumstances, and her referee in every emergency. Here is a full length:—

"Jacob Stokes, a true country boy, had not yet arrived at the age in which country boys delight in finery; those days were yet to come. At present his tendencies lay so much in a contrary direction that Katy, whose first thought had been to procure a new suit for this devoted follower, found the new suit want renewal so often that she had been fain to coax Mr. Langhton into giving the Atherton tailor a permanent and unlimited order for Jacob's apparel. Even this magnificent provision sometimes failed. Jacob's tastes were semi-aquatic, so that his clothes were as often wet as dry. Jacob was a climber, and spent in the air—that is to say, on the tree-tops after squirrels and birds' nests—much of the time not passed in the water, so that

his jacket and trousers were much oftener torn than whole.

"On this unlucky day both misfortunes had befallen the young gentleman. He had torn his everyday jacket and trousers in the most unseemly manner the night before, in an encounter with a jagged branch in his descent from a fir-tree; which tree he had mounted to secure a pair of ring-doves, intended as a present for Miss Honor, having preferred the total ruin of his raiment, and some damage to his skin, to the possible loss of the birds. Whilst on this very morning an awkward ducking from a boat on the Mere had soaked his Sunday garments through and through.

"Poor Jacob was an orphan, so that there were no kind female friends to sew up his rents or to dry his wettings. Indeed, Mrs. Bell, who used to declare that even Katy's fortune could never stand Jacob's waste, was one day heard to admit, in a fit of relenting, 'that to be sure the child had never known the comfort of a mother to scold him.' So he put on such rags as did not offend against decency—probably the pre-legacy suit; and being rather ashamed to present himself at the Hall stables—where, being a great favourite with masters and men, he was usually mounted on such occasions—he made his appearance on his own old donkey, and happening to fall in with his unfriend, Mrs. Bell, got sent off so peremptorily, that when inquired after by his young mistress, neither he nor Marigold could be found."

We may add that Jacob turns up at the very crisis of an accident when his young mistress wants him most; and that Jacob, a mortal Puck of good fortune and good humour, is always "handy," and good at need, appearing by intuition at the most necessary moment, and in the most necessary place, all through the tale.

Such is *Atherton*, Miss Mitford's longest tale—a picture drawn from memory of the woodland scenes and daylight pleasures which the writer is no longer able to enjoy in person—yet a picture as fresh and true as if every leaf and lily-bell and sunbeam were copied from the direct and present inspiration of this sweet spring.

The additional volumes conjoined with this, to make the magical three of publishing custom, consist of a collection of short stories, varying as widely in scene and period as in modes and times of prior publication—among them some Highland tales, only too

hilly and heathery, too redundant in tartans and Scotticisms to be true—a common error with English manufactures of Scottish narrative. The group altogether was scarcely of sufficient importance to warrant a second publication, and will not increase—few such collections do—their author's fame.

A kindly farewell to one of England's sweetest landscape-painters, one of nature's most genial story-tellers! Ill-nature itself cannot detract from the bright and pleasant reputation which follows her to her retirement, whither, we are sure, the sympathy and good wishes of thousands of unknown friends go with her, Plaudits or noisy approbation were out of place, and discordant, both to her labours and herself; the warmer return of personal gratefulness and affectionate admiration has long been her own; and the dearer satisfaction still must remain to Miss Mitford of having written nothing in all her connection with literature which the strictest censor could wish unwritten now. Her readers have not learned a single guile from her unaffected pages, nor turned revolting from a misrepresented truth; the secrets of human nature, which she has laboured to reveal, have not been the dark and dreary motives

of selfishness, but those meltings of nobler generosity which make poor men great, those impulses of self-forgetting which are the heroism of common life. No system of belief, and no class of men, has met injustice from her gentle hands. "Pure womanly" are all her judgments and strictures; and leaving the modern social ills and domestic traitors to those that know them better, her art of love deals with the household angels, the open-eyed and candid charity which rejoices not in iniquity, and that brave trust and confidence which fears no evil. Digging under the homely soil for gold and jewels, or, humbler quest, for the coming grass-blades and young buds of flowers, is a loftier occupation than that other husbandry which lays the clod aside to show the convolutions of the hidden worm; and remembering how often her search has found a vein of sweeter life in the ungracious seeming of nature—how often her hand has rescued from superficial contempt an unconscious gleam of worth or human nobleness, we leave Mary Russel Mitford in the quiet of her old age, and in the fragrance of her gentle fame, with good wishes which none will refuse to echo, and with a kindly farewell!

A LETTER FROM MADRID.

MADRID, 2d May, 1854.

DEAR EBONY,—By the above date you will perceive that I have shifted my quarters since last I wrote to you. It is a far flight from the Italian Boulevard to the Puerta del Sol—not as regards time, or distance, for, thanks to the Bordeaux railway and the fast mail-coaches thence to Madrid, the few hundred miles are got over in less than a hundred hours, including ample pauses for provender, although none for sleep. The actual distance between the two places must be estimated, not by leagues, but by the contrast they present. Although Madrid, its inhabitants and government, diligently copy Paris, the imitation is so abominable, and the progress as yet made so small, that it takes some time for a new-come traveller to discover the attempt. It is hardly fair to the Spanish capital to visit it direct from Paris. It is like suddenly exchanging choice Burgundy or fragrant claret for the most ordinary Arganda wine that ever flowed out of the unsavoury mouth of a tarred pigskin. The majority of English visitors to Spain come to Madrid from the south, after lingering in Andalusian cities, and to this gradual breaking in must be attributed their lenient manner of discoursing of the shabby little capital which the Spaniard, in the pride of his heart, sets far above every other group of houses upon the earth's surface, declaring it to be the "only court" worthy of the name, and remarking, that where Madrid is talked of all the world beside is mute. For it is a Spaniard's failing to take his geese for swans, and to assume airs of prodigious superiority on behalf of himself, his country, and his towns;—a self-sufficiency which perhaps contributes to his happiness, but certainly retards his improvement. Few take the trouble to combat his extravagant pretensions—as, indeed, it is not worth while—and so he continues in his delusion, which probably no amount of proof or argument would suffice to dispel. He possesses, moreover, an effectual cuirass against all wounds his national vanity might

otherwise receive from the comments of foreigners. He has made up his mind, and laid down as a rule that none but Spaniards can judge themselves and Spain. He has affected to believe until he really believes that he himself, and all things pertaining to him, are inscrutable and incomprehensible to the eyes and understandings of aliens. His character, his laws, his government, his customs, his revolutions, his legislation, and his amusements, are things to be looked at, wondered at, and, if we please, admired, but no stranger has a right to criticise or to imagine that he comprehends. Even his finances—certainly a complicated subject, but for instruction in whose intricacies a large number of foreigners have paid high enough—are supposed to be wholly beyond the ken of islanders and continentals, and only to be understood by the nations of the enigmatical peninsula. The dearly-bought lessons have left no intelligence behind them; if curious Britons would like to have more at the same price, they know where to apply without risk of refusal. But it is much to be feared that, however often they might repeat the course, the result would ever be the same. Their judgment of the things of Spain would never be indorsed as correct by the natives. It would be received with a shrug and smile of indulgent compassion, and would at best be set down as "very fair for a foreigner." Foreigners, however, find it difficult to subscribe to the singular doctrine by which they are assumed to know as little of Spain's real condition, and of Spanish character and institutions, as of that celestial empire which, until the other day, has existed in a sealed envelope. Audacious individuals have been found who have dared to think that, by bringing to the task common sense and common eyesight, they might form an estimate of the country and people of Spain sufficiently accurate to be written down for the instruction and amusement of their fellow-countrymen, and who, by carrying out this presumptuous design, have succeeded (some of

them, at least), in conveying the information, and giving the amusement they intended, and (nearly all) in exciting the scorn and indignation of Spanish writers. Limiting myself, for the present, to the capital of the country it is so perilous to meddle with, and so hard to understand, I will venture, friend Ebony, to give to you, within the compass of a letter, some of the impressions I have formed during my few months' sojourn in this sun-scorched, wind-blown, sand-surrounded *villa y corte* of Madrid.

As regards the town itself, for Madrid, although a capital, is not a city, but only a "town and court"—"very noble, loyal, and heroic" are some of its various titles—I shall say little, for it has been often and well described, and I have better hopes of interesting you by talking about men and manners than by discoursing of brick, stone, and mortar, of churches, palaces, and monuments. To one coming from London or Paris, Madrid has a paltry appearance. Of small size, there is little besides the throng and bustle in its streets, which are lively and crowded, its magnificent palace, and a few other fine edifices, to remind the stranger that he is in a capital. It has three handsome streets—that of Alcala, extending from the centre of the town to the gate of the same name, that of Atocka, also of great length and sufficient width, and the Calle Mayor. The others are chiefly narrow—as, indeed, is desirable in a place where, for three months of the twelve, the heat is African—tortuous, and composed of houses, most of which, although lofty, are mean in their appearance. As to the far-famed Puerta del Sol, where gossips congregate, and whither, on first arrival in Madrid, all foreigners run, as they did in Paris to the Palais Royal in the days of its glory, I can only say, although the comparison may be scouted as a libel, that it reminded me, when I first saw it, of that classic and Hibernian spot known as the Seven Dials. Some of the buildings that surround it are, I admit, of a superior description to those in the London *puerta* (which, by-the-by, is just as much a *puerta* as the one here, the town-gate that gave its name to

the spot having long since disappeared)—the *Ministerio de la Gobernacion* (Ministry of the Interior) is a large and solid, although not a handsome structure, serving also as the main guardhouse, and consequently the place against which, when insurrections occur, the insurgents' first efforts are directed—and five out of the nine streets that there debouch are amongst the best in Madrid,—but, nevertheless, there is a certain resemblance, such as may sometimes be traced between cousins several times removed. The Puerta del Sol itself is an open space where several streets meet; at its western extremity it dwindles into the Calle Mayor; at its eastern end is a church, the very shabby one of Buen Suceso, of which before you get this letter, there will be scarcely one stone left upon another, it being in process of pulling down. The present Spanish government, with M. Sartorius, Count of San Luis (who a few years ago was an underling in a provincial newspaper office), at its head, has adopted, as its rule of conduct, a servile and ludicrous imitation of the Emperor Napoleon III. It aims at the revival of absolutism, and seeks, whilst ripening its designs, to divert and occupy the nation's attention by a system of what it terms material improvements. Accordingly, various small boons have been granted; passports have been dispensed with, since the first day of the present month, in the interior of the kingdom; and passengers' luggage is allowed to enter towns without examination. Before this last regulation came into force, Spaniards travelling in the heart of their country were liable to have their baggage searched at any town they passed through, to see if it contained contraband goods. Other small ameliorations of this kind, and of some practical utility, have been made, but the great display of ministerial wisdom and enterprise has been in the capital. M. Sartorius has learned that immense bodies of workmen find employment in beautifying and improving Paris; he has heard speak of the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, new boulevards, artificial rivers, and other things of the kind, and he has been fired with a noble

emulation—pretty much as the frog was when it imitated the ox. He has begun knocking down in every direction, widening one street, cutting through another, connecting others—commencing, in short, far more alterations than he will remain in office to see executed. But his grand scheme is the enlargement of the Puerta del Sol, in which he has contrived to excite the Queen's interest, and by which he has particularly disgusted the corporation, and, still more so, the shopkeepers around the plaza, whose houses are to come down in order that the contemplated improvements may be effected, and who thus find themselves despoiled of their lucrative position in the busiest thoroughfare of Madrid; whilst they feel that their prospect of compensation, from this poverty-stricken and unscrupulous government, is a bird in an extremely remote bush. Many remonstrances were made, and the corporation (here an influential body, to which belong persons of high rank and position) passed a vote of censure on the scheme; but the imperious San Luis snapped his fingers at their opposition, got a royal order for the carrying out of his plans, and continues the work of demolition. This is wholly unnecessary, and a mere waste of property and money. The so-called improvements are desired by no one class or body of persons; but there is a rage here for modernising and Frenchifying. It is pretended that the Puerta del Sol is not large enough for the traffic and assemblage of idlers that there daily takes place. I perceive, however, that I have not completed the brief sketch I proposed giving you of its aspect. The form of the square is oblong and irregular. In front of the church, now crumbling to its foundation, is a projecting slab of asphalt, which gradually narrows as it juts out into the plaza. This was a great resort of loungers until the dust from the falling church drove them from it. The remainder of the square is paved, and open to vehicles. This, however, does not, nor ever did, in the least incommode the idlers, speculators, sellers of oranges, venders of fresh water, and peripatetic boot-cleaners, who make up the habi-

tual frequenters of the place. To those must be added what may be termed the floating population of passengers,—the Puerta del Sol being a sort of focus or centre through which everybody passes to go anywhere, as may be imagined when I mention that at least six out of the nine streets that open upon it are the most frequented in Madrid. The position of the *habitués* of the place, of those persons who pass there several hours of every day, is regulated in great measure by the position of the sun. As soon as the rays of that luminary become too powerful to be braved with impunity, which is the case in Madrid in March or even earlier, (the Spanish proverb says, *In el mes de Febrero, busca la sombra el perro*, in February's month dogs seek the shade,) the frequenters of the Puerta hourly shift their position to escape them. In the middle of the day, when the sun has encroached upon nearly the whole of their territory, they may be seen penned up in corners like sheep in a fold, the line of shade the barrier. Then is a fine time for the water sellers, with their monotonous cry of *Aguadero! quien quiere agua?* their jars of porous clay, and their capacious tumblers, kept as bright as the crystal element they dispense at the price of a farthing a glass. Their customers are numerous, for the thirst of Spaniards appears unquenchable and everlasting; and their stomachs, stimulated by garlic, red pepper, and other heating condiments, are ever disposed for a douche. The composition of the throng is motley enough. For a great part of the day, mining speculators form a considerable portion of it—mining being still a great fashion and furor in Spain, which is abundantly rich in minerals,—but whose mining affairs are generally awfully badly administered—half negligence, half robbery, as not a few of our countrymen have found to their cost. Then there are persons who frequent the Puerta merely to hear the news and hawk about the gossip of the hour, others who make appointments there, and others again who go because it is a condition of their existence to stand, for half the day, draped majestically in their cloaks, and twisting paper cigars in their fingers; and the Puerta del Sol is as good a

place to do this as any other in Madrid, and lively and amusing to boot. One also sees on the *Puerta*, and at the entrance of the streets leading into it, gentlemen of equivocal aspect, in shabby brown cloaks, and *gacho* (squat) hats, low-crowned velvet hats, with a broad brim turned up all around until it is on a level with the crown, towards which its edge is curved. This hat, which is worn more or less in all parts of Spain, is evidently the national hat, if antiquity and general use (amongst the lower orders) gives it a claim to that title. It is manifestly a reminiscence of the Moorish turban, of which in form it is as close an imitation as a stiff hat can be. It is difficult to conjecture the vocation or calling of the gentlemen who, thus attired, stand in groups and singly about the purlieus of the *Puerta*; but, if physiognomy be any guide, they are better met in the crowded street than on the lonely mountain path. Here and there pass blind men, begging, vending flying-sheets of news, or seeking to pilot themselves (no easy task) through the tolerably dense crowd. Every person who comes to Madrid is struck by the great number of blind men it contains. Whether it be curiosity to see the capital that brings them here, or whether they be natives of the town, deprived of sight by the eternal glare, and dust, and want of shade, which, in conjunction probably with the rarified air of Madrid (perched as it is on a lofty plain, half a mile above the level of the sea), breed ophthalmia, and other diseases of the eye, I am unable to say. The shops in Madrid are, generally speaking, anything but handsome or spacious (although some in the Parisian style have lately been attempted), and those upon the *Puerta del Sol* are for the most part extremely shabby, with the exception of a few at the entrance of the *Carrera San Geronimo*, now one of the best streets, but formerly a country road leading out of the town to the church of the same name. Here, upon our right hand, as we stand with our backs to the unlucky church of *Buen Suceso*, avoiding as well as we can the clouds of lime-dust that rise from its falling masses, are the doors of two shabby shops, with nothing displayed in their windows, and in and

out of which a stream of humanity perpetually flows. These are *estancos* or licensed cigar-shops. Tobacco is here a government monopoly, as in France, and of course the cigars are simply execrable, far worse than north of the Pyrenees, where one finds tolerable cigars, drawing pretty freely, and tasting of nothing worse than the best brown paper; whereas here (the noxious influence of a Spanish government making itself everywhere felt), the *estancos* vend things composed of some incomprehensible weed, which you can wring out like a damp towel, and which it is hardly possible to light without the aid of bellows. Fortunately in Spain, the smuggler is ever at hand, and one can get cigars elsewhere than under government auspices. Still there is an immense consumption of the deleterious *estanco* produced—the Spaniard living much like a woodcock, by suction and smoke, and water being indispensable to his existence. It is time, however, to get out of the *Puerta del Sol*; but before doing so we may just step across the road, and look in at one more shop, or rather into a wide doorway, with a closed half door, behind which are to be seen two or three men and a wooden tray, whose partitions contain grimy cards, whilst in front of it, encumbering the pavement, are a crowd of applicants, and idlers, and sundry beggars, some of the latter exhibiting distorted limbs, and other unpleasant infirmities, and all whiningly soliciting alms from the persons who walk away from the door with the dingy tickets in their hands. It is the mendicant's hope that the anticipation of pleasure may warm the heart to charity. On the wall, hard by the shop, is a large placard, at foot of which, in a vignette of rudest execution, a bull of ferocious aspect is seen in the act of goring a horse, whose rider rolls in the dust. We must not wonder at the crowd, nor at the demand for unclean pasteboard, nor can we think that the hopes of yonder poor wretch with a shrivelled arm will be disappointed. The "noble cavaliers" to whom he appeals in that high sounding Castilian, that seems to give dignity even to a beggar's whine, will surely not refuse the much coveted *cuartos* which are solicited of them

"for the love of God and of the most blessed Virgin." This is the *despacho de billetes*—the office where are sold tickets for to-morrow's bull-fight.

In Madrid, the very headquarters of mass-going, bell-ringing, taper-burning and bigotry—where it took the most efforts of diplomacy, and a unanimous cry of indignation from the English and French press, to obtain the concession of a few square yards of ground wherein to bury Protestants in a somewhat more decent manner than in the stalls of a stable, (the place of their interment previously)—I need hardly tell you that Passion-week is observed with extreme rigour. The women and the more devout of the men pass nearly the whole of their time in churches, and fast exceedingly; for a portion of the week no horses or vehicles are suffered to appear in the streets, and soldiers on sentry, and on all duties, carry their arms reversed as at a funeral. With Saturday night this rigorous observance ceases, and Easter Sunday beholds the reopening of the theatres, and the commencement for the season of the Spaniard's darling diversion, the bull-fights. And here I should be perfectly justified, following the example of most visitors to Spain, who commit to paper their experiences of the country, either for the printer or for their friends' entertainment, in inflicting upon you a full, true, and particular account of a *corrida de toros*, detailing the death of sundry horses, the feasts of *picador* and *matador*, and the slaughter of each one of the eight bulls usually sacrificed on such occasions. From this I willingly refrain, the thing being really not worth all the paper and ink that have been bestowed upon it; but will endeavour to give you in few words a general idea of the scene, striking enough in some of its particulars.

From the Puerta del Sol to the bull-ring, the road is straight and easy to find. The street of Alcala, beginning at the former, ends at the entrance to the latter. The Alcala itself is a feature in Madrid, and deserves a word of mention by the way. At its lower end, where it quits the Puerta del Sol, and ascends one of the smallest of the hillocks upon which Madrid is built, it is of no great width. Here-

abouts there is much traffic of diligences, mules, and other means of conveyance, for there are many coach offices in the Calle de Alcala, and at a short distance up the rise we come to the only hotel—properly so to be called—that Madrid possesses. A few years ago there was nothing of the kind in the town, only boarding and lodging-houses, and inferior *fondas* suited to the lower orders, muleteers, travellers by cart, and such like. Spaniards have little enterprise, and not the remotest idea of comfort, as it is now understood in most other European countries, and it needed the intervention of foreigners to establish the Fonda Peninsular (Peninsular Hotel), which is kept by some very obliging Italians, and is certainly a great convenience here, although there is scarcely a fourth-rate town in England, or a third-rate one in France, Germany, Switzerland, or Belgium, where a better appointed inn would not be found than this, the first, best, and only one in the capital of Spain. The advantage of the establishment is, that whereas, before it was opened, travellers arriving in Madrid had sometimes to apply at half-a-dozen boarding-houses before finding the accommodation they needed, especially if they were a party, or had ladies with them—they have now only to go at once to the Peninsular, and are there pretty sure to find rooms, such as they are, until they have leisure to seek quarters that may suit them better. The Hotel has sufficient originality to merit description. You enter by a wide archway, not unfrequently nearly blocked up by a couple of diligences or a string of mules, and passing the avenue to the coaching yard and stables, ascend a broad old-fashioned staircase. The building has been the palace of a grandee. It is in the old Spanish fashion, a hollow quadrangle, enclosing a large *patio* or court, round which are the stables, and whence ascend, for the delectation of the guests whose windows look upon the inner balconies of the building, loud shouts and songs and many oaths of muleteers; and, in warm weather, and especially after rain, a steam strongly indicating the vicinity of mules and horses, not kept with quite so much care as is to be

remarked in a racing stable at Newmarket. The walls of the house, on these inner fronts, are painted red, blue, and yellow, in imitation of a mosaic of tiles, and are adorned with several old-fashioned and dilapidated sun-dials, whilst, at each floor, a balcony runs completely round the square. Here you are lodged in rooms fifteen feet high, the floors covered with dusty *esteras* or matting, used in Madrid instead of carpets; scantily furnished apartments which rarely receive a thorough dusting, and, where you may dine if you please, unless you prefer feeding at the *table d'hôte* served in a vast hall, ill protected from the chill breezes that whistle up the staircases, and consequently cold enough in winter—a hall in which perhaps, in former days, Spanish nobles held high festival, but that now receives a motley assemblage of many nations, French and German bagmen, English tourists, actors, and musicians on starring expeditions, artists and amateurs on a visit to the magnificent collection of pictures in the *Museo*, with a sprinkling of natives both military and civilian.

Emerging from the Peninsular, and completing the ascent of the slope, the street widening as we proceed, from its summit we obtain a really fine view. The *Cala Alcala*, exceedingly spacious and handsome, and bordered with double rows of trees, chiefly flowering acacias, gently descends, crosses the *Prado* or meadow—a grassless dusty promenade, where of evenings the beauty and fashion of *la Corte* congregate in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, to flirt and talk scandal, and criticise each other's dresses—passes along the side of the gardens of the *Retiro* at this season rich in gay blossoms and young foliage which in a very few weeks' time will be saturated with dust and parched by the burning sun—and terminates at the *Alcala* gate. From this gate to the entrance of the bull ring you may toss a pebble.

To the learned in the mysteries of the arena, a bull-fight is, I am assured, full of interest and variety. A connoisseur sees new features in every fight, establishes differences in the style of entrance and mode of attack of each unlucky bull that is turned

into the circus, and watches with fresh excitement each manœuvre of men and beast. To the uninitiated raw spectator, and to foreigners in general, the sport is monotonous enough, and remarkable only for its abominable cruelty. To be sure, Spaniards will tell you that the art is grievously on the decline, that since the death of the renowned Montes and of his almost as celebrated nephew, the *Chiclanero*, no shining light has arisen amongst the *toreros*. Moreover, at this cool season of the year, the bulls are not in full vigour or as fierce as at a late period. The damp fresh grass makes them soft and sluggish; they need the blazing sun of the Castilian summer and the parched herbage for food. Accordingly the first fight at Madrid this year was a tame business, and universally declared a failure. Its approach was announced by the appearance in the streets of muscular active-looking fellows in short jackets, having a small plaited tail depending from amongst the otherwise closely cropped hair at the back of their heads. This tail is the distinguishing mark of the craft. As the hour approached (half-past four on the Sunday afternoon), the long street of *Alcala* was thronged with carriages, with diligences, drawn by three, six, or nine horses, with hackney vehicles of every kind, and especially with Spanish chariots, having wreaths of flowers, landscapes, and other fanciful adornments painted on their gaudy pannels, and kept chiefly for these occasions. Besides these, a stream of pedestrians filled the foot-paths on either side of the street, in which the dust had been agreeably laid by the spring rains that had succeeded three months of drought. To a foreigner, this scene upon the road to the *plaza de toros* is more interesting than the bloody performance to which it is the prelude. It is curious to observe the excitement and eagerness with which all classes look forward to their favourite diversion. As to the government, it makes quite an affair of state of the bull-fights, which, unlike any other state affairs in this country, are perfectly organised in every respect. The internal arrangements of their circus, as regards the spectators, are excellent. The lower *gradas* or benches,

which are of stone, are occupied by the people, amongst whom mingle here and there enthusiastic amateurs, who apparently consider it more "sporting" to mix with the mob than to avail themselves of the reserved seats. These, which are in rear of those occupied by the lower classes of spectators, are numbered and secured by tickets taken beforehand at offices opened for the purpose in the town. On entering the precincts of the circus, you find a host of ragamuffins offering their services, in hopes of a real or two, to point out to you your place, which otherwise you would have difficulty in finding in a building of such vast extent. As it is, you are quickly conducted to, and inducted into it. There is no confusion or crowding—the bull-fights are perhaps the only institution in Spain that is carefully and well regulated in all its particulars—and without quarrel, squeezing, or scuffle, twelve thousand spectators, all, it must be observed, in the best of humour and highest spirits in anticipation of their pet pastime, are comfortably installed to witness the exciting combat. Above these seats, a story higher, in the most elevated part of the circus, are boxes, accommodating ten persons in each, and which are taken by families and parties of friends. There many ladies go. Not that there is any lack of well-dressed women—in smart gloves and double opera-glasses, as at the theatre—in the reserved seats—or of female children of all ages, including infants in the arms of their wet nurses, who are permitted to go there (or at any rate manage to get there) without fear of the possible effect of the exciting and sanguinary spectacle upon the lacteal functions. The interior of the ring is full of people (any one may walk in until the preliminary ceremonies commence) talking in groups or strolling to and fro over the sandy surface that is soon to be abandoned to the bull and his assailants. Amongst them are to be seen parties of small boys playing at bulls, one urchin enacting the animal, whilst the others bait him with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of the toreros with their cloaks. At the sound of a drum the crowd makes for the two exits from the ring, and begins to

clear out, accelerated in its progress by a party of cavalry, which now enters and marches round in line. Then come the body of bull-fighters, preceded by two alguazils, and headed by the matadores or slayers, who walk in procession across the ring, in all the glory of their gaudy apparel, profusely embroidered with gold and silver, and make their obeisance before the box of Count Quinto, the *corrigidor* of Madrid, who superintends and regulates the whole proceedings: an alguazil rides in and delivers to an attendant the key of the stable where the bulls are confined, and, almost before he has cantered out, the stable door is thrown open, and the first victim starts into the circus.

What follows has been many times described. In the combat the men on foot display great agility and dexterity. In those on horseback I recognise much less merit. They have less opportunity of displaying skill and activity. Their principal duty is to submit to be rolled in the dust, and to risk a dangerous squeeze under their horses. It is rare that they are injured by the bull,—the gaudy varlets, with their cloaks of crimson and purple, yellow or sky-blue, being ever at hand to distract his attention as soon as he has overthrown horse and man; but they not unfrequently receive severe internal injuries, from the weight of the horse falling upon them. Their lance blades, or rather points, are very short, not intended to injure the bull, but only to irritate him. It might be thought that the chief merit of the picadores would be considered to consist in turning away the bull and saving their horses; but such is not the case. The death of the unfortunate steeds is indispensable to the gratification of the untender Spaniards, and a bull's merit is estimated by the number he lays bleeding in the dust. Mounted upon a horse whose value is the amount it would fetch for dog's meat (of which there is usually little enough upon the poor beast's bones), and the price of the hoofs and hide (the latter deteriorated by holes from the bull's horns), the picador confronts his foe, and dares him to advance, thrusting at him as soon as he is within lance length. Sometimes the bull starts

from the prick of the lance and betakes himself elsewhere, but it is a craven beast that does this. What he ought to do is to rush in upon the horse, and thrust his horns into his belly; and if at the same time he lifts horse and rider from the ground, and hurls them to a distance, it is all the more praiseworthy on his part. Often the horse's shoulder receives the terrible wound, as deadly there as in any other place, and the blood gushes forth in torrents. The man's leg would not unfrequently receive the injury, but it is thickly padded, and protected by iron greaves, concealed by chamois leather. Horse and man go down; up come the *chulos* or footmen, and divert the bull's attention; the man gets up to quit the arena and remount himself; the horse sometimes remains where he fell, but oftener rises to be led from the ring, a piteous spectacle, or to be again bestrode, no matter how ghastly his wounds, so that they be not immediately mortal, and to furnish another tilt. At this period of the fight one's sympathy is with the horses—feeble, stiff-jointed creatures, that can hardly be urged into a canter, and that are brought up to the bull expressly to be gored. Later on, when the bull, harassed, slaving, and exhausted, his tongue lolling from his mouth, his neck and shoulders covered with blood from lance thrusts and *banderillas* (barbed darts adorned with coloured paper, which are thrust into him to excite his fury), seems to decline further combat, and can hardly be urged, by the display of the matador's scarlet flag, to rush upon the sword that is to end his torments—one feels pity for the poor brute who has gallantly defended himself without a chance of escape, against overpowering odds. One would think it were but justice and fair play that, after a stout defence, the bull should be allowed the benefit of his bravery, and restored to his pastures, but this is never done. No matter how valiant, he dies the death. If he be sluggish and unwilling to fight, darts trimmed with fireworks are thrust into his shoulders, causing him intense agony. Even this barbarous cruelty is nothing compared to that perpetrated sometimes, but not often, with an instrument called the *media luna* or half moon. I will not disgust

you with an account of this process; it suffices to say that I have heard even Spaniards style it cruel, and seen Spanish women avert their heads when it was put in practice. Such signs of compunction are, however, I must for veracity's sake add, of very rare occurrence. When a bull positively refuses to come within reach of lance, and fairly turns tail at the outset, the spectators shout for the dogs, and a fierce pack is let loose upon him. The risk run by the *toreros*, well-trained and agile as they are, is not great. The *matadores*, whose duty it is to slay the bull with the sword, incur the greatest danger, and have often marvellous escapes. Thus, at the fight on Easter Sunday, Cuchares, now esteemed the best bull-fighter in Spain, missed his footing and rolled under the fore feet of the bull. Had the animal been alert and fierce, it was Cuchares' last fight. But the bull was slow and blundering; in an instant the *chulos* had enveloped his head and horns with their cloaks, blinding and confusing him, and Cuchares rose to his feet, brushed the dust from his hair, and bowed, gaily smiling, to the audience. Something similar occurred to him at the second fight of the season; at which his presence was uncertain, he having gone to kill bulls at Seville. Telegraphic messages were received of his whereabouts, a special train was prepared for him on that part of the road which has a rail, and the much-desired champion arrived in time, doubtless somewhat weary from night-travelling. In the ring, however, he showed his usual gaiety and activity, but had one dangerous fall in the bull's path. The tameness of the beast, which was anxious only to escape its tormentors, and repeatedly leaped the inner barrier of the arena, facilitated his rescue by the light infantry *chulos*, whose nimbleness and ready aid are often most serviceable to the matador. The bulls at the second fight were so execrably bad—in the Spanish sense—that is to say, so unwilling to fight, that the indignation of the audience rose at last to a perfect storm, which furiously broke forth when it had been found necessary to hamstring one bull, to apply fireworks to another, and to set dogs upon a third, which obstinately re-

fused to face the lance, and trotted tranquilly off to its stable door. The audience made up their minds that these were not bulls, but mere steers; that they were swindled by the impresario; and that the corrigidor, who presided, had made the matter worse by giving the signals (for *banderillas*, *matador*, &c.) at the wrong moments. Then rose from bench and box a horrid howl—yells, whistling, groaning, shouts of "To prison with the Señor Corrigidor!"—a tremendous tumult, produced by ten thousand throats. Independently of the disappointment to the public, the worse the bulls the greater the cruelty, since so many barbarous devices are resorted to to incite them to combativeness, or to avenge upon them their poltroonery.

As I before mentioned, children of all ages and both sexes are taken to bull-fights. Thus early trained it is not surprising that they completely lose sight of the cruelty of the sport, which tends, there can be no doubt, to render Spanish women unfeminine, and to harden the hearts of Spanish men. None of these Castilians, even of those who may be the most humane and considerate for their fellow-creatures, appear to entertain the slightest idea that animals can suffer. They laugh and exult when the fiery darts, gunpowder moxas, are dexterously stuck in the bull's shoulders, emitting brilliant balls of green and red fire, and making the wretched brute caper and dance with pain, and they calmly contemplate the infamous and unnecessary cruelty of the *media luna*. As to the horse, he is presumed to be utterly callous to all that can be inflicted on him with heavy whip, lancet-like rowel, or tremendous horn of bull. His existence, whilst in the ring, is a series of tortures. First he is spurred till his flanks stream with blood, then gored (often in half-a-dozen places before he falls), and finally, when he can hardly totter, he is violently beaten, either to get him out of the circus, or to urge him to one last despairing charge. Calm and smiling are the countenances of yonder delicate dames as the fierce bull withdraws his horn, reeking to the very root, and the poor defenceless *rocinante* tottering for an instant, falls over on his side. *Uno de muerto!* good bull!!

and a loud buzz of approbation, mingled with enthusiastic shouts, runs round the circus. Some foreigners become fond of the bull-ring, and deeply interested in its vicissitudes; but many more look upon it with indifference and disgust—indifference arising from the sameness of the sport, and disgust excited by the wanton cruelty by which it is disgraced. The most striking part of the spectacle, in my opinion, is the vast circus crammed with twelve thousand spectators, eager, excited, delighted, forgetting Spanish gravity, and unable to restrain their passionate enthusiasm; starting from their seats at a bold hit or narrow escape; screaming, shouting, laughing, and throwing their hats into the ring, as at a theatre people throw garlands to a favourite performer. On a torrid summer's day, in a glare of light, when the atmosphere quivers with heat, and the bulls are at the fiercest, and the excitement at the maddest, and the gay colours of the people's dresses give additional brilliancy and character to the scene, the sight is one not to be matched out of Spain, and which leaves an impression not easy to be effaced.

But enough of bulls and their baiters. Whilst in season, and when good, they constitute one of the great topics of conversation in Madrid. Politics and the theatres are the other principal subjects of discussion—the latter to no very great extent, unless when some especially popular piece is brought out, or when Madrid is visited by foreign singers of renown. The Italian opera here has generally a respectable company, and occasionally an effort is made, and a star of the first magnitude is attracted hither from Paris or London. The house itself is handsome, and its decoration in front of the curtain is rich—crimson linings to the boxes, and gold mouldings on a white ground. The whole of the pit is laid out in stalls—commodious arm-chairs completely covered with crimson velvet. The effect of this is very good; it is that of a handsome drawing-room. The whole appearance of the house is aristocratic, and the audience is well composed, although a dollar is the low price of admission. Both men and ladies habitually go well dressed

(dress being a matter to which immense importance is here attached by both sexes), but there exists none of that rigidity as to admissible costume which excites the amusement and indignation of all foreigners who visit London. No lynx-eyed janitors rigidly exact sable indescribables, nor is a coloured cravat a badge of exclusion. As regards the musical taste of the audience, it is not great. They resort to the opera chiefly as a lounge, to chat with their friends, hear the news of the day, and while away the evening hours, doubtless tedious enough to people, few of whom have any pursuits, and who rarely or never read anything more amusing or instructive than the bald columns of a Spanish newspaper. Besides the Italian opera, which is the *Teatro Real* or theatre royal of Madrid, there are half-a-dozen other houses, with actors of various merit, and where the performances consist chiefly of pieces translated from the French, with interludes of dancing and instrumental music. At one of these theatres, during Lent of this year, a German company exhibited *Tableaux Vivants*, rendering pictures of sacred subjects by the old masters—such as the Crucifixion and the Descent from the Cross. I am inclined to doubt whether such performances would have been encouraged, or even tolerated, in England; and whether the personification of the Saviour on the cross by a strolling posture-master would not there have been deemed irreverent; but here the representation was considered highly edifying,—and, moreover, as the bills announced, it was permitted and approved of by the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome.

You will probably expect me to say a few words about Spanish politics, the most intricate of all subjects, and the most unsatisfactory to discuss. The present political condition of Spain may be broadly stated in a few lines; it could hardly be explained in many pages, so full is it of anomalies that could exist in no country but this. In the first place, as regards the Sovereign, who has of late acquired so unenviable a notoriety. Twenty years ago, more than one-half of Spain flew to arms to defend, against the remaining portion of the nation, the question-

able rights of an infant princess whose claim to the crown owed its strength and supporters to her association with the idea of a free and constitutional government, for whose maintenance her mother pledged herself. After a sanguinary war, her partisans triumphed; the "innocent Isabel," as her subjects then called the child, for whom they had cheerfully made vast sacrifices, and freely poured out their blood, was seated—firmly, as it then appeared—upon her father's throne: and Spain, long distracted by intestine strife, hoped for tranquillity, progress, and prosperity. It was but a dream. The child-queen had scarcely reached womanhood, after a stormy minority, troubled by frequent insurrections and incessant intrigues, when she began willfully to estrange the affection and respect her subjects were so well disposed to entertain towards her. Selfish indifference to their welfare, dissolute private conduct, and, latterly, a scarcely disguised intention of imposing upon them a rule as despotic as that to escape from which they had fought in her favour, and made her their queen, are the efficacious means she has employed to render herself despised and detested. The commencement of her unpopularity was unquestionably her licentious life. Although the world has obtained some inkling of her improprieties through newspapers and other channels, it has yet no idea to what an extent they have been carried; but in Spain it is well known to every boy. I do not echo mere gossip, or untrustworthy reports, when I tell you that the excesses that have been shared in by the present Queen of Spain find no parallel except in the annals of the Orleans regency, and of the reign of the Fifteenth Louis. To gratify her vicious propensities, the daughter of Ferdinand VII. (well worthy of her sire) has not scrupled to associate herself with men and women of low birth and station, whose companionship alone is disgraceful to one in her exalted position. In a small capital like Madrid, containing an idle and scandal-loving population, everything becomes known. It would not appear, indeed, as if very great precautions were taken to conceal conduct which the queen ought to have known would

sink her fathoms deep in her subjects' estimation. For it is to be observed, and history shows it, that Spaniards, however great the misgovernment they have submitted to, have never patiently tolerated profligacy on the part of the females of the royal family. Nor do they now. Sullen silence on the part of the people, when Majesty drives abroad, and a resolute holding aloof on the part of the more respectable portion of the aristocracy, sufficiently mark the nation's disesteem. When first this unfortunate princess abandoned the limits of propriety, the disorder of her conduct was flagrant. Within the last two years, or thereabouts, she has attached herself to one favourite, who has assumed great ascendancy over her, and whose ambitious aspirations, real or rumoured, have more than once excited public indignation. Considering her mother's shameful neglect of her education, and the disastrous marriage into which she was ensnared by the vilest intrigues, the Spanish nation might perhaps have been disposed to close its eyes, to a certain extent, to this *liaison*, had it been conducted with decorum, and had the object of her Majesty's preference kept strictly aloof from politics. Neither of these two conditions have been observed, and, in the latter respect especially, great offence has been given. I have already remarked that here everything gets known. Many things are doubtless exaggerated—many false reports spread; but these pass away and are forgotten, whilst the truth remains. It is true—and undeniably true, that a young cavalry officer of the name of Arana is all-powerful at court, where he has introduced a number of his own friends, and established a sort of *coterie*, or *camarilla*, that surrounds and influences the queen. It is true, that applicants for court favour know no surer channel by which to obtain their wishes than that of this young man; that aspirants to power—I mean to the highest offices of state, to the ministry, and the presidency of the council—do not scruple (such is the corruption of this country, and the vileness of its public men) to seek his society, to flatter him, and to make him their intimate companion, and continually to show themselves with him in public

places; and that some of the ministers now in power do not think it beneath their personal dignity, or that of their office, to retain place by deferring to this person, and to avail themselves of his influence and intercession to carry, in high quarters, points which they otherwise might have to abandon. The ascendancy acquired by this favourite over his sovereign is highly perilous, and may ultimately prove fatal to the Bourbon dynasty in Spain. It is not surprising that the daughter of Ferdinand VII. and of Queen Christina (who, although it once suited her purpose to assume the mask of liberal principles, has repeatedly proved herself a despot at heart), and the niece of the present King of Naples, should be disposed to absolutism, and form plans for getting rid of those constitutional trammels which she considers an offence to her sovereignty. When the late Duke of Parma was on a visit to Madrid a few months ago, he said to his royal cousin, who was enchanted with his random scatter-brain mode of talking and acting: "They tell me you have still got some remains of old-fashioned usages here—elections, and chambers, and things of that kind. Why do you not give them all a kick over (*puntapie*), and be mistress in your own house?" The queen greatly relished the advice, which was perfectly in accordance with her secret inclinations, and with the plans she has long intended to carry out as soon as an opportunity offers. Her absolutist tendencies are stimulated by the favourite, who was brought up with Pezuela, the present captain-general of Cuba, and his brother, and who, like them, has a strong leaning to a despotic government. The Spaniards know this, and detest the favourite accordingly. Although, in fact, no *coup d'état* could make the condition of the nation practically worse, or the tyranny that exists greater. All that remains of the constitution is its shadow and its name. The rights and advantages it was to guarantee to the people have all been swept away. The press is tongue-tied, and on the slightest pretext the editors of newspapers are imprisoned and transported. The ministers, in a minority in the senate, dare not assemble the chambers, whose meeting would be the signal of

their downfall, and, I fully believe, of such stormy debates as would set the country in a flame. Throughout Spain, at the present day, there is no sort of security for either person or property. All is done by ukase, and there is no appeal from the grossest injustice. An unoffending man's property may be confiscated, or himself shipped to the Philippines, upon the most ridiculous accusations, without a trial, and without possibility of redress. Upon the slightest suspicion, and merely because they belong, or are believed to belong, to political parties opposed to the government, half-pay officers of all ranks, who for years have lived in retirement, and aloof from public affairs, are suddenly ordered to quit their abodes and take up their residence at the opposite extremity of Spain, usually in some wretched town, whither the transport of themselves and families is a ruinous charge upon their slender means. In short, I could fill a longer letter than this will be by enumerating all the species of oppression and injustice to which Spaniards are at the present day subject, and against which they have no remedy. That they still submit to them is the strongest possible proof of the nation's weariness of revolutions and civil strife.

There is one feature of the contemporary history of Spain, upon which it is very difficult to expatiate with reasonable hopes of obtaining credence from foreign readers. When Hadji Baba was questioned by his countrymen respecting the absence of some of his front teeth, and, feeling ashamed to confess that they had been knocked out in a drunken broil, attributed their absence to a violent gale at sea, which had blown them out of his mouth, he was readily believed. But when he told of skating on the Serpentine, and related that he had seen water so hard that he had walked over its surface, his friends set up a shout of incredulity, and set him down as an egregious liar. It is not improbable that, if, following the example of various travellers in Spain, I were to draw upon imagination for a thrilling sketch of banditti in the Sierra Morena, properly garnished with picturesque desperadoes, overturned diligences, fainting women,

and heroic rescuers, you would read and believe, although in truth bands of robbers are now almost unheard of in this country—the profession to which José Maria, and others of his stamp, gave such celebrity and dignity, having now dwindled into a sort of petty larceny business, carried on by cowardly *rateros*, from whom travellers have little to fear, and the Sierra Morena being daily traversed in as much security as any road in Europe. But if I expose to you, in all their nakedness and deformity, the iniquitous proceedings of those respectable thieves by whom Spain is more grievously infested than ever she was by highwaymen, you will tax me with exaggeration, when in reality I shall be speaking within the truth. It is easy to understand that in England—where, with all public servants, from the premier to the porter, probity is the rule and malpractice the rare exception—many would receive with incredulity a statement of the universal corruption that prevails amongst Spanish officials. But it were ridiculous indeed to estimate Spain by the British standard. It is hardly possible to find two countries more diametrically opposite in every respect. In our own we behold the triumphs of energy and industry over many natural disadvantages; here the prodigality of nature is unresponded to by the activity of man. In England rigid honesty and intelligent toil; in Spain shameless corruption, procrastination, and sloth. Amongst Englishmen it seems the general conviction that labour and steady application form the only avenue to prosperity; if the Spaniard cannot get rich without hard work, he remains poor, drapes himself in his cloak, lives upon next to nothing, smokes his paper cigar, and retains a profound conviction of his own dignity and worth. But, put him on the scent of an *empleo*, a plan of some kind, and he is active enough, in his own peculiar way. He will intrigue and flatter and manœuvre, and haunt ante-chambers, until he obtains the much desired post. When at last he gets it, it is perhaps but a small thing—some eighty or a hundred pounds a year, hardly worth, one would imagine, the trouble he has taken to obtain it. Those who imagine that

have little acquaintance with the men and ways of Spain. When the clerk of Copmanhurst received permission to slay three fat bucks a-year in the royal forests, Cœur-de-Lion expressed his conviction that the jolly outlaw would make it a pretext for annually killing thirty. The Spanish poacher, whose arms are quill and inkstand instead of bow and quarter-staff, takes a similar license. His salary may be but a paltry ten thousand reals, but his friends would think him a fool if he did not, upon the strength of that, and in virtue of his office, contrive to spend five or ten times the sum. Accordingly his wife and children are seen elegantly attired in the Prado, his dandified sons lounge in their opera stalls, and he himself takes his ease at his club. How he does all this for the money, is explicable only by the two words, bribery and corruption. This is no secret to anybody, but none think the worse of him on that account. Ascending in the scale, the case continues the same. From the petty subordinate to the prime minister, the system suffers no change. Each robs according to his opportunities. Observe yonder stately gentleman, rolling by in a well-appointed carriage with coroneted panels. He is still a young man, and, but a few years ago, was an unknown clerk in a private office, poor, and not of very good repute. Gifted with audacity, and with that slippery, unscrupulous, sleight-of-hand cleverness, which in Spain is often a passport to power, although in other countries it would lead a man at most to that sort of distinction attained by Barrington the pickpocket, or Robin the conjuror—he has ascended in the social scale by huge leaps, passing over the heads of hundreds of better men than himself. He is now titled and a millionaire, his breast is covered with stars and decorations, and he is the councillor nearest to his sovereign. It is certainly not out of a Spanish minister's salary that he has economised, during the short time that he has received it, the princely fortune he is well known to possess. Your simplicity will excite unbounded astonishment in any Spaniard of whom you inquire how this fortunate adventurer accumulated his wealth. If ministers of State are not

to make their fortunes, who, in the names of Mercury and Plutus, are so to do? It seems considered here that a statesman's paramount and first duty (to himself), when he is so lucky as to attain office, is to get rich. And it may truly be said that it is a duty in which few are here remiss. They are at no loss for opportunities. Wide latitude is allowed, and jobs are matters of course. The press dares not expose them, and Madrid society is lenient, for not many of its members can show hands perfectly clean. Not long ago I passed an afternoon in the Prado—the Hyde Park of Madrid—with a Spanish friend well versed in the chronicle of the capital for the last twenty years or more. Out of all the gay equipages there parading to and fro, there were not a dozen which had not been set up with gains more or less ill-gotten. For, amongst the higher classes here, probity of any kind is rare enough; and as to political probity, it is almost unknown. Men who have been guilty of things which in England would drive them from society, and probably to emigration, are here neither shunned nor censured. There are so many in the same case that, if all were expelled, the clubs would be emptied and society broken up.

The unfavourable outline I have just drawn will very likely appear to you as improbable as skating did to the Persians; but confirmation of its truth may easily be obtained from any foreigners of ordinary intelligence, having the use of their eyes and ears, and the desire to observe and obtain information, who have dwelt even for a moderate time in Madrid. Evidence of it is also to be gleaned from the conversation of Spaniards themselves, although they are ready enough to resent imputations cast upon their country; and are sorely vexed when they see their unfavourable traits gathered together for the instruction of other nations. Then it is that they fall back upon their old pretext of *Cosas de España*—things unintelligible to foreigners. They have a notion that strangers who write about them prefer exposing their worst traits and institutions to putting their good ones in relief; whereas, in the majority of cases—especially as far as

English writers are concerned—I have observed the contrary to be the truth, and have noted a great deal of good-natured forbearance, and a desire to show the country in its best light. And many of the worst points of Spanish character and usages escape the observation of the mere tourist, who comes to Spain with little or no knowledge of the language, desirous to be amused, disposed to be indulgent, and consequently more anxious to seek beauties than defects, and taking a rose-coloured view of all around him. Moreover, what I have now written to you must be understood as applying especially and exclusively to Madrid, of which Ford gives a severe but true description, when he says, that “it is the centre of *empellos*, jobs, intrigues, titles, decorations, and plunder, to which flock the vulture tribe of place-hunters and *pretendientes*, who, under this sun, breed like maggots in carrion. The desert comes up to the ignoble mud-walls, the *mesones* are inns for beasts, the peasant who scratches the fields beyond them is a barbarian, whilst inside lives the worst *populacho* of the Peninsula.” The colours are here laid on with a broad brush, but they are not the less life-like. The said Ford, be it said, *en passant*, may look out for lapidation if ever he revisits this country, where his book has been read by some, and a notion of its contents and general tenor been conveyed to many, and where it is considered a most impertinent and perfidious production, in which the amount of occasional praise is wholly insufficient to compensate the running fire of stinging sarcasm kept up from the first page to the last. Spaniards have a particular horror of being held up as a frightful example—like the confirmed drunkard, whom the itinerant preacher of temperance took to travel with him. And yet, in their present condition as a nation, that is almost the only use they can be put to. When we consider their degraded state, the corruption of their court and public men, the venality, want of energy, and deficient education of the better classes, the misery and penury of the lower orders, the state of the country’s finances, and the tyranny under which it groans, it is impossible to deny that

Spain is what the Yankees call “a caution” to Europe.

Having named the finances, a word of terror and continual stumbling-block to Spanish ministers, I must devote a few lines to that most rotten department of the administration. When, after travelling through Spain, and observing the wretched condition of the rural population, which furnish an important portion of the revenue, one pauses in Madrid, and notes the immense number of place-holders, pensioners, half-pay men, and the like, and the constant embezzlement and speculation that goes on, one marvels how it is that anything that ought to be paid is paid, and how any finance minister, however skilful and cunning, can contrive to get through a year without utter bankruptcy and disaster. It is hardly possible to see greater poverty and misery than is to be witnessed in most parts of the interior of Spain. Along the seaboard, things are better; there is a ready outlet for produce, which the inland provinces do not possess, and the lucrative trade of smuggling comes to the poor man’s aid. Recent attempts have been made, by the government and its organs in the press, to represent smuggling as greatly diminished, indeed as nearly extinct. This is merely dust in the eyes of the credulous. At particular points, a diminution may possibly be shown, but along the French and Portuguese frontiers the contraband trade is as lively as ever, and will be so as long as the present absurdly high tariffs are maintained. And the Spanish government may be very sure, and is perhaps not altogether unaware, that a vast deal of smuggling is carried on through the Custom-house itself, with the connivance and complicity of the persons there employed. Taking into consideration the cost of the expensive Custom-house establishment (there are double and treble lines of revenue posts), and of the corps of *carabineros* or military custom-house officers, it is calculated that the sum spent in collecting the duties on importations is greater than their amount. There are very many important articles, of large and inevitable consumption in Spain, on which the duty is actually prohibitive, although they cannot be manu-

factured in this country except at enormous prices, and of inferior quality. Prominent amongst these are woollen and cotton stuffs, upon which successive governments have been deterred from diminishing the duties, at least to any useful extent, by fear of the turbulent population of Catalonia, the most industrious and perhaps the most flourishing province of Spain, but whose interests are diametrically opposed to those of the rest of the country. If Catalonia were lopped off from the Peninsula, and set afloat in the Mediterranean as an independent island, the task of the Spanish finance minister would be greatly simplified. He would merely have to lower by one-half (in some cases by two-thirds) the present imposts on foreign manufactures, in order to annihilate smuggling, increase Spanish exports, and secure a large revenue from the Custom-house. At present no ministry that could come into power would feel itself sufficiently strong to risk such a step. Each successive administration has to struggle against a host of political foes, watching their opportunity to overthrow it; and if it meddle with the tariff to any serious extent, it is very sure that Catalonia will lend a hand to its enemies, and afford them a rallying-point, and a fortress whence to carry out their designs. It is said, I know not with what truth, that Senor Mon, the finance minister in whom Spanish capitalists have most confidence, is convinced of the necessity of a gradual but great reduction of the tariff. I cannot foresee the day when it will be possible for him or any other minister to reduce to practice convictions of that nature. It would require a much stronger government than we are likely to see in Spain, until such time as faction is crushed, and a strong national party formed, having at heart the welfare of the country in preference to private interests. As yet the very elements of such a party are wanting, and Spain seems likely to continue, as she long has been, blessed with a fine climate and a fertile soil, rich in every advantage that nature can shower upon her, but cursed with the worst of governments.

Whilst so many circumstances thus militate against deriving the advan-

tages that might be derived from Spain's position and natural wealth, an army of leeches and vampires prey upon her impoverished frame. The same amount of revenue that is now collected (probably after a time a much larger amount) by oppressing the country and weighing heavily upon the agricultural interest, might be obtained in other ways, almost without its being felt, as the result of judicious tariffs. This certain profit is thrown away, sacrificed to the selfish fury of party strife, and to fear of a single province, which thus tyrannizes over all Spain. Upon the other hand, an incredibly large portion of the revenue wrung from the hard hands of labour, and from the impoverished farmer, is squandered in premiums to idleness and corruption. Saying nothing more of the pillage that is carried on in every branch of the administration, of the fortunes amassed by ministers, and of the lavish expenditure of their apparently moderately paid understrappers, I will briefly direct your attention to the system of pensions and half-pay. The Spanish papers lately published a list of the ex-ministers now living in Spain. They are one hundred and three in number, and the pension enjoyed by each of them is 30,000 reals. Formerly it was necessary to have held office a certain time, or to have performed certain official duties, in order to be entitled to a pension; but this regulation, owing to the very brief tenure of many ministers here, was found inconvenient, and abolished. There was one cabinet that held office just twenty-four hours, having then been ousted by, if I rightly remember, some sudden piece of violence on the part of his energetic and rough-handed Excellency, General Ramon Narvaez. Its members duly receive their pensions to this very hour. And be it remarked, that pensions of this kind are always regularly paid, since those who pay them know not how soon they may be recipients, when unpunctuality would be disagreeable. Poor pensioners, officers' widows, and the like, can bear to have arrears owing to them, though they starve in the meanwhile; but the claims of ex-ministers are sacred, and must be attended to. Then, if we turn to the army, we find

it supplied with, at a moderate computation, at least twice as many officers as it needs. As a matter of favour, and to keep them in good-humour and from plotting against the government, numbers of military men, who should be on half-pay, receive their full pay, being nominally attached to the staff of various captains-general, but having literally nothing to do except to draw their money. The number of general officers in the Spanish service is perfectly ridiculous. In Madrid alone, at the present moment, I am assured there are nearly two hundred and fifty—the capital being the centre to which they readily flock, to intrigue for more money and higher rank, and often to plot against the government when it does not give them what they desire. With such a host of officers, it might be expected that the army should be in first-rate order, thoroughly instructed, and fit for any service; and so it doubtless would be, for there is the making of excellent soldiers in the men, if one in ten of the officers knew anything of his profession, or ever thought of attending to his duty instead of busying himself with politics and scheming for his private advantage. As to the commanders-in-chief, their chief care seems to be continually to change the uniforms of the troops, an operation which enables them to put something handsome into their own pockets; and thus it is that since the war the Spanish soldier has appeared in nearly all the

colours of the rainbow. One year he is gaudy in yellow, the next sober in blue, or refreshing in green, the variation of hue being accompanied by innumerable strange variations of head-dress and other details. British scarlet is now in the ascendant with the cavalry, some of the officers being scarcely distinguishable, as far as dress goes, from those of England; whilst some of the light horse appear in the rather singular equipment of red coats, lances, and steel helmets. As regards the discipline and efficiency of the troops, I doubt their being such as would enable them to carry off many laurels were they brought into line against any army of the continent of Europe. There appears to me to have been a falling off in these respects since the end of the civil war.

I intended to have given you some further particulars concerning the army, but I conjecture that few armies have much interest for you just now, save those engaged, or about to be so, on the Danube's banks. The literature and drama of Spain might also claim a few words, although both are just now in but a stagnant state, did not the length of this epistle warn me that if the subject be not quite exhausted your patience probably is, and so admonish me to conclude by signing myself your faithful contributor and outlying but truth-telling

VEDETTE.

THE VILLA.

THE sovereign moon, new-risen in Fiesole,
 Was showering light; and over all the hills
 Rain'd breathless brightness. In the vale below
 Fair Florence slept. There, lost in lonely streets,
 And mournful galleries, the fearful beam,
 Sliding from vault to arch, or down dark courts,
 Flash'd on the walls of guilty palaces,
 And show'd them awe-struck.

Bright, from bridge to bridge,
 The Arno, shaking out great shafts of light,
 Or sharp, or curv'd, or zigzag (like the swords
 Of those arm'd angels set round Paradise,
 When dews were deep in Eden, and great flowers
 Steep'd in the light of the primæval moon)
 Sever'd the glittering darkness.

From the heart
 Of the dim Dome, out of its muffled sleeps,
 The mighty Midnight tore, and toppled down,
 Bellowing from twelve hoarse, brazen throats, and fell
 Dead on dark roof-tops. Then a hundred spires,
 Swept by the flying finger of the hour,
 Shiver'd with tingling sound—clear-clashing chimes,
 And diapasons sweet of silver bells—
 Rolling the march of Time into the dark;
 As some great conqueror sweeps to unknown lands,
 With shawms and tromps, through startled provinces.
 Till silence, hovering back about the town,
 Settled at last, and slept; while the great sky,
 Through all its deeps, vibrated like a bell.

Then, at that hour, myself and Arthur rode
 With slacken'd reins, communing many things,
 About the purple bases of the hills.
 Until, from talk of bygone things and times—
 Old faces, which we fear'd to see no more—
 Old friendships, which the years had filch'd from us—
 Old kisses, press'd on lips no longer warm—
 Old loves, which we remember'd with a laugh—
 And later loves, less fair, which made us sigh—
 Silence, with some vague sense of mutual loss,
 Fell on us both.

So, on without a word,
 Spell'd by the Past, and fixing listless eyes
 Upon the pricking of our horses' ears,
 We wound through highways, whitening up the slopes
 By vineyard walls, green-mantled, where the grape
 Hung heavy in the moon. From upward lawns
 The innumerable Life, which hath no Past,
 But makes rich Present of the revelling hours,
 And holds ambrosial wassail in the dew,
 Chirrup'd and sang. The pulsing, vague firefly,
 Opening and closing swarms of misty light,
 To fill the woods at fitful intervals,
 Swam, sparkled, wheel'd, and died into the dark.

The grass suck'd up the moonshine. Deep in dew,
Dream'd the dark land.

Then, all upon a sudden,
Somewhere far off, and hidden up in leaves,
An unseen nightingale with gusts of song
Took all the lapsing silence unawares,
And shook the woods together for delight:
As though he were the night's interpreter,
Admitted to her secret heart, and there,
Reckless, and mad for too much melody,
Ceased not to babble forth, with frantic notes,
All the dim meanings lurking in the dark.
And Arthur cried, "God bless the bird! He sings
Just for the luxury of song; nor cares
Who hears, who praises, or what listeners pause
Between the dark woods and the silent stars.
When will *you* sing like *him*?"

"Alas!" I said,
"With him joy melts to music; but there are
Who sing for sorrow."

"Such a night as this—"
He answer'd, "so brimful of light and life—
Should know no songs but happy ones. Oh, who—
Oh, who would live in England—mourn and mope
In moist Decembers—sweat the day to death
In close committees—yawn upon a bench,
And bully burglars—doze out dull debates—
Cram the club-cant—and choke in smoky dens,
Or Inns, and chambers of the dreary Law—
When, here, mere being is enjoyment—life
An active sense of joy without fatigue,
When pleasant fancies stream through sun and shade,
And crowd the circle of the summer hills?"

"Why, yes," I said. "The old tale repeats itself.
*For rest—for rest the sailor cries whom storms
Catch in the Ægean.* Yet to him that works,
Knowing he works not vainly—to whom the years
Lead up some grand result—the soundest calm
Comes out of crown'd achievement."

"Nay," he cried,
"Think you, your County-Justice, fuss'd and grey
With low importance, guerdons his dry years
With aught more worthy than a little pomp
Among the marketplaces? Or those slaves
That sell the joy of their delicious youth,
And the green earth God gave them for delight—
Fresh morns, and mighty sunsets, and still eves—
For place and pension, worthy more than that
Their toil obtains them—ribbons and grey hairs?
Oh! shall the great intentions of the world
Be spun round worms like these—as blind and deaf
As the silk maggot in his dark cocoon?"

"All toil is noble," I replied, "if toil
Be honest. For the purpose of the world
Is not thrown up alone by one great mind,
But all may help it: as the corals build,
Each for his separate use, in his own way,

That which becomes a marvel at the last,
 Complete in beauty. Oh, if vacant ease
 Be life, and life's best purpose—the chief good
 And crown of life—enjoyment, to what end
 Live they that plough the gaping glebe in toil?
 Or why do thistles grow where roses droop?
 Hath God so clumsily contrived His world
 That pleasure—His intention, as you say,
 And human nature's proper aliment—
 Thrives nowhere, but is strangled on the rocks,
 Where hardy Pain blows wild, a vigorous weed?
 But God gave man the savage world to tame,
 And bade him smite the stubborn earth, and said,
 'What thou subduest is thine heritage.'
 Oh, Labour is the Genius of the Lamp
 That brings us jewels from the hidden caves.
 Oh, more! there are two angels on the earth
 That lodge with man—Labour and Duty—Oh,
 Beware, who shuts them from the door! who wills not
 Labour and Duty, wills not Love and God.

"Friend, in our England great things shall be done.
 Better to toil in noble service there,
 Than idly dream below the loaded vines!
 Think you, when Freedom from her cradle cried,
 Was it Utopian wizard's airy wands—
 And men in quiet schools that, smiling, said,
 'Freedom is fair,' yet would not for a world
 Have smutch'd the hem of their Philosophy
 With dust and sweat to help her fainting cause,
 Or Roundhead swords, unsheath'd in foughten fields,
 Won us free Senates, and the right of thought?"

"Oh," answer'd Arthur, "there have been great times,
 When toil grew noble in some noble cause.
 All patriots are not Hampdens. There have been
 Times when the pulse of states beat fever-heat.
 Nor least," he said, "when over yon dim walls,
 And round the throne of the Magnificent,
 Glow'd, all a-light, the Medicean Age.
 Then, through the gorgeous tumult of the times,
 From all ennobling influences, Art
 Breath'd one grand calm. Each hour was cramm'd with life.
 Men drank, and drain'd the spirit and wine o' the world,
 And through all rich sensations snatch'd quick breath.
 The careless lizard, halting in the sun,
 Bask'd on a dungeon. Not a step between
 The myrtle-bower and the dank prison-cell.
 Beauty and Terror wander'd hand in hand,
 Through snakes and roses. Life, with flushing cheek,
 A reeling guest, among the revels walk'd,
 Reckless, with Death's pale shadow at her side.
 As in great Indian lands, a man that dreams
 Below the mighty immemorial palms,
 May catch a subtler rapture from the thought
 He crushes poisons out of purple flowers,
 And poison'd perfumes lade the lustrous dark,
 And charming serpents draw him through the woods
 With dazzling eyes, and everywhere he sees
 A baneful beauty, redolent of death;—
 Or more—as one that walks some dizzy plank

Between a gorge of alps, on either side
 Wonder, and snow, and purple, and red light,
 And death below— . . . so did this marvellous age
 Wed beauty unto anguish, match with life
 Death, and push pleasure into pain, and draw
 From peril palpitations of delight.

"But now—in these mild days—what life is theirs
 Who cobbles at the patchwork of the State?
 The tailor's work! to mend, and piece, and turn,
 Fearing lest every stitch pull wide new rents.
 These are not men, and scarce hermaphrodites:
 They fight—their war-ery is some corn-law cant;
 Their grandest victory—a tax on hops;
 Their proudest prize a—beer-bill."

"To my mind,"

I answer'd, "these 'mild days' of ours are big
 With mighty births of more magnificent things
 Than those dim pictures which you love to praise,
 Set in the ruin'd galleries of the Past.
 Nor, to my mind, did ever Life live quicker,
 Or beat more pulses in the hour than now.
 And thrice," I said, "I honour those strong hands
 That hold the State from ill, and prop weak Order
 With vigorous laws; that, fed from wary change,
 Fair Freedom grow to grand developments,
 And strike strong roots into the coming years,
 Nor would I clamor for the rotten Past,
 On whose dry dust such noble fabrics stand,
 For all the light of those luxurious courts,
 Paced by Intrigue and Love in the old time."

"Do what you will, you cannot so inter
 This Past," he said, "below the dust of years,
 But what some part or portion clings above.
 The finger-posts that point the onward age
 Are skeleton arms that moulder as we pass:
 A dead man's hand writes symbols on our walls,
 And dooms our feasts and lighted palaces.
 Our boasted freedom is not of to-day,
 Its roots are in the past, its fruits with us.
 Wherefore I, born a dreamer, love to muse
 Among that legendary moss that grows
 About the ruins of the centuries."

Then, like a horse at sound of his own heels,
 He—for his own words seem'd to start him on—
 Set off and dashed into the antique times,
 Showing that warring Europe rising up
 When Rome's worn Eagles all flew hoarsely home;
 And all the spear-storms broken in the Norse;
 And all the war-songs roll'd from Teuton tents;
 And all those hordes that, wakening with a whoop,
 Pour'd from primæval forests to the south:
 Till, revelling with the wrecks of Rollo's ships,
 And the black beards of Merovingian Kings;
 He hit, at last, all hot, upon the Church;
 What time the Lombard Lion roar'd from Rome,
 And Frankish Pepin laid at Peter's feet
 The Keys of Kingdoms. At which point he warm'd
 Upon those old and fair philosophies,

Which were crepuscules of the dawning Faith ;
 And prais'd that wisdom which attack'd the Name,
 To leave the Substance what it was before ;
 Which gave the old Gods the sandals of the saints,
 And Alma Venus to Madonna changed ;
 To light new tapers for the self-same shrines ;
 Inscribe new names below old images ;
 And fill the old sacella with new vows.
 Declaring creeds were bred up in the bone
 And marrow of races, like their characters.
 That Roman Mavors stalk'd with stately strides,
 Where rush'd the fiery Aries of the Greek.
 And just as wide the New Creed's southern state
 (For in these lavish lands she sat, a queen,
 'Mid haunts of classic Polytheism,
 Above her glittering shrines and stately domes,
 Breathing athwart her perfumed incenses
 A sensuous sadness, like the soul o' the South)
 From those dark robes, and severe majesty,
 That wrapp'd her in the melancholy North,
 Where yet Thor's iron hammer seem'd to ring
 Its echo on her altars, and the creed
 Of Odin scowl'd behind the cross of Christ.

Thence, by the way, he touch'd on Charlemagne,
 "Whose bones, at Sutzburg, were foundation-stones
 Of this fair fabric of the after-time."
 And then again took up the Church—how she,
 Out of the strife of feudal elements,
 Rose, a Bellona and arm'd Thought, more strong
 Than thews and sinews of self-cumbering Force ;
 To match Minerva to Enceladus,
 And with a crozier break the necks of Kings.
 "From whence flow'd Chivalry, which breath'd a soul
 Into brute strength, and fill'd the world with song.
 Ferrara's clarions sounded in the south—
 To silver cymbals trod the Iberian Moor—
 A minstrel's music fell through prison-bars,
 And with an echo caught the Lion-heart—
 On Baltic headlands sang the long-hair'd Scald—
 Through green Provençal winvs, the rosy star
 Shook to the soft lutes of the Troubadours."

This led us on to the Crusades, and all
 That splendid policy against the Turk,
 Which work'd in the blind brain of headstrong kings,
 To rescue Europe from the Saracen.
 And so we track'd the tide of culture down
 Into that luminous epoch of the world,
 When Learning lit these lands with a new sun.
 There, how he rose, and glow'd, and, as it were
 Rejoicing, plumed his fancy in that light ?
 For Liberty with Learning rose, he said,
 And Commerce flourish'd. Venice, Genoa,
 Names of old note—the re-arisen Tyres
 And Sidons of the west, whose populous marts
 Drew the rich world, and drain'd the subject seas ;
 Whose glassy harbours shadow'd stately ships
 Laden with Indian spice, and faces dark
 From Samarcand, Damascus, or Senaar.

Then he would string together all those names
 That awe our wonder, names of the sole kings
 Whose right all grant divine, for they are kings
 Of the Olympian realms of Thought and Art.
 And, chief, he loved to praise, as star, and crown,
 And costliest achievement of the time,
 Strong Leonardo, lord of every lore ;
 In whose rich nature knowledge from all seeds
 Blossom'd to art—the crown'd accomplishment
 —Art that centennial plant, that only blows
 Once in a century, burst then—nor since—
 To flower, that for three terms of mortal life
 With bloom and odour fed delighted lands.
 Again it was “the Church” he said—“the Church,
 That grand Conservative, preserved for these
 The lamp of learning, and with a new light
 Inspired it fairer.”

“Ay,” I answer'd short—
 “You skip the darker chapters in the tale.
 Your marble palaces are not less fair
 For blood upon the threshold : had they then
 No laboratories ? or no Borgin-feasts ?
 No goblets that were not of Venice-glass ?
 Nor any kings but good kings on the throne ?
 Who ruled o'er none but peaceful citizens ?
 What ! does no taint of brother-murder stain
 Some of the haughty scutcheons on yon walls ?
 Wherefore died Strozzi by his own right hand ?
 Were there no shrieks from toothèd, torturing wheels,
 Stifed and drown'd in dungeons horrible ?
 The while this livid Learning, which you laud,
 Look'd on agape : or, like a phantom thing
 That takes the natural hue and tint of life,
 Ghoul-like, from feeding upon graves, eat still
 Mumbling its unintelligible things.
 Were there no Neri—no Bianchi—brawls ?
 No bloodshed by the Ghibelline and Guelf ?
 No pale Capellos, Cenci, and the like ?
 No Dukes of Athens ?”

“Grant,” he said, “there were ;—
 These died : with them, their deeds. Yet not in vain—
 Not all in vain the time ; for much endured,
 As art does ever, and as truth endures.”

“And then—this Church—this ‘grand conservative ?’
 Were there,” I said, “no muffled oubliettes
 Under St. Peter's chair ? no solemn frauds ?
 Traditional lies ? and immemorial wrong ?”

“The thing grew rotten,” he replied, “in time.”

“It was a lie,” I said, “from first to last ;
 For Truth sees no corruption—as you said.”

“Yet was it once,” he answer'd, musingly,
 “Infallible. A serpent lifted up
 High in the desert—who beheld was heal'd.”

“Oh, yes ! a serpent ever,” I rejoind.

"And so—" he mused—"this warden of Heaven's gate
That stood upon the threshold with the keys,
Grew feeble—and now?—A weak old man at Rome,
Fearing the crumbling crutch he leans upon—
Confused with all confusion! That which once
Bruised with its heel the heads of Emperors,
Now leaning upon kingship. Kingship, too,
Having survived the principle of kings,
The dark years, big with change, sweep by, and leave
A puzzled, frighten'd mockery of the Past.
The Stenterello of what was a king;
Mowing and miming old-world royalties
Upon a creaking stage! And all below
A sullen people waiting with hard eyes.
And from the doubtful darkness, far without,
Blown by wild winds, the inarticulate moan
Of tempests hidden in Eternity."

"Yes!" I made answer, "and, already, one
Has broken from the Infinite. It came
And dash'd the cup of trembling in the face
Of the pale kingdoms; and, in passing, swept
The wide world with delirium, and so ceased.
Upon the horologue of Time, the hand,
Unheeded, surely rounded to that hour.
At last it struck in thunder, with a sound
Reverberating through the reeling realms:
And, with the shock, came down the avalanche—
An avalanche of wrong unrectified,
Piled up with long-accumulated ills,
And hurtling down vast fragments of the Past—
Colossal fragments—Nobles, Church, and King,
And all Tradition's rooted rights in France,
Headlong, with shrieks, into the bloody Seine.

"Yes! they have guillotined the tender Past—
Pale Empress with a thousand sorrows crown'd!
Speak gently of her faults—she bled for them.
These orphan'd days were wean'd too soon. And yet
They shall bear Gods on earth—these grave-eyed days!

"Still reel the nations with a crazy awe.
The old-world wonder wears itself away.
What though she growl with rage, and shame, and spite,
Cross Custom's claws are clipt,—that dragon old,
Set by Truth's fairy fortress. All too long
She spat her spleenful venom on bold souls.
Now wide and free the palace-doors are flung,
And all may enter. From the chrysalis
Of centuries the spirit of the years
Is crackling loose and shining into wings.

"Now dawns a fairer epoch for the world.
Now reigns anew the re-arisen Christ.
Already the dark East is growing light,
Where the new dawn makes dimly visible
Large shapes, and outlines of what Powers shall be—
Republics, federations, argosies,
And new Golcondas in the hopeful West.

"Soon shall arise new giants on the earth,
Not dwarf'd and maim'd by galling prejudice;

Who have not sold themselves to lying laws,
 Nor warp'd high words to dogmas; but adored
 God's proper dignity in their own souls.
 A race of mighty poets! For we sit
 Like children, by the doorway, in the dark;
 And sometimes, when we peer between the chinks,
 Something is shown to us—wild—wonderful—
 A great light—a strange face. We look for more;
 And then the door is shut against our eyes.
 And, now and then, great gusts of song float by,
 Whirl'd from the mighty revel. We would sing:
 The tune escapes us. We are pleased and pain'd.
 Great thoughts flit by, and touch us as they pass,
 Like ghosts upon the threshold of the morn;
 We grasp at them; they mix themselves with light.

"We apprehend some great development
 Out of all language, which confuses speech.
 The world hoots at us. We are weak, we know.

"But these shall come with power upon their brows,
 And thunder in their hair, and on their lips
 Authority. And they shall awe the world
 To listen to them, as we listen now,
 And they shall take our harps out of our hands,
 And sweep a mighty music down the strings:
 The age shall vibrate with it; and the earth
 Shall hold her ear to listen to the tune,
 And shake herself to earthquakes; and the stars
 Shall catch the strain, and tingle for delight;
 And the great Æons, roused out of their sleep,
 Shall know it and be troubled with the sound.

Then shall the hills grow white with angel feet;
 And thoughtful men, that muse apart, at morn
 And eve, upon the wonder of the world,
 Shall startle angels from their dreaming bowers.

"Until men see the New Jerusalem,
 Ablaze with all things precious, in the skies.
 Therein shall be no temple, for our God
 Himself shall be His temple in that day,

"Meanwhile, orb'd round with fair contrivances
 Of strength and beauty, England fronts the world.
 And there the Lady Gloriana sits,
 Who holds the sceptre and the ball, and is
 The serene Empress of this gorgeous age:
 In whose glass halls the East and West have met
 With offerings, as Sheba came, of old,
 To Solomon, to wonder, and admire:
 For near her, Science, her magician, stands:
 With lightnings in his hand that wait his will
 To outrace the four winds to the world's ends,
 Nimbler than were Jove's bolts; and in the air
 He sends up silken domes adventurous;
 And harnesses the white-maned dragons, fed
 On fire and water, to his hissing cars:
 And rolls along the ocean his wheel'd ships,
 With civilising commerce to all shores.

"Moreover, through the Press, the heart o' the land
 Beats audibly, and throbs out vigorous thoughts,

That strike along the world to every realm,
And shake all ancient lies on their high place.

"O happy Age! strew flowers upon the Past
To fill the air with sweetness—happy Age!
Strew flowers upon the ways. The Future comes—
The Future, borne in triumph! Happy Age,
When it may be that each—the idlest of us—
Whether he will or no, fulfils some good!"

Then, as a hot thought tingled into sound,
"Bear with me, friend," I cried, "if I should say
I hit the secret of this age,—the mission
Of these great times of God. Yet I would venture
A wild guess at the meaning of our work.
For, look! if one should praise this growth of Time,
From all sides querulous voices clamour 'Shame!
Shame on the narrow dealings of the days—
The faithless cant—the dead materialism—
The insufficient, sleek formalities—
The soulless toil—the useless usefulness,
Dry, without fruit! For we are choked,' they say,
'With corn and cotton, till ourselves become,
Bales in the market—wheat-sheaves on the wharf.
Matter engrosses all, and Form is king;
And the most rotten royalty of all!
We look for preachers to deliver truth;
Statesmen to plan; philosophers to think;
Masons, and engineers, and mariners;—
And, lo! instead of bread, there is a stone.
Houses—not masons; ships—not mariners;
Pistons—not engineers; altars, and pulpits—
Not preachers; schools—but not philosophers:
Offices—but not statesmen; form—not soul!
God's earth is turn'd into a factory,
And all ways sound the hiss of iron wheels!"

"And that is truth," said Arthur,

"Yet," said I,

"Where you see sorrow, I see hope; where you
Lament, I will rejoice; the signs are good.
Upon two mighty polar principles
The world is poised, and all the laws of being
Vibrate between them: these are, Spirit and Form.
For man was taken from the common dust,
And that dust quicken'd with a living soul,
That it might be the form and image of God,
Wherein He walk'd on earth, a little space.
And He that died for souls in Holy-land
Rose with the body, as we think we, too,
Shall bodily rise to meet Him. One God made
Spirit and matter;—mind, and soul, and heart;
And zinc, and lime, and gold, and clay, and iron;
Therefore I reverence both: they are His work;
And are immortal. And I think that never
In the great Æons of Eternity
Shall come a time when vales, and hills, and flowers,
Ocean and continent, and all which He
Pronounced, on their pure birthday, 'Very good,'
Shall cease to be. O brother, do we well,
Or wisely, scorning matter?"

Arthur answered—

“Matter is good, and spirit is good, and truth
Is above all. But form hath swallow'd truth,
The body hath usurp'd the soul of us.
For hundreds of blind years, the crazy world
Hath fought for Form. Autocracies—republics—
For these men clamour—not for Government.
Crozier and gowns still cheat a faltering faith.
No man dare trust himself. In Chinese shoes
Demurely creeps the Public Mind about.
Irreverence and Superstition still
Mow at each other, cheek by jowl; and still
Watchwords and names are more than principles.
Men cling to Churches—not to gospels; so
They salve sore conscience. Everywhere I see
Dissenter, Anglican, and Romanist,
But where the Christian?”

“To this fact I hold,”

I answered, “and in this is born my hope.
So languish'd Rome upon the altar-stairs
Of Form, the hundred-handed God; so sigh'd
The sick world “Where is truth?” and, lo, Christ came!
Oh, it is not that form hath usurp'd truth,
Matter supplanted spirit; but it is
That matter yet hath been too weakly wed
To spirit; matter must be spiritualised.
Is there no gospel for the body? Oh,
If yet, wherever thought hath enter'd fact,
Or spirit form, we clasp a carcass now,
’Tis not because the form was more than truth,
But less than truth, and weaker. Form must grow,
And matter rise, and be sublimed to spirit.
Shall not the body, when it rises, leave
Disease and all corruption in the tomb?
For glance athwart the melancholy Past—
Where are the fruits of thought divorced from fact?
Blind superstitions of the ignorant lands;
Lone eremites in desert places; saints
On solitary pillars; poor, puff'd-up,
Inflamed identities, sore surfaces
Of a diseased soul, that winced and writhed
From the strong touch of healthy human life.
Or what results have risen, whenever thought
Drew nigh to fact? Fruit of that crude embrace,
Look!—Reformations, Inquisitions, stakes,
Martyrs, and trenchant swords, and tottering thrones.
These are the efforts of brute youth: they prove
The want of power, not the too much of it.
But speed, ye millions, on the iron rail,
Till motion lag no longer after thought.
And speed, ye thoughts, upon the quivering wire,
Till the round globe with thought be stricken through;
And hugest forces of material growth
Be made the supple ministers of spirit;
And strength be pliant as a glove upon
The hand of Truth: and this dull ball of pigment
Spin through the staggering zodiac, and glow
The lightest, brightest star the spirits watch.
O glory, that the eyes of man should pierce

Through space for worlds, through atoms for new life!
 His hand shall upheave mountains, and his foot
 Stride down the subject ocean: but his heart—
 Let it be simple, earnest, innocent,
 Knowing that meekness is the crown of power,
 And reverence, more than knowledge of high things.
 Shall saints not be? The saints shall rule the world;
 Sit upon thrones—be ministers, and kings;
 Teach in the highways; shake glad hands among
 The fairs, and marketplaces; laugh, love, live;
 Be all with all men, until all be saints.
 O for some thorough-hearted man o' the crowd;
 A large-limb'd, muscular, and genial soul,
 All-comprehensive, comprehensible
 To all men! who shall talk in our own tongue,
 Not in the language of a foregone world.
 A blithe, world-shouldering, strong identity;
 No pining, pale uprightness, from the stocks
 And backboards of convention;—a man-soul
 Fed on strong meat—love, hunger, anger, pain,
 Want, war, hope; tingling hot from top to toe
 With costly life; a burley, popular mind,
 To walk, and talk, and teach in the loud street;
 And jostle, and be jostled in the squares,
 And breathe his broad humanity on all;
 A full-arm'd life—at every point equipt
 For our occasion; to unite, uplift,
 And in himself express all offices,
 Driving a pulse of life through lifeless things!

“Let matter be so spiritualised—all pores
 Of matter open to high influence,
 That men shall talk with angels as of yore.
 When these things come, we know the end is near;
 Then let us pray that God complete the rest,
 And stretch a shining arm over the world,
 And gather in the harvest of the times.”

“Amen!” said Arthur. Then he mused a while—
 “His feet shall be upon the mountains—so
 The Scripture saith. The face of Time is turn'd
 Toward the east. But we will watch, and pray.
 His coming—who shall tell it?”

As he spake,
 We came upon the villa of my friend,
 Where he in dreamful pleasure lived at ease,
 The walls were silver-sheeted with the moon,
 And silver-white the olive groves all round,
 And the great courtyard, ranged with orange-trees,
 Was silent as a grave-yard. On the wall
 Strange cactus-growths,—sharp, hairy, globed, or fringed,
 Or barb'd with angry prickles, stretch'd rough arms
 Over the coping parapet, whereon
 The arms of some great pauper family,
 Whose last descendant traffick'd in a stall
 Near the Uffizzi, by the goldsmith's bridge,
 Were carv'd colossal.

Thence, we pass'd within ;
 And, threading antique galleries, like tombs,
 Came on a pleasant chamber looking south,
 A fretted casement (through whose panes the moon
 Oozed crimson, diamonded with burning spots,
 Emerald, and gold, and blue, like heaps of gems
 Toss'd from a silver urn along the floor ?)
 Gave to a garden, sloped adown the hill,
 And set with myrtle hocks, and ranged with urns,
 And in the midst a fountain.

Hard beside,
 A table, clothed with purple and stiff gold,
 Stood by, with silver goblets heap'd, and fruit—
 Plums, emerald-rinded melons, peaches, grapes.
 A lady's glove was flung among the cups ;
 And off an antique chair, full in the moon
 A heap of letters, loos'd from their silk thread,
 Was fall'n into a jar of dead rose-leaves ;
 Near which upon the ground lay a guitar.
 "The dark is worn," said Arthur, "and the earth
 Already her dim dewy bosom slants
 Against the pale east. The last drowsy star
 Begins to flicker ; yonder fountain drips
 With morning. How the charm'd night lingers here !
 But Constance comes not : we will seek her out.
 She must be in the garden. Are we not
 Like Princes, in a fairy-fable, led
 Through palaced halls, where not a face is seen,
 Nor footfall heard along the corridors,
 To find the prison'd lady of our love ?
 Whom we have seen, perchance, in charmed dreams,
 Or magic mirrors, beautiful, and lone !"

TREVOR.

THE RECENT GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH the eyes of the world are just now directed almost exclusively to Eastern Europe, in which events are occurring of far more than national import, it may not be either ill-timed, or uninteresting, to cast a hasty glance over another quarter of the globe, in which a development of power is going on, silently but rapidly—unattended by the startling incidents of battle by land or sea, yet not the less pregnant with results which may influence the destinies of a large portion of the human race. We need scarcely say that our remarks point to the American Republic, and that it is that young giant of the West whose growth to maturity affords an object of contemplation infinitely more instructive than any which barbaric Russia presents in her frenzied struggle for territorial aggrandizement, or the powers of Western Europe afford in their ill-cemented and doubtful union to repel the aggressor. Until within the last few years we have been too much in the habit of treating the accounts brought before us of American progress to greatness as extravagant gasconade. The governments of Europe have been disposed to ignore the pretensions which she has put forth, until, from one after another, she has wrung reparation for actual or imagined wrongs. Even when we saw her flag flying in every port of the world, and felt the active competition of her merchants and ship-owners, we were disposed to regard her rather as an interloping trafficker, with whom, from her distance from us and her isolated position, Europe could have little sympathy, than as the germ of a powerful nation with a mighty future in prospect. With a view to bring about a proper recognition of the actual and growing importance of America as a member of the great family of nations, we propose here to give a few statistics illustrative, not only of the innate elements of strength and progress which she possesses, but also of the genius shown by her people in turning them to profitable account.

One of the most remarkable features

in the history of America, and to which she owes much of her present growth and prosperity, is the foresight with which she has laid the foundations of that prosperity. In this her population have not evinced the spirit of the mere huckster, anxious only for present gain, but rather the enlarged views of the patriot, anxious for the future weal of his country and his race. A striking expression of this spirit is furnished in a report made to the Legislature of the United States in 1812, by Governor Morris, De Witt Clinton, and other eminent men, appointed as a commission to inquire into the practicability and prospects of the great canal to connect Lake Erie with the River Hudson, a project scouted at the time as preposterous. After boldly stating that the tolls from this great national work—for such it has proved—would amply repay the outlay required for its construction, the commissioners remark:—

“It is impossible to ascertain, and it is difficult to imagine, how much toll would be collected. The amount of transportation might be estimated by submitting probabilities to calculation. But, like our advance in numbers and wealth, calculation outruns fancy. *Things, which twenty years ago any man would have been laughed at for believing, we now see.*

“At that time the most ardent mind, proceeding on established facts by the unerring rule of arithmetic, was obliged to drop the pen at results which imagination could not embrace.”

After stating some facts to bear out their view of the result of the project, they proceed:—

“Standing on such facts, is it extravagant to believe that New York may look forward to the receipt (at no distant day) of one million dollars nett revenue from this canal! The life of an individual is short. The time is not distant when those who make this report will have passed away. But *no time is fixed to the existence of a state; and the first wish of a patriot's heart is that his may be immortal.*

It may be mentioned, as a proof of the sound judgment displayed by these men, that, within eight years of the

completion of the canal, its tolls exceeded the estimated returns.*

It is not, however, as successful projectors that the forethought of the American people has been shown; for in fact, their public works have been anything but remunerative, and have even been the cause of bringing down obloquy upon some of the states, which have repudiated the payment of debts contracted for their construction. It is the forethought and sound judgment displayed in *their design* with which we have to deal. The great object of American enterprise has been, from a very early period, to connect the great lakes and the fertile valleys of the middle and western States with the cities and ports along the Atlantic seaboard; to improve the navigation of her great rivers, and thus bring into cultivation the valuable tracts of country along their banks; and, as a part of this great work, to connect with each other, by railways and canals, the towns and villages in the more densely-peopled and cultivated districts which lie along the entire eastern frontier of her territory from the State of Maine to the Gulf of Florida. To carry out the general design, vast sums have been lavished, and expensive works constructed, in many instances far in advance of any ascertained requirements of the country, and certainly with little prospect of an early return for the expenditure. But in the mean time the most apparently hopeless of these works are conferring important benefits upon the mass of the community, by developing sources of wealth which might otherwise have been closed for years, if not centuries to come, and affording new spheres for the enterprise of a people, whose passion for adventure and novelty seems to know no bounds. From the extended means of locomotion thus afforded, has been derived that striking feature in the American character which has so long been the subject of European remark, and frequently of ridicule—the disposition to migrate upon their own soil. For upwards of twenty years her population have been moving westward, driving the red Indian before them, and subduing to the plough the hunting-grounds of his

race. No sooner has a state or a district been cleared, and partially populated, than the pioneers who first opened up its soil have started again in search of cheaper localities for the exercise of their untiring energies, in part, no doubt, impressed with the knowledge that, although they were increasing their distance from a market for their productions, the abundant facilities provided by nature and art for their transmission would neutralise this difficulty. Another circumstance has tended materially to diffuse the population of America, as it increased, over a larger extent of territory, instead of locating it round any particular centre. At an early period they were taught the necessity of being self-dependent, especially for the supply of those articles of clothing, &c., suitable for the wants of such a people. Every settler carried with him into the wilds the means and knowledge required for the manufacture of such articles, rudely perhaps, but sufficient for his purposes. Proximity to a market for supply was thus rendered a non-essential feature in his condition. As early as 1810, we find from a return prepared by the federal government of the Union that the domestic manufactures of America, of all descriptions, were of the value of 127,694,603 dollars annually; and it has been estimated by competent authorities that, of 36,793,249 dollars—the value of the manufactures of wool, cotton, and flax, with their mixtures—fully two-thirds were produced in the houses of the farmers and other inhabitants. Nor is it considered that this desirable state of things in a new country—the existence of household manufactures—is materially changed since 1810. At all events, it was not changed up to 1852; for, although, during the interval, large manufacturing establishments had been formed, their produce appears to have been chiefly for exportation.

In 1842 we find America capable of exporting cotton manufactures to the value of 3,122,546 dollars, and including fabrics of wool and flax to the value of 12,699,500 dollars, or one-third of the total production of 1810. Taking

* MACGREGOR'S *Commercial Tariffs*, Part 15; *United States*, vol. ii. page 769.

into consideration the large increase of her population, the domestic production must have vastly increased during the interval, for we find no such increase of imports as would warrant the supposition that they had become less reliant upon their own industry and resources. In fact, it is estimated that in 1852 no less than 7,500,000 dollars' worth of cotton was consumed in "household" manufactures.

Whilst the agricultural portion of the American people have been thus led to extend the area of their location, and lay under contribution new and vast sources of wealth, enterprise has not been wanting to promote the growth of their cities and towns. No country in the world, Great Britain not excepted, has succeeded more signally in directing its natural advantages to the promotion of commerce. Its abundance of water power has been promptly seized upon for manufactures of every description. Machinery of the most perfect kind has been applied to all their processes, economising labour, facilitating locomotion, and aiding in surmounting those difficulties which have ever impeded the progress of young nations. The gigantic power of steam has nowhere been more abundantly and usefully employed;—in the mine and in the mill; on its rivers and its lakes, its canals and its railroads; doing the work of millions of hands, and of human and animal sinews, yet without creating a vacuum in the market for labour, or diminishing, at all perceptibly, the rewards of industry in any portion of its territory. From 1830 to 1840, in a period of only ten years, the increase in the population of twenty of the largest towns in the United States, from New York to St. Louis inclusive, was 55 per cent: and we shall show hereafter that this rate of increase has been fully sustained, especially in those situated in the region of the great lakes, towards which the influx of settlers has lately been drawn, both from Europe and from other portions of America herself. Yet she has been enabled not only to employ profitably the natural increase which has taken place in her population, but also to absorb, without apparent effort or inconvenience, the vast tide of emigration which Europe has been for years directing

to her shores. She possesses a foreign commerce second only to that of Great Britain, a powerful mercantile marine, a well-appointed and powerful fleet—every element, in fact, which is required to insure a nation's greatness. All this she has achieved mainly through the well-directed energies and the persevering hardihood of her citizens, whose guiding rule of action has ever been to look and struggle forward, whilst elder nations have been content to loiter upon the beaten track of mediocrity, and hesitate and count the cost of every step of progress beyond that beaten track.

Years ago—before the amazing development of her resources which we have witnessed during the past ten years—American statesmen and writers saw and predicted the future, and attributed it mainly to the facilities which had been provided in her railways and canals, for the encouragement of the commercial and agricultural industry of her population. One of these—*Mr. Scott of Ohio*, in an able series of articles on the internal trade of the country, published in 1843 in *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*—made the following extraordinary calculation of the probable rate of increase of that population:—

"In 1840 the United States had a population of 17,068,666. Allowing its future increase to be at the rate of thirty-three and one-third per cent for each succeeding period of ten years, we shall number in 1940, 303,101,641. Past experience warrants us in expecting this great increase. In 1790 our number was 3,927,827. . . . But, lest a hundred years seem too long to be relied on, in a calculation having so many elements, let us see how matters will stand fifty years from 1840, or forty-seven years from this time. The ratio of increase we have adopted cannot be objected to as extravagant for this period. In 1890, according to that ratio, our number will be 72,000,000. Of these 22,000,000 will be a fair allowance for the Atlantic slope. Of the remaining 50,000,000, 2,000,000 may reside west of the Rocky Mountains, leaving 48,000,000 for the great valley within the States."

This will naturally strike most persons as an extravagant calculation. It ignores, in the first place, the natural tendency of a population, increasing in density, and of which large

masses are congregating in cities and towns, to assume a higher rate of mortality. It overlooks, too, an important, but well-ascertained fact, that the climate of some portions of the American continent is unfavourable to longevity, and to the maintenance of the human species in its aboriginal vigour and hardihood. The native-born Yankee rarely possesses the corporeal stamina of his ancestry of a few generations past. But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that America has of late received many additional elements of strength, which were not within the contemplation of the writer who thus estimated her future progress. For the twenty years from 1825 to 1844, upwards of a year subsequent to his estimate being formed, the total emigration to that country from the United Kingdom amounted only to 569,633 adults, the average being 28,481 per annum. In the two years of 1851 and 1852 we find, from the return of the Government Emigration Commissioners, that the emigration from the United Kingdom amounted to 511,618 adults, or very nearly equal to the entire emigration of the twenty years ending in 1844. The impetus given by the discovery of the golden treasures of California to emigration, not only from this country and from Europe, but also from the countries of the Pacific, could not have been foreseen by the writer in question, otherwise he would certainly have set down more than 2,000,000 for the population west of the Rocky Mountains in 1890.

Let us, however, come to the actual results, so far as population is concerned, of the decade from 1840 to 1850. We take our data here from "A Communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate of March 8th, 1851, the Report of Israel D. Andrews, Consul of the United States for Canada and New Brunswick, on the Trade of the Great Lakes and Rivers of the British North American Colonies," printed at Washington, by order of the United States government, in 1853, to which is added most complete statistics of the growth of that country itself.

In 1840, as made up to Sept. 30, the population of the Union was, .	17,069,453
1841,	17,612,507
1842,	18,155,561
1843, to June 30,	18,698,615
1844, "	19,241,670
1845, "	19,784,725
1846, "	20,327,780
1847, "	20,870,835
1848, "	21,413,890
1849, "	21,956,940
1850, "	22,246,301
1851, "	24,250,000
1852, "	25,000,000*

We have given each year separately, in order to show the accumulating ratio in which the population has lately been increasing. In the first five years, the amount of increase was 2,715,272, or an average of 543,050 per annum. In the second five years, it was 3,461,576, or an average of 692,315 per annum. In the ten years, it was 6,176,848, which is above the rate of thirty-three and a-third per cent, assumed by Mr. Scott, in the calculation to which we have referred. In the two years, from 30th June 1850 to the same date in 1852, the increase was 1,753,500, or 876,750 per annum, which rate, if maintained, even without any acceleration, will bring the population, in 1860, to 32,000,000, the increase being thus upwards of 35 per cent in the decade, instead of the thirty-three and a-third assumed. With reference to the data upon which the returns of population in the Secretary of the Treasury's communication are based, we may explain, that an average immigration of only 150,000 persons annually was assumed. According to the rate of progress thus arrived at, it is stated, that "the inhabitants had increased to 25,237,000 on the first January 1853. But during the intervening period"—since June 1, 1850—"there had arrived from Europe 990,000 immigrants, which was 604,000 above the average for the same length of time during the previous decennial term. This excess being added to the natural increase, and to the number of immigrants who had arrived upon the average before mentioned, the result shows that the population of the United States on the 1st of January 1853 was 25,841,000, representing an increase of 2,578,000, somewhat over eleven per

* This appears to be under-estimated, as will be found hereafter.

cent, during the thirty-one months preceding." In 1850, it is estimated that 140 cities and towns, of more than 10,000 inhabitants each, contained a population of 2,860,000; and that in towns and villages, of more than 200 inhabitants each, there was a population of

1,140,000, making a total population, in cities, towns, and villages, of 4,000,000. The remaining population, in number 19,263,000, were located in rural districts. The total value of the real and personal property in the United States is estimated as follows:

Value of farms, plantations, live stock, farming implements, materials, &c., June 1, 1850,	Dollars.
Personal estate, other than above, owned by the rural population,	4,599,364,000
Real and personal property owned in cities, towns, and villages,	2,660,000,000
United States and State stocks owned in the United States, and not taxed,	2,312,000,000
	100,000,000
Total value of real and personal property of the U. S., in 1850,	9,071,364,000
Add 10 per cent for increase of prices since June, 1850,	907,136,400
Ditto for increase in amount of property,	907,136,400

Total value of real and personal property, January 1, 1853, . 10,885,636,800

From another table, contained in the same report, we find that the amount and value of the productions of agriculture, representing the yield of the 4,599,364,000 dollars of the above capital employed by the rural population was, in 1852, estimated at a total of 1,752,583,042 dollars. Of this yield the following were the principal items:—

	Dollars.
Wheat, 143,000,000 bush.	143,000,000
Rye, . 15,607,000 "	13,880,230
Ind. corn, 652,000,000 "	391,200,000
Oats, . 161,000,000 "	70,840,000
Cotton, 1,290,000,000 lbs.	129,000,000
Wool, . 58,087,000 "	20,083,500
Irish potatoes, . 97,500,000 bush.	73,125,000
Sweet do. 42,085,000 "	33,688,000
Butter, 344,592,000 lbs.	68,918,400
Hay, . 15,222,000 tons.	190,275,000
Animals slaughtered,	183,000,000
Annual increase of live stock	167,750,000

In an abstract of the cereal produce of the United States, in 1851, the quantities are set down as follows:—

Wheat, . . .	100,503,899 bushels
Rye, . . .	14,188,639 "
Corn, . . .	592,326,612 "

Which, compared with the estimate above, shows that a remarkable increase had taken place in 1852 in the quantity of wheat produced; whilst rye and Indian corn had remained at about their previous growth. The exports, in 1851, to all countries, were as follows:

Wheat, . . .	1,026,725 bushels
Flour, . . .	2,202,335 barrels
Corn, . . .	3,426,811 bushels
Indian meal, .	203,622 barrels

This, it will at once be seen, is the

merest fraction of the produce of the country; and the question will naturally suggest itself, What is the quantity of grain which such a people will be capable of sparing for the consumption of Europe, when the capabilities of their soil are brought more fully into exercise?

The total value of the productions of industry, including all interests, is thus set down:

Agriculture for 1852, as above,	Dollars.
General industry,	1,752,583,042
Home, or household manufactures,	1,133,000,000
	30,250,000

Total, . 2,932,762,642

Comparing the amount of the last two items, 1,163,250,000 dollars, with the value of the productions of industry previously set down for the year 1810, it follows that the increase has been nearly tenfold during the past forty-two years. With a view of showing that the consumption of this large quantity of the produce of the soil and of the industry of the people has been chiefly at home, we may state that in 1852 the total value exported only reached 154,930,947 dollars, or 6.19 dollars per head. In a social point of view such a state of things is gratifying. It is well for any community when they can reserve for their own use so large a proportion of their own products. But we find that, in addition, America has of late increased largely her consumption of foreign merchandise. The following is an extract from another table exhibiting the extent of the increase:—

Years.	Imported.	Re-exported.	Consumed and on hand	Consumption per head.
	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.
1830, . .	70,876,920	14,387,479	56,489,441	4.39
1840, . .	107,141,519	18,190,312	88,951,207	5.21
1850, . .	178,188,818	14,951,808	163,186,510	7.01
1852, . .	212,613,282	17,278,841	195,339,941	8.00

This large excess in the consumption of foreign merchandise is readily accounted for, without supposing that any great substitution of such merchandise for domestic productions has taken place amongst the American people generally. It is explained by the fact that large shipments from this and other countries have gone to California, either direct by the route *via* Cape Horn, or from the ports of the Pacific and the Eastern and China Seas. The population of California have not yet become self-supporting, and their domestic industry is almost exclusively engaged in mining pursuits. But there appears on the face of the returns, from which our data are derived, a problem, which at first sight is difficult to solve. The total consumption of the United States is exhibited as greater than its production, large though the latter is. When attentively examined, however, the difficulty disappears. It is stated by the author of the return, that, "in ascertaining the price of crops, those of the New York price-current for January 1853 have been taken, and a deduction therefrom of 15 per cent has been made to cover expenses of transportation and commercial charges."

This would have been correct had the object been merely to show how much of the value of the productions of the country went into the pocket of the actual producer. But it is not correct in a comparison between the exports and imports of the country. The cost of transport from the far western states to the great marts of consumption is equally a return for the capital invested in canals, railways, steamboats, and labour, as the products themselves, estimated at the place of their growth, are the return to the grower for his capital, rent, seed, and labour. Those products—the surplus of which, when it arrives at

the great marts of consumption, is exchangeable, or nearly so, for all that is required of foreign growth or manufacture—have been distributing, along the thousands of miles which they have traversed from the far-off west, a fertilizing stream of wealth, whose flow has supported and gladdened many thousands of happy homes. And to show the fallacy of modern, or merely customhouse statistics, as determining the position of a commercial nation, it should be borne in mind that not only are the gains of that nation healthily distributed amongst its population through the means of its internal traffic, but that they are also in part composed of the profit upon its shipping engaged in transporting its productions to foreign markets. Had we a return of the large amount of money yearly earned by the ship-owners and commanders and officers, and the crews of the United States, we should cease to be surprised that, notwithstanding her large consumption both of domestic and foreign productions, we so seldom hear of any very serious balance of trade against her.

It is an undoubted fact, however, that America has of late been sailing very close to the wind in the way of expenditure—living, in fact, nearly, if not quite up to her income. She has done this, notwithstanding the vast productiveness of her new Californian possessions, which in 1850 yielded 60,000,000 dollars, and have since then rather increased than diminished. But we must not be blind to the fact that she is still, and even more energetically than at any former period of her history, heaping up the materials of her future greatness. Let us turn for a moment, in proof of this, to the rapid progress which she has recently been making as a maritime power. In 1840, the amount of ton-

nage belonging to the United States, of all descriptions, was 2,130,743 tons. In 1850 it was 3,535,454 tons; and in 1852 it was 4,138,439 tons, having increased, during the twelve years, 2,007,696 tons, or a little over 94 per cent. In 1842 the American tonnage, entered from foreign into American ports, was 1,510,111 tons, and in 1851, 3,054,349 tons, having more than doubled in nine years. The clearances were, in 1842, 1,536,451 tons, and in 1851 3,200,519 tons, having also more than doubled in the nine years. Notwithstanding this display of energy and enterprise, the American shipowner and builder had not overtaken the requirements of their country, caused by the amazing development of its commerce and production during these years; for we find the entries of foreign ships increased from 732,775 tons in 1842 to 1,939,091 in 1851, and the clearances from 740,497 in 1842 to 1,929,535 in 1851. To show the extent of that development we find from the above data that, whereas the commerce of the United States with all the world employed 2,259,917 tons of shipping in 1842, it required to do so in 1851 no less than 5,011,747 tons.

That it will take America some years to supply the increase of tonnage required to enable her trade to be carried on in ships of her own will be apparent from the following statement:—In 1841, there was built in her various ports 761 vessels, of which the aggregate tonnage was 118,893 tons. In 1852 the number of ships was 1444, of an aggregate tonnage of 851,494. We have seen above how far this increase has fallen short of the country's requirements; yet in no branch of industry has a greater amount of energy been displayed, and by no people have finer models and better workmanship been produced, as, for example, their "clippers," which are rapidly making their way into the English market to be employed in our passenger-carrying trade to and from Australia.

We have already referred to the enterprise displayed in the construction of railroads and canals to connect the far western states, the great lakes, and the extensive valley of the interior, with the ports and cities

of the Atlantic seaboard, as the main cause of the vast development of the production and commerce of the American Republic which has recently taken place. It will be necessary that we should now glance briefly at the progress of these important links in the chain of internal communication. In the first instance we shall refer to the railroads. In an elaborate table in *Macgregor's United States*, vol. ii., pp. 790 and 791, there were estimated to be in operation, in 1840, 2290 miles of railway throughout the various states of the Union. There were in progress at the same period 2346½ miles, making a total of 4636½ miles in operation and constructing. These lines are described as follows, in an article written at the time by *Mr. J. H. Lauman*, an able authority:—

"If we survey the map of the United States we shall find the termini of these lines, at both ends, rest at the principal commercial towns of the country, both in the east and west. The principal termini of each track upon the Atlantic seaboard may be found in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah. From these grand-points of shipment the railroad tracks run across the interior, and, intersecting in their course the most prominent villages and cities, terminate at the grand marts of western commerce, and the shores of their navigable rivers."

In 1847-8, a report by *Mr. Walker*, an eminent statistician, estimated the railroads of the United States at 5500 miles, constructed at an expense of one hundred and sixty-six millions of dollars; and at the date of the communication of the Secretary of the Treasury, from which we have already condensed very freely, the length of railroads is set down at 13,300 miles, constructed at a cost of 400,000,000 dollars, in addition to about ten thousand more miles in progress. As the result, the writer says:—

"The imports and exports have increased from three hundred to over four hundred millions; the tonnage, inward and outward, from 6,700,703 to 10,591,045 tons; the tonnage owned from 2,839,000 to 4,200,000 tons. The receipts into the treasury, exclusive of loans, have increased from twenty-six to over forty-nine millions; and the Ca-

lifornian trade, the whole of which does not appear in the published returns—the commercial phenomenon of a commercial age—has also added a hundred millions to the national commerce, and, more than any event of the last forty years, has invigorated the navigating interest of the country, and to a great degree had a powerful influence over the commercial marine of the world: the whole contributing to swell the internal trade, and enabling the United States to own more than two-fifths of the tonnage of the world.”

The passage in the above extract which we have marked in italics reads rather like gasconade, and will be so regarded by those who are accustomed to be guided by the meagre details given in the Board of Trade Returns of this country. Such an impression may perhaps be in some measure removed when we look at the vast addition to the coasting trade of America which California must have occasioned for the transport of goods and passengers from the Atlantic ports round Cape Horn. It will enable the reader better to estimate the extent of this addition, if we state that the amazing increase, which we have shown above to have taken place in the entries and clearances of American shipping, refers exclusively to vessels engaged in the foreign trade. None of the “licensed and enrolled” vessels belonging to the Union are so engaged, but confine themselves exclusively to the fisheries, the lake and the coasting trades. When it is considered that the two latter employed, up to June 1851, a tonnage of 1,854,318 tons, upon which the Treasury returns of 1852 exhibit an increase of about ten per cent, it is not difficult to conceive that the increased employment afforded by California to shipping, together with the movement of produce, &c. from the ports of the Atlantic to that scene of adventurous life and enormous consumption, may have enlarged the general transactions of the country to the extent of the hundred millions of dollars mentioned. We are not, nor was the writer of the report which we have quoted, speaking of California having added a hundred millions to the national imports or exports, but to the “national commerce.”

It will not be thought remarkable

in the present day that the cities and states of the Union which first took steps to connect the fertile valley lying beyond the Alleghany Mountains with the Atlantic, should have made the greatest progress in importance and prosperity. It was the fortune of the state of New York to take the earliest step to effect this great desideratum, although Washington had perhaps first suggested its importance, in agitating a movement for the purpose of connecting the country adjoining the great lakes with his own native state of Virginia. The construction of the canal from Lake Erie to the River Hudson gave to the former state an impulse which has placed her population in the first rank amongst American communities. This canal, we have already stated, was, although formally commenced on the 4th July 1817, not opened until the 26th October 1825. Previously to its construction, the cost of transit from Lake Erie to tide water was such as to prohibit the shipment of western produce and merchandise to New York; and it consequently came only to Baltimore and Philadelphia. “As soon as the lakes were reached”—we quote from the Secretary of the Treasury again—“the line of navigable water was extended through them nearly one thousand miles farther from the interior. The western states immediately commenced the construction of similar works, for the purpose of opening a communication from the more remote portions of their territories with this great water-line. All these works took their direction and character from the Erie Canal, which in this manner became the outlet for the greater part of the produce of the west.” Without such a work the west would have had no attractions for a settler, and have probably remained a waste up to the present time; and New York itself could not have progressed as it has done. In addition, however, to the formation of the Erie Canal, New York originated, in advance of most other states, lines of railway throughout its territory, in connection either with the canal, or between its various towns and settlements. It also connected itself by railroad with Lake Champlain, and succeeded in divert-

ing a considerable portion of the transit trade of Canada from the St. Lawrence through these communications to the port of New York. The effect of this enterprise, displayed by the people and by the state, may be estimated by the fact that the population, which was, in 1830, 1,918,608, had increased in 1840 to 2,428,921, and in 1850 was 3,097,394. In 1830, the value of the imports at New York was 38,656,084 dollars; in 1840 it had reached 60,064,942 dollars; and in 1851, when the network of railway communications throughout the State had come into complete operation, the value of imports was 144,454,616 dollars. Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, all of whom had been behind New York in energetic efforts to connect themselves with the great lakes and the west, imported only, in 1851, to the value of 30,508,139, 14,168,618, and 6,648,774 dollars respectively. The exports from the four ports bear about the same proportion to each other, New York somewhat increasing the amount of its supremacy. In its entries of tonnage, however, the advantage in favour of New York is out of all question the greatest, arising from the fact that she has made for herself not only the shortest routes to the far western states of America, but to Upper Canada as well. In 1840 and 1850 the tonnage of the four ports respectively was as follows:—

	1840.	1850.
Boston,	245,333 tons.	512,217 tons.
New York,	545,931 "	1,448,768 "
Phila.	87,702 "	159,636 "
Baltimore,	82,140 "	113,127 "

The populations of the four cities were as follows in the years 1840 and 1850:—

	1840.	1850.
Boston,	93,383 souls.	138,788 souls.
New York,	312,712 "	515,394 "
Phila.	258,832 "	409,353 "
Baltimore,	102,313 "	169,012 "

The writer of the report remarks—
“The foregoing statements show that, while the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia have made a rapid advance in population, their foreign commerce has remained nearly stationary for a long series of years,

proving most conclusively that a large foreign commerce can only be maintained by a city that is able to make herself the depot of the domestic products of the country.” This supremacy of New York, however, it is added, has been derived mainly by means of the Erie Canal; and railroads are now proving themselves superior conveyances. Other states and ports, therefore, from which railroads have been constructed, or are in progress, may shortly be expected to compete with New York for the western trade; and she is herself actively preparing for such competition. Whichever state may be the victor in such a struggle, the world at large, and especially the western states of the American Union, can scarcely be the losers; and we may anticipate, as its sure result, a further development of the resources of that great country.

The efforts of the southern states to attract towards their ports the produce collected in Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, with the magnificent rivers, which empty themselves into the Gulf of Mexico, have rivalled those made by the Atlantic states; and their success has been little if at all less signal. The district through which the Mississippi and its tributaries run, bearing upon their waters the material wealth of an almost illimitable extent of soil fitted for cultivation, is thus referred to by Mr. Calhoun, in his report to the Memphis Convention, appointed to devise measures for improving the navigation of the western waters:—

“Looking beyond to a not very distant future, when this immense valley—containing within its limits 1,200,000 square miles, lying in its whole extent in the temperate zone, and occupying a position midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, unequalled in the fertility and diversity of its productions, intersected by the mighty stream, including its tributaries, by which it is drained, and which supply a continuous navigation of upwards of ten thousand miles, with a coast, including both banks, of twice that length—shall be crowded with population, and its resources fully developed, imagination itself is taxed in the attempt to realise the magnitude of its commerce.”

The route by which the produce of

the west reaches New Orleans, its chief port of shipment, is thus described by the same writer :—

"The order in which the several collection districts on the lakes and rivers of the interior are shown, commences on Lake Champlain, from which it extends up the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario to the Niagara River; thence up Lake Erie, the Detroit River, and Lake Huron to Michilimackinac; thence up Lake Michigan to Chicago; thence across the Mississippi River, and down that stream to New Orleans, thus extending on a natural line of interior navigation, which has but two slight interruptions, from the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to those of the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of not less than 2,850 miles, upon which is employed, for purposes of trade and travel, a steam tonnage of 69,168 tons. The Ohio basin forms of itself a cross section of 1,100 miles in length, embracing simply the districts on that river, and its tributaries."

Thus, in point of fact, the largest and most densely-populated portion of the American territory, with only two interruptions—the first occurring at Lewiston, where the route is by land for a short distance to Buffalo, in order to avoid the Niagara falls, and the second at Chicago, where the Illinois and Michigan Canal is adopted—may be fairly said to be insular, its shores being throughout capable of being approached by steamers, ranging from 400 to 1100 tons. In proof of the importance of this natural feature of the Northern Continent in promoting nautical enterprise, we may state that, from recent inquiries, it appears that "the entire strength of the steam marine of the lakes and rivers of the interior consists of 765 vessels, measuring 204,725 tons, and employing 17,607 persons as officers, crews, &c." This is in addition to sailing craft, sloops, barges, &c., employed in the lake traffic. The tonnage of the lakes of all descriptions, so far as it can be accurately ascertained, was in 1820, 3,500 tons; in 1830, 20,000 tons; in 1840, 75,000; and in 1850 it had reached 215,787 tons!

It will scarcely appear surprising that, with such facilities of communication and transport for their commerce provided in every direction, the progress in population and wealth of the States situated in the great valley

westward of the Alleghany Mountains to the lakes, and upon the Gulf of Mexico, has been greater within the past few years than the progress of those occupying the Atlantic slope. Commencing with the city of New Orleans—the chief port for the outlet of their commerce—we find that its population was in 1800 about 8000; in 1810, 17,242; in 1820, 27,176; in 1830, 46,310. We have now arrived at the period when steam navigation on the western lakes and rivers had begun to produce their effect. In 1840, the population was 102,193, and in 1850, 125,000, including its suburbs. The following table exhibits the value of property received from the interior at New Orleans, during the last eleven years, of which we have complete data:—

1841-42, . .	45,716,045 dollars.
1842-43, . .	53,728,054 "
1843-44, . .	60,094,716 "
1844-45, . .	57,199,122 "
1845-46, . .	77,193,464 "
1846-47, . .	90,033,256 "
1847-48, . .	79,779,151 "
1848-49, . .	81,989,692 "
1849-50, . .	96,897,873 "
1850-51, . .	106,924,083 "
1851-52, . .	108,051,708 "

The exports from New Orleans of domestic produce were, in 1834, 22,848,995 dols.; in 1840, 32,998,059; and in 1850, 37,698,277. In 1851, they rose at one step to 53,968,013 dollars. During the ten years from 1835 to 1844 inclusive, the average receipts of duties at the Custom-house were 905,196 dollars. For the eight years, from 1845 to 1852 inclusive, the average was 1,648,298 dollars. There has also been a remarkable increase in the trade of the other gulf-ports, including Mobile, Pensacola, St. Mark's, Apalachicola, and the ports of Texas.

The relative progress of the Atlantic states and the Western states, which draw their resources from the great lakes and the Mississippi, with their tributaries, furnishes some very striking results. The populations of the six New England states, viz. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut were as follows at the periods mentioned:—

	Population.	Increase, per cent.
1790, .	1,009,823	...
1800, .	1,223,815	22.1
1810, .	1,471,891	19.3
1820, .	1,659,898	12.8
1830, .	1,954,717	17.7
1840, .	2,234,822	14.3
1850, .	2,728,106	22.07

These states possess an area of 63,326 square miles, and the population in 1850, as given above, was 43.3 persons to the square mile.

The middle states of the Atlantic comprise New York and Pennsylvania, and their rate of progress during the same period was as follows:—

	Population.	Increase, .. per cent.
1790, .	958,632	...
1800, .	1,401,070	46.15
1810, .	2,014,695	43.79
1820, .	2,699,845	34.00
1830, .	3,587,664	32.88
1840, .	4,526,460	26.16
1850, .	5,898,735	30.32

These states have an area of 100,320 square miles, and the population in 1850 was 58.80 persons to the square mile.

The north-western states include Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, and the Minnesota territory. The following has been their rate of progress:—

	Population.	Increase, per cent.
1790, .	...	...
1800, .	50,240	...
1810, .	272,324	442.04
1820, .	792,719	191.09
1830, .	1,470,018	85.43
1840, .	2,967,840	101.89
1850, .	4,721,430	59.08

These states have an area of 373,259 square miles, with 12.70 persons to the mile, and it is remarked of them by the writer of the report to the Senate—Mr. J. D. Andrews—"When this last division shall have become as densely populated as the middle states now are, it will contain a population, directly tributary to the trade of the lakes, of 22,000,000 of souls; and there is every reason to believe that the increase of population will be as rapid, until that result shall be fully attained, as it has been since 1800. How wonderful and grand a spectacle will it then be to many, doubtless of those now born, when, at the commence-

ment of the twentieth century, this lake country shall be seen supporting a population of so many millions! And what will then be the amount and value of that trade, and the aggregate tonnage of that marine, which has sprung up in less than forty years from nothing to 200,000 tons of steam and shipping!"

It may become a question whether circumstances which have occurred since these remarks were written warrant the anticipations indulged in by Mr. Andrews. Since 1850, we have witnessed the emigration increase rapidly from the densely-peopled countries of Europe and Asia towards our own Australasian colonies. That such emigration will continue appears certain, not merely because Australia affords us gold at a cheap rate, compared with the value of labour in the Old World; but because, whilst producing what that Old World chooses to consider as capital, and to use as money, her soil is capable of supporting a population greater in numbers than we can expect her to be supplied with, by emigration merely, for very many years to come. The territory of America bordering upon the Pacific is also putting forth strong pretensions as a field for the enterprise of emigrants from every country. There are, however, these material features in favour of the Atlantic and lake territory of that country. It is easily reached, and at an expense which is within the means of all classes above the condition of absolute pauperism. The sources of employment for immigrants are more varied and abundant than they can be expected to be in California or Australia, where the population is either purely agricultural or occupied in the search for the precious metals. Moreover, the settler in the Atlantic states, should his inclinations be directed to the gold regions, is already far upon the way to California in the first instance, either by way of Panama, or by the various routes overland, and there are abundant means of crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Sydney and Melbourne.

The growth of the cities and ports of the lake districts has been equally rapid with that of the Atlantic cities, whose commerce they feed. The fol-

lowing was the population of the most important amongst the former in 1800 and in 1850:—

	1800.	1850.
Cincinnati, . . .	750	115,436
Buffalo, . . .	...	42,260
Oswego, . . .	...	12,205
Albany, . . .	5,349	50,763
Chicago, . . .	...	29,963
St. Louis, . . .	2,000	77,860

These places, however, large though their commerce is already, may be said to be only in their infancy, and must, within a very few years, be greatly increased in population and importance, as new communications are opened out for them with the rivers and fertile soils which are being rapidly peopled in the western states and territories. As a proof of this, we may instance the progress made within the past few years by the town of Chicago, on Lake Michigan. In May 1848, a canal of a hundred miles in

length was opened to connect that lake with Illinois River, and the first section of a railway from Chicago to the westward was opened in March 1849. Previously to these works being brought into operation, we find, from the city census of 1847, that the population was 16,859; in 1850, it had sprung up to 29,963, as shown above; and in August 1852 it was estimated at nearly, if not quite, 40,000, having thus considerably more than doubled itself in five years. It must be borne in mind that it is in this direction, towards the richest agricultural soil to be found in the world, that the stream of emigration from Great Britain and Ireland, and recently from Europe, is principally flowing, at a rate which a few years ago would have been regarded as almost fabulous, but which is steadily increasing.

The Gulf and southern states have increased in population as follows:—

	1830.	1840.	1850.	Inhabitants to Square Mile.
Delaware,	76,748	78,085	91,532	43.17
Maryland,	447,040	470,019	583,085	62.31
Virginia,	1,211,405	1,239,797	1,421,661	23.17
North Carolina,	737,987	753,419	868,913	15.62
South Carolina,	581,185	594,398	668,507	27.23
Georgia,	516,823	691,392	905,999	15.62
Florida,	34,730	54,477	87,401	1.47
Mississippi,	136,621	375,651	600,555	12.86
Louisiana,	215,739	352,411	517,739	11.15
Texas,	—	—	212,592	0.89
Arkansas,	30,388	97,574	209,639	4.01
Tennessee,	681,904	829,210	1,002,625	21.98
Kentucky,	687,917	779,828	982,406	26.93
Missouri,	140,455	383,702	382,043	10.12

It cannot escape observation how great has been the increase in the population of these states during the decade of 1840 to 1850, as compared with the previous decade; and it may occur to some, that the change in the policy of this country has been beneficially felt by the American agriculturists. Such, no doubt, has been the case; but it is a fact, illustrative of the effect produced upon a country by improvements in the accommodation afforded for traffic and locomotion, that those states have progressed most rapidly in which such improvements have been most vigorously carried out. In the only state which

shows a decline in population—Missouri—it is remarked that the formation of railroads and other public works has been neglected. With respect to one state—Mississippi—where the increase in population has been very striking, the promise of the Free-traders to lay its fertile valley alongside of Manchester appears to have been realised, without any material aid from such works, merely through the instrumentality of the noble river which runs the whole length of its western frontier. The southern and Gulf states, however, it must be remembered, comprise what has been aptly called the “Cotton Zone;” and

the greatly increased growth of that raw material during the past ten years in part accounts for the advance in prosperity of Louisiana, Tennessee, South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, and Alabama, where the bulk of it is produced. Some difficulty exists in ascertaining the precise growth of "crop" in each year, owing to the accounts furnished by the United States

Treasury being made up at a period, June 30, when the whole of the previous year's crop has not been received in market, thus rendering confusion almost inevitable. We can therefore only arrive at an approximation of the truth by means of the exports. The following table gives the quantities, in lbs. and bales of 400 lbs. each, exported in the years specified :—

	lb.	Bales of 400 lbs. each.
1815,	82,998,747	207,497
1821-22-23, Average per annum,	147,763,923	369,409
1849-50-51, Average per annum,	863,073,654	2,157,684
1852,	1,098,230,639	2,733,076

If we add to the return for 1852 about 800,000 bales for the consumption of America itself, we shall have a total crop of upwards of 3,500,000 bales. In the same way we may add about 130,000 bales for the American consumption of 1821, which will make the entire crop of that year 500,000 bales. We find thus, that in the thirty-one years from 1821 to 1852 there has been an increase of 3,000,000 bales in the growth, which has *multiplied itself during that period seven-fold!* The importance to America of this crop, as an element of wealth, may be estimated from the fact that the census value of it in 1849-50 was 112,000,000 dollars; that its cultivation and preparation for market employs upwards of 800,000 agricultural labourers, 85 per cent. of whom are slaves and the residue (120,000) are white citizens; that upwards of 120,000 tons of steam shipping, and at least 7000 persons, are engaged in its transportation from the interior to the southern ports; and that, after remunerating merchants, factors, underwriters, and a host of other persons, it furnishes profitable freight for 1,100,000 tons of American shipping, and 55,000 seamen in the Gulf and Atlantic coasting trade, and for 800,000 tons, and 40,000 seamen for its transport to Europe and elsewhere. The report before us remarks with respect to it :—

"Not the least valuable of all the uses of this product to the people of the Uni-

ted States is, that it affords to the household of the humblest citizen, of every occupation—to the husbandman, the mechanic, and the labourer, whether distant from the marts of commerce or without the pecuniary ability to resort to them—and to the planters and their dependents, the masters and the servants, the means of supplying themselves, by their own handiwork in its manufacture, with numerous, and various, and inappreciable comforts which, without it, they would have difficulty in obtaining. In yielding them such comforts, it stimulates them to industry and frugality; it gives them contentment; and it fosters and cherishes that elevated spirit of *self-dependence* under favour of Providence, which ought to be universal constituents of American character. . . . Everywhere it has laid broad and deep and permanent the foundation of the wealth and strength of the United States and of their independence of foreign nations. *More than anything else has this product made other nations, even the most powerful, dependent on the United States of America.*"

We commend the fact referred to in the last sentence to the serious consideration of statesmen and politicians.

But the possession of the raw material has done more than this. In addition to its "household" manufacture, America now possesses a growing and prosperous manufacturing interest, and, notwithstanding the boasted superiority of this country, she has even become an extensive exporter. From the census returns of 1849-50, we find the following estimate of its extent :—

Number of manufactories in the United States,	1,094
Amount of capital invested,	74,501,031 dollars.
Bales of cotton used,	641,240
Value of raw material,	34,335,056 dollars.

Number of hands employed (males, 33,159 females, 59,186),	92,286
Entire wages per month (males, 653,778 dollars ; females, 703,414 dollars),	1,357,192 dollars.
Value of entire products,	61,869,184 dollars.

The condition of the hands employed in the American factories is described as affording a striking contrast with that of the operatives in our own manufacturing districts. The average wages paid to the males, according to the above return, was a fraction under 20 dollars per month, and those paid to the females, a fraction under 12 dollars per month, in both instances far above the average paid in Great Britain ; and there is this important difference between the factory population of America and our own, that amongst the former it is rare that the employment is followed continuously, and in most cases the operatives are of a superior class—the sons and daughters of farmers, or respectable artisans, who enter the factories for a few years, seldom more than three or four, and having accumulated a few hundred dollars, retire to marry and settle upon a farm, or to pursue some other avocation more congenial to their habits and more healthy than factory labour. A rapid increase has of late been going on in the manufacture, and also in the export of native cotton fabrics. In 1849-50, the extent of this export was returned in the census tables at 4,700,000 dollars. In 1852, it was estimated at 7,672,151 dollars. With respect to the actual increase in the manufacture, it is estimated by a gentleman holding a high position in the legislative department of the federal government, that in 1852 the capital embarked in the cotton manufactories of the United States was at least 80,000,000 dollars ; that the value of the products was 70,000,000 ; that 100,000 male and female labourers were employed, and that quite 700,000 bales of cotton, worth at least 35,000 000 dollars, were spun and woven. America possesses also extensive woollen manufactories, which employed, at the date of the last census, 39,252 hands, receiving wages to

the amount of 8,399,280 dollars : and iron manufactories, which employed, at the same period, 57,294 persons, whose annual wages amounted to 15,000,000 dollars.

An article like the present would necessarily be incomplete without something more than a passing reference to that portion of the country, California, which, during the last few years, has had so important an influence in promoting the prosperity of the entire Union. Unfortunately, the means of affording very accurate information are not within reach, the returns of population, &c., furnished to the United States Government being incomplete. We are supplied with the following, however, by the publisher of a very elaborate work just received—*The American Statistical Annual for the Year 1854*.* The population of California, according to the returns made to the federal census in 1850, was estimated at 117,538. The state census of 1852 makes the population 264,435. But it has been estimated that one-sixth ought to be added to the latter for the number of persons who have omitted to return themselves. This will give us the population in 1852 as 308,507, which is an increase of 190,969 in the two years, or 95,484 per annum. In this estimate, however, the important county of Eldorado is not included. Adding the population omitted, it would appear that the country now contains 210,858 whites, of which 105,344 are citizens over 21 years of age ; 2090 negroes ; 572 mulattoes ; domesticated Indians, 33,539 ; and foreign residents, 59,991. Of the latter, about 25,000 are believed to be Chinese. The cultivation of the soil, which is rich, is steadily increasing, garden cultivation being specially attended to. The most interesting object of inquiry, however, is with respect to the quantity of the precious

* *American Statistical Annual for 1854*, compiled from authentic sources by RICHARD SWAINSON FISHER, M.D., and CHARLES COLBY, A.M., New York. J. H. Colton & Co., No. 36 Cedar Street, and supplied in England by Trubner & Co., Paternoster Row.

metals which the Californian mines have yielded. We find that from 1848, when gold was first discovered in that country, to 30th July 1853, the amount deposited at the Philadelphia mints was 172,034,286 dollars, which, with the deposits at the branches, makes a total of 192,115,025 dollars. This amount was increased by further deposits at Philadelphia in August, September, and October, which swelled the total, up to the 31st October 1853, to 203,886,025 dollars. By a comparison of the exports and imports of specie to and from foreign countries, from 1847 to October 31st, the net total exported is found to have been 75,105,207 dollars; and, deducting this amount from the total receipts from California, we arrive at the astounding fact that the people of the United States possess at the present time *nearly a hundred and thirty millions of dollars in specie more than they did in 1846.*

The progress of this great country has not, however, been altogether of a material character, and cannot be accurately estimated from revenue or population returns, statistics of shipping, of agriculture, or of manufactures. Literature, education, and the means of religious teaching, have advanced step by step with the progress made in commerce and in national wealth. For the population of America, about twenty-three millions in 1850, she had 36,221 churches and chapels, with accommodation for 13,967,449 persons. This is a large amount of accommodation to be possessed by a new country, whose population has augmented so rapidly during the past twelve years, and is spread over so vast an area. Of these churches, the following are the most prominent in number and in the amount of accommodation which they afford:—

	Churches.	Aggregate accommodation.
Baptist, .	8,791	3,130,878
Episcopal, .	1,422	625,213
Methodist, .	12,467	4,209,333
Presbyterian, .	4,584	2,040,316
Roman Catholic, .	1,112	620,950
Lutheran, .	1,218	531,100

Roman Catholicism, it would seem, does not flourish in the United States, considering the large number of people belonging to that Church whom Ireland has sent out during the past few

years. The statistics with respect to education in that country are incomplete. It is stated, however, in the American book last referred to, that there were, in June 1850, nearly 4,000,000 of its youth receiving instruction, in the various educational institutions, which would be at the rate of one in every five free persons. The teachers numbered 115,000, and the colleges and schools nearly 100,000. America has upwards of seventy theological schools; forty-four medical and surgical schools; nineteen schools of law; and ten schools of practical science. Extensive libraries are attached to nearly the whole of these institutions.

We have spoken heretofore only of the merchant marine of the United States. She possesses, however, a navy by no means contemptible in number of ships, size and equipment. In 1852 she had seven ships of the line, one of 120 guns, and the remainder of 74 guns each, and four others building. She had fifteen frigates, chiefly of 44 guns each; twenty sloops, chiefly of 20 guns each; four brigs of 10 guns; two schooners of small armament; sixteen steamers, most of them of recent construction, and powerfully armed, and five store-ships. The marine corps attached to the navy department consisted, in October 1852, of 1268 officers and men.

We cannot quit the contemplation of the striking picture which America presents of vigorous and successful enterprise pervading every department of commerce and industry, every pursuit and movement in which her population are engaged, without instituting a comparison between her and some of the great European communities, and speculating what might have been the result in them had the same well-directed enterprise been called into requisition. Take as one of these Russia, with her sixty or eighty millions of population and vast extent of territory, capable of producing every commodity requisite for insuring the greatness of a nation. Had her government and landowners, instead of expending the whole of her revenue and capital in barbaric pomp and wars of aggression—in studding her shores and her frontiers with fortresses and batteries—turned their

attention to the improvement of her navigable rivers, and to the construction of a system of railroads; had the appliances of science and machinery been brought to aid in the cultivation of her soil, and in her domestic manufactures, what height of greatness and prosperity might she not have been enjoying at the present moment, instead of being, what she has made herself, the plague and the pest of Europe! Her southern provinces might have supplied food sufficient, of every kind, to have maintained a population treble in extent of what she now possesses. She has within her territory minerals almost inexhaustible in extent. She has vast forests of excellent timber, which invite the axe of the enterprising labourer; fisheries, which might be prosecuted with eminent success; and other sources of wealth, which a more practical and sensible people would long ago have turned to useful and profitable account. She has had in her possession the means of forming a powerful mercantile marine, which would have been by this time a vigorous competitor for a share in the commerce and the carrying trade of the world; whilst, by an improved system of roads and inland navigation, she might have made herself the connecting link between Western Europe and the interior of Asia. But Russia has preferred the path of ambition. She has aimed at grasping new territory, and neglected the more peaceful and the wiser policy of developing the resources of that which she already possessed; and, as the result, her fall from a high position amongst the nations is probably close at hand.

But we turn once more, before concluding, to the great country of the west, with a view to inquire whether its institutions, and their past working, afford a guarantee of its permanence and continued prosperity. There was a period—in 1828, if we remem-

ber aright—when disruption threatened the integrity of the Union, and it was prophesied that interests so different as those of the southern states and the New England and Western states must ultimately bring about their separation. Even now the slavery question is provoking serious discord, and may have, to those who have not studied the position of the country, a somewhat menacing aspect. But since 1828 much has been effected to cement and strengthen the entire confederation. The various lines of railway and other communications running from north to south on the Atlantic seaboard, and along the valley between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, through every variety of climate and of soil, from the temperate nearly to the tropic, have created a vast interchange of the products, both of agriculture and of manufacturing industry, which no section of the great republic can now afford to forego, or to see diminished. The importance of maintaining the condition of mutual dependence between the various states is becoming day by day more acknowledged. The manufacturing and western states especially feel the advantages afforded to domestic industry by an increasing crop of the raw material, cotton, and the sources of national wealth, in the shape of exports, which the produce of the southern states provides, whilst the latter, from tariff reductions, and the great advance made in domestic manufactures of every description, have ceased to feel that they are taxed for the exclusive benefit of the other states of the Union. These considerations induce us to believe, and indeed to hope, that the progress of the entire people of the American republic will continue, that the political compact of the various states which compose it will remain unbroken, and that a high destiny for it amongst nations is in the future.

THE SECRET OF STOKE MANOR: A FAMILY HISTORY.

PRÆLUSIO.

So singular is the manner in which the following facts were communicated to the editors, that without a brief preliminary narrative thereof their peculiar value would fail to be appreciated.

They found themselves early in the forenoon of last summer, seated *vis-à-vis* in a first class carriage of the Great Western Railway, under the vast roof of the sheds at Paddington terminus: outside was the usual confusion which precedes the departure of a great down-train on the broad gauge; selfish, eager, bustling, distracted, unconcerned, vulgar, stupid, unmeaning, official coolness mingled with individual importance, irritated pomposity with irresponsible management, civil replies with heated questions; there were trunks without owners, owners without their trunks, female agitation and childish forwardness, and stray dogs; British gentlemen looking absurd in picturesque hats, or decent Londoners disguised by light moustaches; servants in quiet livery and genteel composure, elaborate foreigners, with elegant feet and dirty hands, and impertinent vacancy of face—a chaos out of which order seemed hopeless; while a boy, with mouth awry, kept up a monotonous mention of the *Daily News* and *Punch*; the bookstalls flared beyond, full of odious grass-green volumes, and blue ones, or red, or salmon-coloured, or pie-bald, where at last *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had ceased to reign over the *London Journal*, with its long-bodied tableaus of the same endless melo-drama, or *Reynolds's*, with its sickening variations to one dull despicable mockery of romance. Within neighbouring office-windows appeared the spruce faces of railway clerks, as in framed photographs of the last fast-fashion, the newest shirt or latest breast-pin, and the emptiest puppyism; while outside, through the range of sheds, machinery clanked, unseen engines hissed and puffed, a blue glimpse of sky alone shot in from over the hot red suburbs. By the carriage door stood a young lady

in mourning, who to the last was exchanging low words and farewell promises with her friends; a large old gentleman, close at hand, with a harsh voice, was authoritatively stating his wishes, which seemed orders, to a respectable middle-aged man, who listened with intense deference. Inside, at the opposite window, an elderly lady fronted her schoolboy son, careful of a parcel and a basket; in like manner, serenely regardless of the hubbub, or curiously attentive to it, one of the most distinguished writers of the present age sat opposite his younger though scarce less remarkable friend by the other. But the first bell rang, and the fair girl in crape was hurried in; they caught her hand still, still had more things to mention, other promises to enforce, heedless who heard it; the window corner was the seat most convenient for that, as also of course most prized for the journey, and the younger gentleman instinctively made way. It was taken amidst too much anxiety for any thanks, and they were yet lingering near each other at the second bell; which, however, made the large old gentleman turn to enter. He pressed through, but stopped with a frown. "Hm—sir," he observed sharply, addressing himself to one of the profoundest thinkers of modern times, who was not looking at him, "I think you are sitting on my coat!"

The latter turned, rose politely to extract the garment, and would have restored it to him with equal courtesy, doubtless an apology besides.

"In fact, sir," said the old gentleman emphatically, his large face flushing redder, "the place is *mine*, sir—I took it, sir—sir, I secured the place, and left it simply to speak on business, sir, to my chief clerk!"

With a quiet bow the great writer withdrew: there is happily an abundance of seats in a broad-gauge carriage, and while the merchant assumed his right with a puffed visage, the former crossed over to his friend's side: the doors slammed along, the

guard shot in his head with his civil request to see the tickets; the merchant's head-clerk followed breathless, with a copy of the *Times* for his master, which was received with a rather cold nod, and the remark that it was just in time. Then the first faint shriek of the engine seemed to blend with a stifled sob close at hand, when the last good-byes were heard; there were figures keeping pace outside the window for some moments, as all else swam by, and a final gesture at the pavement's verge; while scraping, grinding, grating underneath, with convulsive gasp and angry snort and scornful puff, the fierce power screamed along in the van like a demon, and shot off at speed—smooth, vibrating, torrent-like, through the open day. The veil was drawn down from the crape bonnet, and the wearer seemed to shrink into her corner, with a vacant gaze upward into immeasurable distance, through the solid carriage-roof: sternly unfolding a curtain of advertisements before him, the old gentleman was immediately absorbed in the money-market and city intelligence; the schoolboy looked knowingly from one to another, while he carefully began to pare his nails with a new penknife, and his mother slowly ate a biscuit; the remarkable writer reflected profoundly; his companion eyed on both sides the twinkling space.

How did the suburbs of the West End, shining white or glowing red, sit off to either hand, with a momentary shimmer of blinded windows, and the unfinished ends of streets, and the rows of back-garden doors, where carpets are beaten! The brickworks whirled past into the manufactory-yards, and the high chimney stalks fled silently from long lines of trees pursuing. There was motion among the pollarded limes, the close-feathered elms, as if they swarmed into order, while softly gleamed and moved the village spire beyond; the low-pitched farms crept near each other, smoking faintly, with hazy obelisks of poplar shifting round, and great London was gone behind into a still streak of cloud. What a cool breeze upon the cheek! although not a leaf stirred outside; and the white vapours rose erect, the roofs intensely glittered, the long

landscape steeped itself in hot light; the mowers in the grass were wiping their foreheads as they turned with an air of interest. And beneath the bridge, blown black as by a gale round some storm-capo, the white stream was left wreathing behind. Sixty miles an hour—and against what hurricane of the summer atmosphere? Or was the apparent swiftness but an illusion,—doing no more, indeed, by all that spurring and panting, or that rush of almost noiseless might, so majestically calm on the Great Western, but to stop still—to let the smooth rails glide backward under the smooth wheels, with the mightier motion of the rolling earth? And oh! if even after all truly shooting westward at such a rate,—yet if perversely towards the east, with all her towers, her trees, her gates and bars, the world be plunging, flying, rolling away into shadow, from the steadfast orb she still is circling round; then how really less than nothing this journey, at every stroke re-coiling secretly by yards? If the sun indeed seemed to stand still at the voice of Joshua in battle, and the suddenly arrested globe could have failed to hurl them altogether from its breast, did not the tardiest warrior who then chased his foe go swifter through space than steam could take him now?

Eyeing the bulky knees of the mercantile gentleman with a disgust which his newspaper prevented him from observing, the younger traveller turned to address his illustrious friend. "Has not travelling," he said, "once so full of interest, become the dullest thing in the world since it was reduced to a system, and become mechanical? If there is any memory I detest, it is that of James Watt and his tea-kettle, and the astonishing Stephenson, who is a sort of saint to the bulk of mankind nowadays—unless, to be sure, that of the great Hudson!"

"Why not the engineer, William Huskisson?" was the reply, with a smile. "Though, like the inventor of many other destructive machines, he was killed on the first line constructed. Like Remus, he moistened the foundations of a fierce empire with his own blood. But although scarcely safe, it is cheap, regular, and comfortable."

"Comfortable! Why, the innocent content of our ancestors seems to me

a thousand times more comfortable! Their day's journey went quicker, I fancy, than two hours with us; it was full of freshness, circumstance, and difficulty—from pleasant intercourse to active adventure—when the sun still went round the earth, and the night could come on huge to belate them, with all her old shadows and inscrutable stars—till the moon rose on their road as they sought it, their weapons glimmered by, and they gained their hostelry at last. There was then a glow in the wood-fire that is not now in rubies—a flavour in the ale-horn that Burgundy might envy—a force in human speech, a worth in looks and acts, a strain of fine accident, and a spontaneous sagacity, which I would give all our civilisation to know!"

"Ah! the inn was a great power in those days—a link of no small importance to social progress. It succeeded the church, when the church was just about to fail. Mine host himself made the whole way to Canterbury a sort of peripatetic Tabard inn!"

"Yes; one sees them making the road alive—now lagging in joyous idleness, with sundry side-flirtations—now mute from intentness on the tale, or to hold their sides with laughter, while the unconscious steeds plucked at the wayside, or sucked deep in some pool, the flies hovering about their ears—till, at the day's end, they heard the cathedral chimes through the trees, and all at once drew grave faces, seeing its beautiful tall bell-tower in the blue evening, rich with sunset and devout workmanship. The very tales were not so full of interest as the journey!"

"Doubtless—for these pilgrims were rude enough sinners at home, the whole of whose sanctity lay senseless abroad, and their merry good-fellowship only adorned the interval. Mine host's story-telling plan to shorten the way was a happy one, but it tended to cheat himself in the issue, for the poet was by! He made love and good-humour turn homeward for the future; and these Protestant powers will forsake travelling itself as they did the tavern—ay, as they did the relic-shrine before it. The time of the mail-coach made the road romance, till an outside seat had a

charm perfectly inexpressible; the guard's bugle had an exquisite music in it; to every sport-loving association of an Englishman—his fondness for horses, air, good cheer, his very love of nature—that was the perfection of arrangement and equipment. You then found, indeed, your 'warmest welcome in an inn;' the turf was in its glory, the club at its height of popularity, when politics were in every mouth, commerce flourishing, war at an end, and travelling the ambition of all who were above want. Suddenly the entire system shook, exploded, and was gone for ever! There is neither distinction, amusement, refreshment, nor any association dear to the fancy in railway travelling; it is, as you remark, the very weariest of all blanks in life. To talk of romance in connection with it is a piece of desperate cant, save as in whatever the human mind has to do with. The heart and imagination will find occasional coincidences; but they are rare exceptions, to which this grand leveller is a relentless enemy."

"It is, in fact, the caravan stripped of its sole charm—that dreamy repose of all at the tent-door, shaped aloud by the story-teller into a form as dream-like. For what Sahara can be flatter, deader, or drearier than the world transformed by a railway? Clinging to these dull grooves, swerving from every swell of ground, raised over every hollow, quarried through slopes, and plunged beneath the hill, with lane hidden and street avoided, flashing neighbourhood, and dwindled distance, and never-broken sky, where the telegraph-wires keep slightly waving up and down like lines for some music never to be written! Tantalised with voices, too, and faces, and brief proximities, that are gone beyond recall when just apprehended."

"Well, we may look on the effect of it all as moral. We shall like travelling the less, though perhaps urged to it oftener. One will not so live to travel as travel to live. Business, recreation, and repose—the three great necessities of an Englishman—balance themselves better through these facilities, although the means may seem to grow monotonous. He works more, more thoroughly feels the delight of what nature is left to him, and, ab-

all, begins to value the true worth of home. Really, we may talk of the seriousness of a journey to our forefathers—for the time, the money, the inconvenience, and hazard it cost them—but a modern journey is immensely graver, frequent as we make it, little as we need spend on it, and with every result of science pressed into its service. Why, the emptiest man has to look, to think, to speak, to exclude the dreadful vacancy somehow,—neither drinking, smoking, nor occupying the box-seat with idiotic stable-talk to the tolerating coachman, depraved winks of familiarity to every young woman by the road, supercilious airs to all beside, and his sole thought of the future—that of dinner the same afternoon. The glory of the bagman is gone. Inn, hostler, and chambermaid, if they exist, look upon him as on a common man, who, with a somewhat undistinguishable aspect, hurries at night to the commercial room, sleeps double-bedded, and emerges successively to cheap breakfast, numbered boots, and a quick round of calls till the afternoon train. In the train, who could actually draw a bagman into conversation? Does he meditate, or seem to do so—the good time comes back to him oddly, a sort of remorse, for it was he who first grew discontented, wishing for a faster pace, something new, something to annihilate space, after he gave up the gig, and ceased to fear highwaymen.”

“Ha—yes! How one recollects him—the red-wheeled royal mail beneath him, old Martin’s low-crowned hat and blue face above, the hanging game, geese, and turkeys—the loaded top and the full inside, and the holly-twigs, when Christmas drew round, and I was a schoolboy with a trunk at the gate. Oh, fear and hope—the place that was barely left me—the frosty morning air and faint-blue trees merrily shifting by—the ringing harness, and the horses dancing on, with their four heads nodding in unison, and coquettishly tossing to each other. The satin cravat with its gorgeous pin, the smart hat and the vulgar consequence, the green bag that came out at the end—though, for a while, I fancied him, I must say, a nobleman—who could forget them!”

“At all events, then, even he must

be aware, however vaguely, that of all modes of locomotion the railway is the dullest. The last railway accident, and his own insurance-ticket for a thousand pounds, show that it is at present by far the most perilous. Make its system as perfect as you please, one touch may shoot you in a moment beyond the stars into eternity. The neglect of a single man, his folly, or one glass too much. Nay, what where Dick Turpin on Black Bess, pistol in hand, to the blind malice of the dullest clodpole with a stone, or the merest pebble from a foolish urchin at sport! One wishes, though a bagman, that the population of all Great Britain were better, more cared for, happier, able to read and think. One would fain drive the thought from one’s head, and hope the best; horrified, in fact, with picturing corner’s inquests, or the lively anxiety of one’s friends for damages,—one would fain read. And at the next station, for the first time in one’s life buying a book, one finds one’s self strangely drawn into other matters, snatched far to the distant ages or farthest lands, forgetting all else, perhaps in concern for an old negro slave. Pocketing it in sudden recollection at his station, he rushes out another and a better bagman.”

“My dear sir—hush—that old gentleman in the corner seems annoyed; he is frowning at us over his *Times*, and we are stopping immediately—Slough, I think?”

At Slough station, how hot, how glaring! Twice, as the train stopped, did a passionless voice shout the name of the place; the drowsy noon seemed to relapse round it with a silken hush; there were visible—another transparency of clerks with their hands at their chins, one of which possessed a flaxen imperial; some fuchsias and geraniums in red pots, a dead brick-wall, a coal depot, tiled roofs, a wood-yard where the planks were silently glistening, cracking, under the unmitigated light; the rich green-garden leaves of Berkshire, and the rich old red of its gables, just peeped about. The sudden bustle ended, and two lads in easy dress, with frank pleasant looks, fishing-rods in hand, filled up the vacant room in the carriage: far along one could

see heads or hands of unknown fellow-travellers, and hear their half-stifled voices. Outside in the hot air, as in a dream, other voices speaking with a sort of audible perspective, some quick and eagerly distinct about a parcel; some languid, faint, far-off, like those of aerial creatures. The engine-tender sucking water from a hose, the hose dripping, the June heat made perceptible by it all. A very palpable station: and there rose the hiss, the puff of another locomotive, clanking by with its two swart riders, and the noiseless visionary gliding of faces in their frames. Or was it one's own train that began to move? Ah! one faint glimpse of noble Windsor over soft woods, where the standard of England hung at that moment from its flag-staff, with the ethereal smoke of Eton—and away again on that desert journey, swifter far than Mazeppa, and more helpless. Swifter and swifter still, till the hedges seemed to melt into liquid, the wall spun backward like ribbons, the palings blended into one tremulous screen; the fields swam, and the deep-cut bank rushed past in streaks of colour, making a mirror at times of one half-raised glass, in which the heads from within could be seen startlingly distinct. The fair young face with the crape and veil, even while averted or glancing out, was then visible, coming clearly up by the window-frame, and for a brief moment or two, seeming to turn an unconscious gaze inside, would melt into sunshine; till the other way shot past an opposite train, like a cannon-ball with its flash of light, and left all but the large old gentleman looking at each other involuntarily. No doubt used to railway travelling, and probably, from various signs at the outset, a director, he merely consulted a great gold watch with a massive chain, doubled the *Times* into new folds with an air of approbation and satisfaction, and continued his perusal of the share-list as if no one else were there.

"Well, we *are* going it!" observed the younger of the two lads to his companion. They were Etonians. "I shouldn't wonder if we catch trout for dinner, yet, Merrick, with your governor!"

"Yes, if we stopped at the right

station," answered the other. "But as this is the express, there's no chance of it—so we must just go right on to Bristol, and take the omnibus down into old Somersetshire. Of course, they won't send, as they don't expect us so soon!"

"A good thing, too! Your mother and sisters would be almost in hysterics, just now, if they *did*!"

"I daresay," replied the lad gravely, while he rubbed a speck from his fishing-rod, "and that's why I didn't wait to write, you know. We shall be there, at any rate, soon after they've heard of it at old Wrixworth."

"They can't pull up the engineer *this* time, at all events!" said the younger, laughing, "nor the stoker! *They're* both safe enough! I hope the directors will be made an example!"—He was stopped by a sudden push of his companion's elbow, as the latter caught the startled glance from the young lady opposite, while the matron in the other corner uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"Oh dear—for heaven's sake!" she ejaculated, "has there been—anything—*dreadful*?"

"Why, really, ma'am," said the Etonian reluctantly, "I don't know much of the particulars. If it's not known in town yet, perhaps, after all, you know—especially if the *Times* says nothing about it?"

The lady clasped the arm of her seat convulsively with one hand, and had clutched her boy's jacket with the other, staring wildly at either door; smooth, broadly-vibrating from side to side, with no clatter that could prevent conversation, was the swift rush of the Great Western express; and the fences spun past like strips of pale cloth, the ground hovered like a mirage, even a station flew by unheeded.

"Is it in the *Times*?" she exclaimed with intense earnestness, while all looked toward the portly and silent figure by the window, on whose ungracious features the severity had been deepening.

"Which, ma'am?" was his sharp inquiry, with a glance of supreme surprise.

"The accident on the line last night, near Bath," interposed the Etonian quickly.

"There is nothing of the kind, sir," was the abrupt answer—"nothing at all of the kind. I trust that will be satisfactory." And flinging himself back in the corner again, with a shoulder to his fellow-passengers, the large gentleman continued his reading with increased attention.

"It was late at night, to be sure," added the lad to the rest; "the mail-train ran into a luggage one, owing to some mistake about signals, or the time of starting, or something. It is quite well known on the line, of course, though I suppose they don't like talking of it, you know. But there's not the slightest fear, ma'am, this time! It's really quite needless! Why, if I'd my choice, I'd always travel the day after an accident. It's just then you're safe, in fact!"

The lady stared, but looked somewhat relieved.

"You see, even if they didn't take a little more care for a few days," continued the Etonian, briskly, "there's the chances in one's favour. If they hadn't had any accident for a month or two, then I should say the odds were decidedly against us!"

The eminent man who sat opposite him smiled. "That doctrine of chances," he said "appears to coincide wonderfully with the calculations of railway companies. Whereas for nothing less than a *system of certainties* did they receive this vast power over life, property, convenience, manners, morals—the very imagination and even religion of the country. Civil war, or a French revolution, or American slavery, could scarcely tend more to throw us back—from perhaps the noblest distinction of the British character, its sense of the awful sanctity of human life and emotion! We have to rate them at so much damages, as our Teutonic ancestors did, and accustom ourselves, besides, to the valuation of our friends by their insurance."

"Perhaps, if they only killed two or three directors by mistake, it'd improve, sir?" remarked the taller lad, deferentially.

"Or hung a station-master?" suggested his more precipitate friend, with a firm look.

"My dear boy," said the author, benignantly, "you are mistaken—

there are too many of those persons whom not even their friends would regret. As in all revolutions, others would be glad to step into their places; fancying, too, as you do, that they themselves are exactly the individuals to escape—that after every disaster there is safety, and before it danger; though the logic is doubtful. Besides, the savage spirit of satisfaction which it engenders, in the fate of a speculative and vulgar Mudson, a pompous Wilkins, or a sordid and domineering Brown! You yourselves slightly exemplify it!"

There was a general good-humour, and the conversation became common, with the sole exception of the large old gentleman, who, it was hoped, would get out at the next station. All mutually found that they were going the whole way, "through" to Bristol: the elder Etonian had frankly offered the girl in black a volume to read, with a knife to cut the leaves—Disraeli's *Venetia*, from the bookstall at Slough, which he did not mean to look at, himself, till he got home to Wrixworth. Why! Wrixworth was near, where *she* was going—to her aunt's—a place, called Middledon. He knew it quite well—there was capital fishing thereabouts. Indeed, he, his companion, with the small schoolboy and the schoolboy's mother, were soon in a fair way to be the best of friends. The latter lady begged, at the first station, to exchange seats with the junior and less illustrious of the present editors, who agreed with a secret pang; for there was something particularly fair, sweet, and true, about the young face that began *Venetia* beside him, yet wandered from the page, and sometimes listened with a vacant eye to the others, sometimes with a faint smile, becoming always brighter; whereas the friendly disposition of the small schoolboy towards acquaintance was such as needed some checks. As his revered friend, accordingly, relapsed into the former conversation, he himself regarded the sharp youth with an occasional frown.

"The grand remedy," continued the former, mildly, "lies of course in still improved science, urged and applied by public feeling. A more powerful government, confided in with less of petty jealousy by the country

at large, so as to truckle less to the daybook and ledger—so as to be less afraid of high impulses and generous views—so as to lead the times and the *Times* newspaper, instead of following them—is what *we want*. In short, perhaps we need a new or re-organised Party, led by — and —, supported by men I could even name, followed by many whom I could describe.

“And, after all, let us take this very system of locomotion, in a deeper sense than the verbiage of the day takes it, as the sign of a truly progressive age. How not only rapid, but swiftly accumulative of influence! In its ideal perfection, how gloriously humane! Like the great Roman roads of old, with viaduct and aqueduct, bridge and mound, building cities, and leaving towns to decay, filling up the valley, and piercing the mountain and hewing the rock, while marsh nor estuary can arrest it, it prepares the way of moral and spiritual goodness to come. Let it accustom all sorts of men to order and unity of action, yet to the awe of vast power, and the results that hang by a single action—let it, if possible, render crime more difficult, and reading itself a habit—bear the traveller early to his destination, the workman and his family to their day’s pleasuring, distressed relatives to the last meeting, friends to a speedier and longer reunion, the young to their outset in the world, and many a separated circle to their dear Christmas—with, amidst all, those precious mail-bags, that scatter life each day through our whole mortal coil;—then, were security joined to speed, order, civility, and cheapness, what a sublime image to the inward eye would be figured by a railway! The horse, his neck clothed with thunder, his nostrils snuffing the battle, were then not so magnificent, yet magnanimous, a creature as the breathing railway engine!

“To one leaving home for the first trial of life, as I remember, there was, perhaps, something about the stage-coach, comparatively tardy as it was, that better suited the vague pain of that occasion; and if it kept the heart longer in suspense, racked it less. The air refreshed you, and the earth; you were soothed, cheated of that sick,

indefinable, intolerable sense of an irrevocable change, but not by any means morbidly, or with sweetmeats. Sharp pictures filled the eye, distinct sounds the ear, with not a few quaint and forcible touches of your new position, teaching care, caution, fear, till you reached the starting-post, somewhat prepared. Boys, indeed, feel little of this nowadays; they have all travelled; they all know the world precociously: they may suffer less, but I question if they do not lose a whole era of experience. It is to girls—above all, to one like our companion there—that the change is a benefit; for with whatever unspeakable shock this very mechanism may jar on them, with its very precision, and system, and heedless, formal, unsympathising convenience—with no careful guard by the way, nor friendly landlady at the inn—it is soon over. In two hours more, without moving from these chairs, we shall be at Bristol. And really, nowadays, I wish to be taken fast to my purpose—to fresh scenes and untrodden fields—without heed to the interval, save, for a minute’s pause, the steadfast spire of the village nearest the station. Again, the confused old back of some brick town, dingy and dark, and stained with kitchen-sinks at dusty windows, and their pipes let down like veins into small back-greens, among clothes-lines; faces at them that never were seen before, nor shall be again, of servant-maids or children; a clumsy steeple, high up beyond, brighter than the rest, and the ugly side of a Dissenting chapel, while the droning sound of the factory is somewhere near, with the clink of hammers. In a moment they are lost in swiftiness, with the unintelligible name which the breaksman called out at the station in some uncouth local dialect, and you lose them—with an odd indifference you lose them for ever, glad to have no tie to their unknown concerns, nor be haunted by any special troublesome knowledge of them, such as you had of old about similar commonplace. Equally so the city that rises up, with its cathedral-roof, its bridge and river—black old lanes, and the splash of logs among hollow bottoms of barges, and sloops’ upper masts seen far in a chasm, yellowish, tightly roped

with milk-white cross-yards, where the sootiest chimneys gather, and the sunlight struggles most confused through smoke. As you flee onward, nothing follows but a keen clear thought of life and the world. A kind of womanish softness seems to have passed from you many years ago. If still there, it is but to be understood, to be smiled at, easily controlled. One can even behold with equanimity, as the station glides back once more, how all the way, unseen in an adjoining compartment, the loveliest countenance in the world had been one's neighbour, eyeing the same series of objects—a creature whom once you would have followed madly, traced, and sought to worship—the very original, in fact, of your earliest dream, now left with her mother and the porter, at a rate which makes even a second look futile. One silently blesses her, wishes her for ever well, catches a momentary glimpse of the village smoke, the church-tower, the rural hall, and, with the deep faith that they must be good and happy, is satisfied. Till soon breaks out the first sight of a rock-hung castle, known in history; bleak and bold over its harbour-town, with horizon far-expanded to the afternoon. The whole mind thrills to its long-anticipated aspect; its throng of immemorial associations; the novelty of boyhood mingles with our recognition, to mark the sparklings of the sea on the wide shore, sudden and cold; the steady ship, far out at anchor, the bare grey lighthouse on the point beyond, the speck-like sail suspended in the sky, with windy looks of clouds; long pier, and bristling docks, and the red-funnelled paddle-boats, the blue-tubed tugs and coasters; the great dark steamers, thick chimneyed, double pillared, among the warehouses and sheds; the cranes and pulleys, by the busy quay. You walk that evening with more than the old wonder, and a mightier thought of the land which gave you birth. Fresher than ever, solemnner, more soothing, that stroll along the low beach, to where the stones beneath the cliff are left at ebb, and the far drawn sunset opens past them, lifted from wave to wave—that twilight wildness at the pier-end, with desolate sound and distant gleams, and sometimes an angrier

spray, as you grasp the woodwork to gaze firmer down, while all the harbour-lights twinkle behind. You sleep and wake with somewhat of the strange old fluttered expectation; but without the vague trouble, the infinite uncertainty that made everything unblissful seem terrible, or the untried superstition of the future. At any hour, by another way, you can fly back to the nestled quiet, where not a day need have been left unnoted; so you may stay longer absent, or wander wider, without a fear. To travel for use, to employ the subtle restoratives of mere change, and know what simples grow for us in distant places, was indeed a thing impossible to our predecessors.

"But think you the sordid instinct by which steam was urged into act has itself any inward good of it? Steam is not swift enough for that relentlessly mechanical craving to which success seems but to add deeper discontent; to which time, as it says, is money, business first to be attended to, business before pleasure, business habits to be cultivated; which rates its damaged limbs, its lost time, or its crushed brain, a hundred times higher than if they were Shakespeare's. Otherwise it would fain be blown in balloons, hurled through exhausted air-tubes, or shot from cannon-months from town to town, from land to land, that it might quicker despatch its transactions, secure its new cheques, book its new orders, speculate anew—that it might dine, write off its technical letters, see its *Times*, sleep, wake, arrive again at somewhere. A kind of undefinable sympathy, indeed, an almost fondling regard, it has for the iron rails and the grim locomotive; even as it would fain have steam-clerks, with iron bones, breath of vapour, heart of fire, brain that would need no sleep, and impulses that would seek no pleasure, with no fancies that could ever wander—save for the habit of thwarting these, and disregarding them, and grinding them down, that has grown almost malign. And the speedy journey itself, felt as a blessed brief relief in his counting-house, is a secret misery to him, that emerges when his mechanical News are all exhausted. The early ambition for a fortune is faded; the notion of an

estate has lost its zest; so has the very feelings of importance; the fancy of ultimate rest and country pleasures was only when he lived a clerk in a garret, and vanished when he became a bagman. How weary is the Great Western express to him!—still, out of the inexorable lines about his mouth, the hard wrinkles round his eye, the harsh furrows of his forehead, that unspeakable restlessness wells up—that unconscious pain which is all but tragic in men's faces, as if an ox's eye looked out! See!"

"My dear sir—hush!" was now the astonished ejaculation of the younger traveller—"the old gentleman will hear you—I really fear he *did*!"

In fact, whether lulled by the continual motion, or at once oppressed and soothed by the noon-day-heat, with that cool current from the engine which his side of the window enjoyed, the merchant had been gradually letting the newspaper sink from before him; till, with hand fallen on knee, and travelling-cap pushed back, he had sat oblivious; sometimes as if vacantly tending to think, with ever and anon a firmer expression, like resolve against a thing unaccustomed; again glancing at his watch, and resuming the newspaper, yet with momentary notice over it of the ladies opposite, or half suspicious stare all round through his spectacles. He had nodded involuntarily, and relapsed further back, with a meditative air, that grew slowly less severe, less brow-beating, pompous, wrapt-up, and sordid; till as the train was slackening its pace to approach some station, his large grey eyes opened with a sudden intensity. Like one wakened wide out of the deadest sleep, he sat astare and listening; the train stood motionless next minute, its steam hissing off, roaring up through a blaze of light—the sultry air came in, the bustling sounds, the side-dialogue of voices, the faint back-voices, and distant merriment of people at the hay-field. But still, when they moved away again, the strangely-excited gaze of the commercial potentate remained struggling with apparent drowsiness; it seemed fascinated by, yet shrinking from, the large luminous eye of the great

writer, which was mildly though firmly fixed on him.

"Look, I repeat," persisted the latter, to the increased surprise of his companion. The harsh features at the opposite window were setting into a singular repose, till the eyelids lifted no longer, and the folded hands rested together on the telegraphic intelligence of the leading journal; he was breathing regularly, though in a way that threatened to become ever more audible. The whole company perceived it with an undisguised pleasure; and the Etonians rattled on openly about all sorts of things to the two ladies before them, while the glee and sociality of the school-boy began to be obstreperous.

"What is it to such men, my dear friend," said the author of ———, "if no remnant of picturesque circumstance, natural sentiment, or ennobling passion, were left us on the earth? Even their own matters, solely practical as they are, have less connection with life, use, and reality, than the wildest frenzies of fever, or the idlest scratching of a school-boy on his slate. What mean, meaningless prate do politics become in their mouths—the Chinese, or Burman, or Turkish question, for example, or colonial policy, or a bill for readjustment of the franchise! Yet not meaner and more meaningless than their own familiar interests appear when their whole minds are furthest opened on them, and their faculties most intent,—the prospects of cotton, the effect of Australian wool, the influence of its gold,—sugar, or ships, or tea, or timber, or guano,—the Funds and share-list, or a great bankruptcy,—the postage, electric telegraph, a tunnel or a tubular bridge, an industrial exhibition and a possible improvement in a weaving-machine,—things, all of which vividly belong to the world in general, and have a broad hold upon daily life itself. How worse than empty, heard from apart, their talk of wheat and harvest, the wine and the oil, the dull indigo, the brisk alum and lively pig-iron, steady tallow, and molasses that look up or down; the places that sink into mere names, Riga, and Smyrna, and Rio, and Canton, and all the East, from Hull to the Golden

Horn, or the City of Palaces—the West, with every trace of Columbus; things that might be designated by numbers, and conceived of by private brand. At mention of the *Dryad* or the *Nawilus*, the *Fair Jane* or *Ram-mohun Dass*, you start—but find it only A1. with hides and ginger, a steamer, or another freight from the cheapest to the dearest markets. They have solemn anxieties—about a light insurance; deep inquiries with regard to fluctuations in raw material; even nice moralities, as to the stability of White, Black, & Co., their warmth, their undoubted goodness, the firm confidence to be placed on them, who are but a mask for some other man, the epithet of a former myth. And that enthusiasm of reverence for the real person himself, as a capitalist indeed—the zealous, the common eagerness to render him due tribute, homage worthy of his character—a testimonial, and speeches, and dull eulogiums; almost a biography, were it conceivable, and a statute, if it entered into their dreams! So that the Medici and all the old Tyrian or Venetian grandeur seem peculiar; while if Swedenborg the seer could have beheld, he would surely have perceived them as celestially as torpedoes, which at a little distance appear to be occupied, active, living, nay, to earthly sense, capable of signs and electrically respectable—but under spiritual inspection curiously unemployed, helpless, dumb, and numb—before the angels, utterly dead, or even at first *miscarried*."

"Now," pursued the singular man, with an emphasis which struck the attention of all, while he intensely eyed the sleeper, and glanced round, "I am perfectly unaware of even so much as that gentleman's name—I know absolutely nothing of him. But *one* conviction I have regarding him, the proof of which may perhaps astonish you—namely, that he is at this moment under a mysterious influence!"

A breathless silence followed his remark, during which the quick vibrations of its engine, and the slow respirations of the mercantile gentleman, could alone be heard: the schoolboy's mouth was open, his eyes stared from

the speaker to the sleeper, and back again. "What else, indeed, but to go to sleep, was possible for thoughts which depend so entirely on arithmetic—which can neither connect themselves with an idea, involve a single association with reality, nor bring up a pleasant remembrance! Alone—that molluscous satisfaction arrested, which sucked in the day's record of the world's traffic, huckstering, and calculation, with all its exquisite result since men first bartered skin for skin—he has a lulling inarticulate sense of the universe having ebbed from him: the shell has closed gently, and in its small pool among the pebbles it sticks rooted! What profound repose! The long coast and wide glitter of waters, nor white sail nor hanging moon above, that sends her silver ripples dancing to the rocks, nor the clouds that bring a breeze—none of them will trouble it. Perhaps he has forgotten his business and destination, Shall we wake him?"

There was an unanimous gesture of alarm.

"Since my youth," said the elder passenger, calmly, "I have possessed a strange power. It was involuntary; nor, till convinced of its nature by recent scientific works and physiological experiments, did I fully believe in it. The awful importance of the gift has since deterred me from its use, save in strictly medical cases. Indeed, over certain subjects, during the period of their ailment, it is all-potent, being probably analogous to the spell exercised by man over the lower creature, such as the dog, the ox, the lion himself—a remnant of our paradisaical dignity, in short. To a disease of the mind I have not yet ventured to apply it. But I shall now carefully do so."

He slowly stretched his hand towards the sleeper's breast, extending finger after finger, and steadily directing them thither. Every eye was intent on the act. "What is your name?" inquired he, in a distinct tone of mild authority.

To the mute amaze of all beside, the sleeper, with eyelids still sealed, but so that the hidden orbs appeared desirous to see through them, moved his lips and began a distinct reply.

"Thomas Huck——," he said, but a mere motion of the hand put a stop to it. "Enough," was the rejoinder: "Thomas, is it true that you labour under a serious malady?"

"Yes," came somewhat reluctantly from the lips of the large passenger in the corner.

"In the brain, probably. Or the heart?"

"No," was the answer, with an uneasy expression of countenance, as in a dream—"it seems in both—no—it appears to be something that flies from one to the other! Ah!—now it comes back to my—myself—but for a moment it seemed nowhere—*nowhere!* Still it was real!" There was a dead pause, a momentary suspense, through which the rush of the train was alone audible again, with its sudden shriek as it shot below an ark—while the sleeping face was like a block of wood, so unconscious it grew.

"It is here again!" uttered the patient suddenly, "from ever so far off with some one else—I cannot recollect how long—many hundred years—he must have stolen it from me—he was a lead-miner, I think, in Sweden—no!—he went about everywhere, playing! It is *I*—I am a blind fiddler."

The operator turned with composure to the horror-struck listeners. "As I thought," he remarked seriously, "it lies in the *imagination*—that is to say, in a soul whose very power to conceive of reality, and represent actual existence to itself, has lain unused and untaught since childhood, and is at present helpless as a newly-released prisoner—it is, so far as fancy is concerned, like one of those pitiable etiologies of our kind, the Aztecs, just now made the puppetshow of London. Is your disease curable?" he asked quickly, looking at the unfortunate man.

"Yes—I think it is," was the passionless answer.

"*How?*" inquired the strange traveller, with the same commanding tone.

"I must be back—there must be some one always by—let me live where they—at school again—in the—the wood—the side of that ditch where the gypsies left their—"

"No, Thomas," said the per-

emptory voice, "I will send you on—Follow my will. Go to the place I mean.—Where are you?" he next moment added.

"In a lane behind a little village," replied the sleeper, his features motionless; "there is an old wall across the open end—I see a gate-lodge with a high roof of stone, all diamond-shaped, and ivy hanging at the gable, full of busy sparrows—the porch is new: there is a girl looking out with a baby; I see a rookery through the gate, and the red chimneys of a hall, half-hidden by woods: there is a stone figure of an animal couched on the top of each pillar of the gate—I do not know what kind of beast. The ornament in the iron-work of the gate is a rose; it has smaller shapes of half-open roses, and buds of roses, and thin leaves, wrought round it; there is a hand in armour holding the branch from beneath."

"That is sufficient," said Mr. —. He bent a gaze of intense earnestness on the sleeper, and with outstretched arm seemed to bid him obey some silent purpose. "Pass in, go up the avenue—see the family there, and *now*—from that rook left untouched by steam, faster than steam can follow, and farther—farther even than my will can accompany you—plunge into their former history?"

"When you and I get into Devonshire to-morrow," he added, addressing himself to his fellow-traveller, "you will recognise a place you have never seen in your life, from this description! I myself know it well. But of many events in the fortune of its owner, whom we shall no doubt see in the family pew of the country church, I am totally ignorant. I have always taken a peculiar interest in them. And of these, guided by such a clue, directed only by the force of a sincere intention, I feel assured that we shall obtain some remarkable details."

The lips of the entranced subject moved and murmured, while the intense expectation of the party reached its height; but pressing the palms of his two outstretched hands together, and then slowly bringing them back till they rested on his knees, the wondrous physiologist kept them steadfastly pointed towards a central

spot in the nankeen waistcoat of his patient. The utterance of the latter seemed then released; he spoke with a distinct, unhesitating voice, singularly uninflected, indeed, so as to approach the monotonous,—and without pauses, which at first made it difficult to follow. The operator sat fixed, mute, and calm; his mind, also, seemed to be far away; he scarcely appeared to hear. But the other passengers listened to so strangely absorbing a recital, half narrative, half description, as to forget all else; they hardly stirred; not a word interrupted the sightless speaker. It was really thrilling to hear persons vividly mentioned as in sight, objects minutely referred to as at hand, and occurrences graphically stated as in process, all in the present tense—although known to the very schoolboy as impossible to be seen, because long non-existent: till, when the train slackened its rate for the dozenth time, and the hoarse voice of the guard could suddenly be heard next door, civilly demanding the tickets, the silent operator started. At the mechanical motion of his hand to his pocket, the strange history ceased with a tantalising abruptness; the speaker remained motionless. It was with some apparent difficulty that, at a repeated gesture of Mr. —, he opened his eyes, rubbed them drowsily, and returned to sufficient consciousness to find a card, which, after all, proved to contain only his name and address. The proper ticket at length delivered, he sat up with an air of some bewilderment, ran his eye rather suspiciously over the fixed countenance of his fellow-passengers, and hastily felt in his breast for a thick pocket-book, which he drew out and examined. From the grave glance of Mr. — he seemed then to shrink, slightly reddening; but the train had come again to a dead stand. He pushed his head out with an anxious look, and drew it in again astonished. “Why—how—where are—what station is this; do you know, sir?” he asked abruptly, with an awkward attempt at civility to Mr. —.

“The terminus, I think,” answered the latter, tranquillity; we have got to Bristol, I believe, already.”

The large old gentleman snatched out his watch, eyed it with amaze, and

turning the handle of the door, leapt out almost in the arms of a railway-porter. The latter, at his order, had already called a cab, and was bearing off his bag, when Mr. — hastened after them with an overcoat left in the carriage.

“This is yours, sir, I think?” he said, very politely. The merchant’s features had resumed all their harshness, nay, had taken an air of ill-temper; but he now muttered something between thanks and a vague apology; then, with a mumbling effort to appear courteous, and a flushed countenance, rushed through the confusion.

The whole party found themselves again together in an omnibus, with the exception of the matron lady and her schoolboy son, who had bid good-bye as they struggled to find their luggage. At the railway hotel to which the omnibus brought them, there was but one dining-parlour vacant: an early dinner in company was perhaps partly a result of the singular occurrence they had all witnessed; further satisfaction on which the young Etonians endeavoured to gain over the subsequent glass of wine, and the fresh strawberries. But having fixed to set off by the same early conveyance into Somersetshire with the young lady in black, whose destination agreed so fortunately with theirs, their attention was ere long interrupted; they finished their sherry as soon as her trunks were taken down, jumped up, seized their fishing gear, and shook hands; at the top of the stair, again, in her crape shawl and bonnet, she was bid a paternal and a brotherly adieu, and many good wishes, with another cordial exchange of hands among all three. They were watched from the window, till the omnibus vanished among drays and sugar-sledges in the dusty street.

It was in the twilight, over supper and steaming rummers, after a stroll by the docks and the airy coolness of a walk round Clifton heights, that the well-known writer was induced to give an outline of the entire circumstances so curiously elicited. Subsequent residence near the family concerned, with much pleasant experience of them, threw additional light on the history; till under the mutual care of both friends, when committed to writ-

ing by the younger, and revised as well as extended from the remarks of his more illustrious companion, it took the form of a regular narrative.

"In that remarkable revelation," observed the latter, reflectively, when this had been accomplished, "the most striking thing was, after all, the contrast between the habitual nature of the instrument and the facts which he was compelled to observe. Whether the emotions and impressions implied in his account of them did really betoken an awakened soul, or proceeded merely from that of the controlling agent, I am still at a loss to think. In the mesmeric trance, it is the opinion of some persons, who ought to know at least *something* of scientific intelligibility, if not of ordinary logic, or the conditions under which we think and live on earth—that the disengaged soul passes through all substances alike; that by the mere lock of hair, or nail-paring from a body, whose very particles are dissolved and scattered, it may absolutely return into the past scene, and as it were re-create the long-terminated action; that where the blood was left upon a wall, nay, where the worn stone itself remains, it can veritably conjure up the tragedy that no human witness recorded, or which was recorded ill. These distinguished physiologists say, and have published, that in this state the somnambulist will walk forth, or the sybil prophesy; that unlearned Greek hath been read, Hebrew spoken, unknown tongues poured out. But I confess that I do not believe it.

"There may be endless motions left undulating in the air, and on through the sidereal ether, that ebb back upon us. There may be lights that hover over the remains of men, nay, infect the darkness long after the very dust has been assimilated to its earth. There may be impalpable spirits that surround us secretly, or, rather, co-exist with us after another fashion than we, so that yet they are ever near our souls. Or Malebranche's vision of all things in the Creator—into which, for the unimaginable twinkling of an eye, the individual is at times suffered or commanded to enter—may be reasonable. The reminiscence of Plato, or the transmigration of Pythagoras, I could find in

my heart to credit. These are hypotheses mixed with a salutary awe. But the paltry practicalities of animal-magnetism, electro-biology, phrenomesmerism, table-turning or spirit-rapping, are not so much incredible, undemonstrable, and foolish, as they give a sickening sense of the fashionably scientific emptiness of people called Christian. Into the very fingers of shamefaced quackery about to retire—civilization thrusts its immense nose, nuzzling and snuffing. Knowledge seems but to lengthen it to a proboscis, which would drag its favourite back if he fled; he becomes a lecturer, or remains a Pope, a Joseph Smith, a Louis Napoleon—lest it swing him aloft, and knead and trample him to a jelly. See it beginning to fondle the Aztecs, worshipped once, as the showman says with a Transatlantic twang, in the mighty city of mysterious Ixymaya!

"It is because they have no imagination. To be content with life and death, the miracles of old, and the ever-fresh spectacle of nature, and the significance of human history, with all that lurks in the shade of human obscurity, and all that is to be wished for, hoped, believed, and adored, in the future.

"I regret, my dear friend, even for a good purpose, *that* rash experiment, were it only because that old gentlemen has forever escaped my reach, with an unfinished record, hidden in his mind, or perhaps—which is still worse—haunting his memory to no purpose but to make him wretched. I do not even know his family name. I should have allowed him to mention it, or have kept his card. But I forget the speed of our modern journeys! How weak, with all our loftiest advantages, we are!"

"But, my dear sir," interposed his fellow-editor, simply, "I thought you meant the manuscript to be published? He may read it—indeed the incidents may catch his eye."

"Publish it? with these names—this important family matter?" exclaimed the author, striking his hand on the papers with alarm.

"We can alter the names, and so disguise the affairs as to render them irrecognisable," was the rejoinder.

"Without losing the point, of course. It will do good!"

The author, simple in worldly matters as a child, and having hitherto produced no works of this strictly real character, eyed his friend silently.

"An advertisement in the first page of the *Times*, for a mercantile gentleman who fell asleep on his way to Bristol, on the 12th July last, who

left a valuable article," added the latter eagerly—"and he is *sure* to see it. He will apply, as directed, to the publishers, and receive the book. The Title might be made to attract him."

The author yielded, though with hesitation. No reply was ever received, in fact, to the advertisement. The editor only persisted that the tale would be of use to the public. Like most editors.

CHAPTER I.—ROBUR ATAVORUM—THE ANCESTRAL THEWS AND SINEWS.

The old blood of the Willoughbies of Stoke had entered England earlier than the Normans, and the Conquest itself neither drove it out nor sullied it; for it was first known to run through the strong veins of one of the northern Vikingr, who, huge and bearded, with ice-blue eyes and lion-like locks that streamed from the wind, often hovered on the Cambrian coast, or in sight of the Welsh mountains, terrible alike to the busy Dane, rich Saxon, or lawless chief of the Cymry. First and fiercest of many sons, he was said to have slain his own grim father at some wild feast of Thor, where they drank the fiery red liquor out of skulls—to have taken another name, that his avenging brothers might not have to meet him in strife: while none knew to what storm-beaten isle he bore his booty, nor whence the strange dragon-like sails might be looked for, since, if any captive went there, he never returned save as a new foe. And he was a Berserkir, it was told; seized at times by those furious moods, in which friend was not known from enemy, and the strength could tear spears aside, dash shields before it, cleave casque and head together, or rend limb from trunk with the armour still on—when flight was useless and ransom unheeded, and nothing availed but sometimes the motionless mien of submission, which few were brave enough then to wear. It was near the mouth of Severn, over against Wales, that one summer noon a wealthy Saxon earl was to wed the daughter of a British chief, who for gold's sake gave her up, with oaths of peace, to one who was old, and had buried another wife: at the ferry-side the Saxon oars hung

dripping from the barges, and the light Welsh coracles of hide had let their paddles sink, as full of bridal groups they came floating both together to the shore. No wind stirred, or if a light air played along the water, it came from inland mountains; while far away, the wide faint crescent of the ocean lay like molten glass, that sparkles up and bubbles with the heat alone; one azure island only speckled the distance, not even a fishing sail beside: since these last had all remained where the wedding-train might be seen, as Eorl-Wulfstan of Thorpe Combe went to meet Rees ap Gryffyd, bringing toward the new church at Wrington his young daughter, against the will of her mother. Already the smoke rose white and lazy on the hill, from the beech-fire that was to roast the oxen, and the last November ale-casks had been rolled below the trees, from the wains of Thorpe, all for the feast to follow after. There had, indeed, been late news of a northern monastery plundered, from ships that came to the coast at night; and rumours of sails seen in the distance since: but the fishermen doubted now if they were not birds, or the tails of diving porpoises; nor were they to be seen that day-break from the open sea, nor was there any wind left to blow a feather nearer the land. So they hurried to meet the throng, catching the boats' heads, and wading in readily that no harm might chance to the bright mantles, or a softly-busked foot be dipped in the salt water, as the tide washed in: to see, too, the goat-skins of Welsh mead, the drinking-horns, the rich cheeses and fresh venison, the wild mountain-fruit, carved fur-

niture of oak, leathern garments, and webs of wool or flax, which were the sole dowry of Ap Gryffyd's daughter. While amid plash and shout, half lifted by the chief, she stepped upon the stones where the Eorl stood to receive her; in white inner boddice, and white vest embroidered, and white skirt with downy fringes, with knitted veil that fell from the green hood of her silken mantle, flecking her round soft-brown face; but it took now an olive paleness which nothing could hide, and turning her dark eyes backward, and shrinking from the proffered hand, without any blush she stood on the wet stone and shivered and slipped down. Then there was a cry, though the chief's arm had saved her; and all men had seen that her own dark father seemed yet younger, stronger, than the heavy Saxon eorl with the appled ripeness of his fair skin. But the palfreys stood waiting on the bank; the priest, also, with clerk and sacristan, book and crucifix, was slowly coming down to meet them on his mule; girls were ready to strew flowers, and bear garlands, and give roses, glad to fear the Welsh no longer, pleased to see the bride's beauty, scarce older than theirs: while her companions, from foster-nurse to bride's-maiden, pressed from beneath to leave the boats, that dipped ever more with the tide, and rose almost against the rough ferry-stones. Wildly did she cast her glance from sea to land, and back to where the Saxon stood half frowning; and there was an old man in the boat below, with thin white hair and flowing beard, who rose up sternly to call upon the chief, in their own language, to return; while the half-naked, wild, brown Welshmen, with long black hair and glittering eyes, laying hands upon their knives, turned eager glances to his face. The father turned sullenly away; there was gold round the Saxon's neck, a chain of gold across his breast; there were brown bills not far away in Saxon hands, and cross-bows: he waved on his daughter. But the old man—it was the bard—caught with bare arm his harp from the bearer, and springing up upon the prow, stood high; he raised a wild chaunt, guttural and a thrill and abundant, which made the

Welshmen creep listening together; with upraised hand, that struck at intervals a sudden tone from the harp, deep and dolorous across the water, to Saxon ears like a funeral bell. All eyes were fixed on him, till all at once he ceased. He dropped his harp; he stood and pointed seaward.

From round the nearest rocks there came a loud clash of oars; the great oars glittered into the sunshine, and swiftly coming onward with the tide were seen a crowd of galleys, high and huge, with fierce beaks of eagle or boar, bear or dragon, from whose eyes hung out the anchor ropes; and the sails with their beams lay lowered across. Spears bristled from every deck; the rowers' shields hung glancing by beneath the oars: the cries of the foremost were upon the boats ere they well moved a paddle, while high and glistening it swept on, with dash of steel and blue gleam of helmets springing to the prow; nor scarce was grounded with a slow jar upon the stones, ere, gently falling to a side, it poured forth its leaping warriors into the brine, that surged and swelled around it. Foremost of all a terrible form in mail, whose crest rose over him in some huge wild fantasy of horror that could only have been dreamed; while with bound and spray, dashing aside with iron hand the father, and hurling the bridegroom down, he rose upon the dripping splashing stones, and caught the yet motionless bride. There came neither shudder nor cry from her; holding her from him a moment, amidst the shouts and tumult, he seemed, through the dreadful bars of that blue casque, to gaze upon her features within their veil; then, not lifting it, but drawing closer round her the loose green mantle, the Viking raised her in his arms, his sword never drawn, his shield turned behind him, and went wading back to the vessel's side. With one arm he held her, and setting his foot upon a bolt, his other armed hand upon a rope, climbed slowly up. The fight was over. With all his train the Saxon lay at ransom, or for death by even-tide. The Welsh coracles, unharmed, but hanging on their oars apart, awaited till their chief's daughter should be restored, when all was over with the Saxons;

since, as it proved, but for a secret message from their bard, which the bride's mother urged to, no wild sea-rover could have held Eorl Wulfstan in pledge of ransom.

But though the gold came long ere eventide, yet when the tide slowly floated the galleys upright, these things brought no sign of the chief's daughter being sent back to her people.—The wind from the mountains had grown stronger, till in the cool clear twilight while stains of sunset still ranged the sky beyond the shoreless waters, coldly plashed inward the brimming river-frith, and toward the Welsh coast, where Ap Gryffyd's tower stood high, but distant: there struggled wind and stream against the tide, till the light hide-boats tossed upon it, and the rowers thought they would have much ado to reach home. But all ruffled into dark steel-blue was the outer deep, with gleams of green, like the Viking's armour; here and there were the wild sea-horses running in it, lifting their foamy crests and vanishing again; the ribbed galleys seemed restless as they felt the breeze, till one by one they spread sail, and with long strokes of an oar or two, and with hoarse cries while their ropes were tightened, began to urge away. Last turned the greatest galley, with its cloven banner that streamed blue aloft, waving a flame-bright horse; and when the horse-head of its prow was seen where the stern had hung embattled like a tower, when the dusky sails rose up, sinewed like dragon's wings, casting a green shadow on the waves, the bard waxed impatient. He rose hoary from before his chief as they floated near, and called in broken Norse to the armed men, called on the Viking Ollobik. But all, gazing doubtfully down upon him from their helmets, or eyeing their grim leader, whose barred visage showed like iron swept by with the rush of waves; the wind and sea bore them past, leaving only a yeasty track, where the white mingled with the green into darkness, and hissed as it sank. Then Ap Gryffyd sprang up and offered loudly his daughter's ransom—ransom which the Norsemen would have wondered at if they could have understood—though his own kernes knew well how he had it not, as they looked at each other,

striving vainly at their oars; till the chief's voice broke out into a yell, and all the Welshmen, with a howl of despair together, let their paddles fall; the wave curled and tossed them far from the Viking's heavy galley. Only the harp rang out its shrill wailing notes; wild and fast they sounded, and unutterably plaintive followed the wind, till the last long tone which the Norsemen heard was like the parting of a ghost. On the Saxon hill could be seen to flare or smoulder, to blaze and glimmer, the fire for the roasting of the oxen. They looked back silently; they whispered apart from their leader, seeing him fixed high behind the oarsman on the stern, with one iron ear-hole still turned to the shadows of the land. And in the night, when the Viking Ollobik still trod the platform behind them, with ringing footstep that sometimes ceased into stillness, they could hear the sea-wind come by fits through the tight cordage, or hum above the rampart, as their sea-war horse rose sidewise. Did he listen to it also? It was like a harp. It was for the first time like strings, that shrieked and sounded from sharp to awful, and lamentably ceased in the roaring plunge of waves; as if, at every bound, uprose the old Welsh bard, with his goat-like beard, and struck a more threatening stroke on the rough mane of their ocean steed, so proud, so free, so fearless.

But the Welsh heard with terror that it was the dreaded Ollobik, the pagan Viking, the ruthless and demon-haunted Berserkir. They mourned for young Gwen Megan, for Merch Megan, little and gentle—and like the round, brown, hazel-eyed Moss-flower, in her bridal white—as for a dove clutched by a sea-eagle, and with outspread pinions borne away. There was the wild wake-cry of the Cymry many nights in the tower-hall of Coel-Gryffyd, where the wedding mead served for the mourning liquor; but mother Megan listened above, with moan, and sob, and sudden wail, thinking of her christening, loathing Ap Gryffyd's sight; while the chief himself gloomily eyed the sea, or looked across to Eorl-Wulfstan's herds upon the hill, as of yore; the bard in the hearth-corner brooded apart, and eyed apace the monk from St.

Colva's, and, in his fitful outpourings to the harp, seemed rather to bemoan some virgin sacrifice of the Druids of old.

It was many months thereafter, when the snow yet lingered on the sides of Cader-Glwr, and the north-wind still told of it as it whistled bleak down Llanwllin to Coel-Gryffyd—though there was young grass about the low ground, while the sloe thorn budded in the mountain shadows—that Megan sat distaff on knee behind her busy maidens, the thread often ceasing in her hand, as the fire licked up through sea-ware and drift-wood on the hearth, throwing ever more light on the bard's wrinkled face, where he cowered and seemed to muse of nothing earthly. The old nets were mended, the last corn grinding in the stone, the winter weaving-frame laid by; and still they sought other tasks while it was daylight, lest hotter than ever might kindle Megan's temper, if her stern sorrow was past; the very men were fain to pass their words outside, when there were no more knives to sharpen on the jambs of the door, nor arrows to tip with flint, nor old Saxon pike-heads to hammer straight again with a stone at the rude forge; they beat their hands about their breasts and idled in the lower court, where the tower, though stony cold, was a shelter from the wind. Rees Ap Gryffyd walked the upper parapet alone, a useless sentinel, with hands turned in beneath his jerkin, padded with its own wool; while between his grizzly beard and the hairy front of his leathern skull-cap his face peered as through a visor: the stormy reddening of the sunset among distant clouds was itself a comfort to his eye, though it scarce tinged the grey wall; but he shrank less from the wind, or the sight of dreary waters, than from his wife's silent scorn.

But suddenly, from the neighbouring huts, there came one of his people, springing breathless up the path, and bursting into the outer court, stood panting there for speech, with every sign of danger; so that Ap Gryffyd looked up the valley, and over the river, in doubt whether it were the old feud with Shawn Pen Llwyd, or a strange attempt of the slow Saxon,

whose beeves they had shared weeks ago together—and he smiled grimly—till his men ran up past him to the parapet, and appeared from within at the very tower-top, pointing with shouts to the bay below. Then he reached out and saw six beaked galleys bearing from the wind that blew down Llanwllin; with sails a-slant to it like shields, they rose against it, and still drove foaming in, till the shelter of the cliffs gave aid to them, and the foremost was hid by the rock of Coel-Gryffyd. He could hear the flapping struggle of their sails as they were dragged down, and the plunge of their heavy anchors. Next minute all was confusion in the tower, and flight below; with letting loose of cattle to the hill, with haste of women with their children up the pathway, while the old oaken door was thrusting-to, the beacon gathering to be lit above; the slingers brought their clattering pebbles, the bowmen made the strigs twang loud; and loosening the very stones over the gateway, the women shed aside their hair in silence, and panted. Motionless gazed out Gryffyd's wife by herself, through the horn-casement that looked dimly down on the sea-cove—the only one undismayed. But all knew without a name that it was the fierce Norsemen; though none had dreamed they would ever return, least of all to Coel-Gryffyd.

But Megan saw alone, and with fear, that a white banner streamed from the nearest mast; and one boat only drew to the shore, where the vague gleam of armed men vanished in the dusk. They seemed to wind slowly round, and slowly to climb the rocky way. Ere it lifted them to the bleak evening light, Ap Gryffyd's wife had come forth along the wall, and passing through the peering bowmen, the crouching slingers, thrust by her husband's targe, his battle-axe, to spring before them all upon the rampart's edge.

Grim in the sea-green scales of his armour, with ice-blue casque and hideous crest, rose the hugh figure of the Viking Ollobik in front, his sword sheathed upon his arm; the levelled lances of his knights behind him rose up upon their shoulders, half revealed; for the terrible banner hung floating

beneath, like housings of a palfrey: and borne above, in the hollow of a shield, seemed some strange ocean thing, or furred creature of the pine forests. It stirred to their motion only, and when Megan saw through shaggy bearskin the grass-green gloss of Frankish silk, the snow-white folds of Erin's linen, embroidered by her own maidens' fingers, her blood ran cold: as they mounted before the tower, she sickened where she stood, like to fall headlong down. But gently lowering to their feet the litter, they stooped together, and their leader lifted up the shaggy bearskins: then she saw Gwen her daughter lying warm beneath, with eyes that turned about to know the place; till at the sight of the tower-wall and all its people, giving a glad cry, she sprang upright and called her mother. The arrows hung upon their strings, the mailed Norsemen like statues eyed them; and then, at the command of Megan rushing down, back swung the unbarred door.

For that night the Norsemen did not all return to their ships; but the Welsh chieftain's heart overflowed in welcome, and he feasted them hospitably in his hall, with the more readiness that they had brought with them venison, fish, and wine of the far South, such as never before had blessed the lips of Ap Gryffyd. Even the old bard warmed to it, and watched it sparkle and glow in the cup of Greek gold into which the shield-bearer poured it, as if he saw the times of his youth. The stern Viking Ollobik sat at the table with a wonderful air of mildness, outwardly regarded; though for the most part silent, as none present but the bard could interpret his words; and still helmeted, with visor-bars unraised beyond his mouth, and eyes that looked keen from behind the steel, while the shadow of his huge crest was thrown by the lamp where he turned; a strange thing, which would have been but ill taken, till he excused himself with courteous gravity, having once sworn a rash oath to Odin, that, while battle lasted, no man should ever look on his face and see the sun again. Whether it was a resolve peculiar to Ollobik, on account of some deed he had once done, and would for ever have his true name

unknown; or rather the dark self-fear of the Berserkirs, whose blind rage against men, when the war-god suddenly possessed them, was ever marked by the disregard, nay hatred, of armour and weapons, so that a Berserkir in his fit was never known to appear helmeted, but with bare brow, and locks loosened on the air.

But he tasted the wine when it passed to him, and Ap Gryffyd was a man who, with liquor between, minded little the understanding of language; he could have waxed merry with a hairy man of the woods, if it would but drink and nod to him, and turn an ear to his pedigree, to the old wrongs and affronts he hath received, the future revenges he intended. And indeed the Norse knights eyed him with relaxing grimness, laughing to each other; or listening earnestly as if to hear some rough Norse through the quick Celtic, as might be the face behind a visor, or the hand in the hollow back of a shield; nor was it long ere he could at least clang his drinking-horn to the golden beaker, crying "skoal!" and answering grasp for grasp; or giving the wild Welsh feast-song monotonous as sound of bees and plovers, back to the fierce northern banquet-ode, which through the joy of the vintage seemed to bring the roar of the winds, and ever to tend quicker toward battle: while the tawny kernes stared whispering from the other end, and their bard grew deeper in questions to the Viking, of Italy, of minstrels, of Scalds and their Sagas, and of what shores might be beyond the ocean,—whereof the Norse leader seemed freely to tell his best. So that at length Ap Gryffyd, drawn by that seeming forbearance into speech with him, even jests—which were heard patiently, with courteous gestures—began by word and sign, heedless of the bard, to make known a plan to be jointly wrought out against Wulfstan the Saxon. Whereat the Viking, still surveying him from within his casque, gave doubtful answer in his own tongue, and with shoulder-spike turned to him as before, went on speaking to the bard. It chafed Ap Gryffyd from his guest, and one he counted on as a mighty kinsman; he was fierier, also, through the unwonted liquor, and bade Hoel the

bard declare that among the Cymry it was otherwise with one who had wedded a chieftain's daughter. To Hoel the Viking answered calmly, that such link was not between them—he had in truth not married the daughter of Ap Gryffyd, but brought her home, as she would, to remain with her mother.

At these words, the dark cheek of Ap Gryffyd burned, his black eyes shot fire, and with a yell he sprang to clutch his knife from the board, to rush in savage anger on the mailed Norseman; while all his kernes leapt up at the sight, their long knives flashing out; and the sea-riders dashed the table from them with a clash, as they rose erect, strode backward, made their swords hiss forth. The Viking Ollobik sat still, for the hoary figure of the bard rushed before him: his deep voice only, as he closed his visor and turned again to the old man, rang through the vaulted hall. "Rees ap Gryffyd," said the bard, as he caught the furious arm, "beware! Gwen is as she went from Coel—like the hill-flower and the sea-foam, as the snow on Cader-Glwr, or in the cloud that sails over it! He swears it by Thor and Odin!"

Ap Gryffyd stood still and glared askance at the iron form. "On this cross, then!" he shouted fiercely, holding up his dagger hilt. A scornful laugh came from the gathered Norsemen, and the Viking made no more answer than a Druid's stone.

"Go in to her mother, Rees ap Gryffyd," said Hoel, calmly. And while all thus remained, the chieftain hastened to Megan's chamber. The mother's heart had found change indeed in Gwen, through all her delight to see Coel-Gryffyd again, the very dogs, the very hills; but no difference like that which she herself had feared. Nor did young Gwen return her caresses less than when her favourite child, though more a woman since her departure—nor hide any part, the strangest, of her story—nor yet among heathen Norsewomen and their children, seem to have swerved from the true faith. It was that she shrank from mention of the Viking Ollobik and his matters; whence he came, or whither he went, his deeds, the fiends and phantoms that haunted him, his visage and mien,

nay, whether he had wished to woo her for his wife or gain some ransom. Megan could only guess, that at Gwen's own instance he had brought her home; and Megan said, if any ransom were required, the Abbot, her own uncle at St. David's, would doubtless help her in such a strait. It was well, she said, and owing to the Holy Virgin, that the fierce pagan had repented of his crime, yet sought her not in unmarriage; since, ere she should have been wedded to an idolater, which no priest could do, her mother would gladly have heard that she was drowned in the salt sea. Then Gwen was silent, and turned her face to the wall on the moss-couch where she lay, and seemed weary. She was asleep when Ap Gryffyd came, yet at the sight of her he grew less fierce, and what he had to say he whispered. At the clash and sound below his wife had started up listening.

"Go back, Rees ap Gryffyd," she said, eyeing him, "and sit down, and be glad of thy guest's liquor, since ye drink it! If it were a matter for thee, I would tell thee to kneel down and kiss this wild Norseman's hand, for he has done to *my* daughter as one of King Artwr's best knights might have behaved."

So Ap Gryffyd came down into the hall again, with a downcast air, and stole an ashamed glance at the Viking, who still sat; then he seized a drinking-horn, and took a hurried draught, and stumbled into a seat, looking round vacantly, and blinking with his eyes as all the Norsemen sat down like guests to whom little had happened. The Welsh kernes shrunk back sullenly to their place; then would all have gone as before, but Hoel the bard, lifting his harp, remained erect; he struck its strings, and musing for a while to the sound, poured out his wild Welsh Pennichllon to the praise of former ages. The kernes listened and dozed; stupidly the chief nodded his head to the music, sometimes with livelier motions of his hand, or angry calls to his followers to listen, till he suddenly slept and sank; the Norsemen heard and drank with ringing gestures of applause. When Hoel ended, there was a deep silence, for the silent Viking's mouth could be

seen to draw in breath, and to smile. He emptied the golden beaker, and giving it to his shield-bearer, bade him take it to the bard. "Thou hast kept *another* guest from beside me," he said, rising with a gleam of joy in his eyes, through the steel bars; "thanks; his hour is past! Would that thou and thy harp were mine!" Already the morning dawn glared blue through the loop-holes; and the Norsemen departed downward to their ships.

But the wind blue strong, and for many days, although it blew from land, did the vessels remain in the shelter of Coel-Heffyd, like tethered war-steeds, plunging, rattling, turning at their stalls. The Norsemen hunted and fished, they felled wood, and carried water; their fire burned day and night in the cove, where they roasted their game, or dried it in smoke, and made the charcoal, and melted the resin and tar for the seamed ribs of their boats and galleys, with rough revelry and songs to Odin. Ap Gryffyd half feared, half hoped, that when their holds were heavy they would go; while meantime he failed not to lend them help, to join the chase with them, or share their cheer.

The spring looked out suddenly from the air, and with the soft south-rains, the mild west breezes, all Llan-wllin began to show its green. One morning, with few of his train, Viking Ollobik rose up before the tower and entered; his rare presence was a thing at which the Welsh shrank, and all in Coel-Heffyd gave way. He came to bid the chieftain farewell; against which Ap Gryffyd had by this time no desire, having every day dreaded more some purpose behind that beaked visor; though now, he knew enough of the Severn's mouth to see that, with its tides only the Norsemen could not as yet well sail away. But when he had said this, thinking that the Viking paused on the threshold, and sounding him—with various designs of friendship and most confidential warmth, ready to burst out—the stern reiteration of Ollobik's purpose to depart, making the very steel quiver before his throat, went nigh to chatter in the teeth of Ap Gryffyd. The doubt he had felt at times whether that sheath of iron indeed

contained a human body, or some terrible being from the darkness, came back on him; it was such a fear as not even a chief needed remember with disgrace. Nay, as he heard the stranger's steps on the stone follow his men to the outer door,—forgetting to accompany him, the chief was glad he had not leagued with him against Eorl-Wulfstan; he keenly called to mind his soul, and muttered an Ave Maria or two.

The old bard, nevertheless, stood awaiting the Norse leaders, with a message from Megan, the chief's wife, whom Ollobik had never as yet seen. She would fain see him ere he went. Without a word, the Viking turned to follow up the stair, and, stooping low to enter was left alone with Megan. As the door closed, the Norseman unclasped the gorget of his casque, and when the huge crest was lifted from his head, with its shell of iron, she saw a yellow-bearded man yet in the prime, in whose visage were lineaments of a savage beauty, deepened into sternness; while his light, clear eyes, like those of falcons, were bent upon her with inquiry. Coming out of the armour, his aspect had well-nigh the ruddy flush of gold enhanced by sunbright locks which writhed loosed around it, as the helmet had pressed them up; and Megan for some moments gazed at him astonished. Then hastening forward, she caught both his gauntleted hands, and bowing her head towards them, poured out thanks. The Viking drew back confused; he murmured out words, not knowing hers, and seemed impatient, in haste to go. It was in his own tongue that Megan after a pause addressed him, brokenly, but very earnest.

"Viking Ollobik, dost thou still trust in idols?"

"In the God of our forefathers—in Thor and Odin!" said the Norse warrior, with surprise.

"Yea—dost obey—dost love them yet?"

There was an air of anguish in the Viking's look, as he answered firmly, I love them *not*." His set teeth ground together. "I flee from them! But they are swifter than the ships—I must needs obey the stronger. Woman!" and he caught her hand in

his, striking the other with a hollow clash against his breast—"I *know* them—their sign is here, and in the night I behold their messenger! He spares none but women!"

Then, as he let fall her hand, Megan gazed the more earnestly at him, and spoke again. "Be but baptized, oh Viking Ollobik, and before the cross marks thy forehead, verily the power of the fiends will vanish!"

He fixed an angry glance at her, and almost shouted forth his word—"No!" And the chief's wife turned away silently, while he lifted his casque from the bench.

Suddenly opened the inner door, and Gwen herself came out, pale as at her purposed bridal, and in the same attire. She stood before her mother, with firm lips, and slowly said, "I will go with him." All the blood returned to her face, enriching its olive shade to rose, and the nut-brown cheek glowed crimson, as from his full stature Ollobik looked at her without motion; yet, though she hid her face in her mother's breast, as Megan caught her with a cry, and the heaving of the girl's bosom throbbed into her voice, still did Gwen lift her head again, shedding her hair aside, and say in Norse—"Mother, I *must* be with him, if he go! When I prayed, though he were alone, then the fiends departed from him!" And she turned her dark-brown eyes, lit with sudden anguish like his own, back to Ollobik. The Viking dropped his helmet down, and striding at one step to where they stood, caught Gwen up from within her mother's clasp, beyond it to his mailed breast, as if the silken mantle only belonged to Megan. He looked down on Megan's agony sternly—there was unalterable resolve in his keen eyes and planted foot—yet, as they gazed together, strange relings seemed to struggle within him.

"Yield her to me," he uttered at last; "and that your priests may join us, I will even dare take those signs of theirs—the water and the mark. For worse than the gods have sent hitherto, methinks they cannot send!"

So at the wild words Megan slowly gave way. The Viking passed out, helmeted and visored as before, to keep

that strong oath to Odin. But the next day from St. David's came monk and priest to baptise him; it was great gladness to abbot and bishop that so fearful a pagan should submit even outwardly to the Church, and he gave rich gifts to the shrine of St. David. Keeping his heathen vow full firmly, it was through a crownless vizor that his brow was sprinkled, and crossed by the sign; the name of Godfred was indeed given him, that all his men might know him no longer by the heathen one of Ollobik. But if they even added it, it was in secret, at least while their ships remained at Coel-Heffyd.

Their ships remained until the early summer; they even lightened the largest ship till it was empty, and letting it take the ground at high tide, still dragged it higher, with bottom rolled to their mallets; searching every seam, each dint or bulge repairing, all the ooze, the limpets, shearing off—as when some noble horse is shod at the forge-fire, and all the place glows and rings, because he must go far, with breast to the battle, with tread that will neither slip in blood nor iron, nor where the water freezes. Between moon and moon they wrought, and when the tide flowed high again, launched the Viking's galley upright to its anchor, raising masts and beams by moonshine, with all their cords, till the morning that wakened Gwen for her bridal.

And coming back with her from St. Colva's Chapel, where the priest had joined her hand to the Norseman's with a benediction, the mother bade her a long farewell, beneath Coel-Heffyd, for it seemed a long voyage on which she was to go, though over summer seas. The train parted there, where from the beach Megan could behold her borne on lances, with her two maidens, to the boats; then lifted up the galley's rampart, in the shadow of sails. Ap Gryffyd, with an ill-hidden shudder, dropped the chill grasp of the Viking Godfred, and turned hastily from the barred aspect, and came back with his rowers. The evening breeze wafted all the ships away into the sunset. The chief would fain have thrown the issue openly on his wife, with whatsoever misgivings it

aroused; but ever since the day of Eorl-Wulfstan's disaster, Ap Gryffyd had ceased to rule at home. He made himself amends at the bride-feast, amidst which, when his head had given way to the choice wine left by the Norseman, he boasted loudly to his chief guests of his ring-son the Viking Godfred Ollobik, his valour and his riches, their intimacy together, and the part he himself had borne in bringing about the alliance, with high scorn of every Saxon, Eorl-Wulfstan above all. And he called to Hoel the bard to chaunt the praises of the Viking Godfred Ollobik. But the bard, taking his harp proudly, sang of Gwen, of the old Cambrian blood that glowed through her sun-ripe cheek, the brown light that shone warm from her eyes, and the mighty force of love: till the listening kernes reached inward to it from the moonlit court, where they had leapt themselves weary; the women whispered; the girls, with wistful faces, reddening, eyed the ground, and seemed to think of departed Norsemen.

Nor was it for many a day that a strange rumour came to the ears of Megan, at length confirmed by a message that came across the ferry, and the rich gifts to her that followed after, from her daughter and the Viking Godfred. How they had held south, and soon turning to the land, went up a river until the sea-tide left the galleys, save one that had kept onward; how they left them there, and went up the forest land, and over, to where the Romans of old had pitched camps on a hill and built towers. Equal, indeed, had been the surprise of Gwen. Instead of the long course over trackless waves, the woods had rustled round her litter all that afternoon; they rose to no sea-beaten island, but where far over wood and plain looked forth a half-fallen castle, or half-built,—for the quarried rock hung over its own blocks of stone; the felled oaks appeared in the glade; there were sounds of the woodman's axe, and smoke wreathed blue from among the leaves; the Viking's well-known banner floated above, to the evening air. They were wild lands which he had purchased from a Saxon abbey, and there was Gwen to abide, mistress of all.

Thither did Megan at last travel, to see her daughter; and found the castle of Meritor still building higher, spreading broader, with deep moat and guarded bridge. The Saxon hinds were ploughing with their oxen on the hill; their various hamlets wreathed smoke over the woods; beyond the watered valley could be seen the square abbey towers, the cloister roof; its bells, when the wind came that way, floated their sound to the castle keep; and the monks failed not to send brethren there stately. Beneath the walls was ever a stir of labour, where the huts of the workmen clustered; and on the neighbouring brow of the hill, where tree-stumps yet rose by the forest-stream, it might have seemed the Norse galleys had been drifted up, so uncomely the village of timber houses, ribbed and huge, with keel-like roofs, and beaked gables, and stairs that seemed to climb outside upon eaved windows. High into the forest crossed their bridge of old sea-beams, where they went up the woods to hunt; but with hempen rail for the yellow-haired women with their faggots, for the shaggy freckled children with sandy locks that came shouting after, with berry-stained mouths and mimic lances. The Norsemen hewed no stones, nor felled timber; but swinging the heavy beams along with ropes, or swaying the great stones on high, while their leader was at hand, they joined their vigour skilfully to the slow Saxon workmen. And though it seemed long ere the castle, with all its plans, could be an abode to dwell pleasantly in, while strong jealousy was said to be rising from around against the Viking, yet Megan returned contented; for she left Gwen a happy mother, and had seen the boy duly christened.

Once also, Gwen even came to see Coel-Heffyd, with her youngest child and a strong escort. But the Viking Ollobik did not return there. The horror of his fiercer days at times revisited him, with unearthly contentions against some foe from the darkness, with whom on certain nights he had to strive alone, while his voice rose louder and louder, and his wife prayed by herself till the morning before the crucifix. Ever since he had been a father, and in utter defiance of

old Odin had been wont to go abroad unhelmed before the faces of men, these lamented hours had seemed to grow indeed more terrible, though rarer. At times, but for the chase, or the quarrels which ever and anon arose from adjacent Saxons, he might have been thought to regret the stormy life of the ocean, and the ships that had long been useless. And it had somewhat the air of dotage, that from year to year, amidst the deepest peace or the calmest scorn of any enemy at hand, Merlitor Castle was always the more busily building, the more massively being strengthened. To build became a passion of the Viking Godfred: he even gave gold to build a new cloister in Dean-Stoke Abbey, and suffered his wife, after her seventh child was born, to found a new chapel at Stoke. The Lady Gwen was ever giving to the shrine of St. Augustine, or St. Catherine's altar; the Abbot regarded her with utmost favour, and would latterly come to visit her at the castle, grimly suffered by its lord himself. Yet not less charitable was she to the barefooted friar, and for her weekly dole to poor people, Saxon or wandering, or the heathen gypsies from the forest, was gently spoken of all round. But compassion mingled with her fame, since the strange lord of Merlitor was known to be dogged by fiends, and rumoured to have committed dreadful crimes; while he was still, as he had ever been, a pagan.

He was already old when the Normans invaded England, under Duke William—Vikings only more numerous than formerly, with farther aim. It was long ere any leader brought force enough that way, to venture against the castle of Merlitor, famous for its strength as for its lord's power; but word came at last to the Viking how certain barons were marching towards him, in avowed purpose to besiege the place and possess his lands. A strange pallor seemed to the eyes of Gwen to pass over his stern forehead, and he shook visibly, leaning on the table; he bade the names of two of these lords be repeated, and looked as it were struck by some mysterious knowledge. But she was ever wont to leave his secrets with him, and only when the trumpet

was blown aloud—and in his armour the Viking was going out to mount his horse before his whole bands, that he might meet the comers—did she lay her hand on the mailed arm, and gaze up to him with all the old earnestness, full of love. Then Ollobik bent down, and pressing her to his iron breast, kissed her with a long embrace; he stooped to have his casque buckled, and strode out. Their eldest son, a lad nourished to arms, rode with him boldly, bearing his father's lance and shield.

They came back bloodless before night, but all, save the Viking himself, triumphantly. The foremost leader of the foe had spurred out to challenge one for the issue—a stalwart knight in blackest steel, with visor barred; yet many of the Norsemen fired to meet him singly. But, as young Godfred said to his mother, his father held all back, and rode out alone. Meeting between, the two surveyed each other; till, suddenly, the Viking unclasped his helmet, and throwing it down, made plain his visage, with the dimmed brightness of his streaming hair, like tarnished gold. Whether it were that the Norman knight recognised a former foe, or friend, or something stranger, yet true it was that he seemed to stare through his visor on Ollobik, and slowly bearing backward, made a wild gesture, and wheeled round his horse. The Viking yet sat still, until a herald came out, followed by two squires, and rode to him. They spoke together awhile. Then the trumpet was blown, and proclamation made, that there was no war between Sir Egbert Berenger and the lord of Merlitor. And they saw the knights and men-at-arms wheel past the wood, and returned home well-pleased.

Not long thereafter, while Viking Godfred still gathered men, and had requests made to him from various bands and leaders of the Saxons to put himself at their head, messengers came to him from Duke William's chief army—where he still drove, scattered, and put down King Harold's people—with a private letter to the intent that, if the Lord of Merlitor would remain still, and do feudal homage to the Duke as lord of England, then he should not be molested, nor any ques-

tion made concerning him. So the Viking held quiet, yet keeping his own fiefs together with their men.

When none any longer resisted the Conqueror, save some Danish lords in the North, or in the wild fens and forests, where the Saxons stubbornly outlasted him, he held courts in divers quarters, to accept submission by a certain time, and receive due fealty from his own principal followers for the domains they had subdued. At Salisbury, among the throng of these, appeared, in full armour, the Viking Godfred, lord of Merlitor, with a pursuivant bearing the feudal symbols, and announcing his names. The Conqueror's chief lords and the herald king looked to each other strangely, and spoke apart; while the Duke himself gazed on his conspicuous stature keenly, but in silence. And some would have had him unbar his visor; others, and those among the highest barons, opposed it strenuously; till William sternly forbade that it should be done—having, indeed, himself caused tell the Norseman that he would not see his face. But when he had performed homage, with a head only bared beneath the crest-hole of his helmet, and mouth free to touch the hand of the sovereign, or to swear the oath, then William was desirous that he should take knighthood according to the Christian order. With a deep voice the lord of Merlitor excused himself; he had too long trod the northern pine-tree, he said, to win now the gold spurs and bright belt; but he had a son, already strong, who would seek well to earn them. There was a silence at his words, till he bended his head a little, and gave way to another from among the throng of fief-holders, and posted homeward with his train. He was inscribed in the roll of Domesday-Book by the name Ollobius de Merlitor.

But after that the Viking never sat in saddle, even to hunt. As if, now that the castle was finished, this sudden strain exhausted him, he remained like one stricken within his armour. It hung on the wall, looking down on him from the casque like some image of his past self, while he leant by the hall-hearth eyeing the logs burn away and glow—with

deer-hounds couched near, the voices in the outer hall sounding apart. Some strolling minstrel or wandering merchant with his news would often reach there when the Lady Gwen sat with her younger children—at times a Saxon monk, telling his church legend, or a stray man from Wales. But the Viking heard vacantly; he spoke seldom. There were but two things that could stir him—and those to gleams of anger, which died weakly away when the occasion was removed—the name of the haughty Norman Prior who had displaced the Abbot of Dean-Stoke, and the sight of his own elder son, who, as he grew, had begun to display traces of the same violent spirit that once marked his father.

The snow wrapt hill and forest, and the wind roared through them, filling the thick air as with fits of ocean spray, when Viking Godfred could rise no longer from his couch. Seeing that his end drew near, Lady Gwen had secretly sent to the Priory for priests with the last office; and since the lord of Merlitor had been baptised, the harsh Norman ecclesiastic could ill refuse the gentle lady. In the morning, with Saxon monks bearing the Host very reverently, the Prior's Norman chaplain appeared. The lady of Merlitor received him at the chamber door, and led in where the family stood gazing; she was ready to partake it with the Viking first, if he would but receive the mass and give to her again. He stared out strangely, seeing the priests, but listened to the Latin until the chaplain stretched his hand. Then with a sudden effort, half raising himself, the Viking put it by. "It is cold!" he well-nigh shouted to the priest; "give me wine—wine of the south!" It was with horror that the monks stared, for he had scornfully cast down the holy wafer, so that they had to seek for it about the bed—while, still calling for wine the more fiercely, the dying man supported himself. Some one hurried to him with a goblet, which he drank half empty at a draught, and letting it fall upon the bed, sank slowly down. His eyes glittered wildly, and the Norman chaplain, turning with gestures of anathema, passed straight

out, followed by the monks in deep dismay, with that rejected mystery.

Yet the wind had ceased, to utter stillness: hill and forest shown white beyond the deep slope in the thickness of the wall, that narrowed toward the daylight; and being near Christmas time, it fell with some solace amidst the sore anguish of the Lady Gwen, as she stood alone, holding her husband's hand when the rest were gone, and hearing his wild ravings. Could she but have caught one distant clash of bells from the Priory through the winter calm, it would have upheld her heart yet more. His hand stirred not, but his uplifted voice ran ceaseless upon Thor and Odin, the fierce fight and fiercer feast, the storm-wind, or the fire of towns; and amidst all there was but one word of a harp, mingled with shouts about a broken painted window. All at once the old fiend was near, making him hiss and whisper; her inward prayer broke out aloud; he was struggling as with the foe, and blindly striving to take his hand from hers. But with terror-stricken gaze on him, she lost not her hold; she saw his dilated eyes for a moment, the hand relaxed within her grasp, he shuddered upwards and lay still. The Viking was dead. All her grief broke forth then, and, with the shriek that brought all into the chamber, Gwen fell weeping on the bed, the only stranger who had never felt great awe of the Viking Ollobik himself, nor shrunk from his aspect.

She herself lived long, bringing up the children who honoured her—widely known for alms, and highly reckoned by the Church even by the Norman prior. For, long as she lived, there were ever masses saying for the soul of the Viking Godfred Ollobik; and a great painted window in the Abbey Church, which had been broken by the snow-storm that night before his death, was repaired in the costliest manner at her charges,—a thing which gave her the utmost joy to do, since she persisted in the strange tale, that,

however he could have known it—what was not then known to herself—her lord in his very dying moments had been earnestly troubled that that window had been broken. The saints' faces in it, the St. Catherine's wheel, and the bright Assumption of the Virgin, full of angels, were thus all diligently restored as they had been before. Nay, it was thought at the priory that a miracle had been wrought through the pagan Viking for this end. While there were even some to say latterly, among the laity, that the demand of the old Norse Berserkir for wine was perchance but a sign of the deeper devoutness; and if John de Wycliffe, afterwards, had known of it, he might have deemed him an early reformer. At last, with silvered hair, ever beloved, pious, charitable, the Lady Gwen of Merlitor was laid by the Viking in an aisle of Dean-Stoke Priory.

Sweet Gwen! Through the dreary darkness of that age, how true was the guidance of warm love and a dim faith!

The harp of old had few chords, and the skill of their melody was simple. They were valour, and natural reverence, and remorse; strange pity, and impassioned love, and shadowy sympathy, and mysterious trust.

But to our far-off many-fibred consciousness that hearkens, they thrill through the dust like human heart-strings, reproaching it with ingratitude to Time for his gifts. *They* seem the living impulses by which the world advances; while these steam powers, these boasts of knowledge, this metal faith, and this self-fondling, are like the ghostly sense by which we reach back to them. Have we yet put a price on goodness, kindness, mildness—on fidelity, and sanctity, and wisdom—refinement, comfort, light, life, beauty—the seeds sown for us, and the buds blossomed, and the fruits ripened for us, through blood, and work, and agony that are forgotten?

It is of a portion of the family thus strangely founded that the after-history has to tell.

RUSKIN ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING.

WE have been content to wait, without the slightest feeling of impatience, for the publication of the lectures which Mr Ruskin was kind enough to deliver at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in the course of last winter. Judging from what we saw and heard, it would have been unfair to have dealt with him in the mere capacity of a lecturer. He is by no means qualified by nature for a public appearance on a rostrum, and he committed an egregious error in attempting to act as his own rhapsodist. The very best productions of genius lose their effect under the influence of a bad delivery, a pedantic manner, and a monotonous voice; and although we were not by any means convinced that the matter of Mr Ruskin's lectures would, on examination, be found so valuable as to call for unqualified praise, we were willing to suppose them, in reality, a good deal better than they sounded. Besides this, it is proper to remember that the popular lecturer must necessarily, if he understands his craft at all, accommodate himself to the understanding of his immediate audience. A spoken discourse, in order to be effective, must be more simple in language, more varied in style, and more discursive than one which is intended merely to be read. The lecturer must make points, or attempts to do so, if he wishes to keep alive the interest and rivet the attention of his hearers; and this cannot be done without some sacrifice of proportion, and very often of congruity. We are therefore bound to excuse, in an oral lecture, a degree of extravagance, clap-trap, and spurious declamation, which would not be tolerated in a book; just as we never think of analysing critically the speeches which are delivered in Parliament before they have undergone revision, or of assuming them to be proper specimens of the written style of the deliverer. We were fully convinced that Mr. Ruskin,

at his leisure and while preparing the volume for the press, would consider it necessary to modify or alter several of the views which he enunciated from the platform, and would strike out a good deal of rubbish, and some unintelligible raving. Certain alterations and excisions he has made, but not very many; and we must therefore consider his book in the light of a deliberate treatise upon Art.

Catholic it is not throughout; for to a certain extent it must be considered as an especial lecture delivered to the citizens of Edinburgh, and applicable to the architecture of the Modern Athens. Here there can be no doubt that Mr. Ruskin, either through sincere conviction, or that contradictory and arraigning spirit which characterises the whole of his writings, has exhibited no lack of courage. He came to lecture upon architecture, and the very first thing he did was to denounce *in cumulo* the whole of Edinburgh as it stands, Churches, public buildings, streets, private houses—all came within the scope of his sweeping denunciation. "Dull and monotonous stones" is about his mildest term. Hear him on a church:—"One of your most costly and ugly buildings, the great church with the dome, at the end of George Street, I think I never saw a public building with a principal entrance so utterly ghastly and oppressive; and it is as weak as it is ghastly." Hear him on public buildings:—"Your decorations are just as monotonous as your simplicities. How many Corinthian and Doric columns do you think there are in your banks, and post-offices, institutions, and I know not what else, one exactly like another?—and yet you expect to be interested?" Hear him on our streets:—"As you walk up or down George Street, for instance, do you not look eagerly for every opening to the north and south, which lets in the lustre of the Firth of Forth, or the rugged out-

line of the Castle Rock! Take away the sea-waves and the dark basalt, and I fear you would find little to interest you in George Street by itself." Hear him on our houses:—"Nothing but square-cut stone—square-cut stone—a wilderness of square-cut stone for ever and for ever; so that your houses look like prisons, and truly are so; for the worst feature of Greek architecture is, indeed, not its costliness, but its tyranny. These square stones are *not* prisons of the body, but graves of the soul (!!!) for the very men who could do sculpture like that of Lyons for you are here! still here, is your despised workmen: the race has not degenerated, *it is you who have bound them down, and buried them beneath your Greek stones.* There would be a resurrection of them, as of renewed souls, if you would only lift the weight of these weary walls from off their hearts."

Mercy on us—what awful sinners we have been! Friend of our bosom—were you aware when you purchased that house in Moray Place, that some two dozen human souls were helplessly buried under your Greek stones? Did it occur to you at the first banquet you gave under your new roof, when so much excellent claret was discussed, that the mansion of which you were so proud was not truly a prison, but a grave of the soul? Why did you bind down these unfortunate spirits, worse off than Ariel groaning in the entrails of the oak? Up—in the name of humanity—raise your house, to the foundation, and "lift the weight of these weary walls from off their hearts!" Could you not get your neighbours to join you in the blessed work of demolition? The houses in Moray Place don't cost more, on an average, than three thousand pounds each; and for an additional four thousand, you can not only deliver countless souls now wailing in bondage among the drains, but erect real Gothic palaces, with no end of pepper-boxes and pointed gables, according to designs which, doubtless, the ingenious and modest Mr. Ruskin will be glad to furnish. What—do you grumble at the expense? Be wise in time, for sooner or later the change must be made. Ruskin hath spoken it, and you had

better make a virtue of necessity. Hear the prophet! "But MY PURPOSE must at last be accomplished for all this. The labourer among the grave-stones of our modern architecture must yet be roused up, and become a living soul. Before he can be thus raised, the whole system of Greek architecture, as practised in the present day, must be annihilated; but it *will* be annihilated, and that speedily. For truth and judgment are its declared opposites, and against these nothing ever finally prevailed, or shall prevail." Bravo, Ruskin! Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!

Well now—we must not become too ecstatic at the beginning; for there is yet ample scope for rapture before us. Let us take Mr. Ruskin's criticism of the New Town of Edinburgh *en masse*. He condemns the whole of it. He admits the magnificence of the situation, but he says that we have not done justice to it. We can only find one sentence in the whole of his lectures which will bear anything like the contrary construction, and it is this:—"I do not say that, even when you regard your city in this scrupulous and testing spirit, you have not considerable ground for exultation. As far as I am acquainted with modern architecture, I am aware of no streets which in simplicity and manliness of style, or general breadth and brightness of effect, equal those of the New Town of Edinburgh." Here, then, would seem to be some favorable testimony; but mark what immediately follows:—"But yet I am well persuaded that, as you traverse those streets, your feelings of pleasure and pride in them are much complicated with those which are excited entirely by the surrounding scenery." And he immediately goes on, by way of contrast, to describe Verona thus:—

"Now, I remember a city, more nobly placed even than your Edinburgh, which, instead of the valley that you have now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water sweeping through the heart of it; which, for the dark and solitary rock that bears your castle, has an ample theatre of cliffs crested with cypresses and olive; which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ranges of the Pentlands, has a chain of blue mountains higher

than the haughtiest peaks of your Highlands; and which, for your far away Ben-Ledi and Ben-More, has the great central chain of the St. Gothard Alps; and yet, as you go out of the gates, and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous; it does not look for the gaps between the houses as you do here; it may, for a few moments, follow the broken line of the great Alpine battlements; but it is only where they form a background for other battlements, built by the hand of man. There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough to do in the streets of the city itself; they are contented there; nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery, as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls that cast their shades upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depth of the sky."

This is really a passage worth considering; for, to our mind, it knocks the whole of Mr. Ruskin's architectural theories on the head. The lectures devoted to that subject are intended to show that the forms of architecture, and all its ornaments, ought to be, as much as possible, faithful imitations of nature; and he invariably points to the vegetable kingdom for his supply of models. Now, let us concede all that, and give him anything else he wishes. Let him derive the idea of spires from Alpine peaks, take the notion of sloping roofs from mushroom, and make the most of the old story of the acanthus,—all that he can arrive at is, that architecture is to be imitative of nature. Well, suppose it to be so to the utmost extent. Suppose that art has done its utmost—can it transcend the original? We hardly think that Mr. Ruskin, who is in the habit of quoting Scripture a great deal more than is necessary, and sometimes with very little show of appositeness, can maintain that. Would he then have the kindness to explain, which he certainly has not done, *why*, in the midst of such magnificent scenery as he describes, the eye instinctively turns to the architecture of the city, refusing the landscape without? Is Mr. Ruskin quite sure that his vision, or the objects in which that vision

delights, are the same with those of the majority of mankind? There are many kinds of eyes, or rather attractions for eyesight. The antiquary would rather look upon a mouldy coin than on a sunrise from the top of the Righi. Clap a geologist into a fossil quarry, and he will swear at you, amidst his chippings, if you ask him to contemplate the glories of a dissolving rainbow. What natural phenomena would wile a gutter-blood from the contemplation of a confectioner's window, or a humorous hawbuck from the facetious pleasantries of *Punch*? Just so was it with Mr. Ruskin at Verona. He was gazing at the old houses, cusps, gutters, &c., and if the Himalaya mountains had been behind, he would not have deigned to honour them with his lordly ken. But he comes, for the purpose of lecturing, to Edinburgh, where there is a want of cusps, and where the windows do not suit his fancy; and then he falls foul of us, because we allow the eye to dwell on the noble scenery beyond. And yet this very same gentleman affects to talk with entire glibness about relation and proportion. Hitherto men have supposed, in all ages, that the beauty of a city or town was greatly enhanced by its natural situation. Mr. Ruskin takes pains to show us that it ought to be entirely dependent on its architecture; and, where that is complete, the eye disregards all the grander points of scenery. And so, because he saw no leaf-carvings round the windows of the private houses of Edinburgh, and objected specially to their square form, and having nothing in the way of his own peculiar hobby to amuse himself withal, he looked towards the Firth of Forth and the Castle Rock, and now abuses us most heartily because we have not crammed the windows of our dwelling-houses full of idiotic designs, conceived, not in the full manner of mediæval art, but directly copied from specimens in our Botanical and Zoological Gardens!

Let us admit, as we do quite freely, that some of our public buildings are but indifferent specimens of architecture. We are not Quixotic enough to stand up for St. Stephen's or the West Churches, Nelson's Monument, or some of the queer little cruet

which are dotted on the Calton Hill ; nevertheless we maintain that there are as many fine architectural buildings in and around Edinburgh as any other city in the United Kingdom can show. It is true that they are not, for the most part, Gothic ; and therefore Mr. Ruskin must necessarily consider them to be "accursed." But we care no more for his denunciations than the Israelites did for the raving of Balaam against his ass. We are content to take the general verdict of the world, and of all strangers of cultivated taste who visit us, in favour of the architectural beauty and splendid effect of Edinburgh as a city ; and Mr. Ruskin is quite welcome to prolong to infinity his lugubrious and carping diatribe. The peculiarity of Edinburgh is, that it attracts and rivets the eye from every adjacent point. View it from the opposite coast of Fife, near Burntisland—from the road between Granton and Comely Bank—from Corstorphine, from the Braid, or from the Calton hills—from Arthur's Seat, or the battlements of the Castle—and no mind, save that of an obstinate bigot, can fail to recognise and appreciate its wondrous beauty. The general plan and architecture of the town is in marvellous harmony with the locality on which it is situated. Pass into the town itself, and every here and there you have a glimpse of the splendid landscape around—of the Highland mountains, of the wide Firth of Forth, of the Castle rock, of Arthur's Seat, the Pentlands, and the beautiful curvature of Musselburgh and Aberlady bays, so that nature and art go hand in hand assisting and relieving one another. Such is the city which Mr. Ruskin had the exquisite good taste to come down to Scotland specially to abuse !

Well—we must endeavour to bear the snubbing as we best can. Even if Mr. Ruskin had convinced us that he is right, we fear it would be impossible at this time of day to pull down all our public buildings in order that they might be reconstructed according to his transcendental principles. He has quite mistaken his field of action. It is of no use to broach his theories in a country where earthquakes are unknown : if he wants to shine as an

architectural missionary, he ought to betake himself to some tropical region where such convulsions are frequent, and where cities go down in a quarter of an hour, like so many fabrics of cards. There he would undoubtedly shine, or at all events procure—what he is not likely to do here—an opportunity of exhibiting his skill. We confess that we should rather like to see an entirely Ruskinesque city. Of course it would be necessary to assign some kind of limit to the expenditure, and also to take care that the houses were made habitable ; for, in the absence of these conditions, it would be possible to rear structures similar to those which Martin was so fond of depicting in his colossal representations of Nineveh. It is decidedly to be regretted that he has not given us a plan, so that a fair opportunity might have been afforded for trying it in the construction of the new streets presently projected to the west of Clarendon Crescent. Private enterprise is manifestly out of the question. We do not choose to risk the chance of destroying the symmetry of our streets by allowing individuals to set down at random any species of edifice they may fancy. We believe, foolishly it may be, in opposition to Mr. Ruskin, that a street of connected houses, especially when these are private dwellings, ought to be methodically constructed, and that in no other way can the like noble effect be produced. It is this regularity, giving, for instance, to the whole side of a square the appearance of a single building, which makes our streets so beautiful ; but Mr. Ruskin cannot see this—he maintains that uniformity is a crime.

To the ordinary square window he takes especial objection. He insists upon the superior beauty of the pointed Gothic arch, and recommends it for our adoption. By way of sample, he subjoins a drawing of a window from Oakham Castle, which appears to us remarkably clumsy, and utterly unsuitable to the primary object of a window, which is to give light to the room within. He then asks—"If every window in your streets were of some such form, with perpetual change in their ornaments, would you pass up and down the street with as much indifference as now, when your win-

dows are of *this* (i. e., the square) form?" We answer, in the first place, that the people of Edinburgh are by no means indifferent to the beauty of their streets. They admire them greatly; but they do not consider it necessary, every time they step out upon business, to stand gaping at windows, or glowering like so many mooncalves. They are habituated to beauty, for they see it daily about them, and have seen it since the days of their boyhood; and it is hardly to be expected that they shall look around them with the minute curiosity of a stranger. Let any man, who is not an absolute enthusiast in stones and carving, take up his residence for three weeks beside the noblest cathedral that ever was designed or reared by art, and by the end of that time he will pass it with as little regard as if it were a barber's shop. He has by no means lost his capacity for admiration, nor has he become disappointed in any way with the cathedral—but he has something else to do than to gaze for ever upon one massive pile. How many of those whose pursuits lead them daily to pass by Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, give even a momentary glance at the building? We apprehend that, unless there be connected with it some object of extraneous interest, not one out of a thousand. By suspending a workman from a rope, and letting him down on the dome or from the turret, you may easily enough collect a crowd; but they are not looking at the familiar stones—they are attracted by the unusual and somewhat perilous attitude of the man.

There is only one test which can be properly applied in a matter of this kind. If, after return from foreign travel, you feel yourself humiliated by the aspect of your native city, then you may fairly conclude that its architecture is not of a kind which a polished stranger would admire. If, on the contrary, you are still freshly alive to its beauties—nay, feel them to be enhanced by the contrasts which you have seen—then you are bound not to surrender that opinion at the bidding of any impertinent interloper. To compare Edinburgh with Nuremberg, Antwerp, Rouen, or any other repository of mediæval tracery and design,

is pure absurdity. Our houses are built and admirably constructed for comfort. The streets which they compose are methodically laid out, well-balanced, and generally of a palatial appearance. The thoroughfares are wide, giving from every point of prospect a noble and commanding view. Our public buildings are such as can be reared in a city which is not an emporium of commercial wealth, but which, under difficult circumstances, has always maintained the aspect, character, and high position of a capital. We might have done better, had our means been larger—but we have done what we could; and the result is, that, except by an occasional crazy empiric, our city is universally admired. And, most assuredly, we shall not consent to accept advice from a critic, who, when dealing with the schools of painting, talks of "a gulf of foolishness, into the bottom of which you may throw Claude and Salvator, neither of them deserving to give a name to anything."

We confess that the excessive puppyism and calm pretension of this book has considerably raised our bile. The founder of a school, or the practical demonstrator of a principle, has always a right to be heard. Such men as Inigo Jones or Vanburgh might have stepped forward, declaring that their notions of art in the branch of architecture were higher, loftier, and better than those of their predecessors—and they had something visible to point to in proof of their assertion. But here is a gentleman, who, for aught we know, does not possess knowledge enough to design an ordinary pig-sty, proclaiming himself as an universal regenerator of architecture and painting throughout the universe. The position is undoubtedly a high one, and the man who aims at attaining it ought to be fortified by strong testimonials. Nothing of the kind does Mr. Ruskin deign to adduce. He comes forward in the strong power of unproductive genius. If the weakest poet of the new Spasmodic school had, in the preface to his own effusions, declared his conviction that Homer was an ass, and Shakespeare an impostor, this much might be said for him, that he at least challenged comparison. Mr.

Ruskin takes a safer, but, we must be allowed to say, a much more pusillanimous line. He has nothing whatever of his own to show; and when he attempts general criticism, he writes, not with the power of a maniac, but with the incoherence of an absolute driveller; and lest these words of ours should be considered harsh or overstrained, we call the attention of our readers to the following passage on the subject of Greek architecture. We have frequently had the gratification of hearing what are called absolute nonsense-speeches, from renowned masters of the art; but we defy any of them, under the influence of the most powerful potations, to rival this. Partial as we are to the game of "high-jinks," as still resorted to by several of our most distinguished citizens at festive meetings in the Fleshmarket Close and elsewhere, we never could have expected that any man would have ventured to make so daring an experiment within the walls of the Philosophic Institution. Hear him on the subject of the "accursed architecture."

"Accursed, I call it, with deliberate purpose. It needed but the gathering up of a Babylonish garment to trouble Israel; these marble garments of the ancient idols of the Gentiles, how many have they troubled! Gathered out of their ruins by the second Babylon—gathered by the Papal Church in the extremity of her sin—raised up by her, not when she was sending forth her champions to preach in the highway, and pine in the desert, and perish in the fire, but in the very scarlet frontage and fulness of her guilt, when her priests *vested themselves not with purple only, but with blood, and bade the cups of their feasting foam not with wine only, but with hemlock*—raised by the hands of the Leos and the Borgia—raised first into that mighty temple where the seven hills slope to the Tiber, that marks by its massy dome the central spot where Rome has reversed the words of Christ, and, as He vivified the stone to the apostleship, she petrifies the apostleship into the stumbling-stone—exalted there first, as if to mark what work it has to do, *it went forth*" [WHAT went forth? Architecture!] "to paralyse or to pollute and wherever it came, the lustre faded from the streets of our cities, the grey towers and glorious arches of our abbeys fell by the riversides, the love of nature was uprooted

from the hearts of men—base luxuries and cruel formalisms were festered and frozen into them from their youth; and at last, where, from his fair Gothic chapel beside the Seine, the king St Louis had gone forth, followed by his thousands, in the cause of Christ, another king was dragged forth from the gates of his Renaissance palace, to die by the hands of the thousands of his people gathered in another crusade; or what shall that be called whose sign was, not the cross, but the guillotine?"

We have perused a good deal of undaunted nonsense in our day, but never aught like this. It is a first-rate specimen of what our French neighbours term *galimatias*—in the vernacular, balderdash; and we trust that it will be preserved for the benefit of future students of composition. If it means anything, it is this,—that, under the influence of the Church of Rome, about the time of the Reformation (for that is the era of the Leos and the Borgias), the taste for Renaissance architecture was disseminated over Europe, and that wherever it came, "the grey towers and glorious arches of our abbeys fell by the river sides." We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Mr. Ruskin for the new vista which he thus opens to our contemplation. Hitherto we had entertained the belief that the demolition of our old abbeys and cathedrals was mainly attributable to the extravagant zeal of the early Reformers, and to their hatred of everything which bore the stamp of Rome; and, to this day, Roman Catholics are particularly fond of twitting us with the extreme barbarity of the iconoclasm. Hitherto we have not found it easy to frame a plausible defence for the wholesale act of Vandalism, which reduced some of our noblest monuments of antiquity to heaps of mouldering ruins. But we are now comforted. Mr. Ruskin has discovered that the hostility to Gothic architecture was an emanation from Rome herself—that "the second Babylon" had set herself deliberately to gather up the "marble garments of the ancient idols of the Gentiles," and to impose them instead of the Gothic covering, to which, somehow or other, she had conceived an excessive loathing. Not,

therefore, until Rome willed it, did "the grey towers and glorious arches of our abbeys" fall. It is, however, a great pity that this marvellous discovery was not made some centuries earlier. If John Knox and his coadjutors had been assured that in pulling down Gothic abbeys, and in putting up churches of unpretending form, they were directly forwarding the views of Rome, whose intention it was, by means of Greek architecture, to heathenise the people, they would no doubt have done everything in their power to preserve and renovate, instead of overthrowing. But there was no Ruskin to enlighten them; so they fell into the snare of the Man of Sin, and abetted the designs of the second Babylon! But, what is worst of all, ever since the Reformation we have been deliberately heathenising the people by giving the preference to simple architecture, and restricting ourselves in Gothic ornamentation. Hear Mr. Ruskin again.

"In reality, so far from exaggerating, I have not grasp enough of thought to embrace the evils which have resulted among all the orders of European society from the introduction of the renaissance schools of building, in turning away the eyes of the beholder from natural beauty and reducing the workmen to the level of a machine. In the Gothic times, writing, painting, carving, casting—it mattered not what—were all works done by thoughtful and happy men; and the illumination of the volume, and the carving and casting of wall and gate, employed, not thousands, but millions, of true and noble *artists* over all Christian lands. Men in the same position are now left utterly without intellectual power or pursuit, and being unhappy in their work, they rebel against it: hence one of the worst forms of unchristian socialism."

So much for the effect of renaissance architecture and absence of ornamentation on the workman. Now for that produced from the same cause upon the wealthier classes of society:—

"Finally, if we examine the influence which the luxury, and, still more, the heathenism, joined with the essential dullness of these schools, have had on the upper classes of society, it will ultimately be found that no impressions are energetic enough to describe, nor broad enough to embrace, the enormous moral evils which have risen from them."

Certainly Mr. Ruskin has the happiest knack of any man alive, of extracting sermons from stones—but what kind of sermons! What is the meaning of this discordant howl about the degradation of the workmen, as irrational as it is unfounded! If luxury has increased in correspondence to the augmentation of modern wealth, so has art been liberally patronised. Look at our schools of design: is the teaching in them dull, monotonous, and degrading? Look at our manufactures in metal, glass, and porcelain, specimens of which you will find even in the humblest house in Britain—compare them with the older productions—not forgetting the extent to which they are circulated—and then tell us if the workman is left without intellectual stimulus or encouragement. Look at the paper on the walls, the lamps suspended from the ceilings, or placed upon brackets in the rooms—the intricate carving of the furniture—the paintings upon services of china-ware—the elaboration of the work of the silversmith, which are met with everywhere in the houses of men of moderate fortune or income, and then tell us if no encouragement is given to the workman. In the Gothic times, as Mr. Ruskin says, writing was monopolised by some "thoughtful and happy men"—is that to be taken as an assertion of the degrading influence of printing? Was it better that a few lazy monks should be employed in illuminating missals, than that hundreds of thousands should be employed in wood-cutting, metal-engraving, and lithography, to disseminate a knowledge of art far and wide among the people? We do not hesitate to express our belief that there is more thoughtful and intellectual work performed in one month within the compass of Great Britain, than was given to the artificers of all Europe in twenty years during the Gothic period. As for carving and casting, and what he calls Gothic ornamentation, we really think that Mr. Ruskin ought to be a little more cautious in his statements, and not presume quite so much upon the entire ignorance of his audience. There is much in Gothic tracery which we sincerely admire; for we hope we have never fallen into

Mr. Ruskin's capital error, of depreciating all other styles, for the sole glorification of one especial favourite; but there is a vast proportion, even on the exterior of churches, which is neither Christian nor modest, but, on the contrary, depraved and dirty. As to adherence to nature, is it not a fact that an immense deal of the Gothic carving is utterly grotesque and bizarre—as unlike anything created, as the lions, leopards, and eagles of heraldry are to their living prototypes? We do not object to the display of fancy, or even fantasy, which is apparent in the old stonework—we rather like it, when it is not indecent or profane; but Mr. Ruskin positively objects to everything which is not copied from nature.

But let us now attempt to ascertain for what practical purpose these lectures were prepared, delivered, and published. We cannot suspect Mr. Ruskin of a design to make the good people of Edinburgh dissatisfied and discontented with their homes, without offering some curative suggestions. All lectures or lessons tend towards improvement; and therefore let us see what he suggests by way of remedying our architectural deformities.

Some moderation he undoubtedly has; for he does not insist upon the demolition of the city. To begin with the simplest matter, he wishes us to reform our windows. Here are his views—

"You surely must all of you feel and admit the delightfulness of a bow window; I can hardly fancy a room can be perfect without one. Now, you have nothing to do but to resolve that every one of your principal rooms shall have a bow window, either large or small. Sustain the projection of it on a bracket, crown it above with a little peaked roof, and give a massy piece of stone sculpture to the pointed arch in each of its casements, and you will have as inexhaustible a source of quaint richness in your street architecture, as of additional comfort and delight in the interiors of your rooms."

We do not in the slightest degree doubt the quaintness of the effect. It would be quite as quaint as the paint-streaks on the face of the clown in a pantomime. Let us instance Charlotte Square or Moray Place—let the houses there be treated as

Mr. Ruskin recommends, and what would be the consequence? Utter incongruity, marring and destroying the palatial effect of the whole, just as much as if, in the construction of a single isolated dwelling-house, a separate architect was to be intrusted with the care of each window, without the slightest regard to the designs which might be used by the others. Take Somerset House, or any other extensive building you please, and just consider what sort of botch-work would be made if every window were constructed on a different principle and plan! And yet that is precisely what Mr. Ruskin recommends us to do, with great hopes of the future. Nay, he is peculiarly complaisant and comforting, and an absolute latitudinarian when he comes to treat of reform; for although the foundations of our houses are laid upon the buried souls of workmen, and must be, according to his own showing, radically wrong and sinful, he gives us considerable encouragement to proceed.

"You must expect at first that there will be difficulties and inconsistencies in carrying out the new style; but they will soon be conquered if you attempt not too much at once. Do not be afraid of incongruities—do not think of unities of effect (!!!) Introduce your Gothic line by line, and stone by stone; *never mind mixing it with your present architecture*; your existing houses will be none the worse for having little bits of better work fitted to them; build a porch, or point a window, if you can do nothing else; and remember that it is the glory of Gothic architecture that it can do *anything*. Whatever you really and seriously want, Gothic will do for you, but it must be an *earnest* want. It is its pride to accommodate itself to your needs; and the one general law under which it acts is simply this,—find out what will make you comfortable, build that in the strongest and boldest way, and then set your fancy free in the decoration of it. Don't do anything to imitate this cathedral, or that, however beautiful. Do what is convenient; and if the form be a new one, so much the better; then set your mason's wits to work to find out some new way of treating it. Only be steadily determined that, even if you cannot get the best Gothic, at least you will will have no Greek; and in a few years' time—in less time than you could learn a new science or a

new language thoroughly—the whole art of your native country will be re-animated.”

Alas for Edinburgh, if the advice of this eminent connoisseur were to be taken! Let us suppose that No. 1. a pervert of Mr. Ruskin, begins by darkening his drawing-room through the adoption of Onkham windows. He closes up half the space in the centre by a solid shaft with mouldings, which serve as receptacles for a perpetual deposit of soot; and, though intended to represent wreathings of the oak, bear always the hue of the cypress. No. 2, being a stage farther advanced, takes a fancy for the double-pointed Dumblane window of which Mr. Ruskin has given a drawing. If so, he does it at the peril of entire obscurity, for the light of day could hardly penetrate through the mysterious cranny. No. 3 has a craze for oriel windows; and having read Scripture under the direction of Mr. Ruskin, and being impressed with the literal meaning of the passage which he quotes thus: “Behold, I will *lay thy stones with fair colours*, and thy foundations with sapphires; and I will make thy *window of agates*, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones”—conceives that he is inheriting the promise by putting stained glass in his wheel windows, surrounding them with fantastic tracing, and giving a coat of vermillion to his outer door! These are not our fancies; we should be extremely sorry and ashamed if they were; they are those of Mr. Ruskin, who, after the foregoing quotation, declares that this is not “merely an emblem of spiritual blessing.”

So much for Ruskin upon windows, as applied to the improvement of our architecture. If he had his will, and could get an adequate number of blockheads to follow his advice, he would change our noble city from what it is now to a sort of petrification of Bartholomew fair. Fortunately—or rather necessarily, for what else could be expected?—he has made no converts in Edinburgh. On the contrary, the opinions he enunciated have been scouted by all manner of men, and we shall be very much mistaken indeed if the direc-

tors of the Philosophic Institution apply to him again to deliver a course of lectures touching the re-edification of the metropolis of Scotland. But we must not altogether pass from his proposal for Gothic porches. He insists upon their utility as follows:

“You will all admit that there is neither romance nor comfort in waiting at your own or at any one else’s door on a windy and rainy day till the servant comes from the end of the house to open it. You all know the critical nature of that opening—the drift of wind into the passage, the impossibility of putting down the umbrella at the proper moment without getting a cupful of water dropped down the back of your neck from the top of the doorway; and you know how little these inconveniences are abated by the common Greek porticos at the top of the steps. You know how the east winds blow through those unlucky couples of pillars, which are all that your architects find consistent with due observance of Doric order. Then, away with these absurdities; and the next house you build, insist upon having the pure old Gothic porch, walled in on both sides, with its pointed arch entrance and gable roof above. Under that, you can put down your umbrella at your leisure, and, if you will, stop a moment to talk to your friend as you give him the parting shake of the hand. And if, now and then, a wayfarer found a moment’s rest on a stone seat on each side of it, I believe you would find the insides of your houses not one whit the less comfortable; and, if you answer me, that were such refuges built in the open streets, they would become mere nests of filthy vagrants, I reply that I do not despair of such a change in the administration of the poor-laws of this country, as shall no longer leave any of our fellow-creatures in a state in which they would pollute the steps of our houses by resting upon them for a night. But if not, the command to all of us is strict and straight, ‘When thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to *thy house*.’ Not to the workhouse, observe, but to *thy house*.”

This a good instance of the manner in which Mr. Ruskin applies Scripture. We have in this city a House of Refuge, appropriated expressly for the destitute, where every applicant may obtain food and shelter for the night. Whether, in the days of Isaiah, there

was any corresponding place of accommodation in Jerusalem, we do not know, and need not inquire; but it appears to us that the text in question applies only to the poor *that are cast out*—in other words, to those who but for private charity must pass the night in the streets. That, however, is not the case with any section of our poor. Shelter, as we have said, is afforded to all, under an admirable system of regulations; and, therefore, there is no call upon any of us to convert our dwelling-houses into habitual places of refuge. Mr. Ruskin, however, will not take that interpretation. He insists upon the positive duty, irrespective of the work-house or any other place of refuge, of bringing the poor "*to thy house.*" **BUT THERE HE STOPS!** *To and into* are very different things. Mr. Ruskin has no objection that vagrants shall occupy his Gothic porch, but he says not a single word about giving them a bellyful of broth, and a seat at the kitchen fire. Now, what kind of charity is this? Let us suppose that you, having provided yourself with one of Mr. Ruskin's Gothic porches, encounter on your way home, of a bitterly cold night in January, two or three shivering wretches. What is your duty then as a Christian? Not, says the sympathetic Ruskin, to direct them to the public institution or House of Refuge, where they will obtain food, fire, and shelter, but to invite them to accompany you *to your house*. You do so. You desire them benevolently to make themselves comfortable on the stone benches of the porch, and then, by the aid of your Chubb, you step into your warm house, lock and bolt the door, and after a comfortable glass of something hot, go religiously to bed, leaving the objects of your tender-heartedness exposed to the winds of heaven, with the thermometer standing at three degrees above zero!

It so happens that, in Edinburgh, there is no lack of refuge of this kind, without the aid of Gothic porches. Those who have studied the internal economy of a common stair, must have a very pungent notion of the results of unrestricted shelter. It was our fortune to reside for several years opposite to a common stair; and we

acquired a sufficient knowledge of its statistics to convince us that a more abominable nuisance could not be conceived. The first fact that riveted our attention was the unwonted degree of emigration from that tenement. Nobody seemed to occupy the flats for a longer period than a twelvemonth; and ever as the term-day came round, there was a gathering of carts round the devoted door, and a barricade of crazy furniture on the pavement. This fact seemed to require some explanation. The locality was a good one, and the upper storeys commanded a remarkably expanded view. The rents demanded were the reverse of exorbitant, and there could be no complaints about the drainage. Still nobody would remain in that tenement. We then set ourselves seriously to ascertain the cause of this excessive unpopularity, and the observation of a couple of days was sufficient to unravel the mystery. There was a separate bell for each tenement, and the opening of the common door was effected by the pulling of a chain from above. But somehow or other the door was never fast. Either the lock had been tampered with by the introduction of a pebble, or a small wedge of wood was inserted to prevent its shutting. The stair was open as charity, and was quite as much abused. During the day-time people who did not seem to have any business with the inhabitants, or the slightest intention of calling upon any of them, walked in and out without the slightest ceremony. In the course of the forenoon two very dirty and suspicious-looking girls, with bundles of sticks, took possession of the stair, and remained therein much longer than was necessary for any purposes of barter. Then came a hideous woman, with theft written on her forehead. She had with her a gang of children which might possibly be her own, but which probably were borrowed; and these she despatched to prowl down the opposite areas, making the common stair her own ambushment, and the general place of rendezvous. Thither, by her ragged infantry, were the scraps and pieces of broken meat conveyed; and as the lady was somewhat curious about the quality of her victuals, a great deal of refuse was left for the

benefit of the street dogs, who seemed to know that stair, and habitually to frequent it. As the shades of evening-fall, matters grew worse. There were a considerable number of Girzies in that tenement, and each of them seemed to have a sweetheart. Hulking fellows in fustian jackets, who generally smoked short pipes stuffed with the filthiest mundungus, walked deliberately into the stair, selecting that as the most convenient place for courtship. At a later period of the night, debauchery appeared without disguise; but we think we have said quite enough to demonstrate the uses which are made of places of eleemosynary shelter, and to explain in some degree the reason why common stairs are unpopular.

We say therefore that porches, if so constructed as to harbour and shelter vagrants, would be a most intolerable nuisance in such a city as Edinburgh—would serve no charitable purpose at all—but would invite obscenity and pollution. We say further, that to add solid Gothic stone porches to our present houses, would be an architectural solecism, and an eyesore; at the same time we are fully alive, on the score of comfort, to the advantage of some kind of shelter from the weather between the street and the door.

This, in our opinion, might be constructed of the lightest and most transparent material. The object being to screen those who are entering or leaving the house as much as possible from the weather, and to shorten the distance to the carriage, it should extend further than a solid porch could do without deformity. It ought to be so fashioned that the passers-by can see at once if there is any one standing within it, so that some security at least may be given against the commission of such nuisances as are inevitable in common stairs, where the shelter and concealment are complete. It ought therefore, according to our ideas, to be made of iron and glass, so as to combine strength and transparency. The possibility of such a view seems to have occurred to Mr. Ruskin; but as its adoption would be very unfavourable to his notions, he tries to discountenance it by anticipation. "his is one of the very richest bits of

his book, and is exceedingly characteristic of the author. He says:—

"Whatever has been advanced in the course of this evening, has rested on the assumption that all architecture was to be of brick or stone; and may meet with some hesitation in its acceptance, on account of the probable use of iron, glass, and such other materials in our future edifices. I cannot now enter into any statement of the possible uses of iron or glass, but I will give you one reason which I think will weigh strongly with most here, why it is not likely that they will ever become important elements in architectural effect. I know that I am speaking to a company of philosophers; but you are not philosophers of the kind who suppose that the Bible is a superannuated book; neither are you of those who think the Bible is dishonoured by being referred to for judgment in small matters."

And he then goes on to state his belief that iron architecture will never be extensively employed instead of stonework, because it is but slightly referred to, as a building material, in Scripture!

This is—to use a vulgar but expressive phrase—coming it a great deal too strong. The bulk of his audience were not philosophers; but they were people of shrewd intellect, and were exceedingly disgusted with the obvious profanity of the remark. Did Mr. Ruskin opine that the lapse of two years had obliterated the memory of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, or that his hearers were not aware that another was being erected at Sydenham? Did he presume them to be such nincompoops or bigots as to hold that no discovery or application of science is lawful, unless it is expressly mentioned in the Bible? It would seem so; for setting realities at defiance, he betook himself to an argument which would hardly have satisfied the mind even of Mause Headrigg. We repeat that his Scriptural quotations are a great deal more frequent than is at all necessary; and that he has a habit of pressing them into his service by way of supplementing his argument, which is the reverse of edifying. Mr. Ruskin knows, quite as well as we do, that hereafter iron and glass must enter largely into every architectural composition—he knows that the use of these materials is rapidly on the increase—and he can-

not, for the life of him, state any reason why they should be rejected. Nobody will think the better of him, or respect his talents the more, because he has had recourse to the very lowest form of sanctimonious pretension; his wiser course would have been to have taken no notice whatever of the existence of any material except stone, as applicable to building purposes.

One word more regarding porches before we close this branch of our subject. We have said that it is desirable for the sake of comfort to have some kind of covering between our doors and the pavement. We have indicated our opinion as to the material which should be employed; but there is still another point to be considered, and that is—Would the erection of such coverings be compatible with the symmetry of our streets? That is a point which it is desirable that our architects should very seriously consider. Owing to the introduction of shops, banks, and other buildings, we have several *broken* streets in Edinburgh in which architectural harmony is not preserved. Such, for example, are George Street and Prince Street; and these may be experimented upon *ad libitum*. But very different is the case with the streets of private residence—Moray Place, Ainslie Place, Charlotte Square, Rutland Street, Randolph Crescent, Albion Place, Heriot Row, Abercromby Place, Great King Street, Drummond Place, and many others; and we should be extremely averse to see any experiments which might injure the general symmetry of the streets, crescents, or squares, tried in these without due and careful consideration. It is a matter which ought to be taken in hand, not by individual proprietors, but by the whole body of proprietors conjunctly; for these streets having been built after a common design, any deviation from it must necessarily mar the beauty of the whole. Let Mr. Ruskin's advice be followed, and the general architectural effect of the New Town of Edinburgh will be utterly spoiled. If every man, standing upon his strict legal rights, were to break out bow windows or to rear Gothic porches, the result would be absolute discord in place of

harmony,—each street or square having been fashioned according to a plan which gave unity and grace to the whole. We do not require to defend our architects against the attacks of Mr. Ruskin, but we do think it is time for them to bestir themselves, and in the matter of porches or coverings, the need of which is greatly felt, to assist the public by their views, so that individual proprietors may not be tempted to injure the symmetry of the streets.

We have now done—and we are very glad of it—with Mr. Ruskin in his character of a Palladio, in which he cuts but a sorry figure. Let us next regard him as a painter-critic. Upon this subject he delivered two lectures, the one entitled “Turner and his Works,” the other “Pre-Raphaelitism.” The first of these is, in reality, less a lecture upon the performances or genius of Turner, than a rhapsody upon the schools of painting; and to every man who has studied art patiently, and who has given due weight to the opinions of the most eminent masters, without sacrificing his own impressions, it must appear from beginning to end a farrago of presumptuous nonsense. The introduction of the lecture we pitch overboard as trash, most liberally commingled with cant. There is nothing to detain us at the 13th century, which Mr. Ruskin simply states to be “the foundation of all art,—not merely the foundation, but the root of it; that is to say, succeeding art is not merely built upon it, but was all comprehended in it, and is developed out of it.” Then he tells us that “the 14th century is pre-eminently the age of *Thought*, the 15th the age of *Drawing*, and the 16th the age of *Painting*.” The 14th century, he asks his hearers to remember, “as the age of Dante and Cicero—the age of *Thought*.”

What Dante has to do with the pictorial art we do not rightly understand; at all events the renowned Florentine poet belongs as much to the period of Cimabue as to that of Giotto. But we do not want to get into a wrangle about primitive art or to imitate Mr. Ruskin in his parade of extraordinary knowledge. So then, let us come at once to the period of Claude and Salvator Rosa. These

are great names; and the general verdict of Europe, over a period of about two hundred years, has been pronounced in their favour as the very greatest of landscape-painters. Mr. Ruskin, however, challenges the propriety of that verdict—averts that they were as artificial as the so-called pastoral poets, who were merely cockneys, and that neither of them conveyed, in their works, a proper representation of nature. He says that "Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism. Salvator the ignorant terror," of their time.

There is no contending against criticism of this kind, which, we are sorry to say, is becoming every day more prevalent. It has been, if not engendered, at least greatly fostered by the system of popular lecturing. Any man possessing ordinary talent and an extra share of audacity, may, if he chooses to be paradoxical, command both engagements and an audience. Nay, the more paradoxical, he is, the greater will be the excitement which he causes. People don't want to hear their old impressions confirmed. They would give no attention at all to a lecturer who should prove to them the authenticity of the Bible, or insist upon moral precepts; but if he is understood to be the propounder of a new theory—to be able to say anything absolutely stunning—then they rush to hear him, as the administrator of an untried intellectual dram. We do not, by these remarks, intend to reflect upon the public taste, for the impulse is a perfectly natural one. In the days of St. Paul, the Athenians "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing;" and we have no reason to believe that in our modern age the spirit of curiosity has abated. But this renders it all the more necessary that a sharp eye should be kept on the lecturers, for they have a good deal in their power, and may be tempted to abuse their opportunity.

So far as we know, Mr. Ruskin stands alone in his denunciation of Claude and Salvator. He does not merely depreciate their merits, he treats them with the most intense contempt, asserting that neither of them were "deserving to give a name

to anything," and characterising their works as "nonentities and abortions." This is carrying presumption to an extent hitherto unparalleled. In his earliest book, published now more than ten years ago, he said something of the same kind, condemning, along with Claude and Salvator, Gaspar Poussin, Cuyp, Berghem, Both, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Teniers, Paul Potter, and Canaletti, "along with the various Van Somethings and Back Somethings, more especially and malignantly those who have labelled the sea." He wrote at that time under the name of "a Graduate of Oxford," and we, under the impression that it was the work of some intrepid youth, who wished to force his way into notice by dint of an affectation of eccentricity, contended ourselves with rebuking him in a good-humoured way for his coxcombry. Experience makes some men wiser: others it confirms in their folly. Of the latter class is Mr. Ruskin, who, so far from being convinced of the injustice of his earlier judgment, now deliberately repeats it. Very few, we think, will doubt that in this instance he is glaringly unjust. Let us take Claude, whom he calls the embodiment of "foolish pastoralism." That renowned artist was in fact a most assiduous student of nature in all its forms and phases. Sandrart himself a painter of no mean rank relates "that Claude, with all the precision of a philosopher, used to explain to him, as they walked through the fields, the causes of the different appearances of the same prospect at different hours of the day, from the reflections or refractions of light, from dews or vapours, in the evening or morning." It was this intimate knowledge of nature which enabled Claude in his composition to produce such delicious effects, though his range was comparatively limited. The five pictures transferred from the Angerstein collection to the National Gallery are almost priceless gems of art, and are in themselves sufficient refutation of the outrageous absurdities of Mr. Ruskin.

Now, why should the lecturer have gone out of his way to abuse Claude and Salvator? Simply, we apprehend, because they are generally held to be the two greatest landscape-

painters, and because he wished to humble them before his especial idol, the late Mr. Joseph Turner. This is neither fair nor judicious. If it be true, as he asserts, that Turner's genius infinitely transcended that of the others, the triumph would have been much enhanced by assigning them a loftier place. It is no mighty feat to surpass "nonentities and abortions." But the fact is that Mr. Ruskin has neither judgment nor moderation. The celebrated lines of Dryden upon Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, may be most aptly applied to him :

"Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil."

We must, therefore, be prepared to find him as extravagant in his laudation of Turner, as in his censure of Claude and Salvator. Nay, he is even more extravagant, as the following passage will show :—

"You have some ground to night to accuse me of dogmatism. I can bring no proof before you of what I so boldly assert. But I would not have accepted your invitation to address you, unless I had felt that I had a right to be, in this matter, dogmatic. I did not come here to tell you of my beliefs and conjectures; I come to tell you the truth, which I have given fifteen years of my life to ascertain, that this man, this Turner, of whom you have known so little while he was living among you, *will one day take his place beside Shakespeare and Verulam, in the annals of the light of England (!!!)*.

"Yes : beside Shakespeare and Verulam, a third star in that central constellation, round which, in the astronomy of intellect, all other stars make their circuit. By Shakespeare, humanity was unsealed to you ; by Verulam the *principles* of nature ; and by Turner, her *aspect*. All these were sent to unlock one of the gates of light, and to unlock it for the first time. But of all these three, though not the greatest, Turner was the most unprecedented in his work. Bacon did what Aristotle had attempted ; Shakespeare did perfectly what Æschylus did partially ; but none before Turner had lifted the veil from the face of nature ; the majesty of the hills and forests had received no interpretation, and the clouds passed unrecorded from the face of the heaven which they adorned, and of the earth to which they ministered."

It would be a pity to mar the effect of so exquisite a piece of criticism by adding a word of commentary.

With regard to Turner, it would be unjust to deny him the possession of very considerable genius. He had indeed more genius than he could well regulate ; hence the eccentricities and extravagances of colouring which disfigured his later pictures. It cannot be said of him that his life was embittered by neglect—that he had no opportunity afforded him of displaying his powers—or that he was left to struggle with penury. He commanded and received large prices for the productions of his pencil ; his works were constantly before the eyes of the public ; and he died at an advanced old age. And yet, he was not appreciated—at least not to the extent which Mr. Ruskin demands as his due. Certainly a very great revolution indeed must take place in the public taste, before we consent to recognise the genius and intellectual endowments of Turner as equal to those of Shakespeare and Bacon. However, we must give Mr. Ruskin credit for some kind of consistency. He cares not a straw whether he makes converts or not—he says he has a right to be dogmatic, and is not stating his beliefs or conjectures, but a truth which he has given fifteen years of his life to ascertain. And *what* is this truth ? Not that Turner was the greatest painter of his own or any other times, but that he will one day take his place beside Shakespeare and Verulam. This is to be a prophet indeed ! Ten years ago he was even more enthusiastic. Then Turner was something greater still. We cannot forbear transcribing that passage from the Oxford Graduate's Treatise upon Modern Painters. "Turner—glorious in conception—unfathomable in knowledge—solitary in power—with the elements waiting upon his will, and the night and the morning obedient to his call, sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the mysteries of his universe, standing, like the great angel of the Apocalypse, clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and stars given into his hand." We regret sincerely that Mr. Ruskin shows no symptoms of repentance for having issued such reprehensible raving.

The last of his lectures is upon Pre-Raphaelitism, of which school Mr. Ruskin is an ardent supporter. The earlier part of the lecture is arrogant, stupid, and confused. It is an attempt to show "that all ancient art was religious, and all modern art is profane; and he asserts that Raphael was the man who introduced the profanity. We do not intend, by any means, to follow Mr. Ruskin through his argument—we are indeed, by this time, heartily sick of his affectations, and almost angry with ourselves for having noticed his book at all. But having gone so far, we may as well finish our work; and the following extract will show into what inconceivable absurdities a man may be led by a vehement passion for paradox.

"But there is something still more striking in the evils which have resulted from the modern regardlessness of truth. Consider, for instance, its effect on what is called historical painting. What do you at present mean by historical painting? Nowadays, it means the endeavouring, by the power of imagination, to portray some historical event of past days. But in the middle ages, it meant representing the acts of *their own* days; and that is the only historical painting worth a straw. Of all the wastes of time and sense which modernism has invented—and they are many—none are so ridiculous as this endeavour to represent past history."

There is a good deal more yet to come; but we do not like to lose sight of this passage. Admit this view of Mr. Ruskin to be correct, and more than three-fourths of the works of the old masters are not worth a straw. We presume that the events narrated in Scripture are to be considered as historical; and it is precisely in the illustration of these that the old masters wrought most zealously. A few pages earlier, Mr. Ruskin talks with high commendation of "Angelico painting the Life of Christ; Benozzo painting the life of Abraham; Ghirlandajo painting the Life of the Virgin; and Giotto painting the Life of St. Francis;"—are such pictures not historical? True, they belong to sacred, not to profane history; still, they are an attempt, "by the power of imagination to portray some historical event of past days;" and against that Mr Ruskin is now directing a sweeping censure. But let us hear him out:—

"What do you suppose our descendants will care for our imagination of the events of former days? Suppose the Greeks, instead of representing their own warriors as they fought at Marathon, had left us nothing but their imagination of Egyptian battles; and suppose the Italians, in like manner, instead of portraits of Can Grande and Dante, or of Leo the Tenth, and Raphael, had left us nothing but imaginary portraits of Pericles and Miltiades! What fools we should have thought them! How bitterly we should have been provoked by their folly! And that is precisely what our descendants will feel towards us, so far as our grand historical and classical schools are concerned. What do we care, they will say, what those 19th century people fancied about Greek or Roman history! If they had left us a few plain and rational sculptures and pictures of their own battles, and their own men, in their everyday dress, we should have thanked them. Well, but you will say, we have left them portraits of our great men, and paintings of our great battles. Yes, you have indeed, and that is the only historical painting that you either have, or can have; but you don't *call* that historical painting. You don't thank the men who do it; you look down upon them, and dissuade them from it, and tell them they don't belong to the grand schools. And yet they are the only true historical painters, and the only men who will produce any effect on their own generation, or on any other. Wilkie was an historical painter: Chantry an historical sculptor, because they painted or carved the veritable things and men they saw, not men and things as they believed they might have been or should have been. But no one tells such men they were historical painters, and they are discontented with what they do; and poor Wilkie must needs travel to see the grand school, and imitate the grand school, and ruin himself; you have had multitudes of other painters ruined, from the beginning, by that grand school. There was Etty, naturally as good a painter as ever lived, but no one told him what to paint, and he studied the antique, and the grand schools, and painted dances of nymphs in red and yellow shawls, to the end of his days. Much good may they do you! He has gone to the grave, a lost mind. There was Flaxman, another naturally great man, with as true an eye for nature as Raphael; he stumbles over the blocks of the antique statues, wanders in the dark valley of their ruins to the end of his days. He has left you a few outlines of muscular men straddling and frown-

ing behind round shields. Much good may they do you! Another lost mind. And of those who are lost namelessly, who have not strength enough even to make themselves known, the poor pale students who lie buried for ever in the abysses of the great schools, no account can be rendered; they are numberless.

"And the wonderful thing is, that, of all these men whom you now have come to call the great masters, there was *not* one who confessedly did not paint his own present world, plainly and truly. Homer sang of what he saw; Phidias carved what he saw; Raphael painted the men of his own time in their own caps and mantles; and every man who has risen to eminence in modern times has done so altogether by his working in their way, and doing the things he saw."

We are rather glad that Mr. Ruskin, by his special mention of Homer, has intimated that he extends his principle to Literature. That principle is that all artists should confine themselves strictly to the present time, and illustrate that only which is passing around them, and that they have no concern with the Past. Let us examine a little into this matter: and first, as to Mr. Ruskin's facts.

"Homer sang of what he saw." Homer was blind, but he sang of the heroes who fought around Troy, and he was not born until two hundred years after Troy was levelled with the dust. So much for Mr. Ruskin's first illustration. "Phidias carved what he saw." That is curious indeed, for, if so, he must have been on terms of intimacy with the ancient dieties. His two finest statues were those of Minerva at Athens, and of Jupiter Olympius at Elis. "Raphael painted the men of his own time." Yes; but does he owe his fame to those paintings, or to such as the Transfiguration? If no man can be great except by portraying the scenes and men around him, Michael Angelo must dwarf from his fancied proportions as a giant. In literature we must give up altogether Shakspeare, Milton, and Scott. They have acted and thought on an erroneous principle, and come under the ban of Mr. Ruskin!

What especially amazes us is the clamour which he raises against grand and classical schools. Hitherto the

complaint, among painters at least, has been entirely the other way; and we have been constantly told that, in this country, high art receives no encouragement at all. Poor Haydon, who never could find a canvass large enough for his historical designs, used to complain most bitterly of the apathy of the public, and their indifference to high art; and many a young gentleman, with blouse and beard, is at the present moment echoing his execrations. Who buys classical pictures—who encourages historical painting in the ordinary sense of the term? The artists declare that no man in that department has a chance of winning his bread, and yet Mr. Ruskin writes as if we did nought else but buy historical pictures!

He has a slap too at the portrait-painters; for, when his blood is up, nobody escapes. He stabs right and left, like a Malay under the influence of opium.

"I said just now that portrait-painters were historical painters; so they are; but not good ones, because not faithful ones. The beginning and end of modern portraiture is adulation. The painters cannot live but by flattery; we should desert them if they spoke honestly; and therefore we can have no good portraits; for in the striving after that which is *not* in their model, they lose the inner and deeper nobleness which *is* in their model."

It would take a good deal to convince us that there is much nobility in nine out of ten of the models who have recourse to the portrait-painters. But did it never strike Mr. Ruskin that the ruling passion of vanity—of which he ought to know something—is not of modern growth; and that the same objection, if we could see the originals, would probably apply to every portrait which was ever painted? No man likes to be handed down to posterity as a very ill-looking fellow. Even Cromwell, though he piqued himself on his stern adherence to reality, and professed his detestation of flatterers, flew into a violent passion when the painter depicted the wart upon his nose; and we rather respect the feeling. Photography, by whatever process it may be improved, will never supersede the manual labour of the artist. It is the privilege of

art to idealise—Does Mr. Ruskin mean to say that there is no beauty in the ideal?

We presume so; for Mr. Ruskin identifies himself entirely with the Pre-Raphaelites. He talks of battles, and mighty victories to be achieved, which is simply nonsense. We venture to predict that in two or three years we shall here no more of Pre-Raphaelitism. Millais, the Achilles of the school, is, we are glad to know, abandoning its absurdities; and, being undoubtedly a man of genius, will probably become a great name among our British painters. When that day arrives, he will look back with a feeling of astonishment at his Ferdinands and Ophelias. Mr. Hunt we take to be incorrigible, and we consign him to the company of Mr. Ruskin.

And now we have done. To expostulate with this gentleman would obviously be useless. He has a calm settled faith in his own mental superiority to every one else, which it is impossible to disturb—he is utterly beyond the reach of remonstrance. We can only be sorry for him; but, after all, our sorrow is not of a very poignant kind. He may be a “lost mind;” but if he had not gone astray, we doubt whether he ever could have produced anything remarkably edifying. He is so frightfully illogical, that he can hardly write two consecutive pages without contradicting himself; and, as we have shown, his facts, or

what he calls such, are not to be received without extreme caution and examination. He confounds eloquence with bombast; and when he means to be particularly sublime, becomes absolutely unintelligible. He affects the utmost reverence for Scripture, and yet quotes it in a way which cannot be designated by a milder term than irreverent. He has, moreover, arrived at that stage of self-glorification that he claims the right to be dogmatic, and exercises, without proof, the functions of Sir Oracle. Also, he states himself to be a prophet. These are very lofty pretensions, and it is for him to make them good. Meanwhile we are not ashamed to confess ourselves as among the number of the scorers. Perhaps the only sentence in this book with which we thoroughly sympathise is the following:—“Indeed it is woeful, when the young usurp the place, or despise the wisdom, of the aged; and among the many dark signs of these times, the disobedience and insolence of youth are among the darkest.” We go further, for we say, that indeed it is woeful, when shallow impertinence attempts to obscure the lights of other ages, and when the great men of antiquity who have been honoured for centuries, and still are honoured, are assailed, not by candid criticism, but by downright dogmatic abuse. To conclude in architectural language, as befits our subject, we consider this book as the keystone in the arch of Mr. Ruskin’s absurdities.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITIONS TO OXFORD.

"Convey, the wise it call."

THE last number of the Magazine contains an article on the subject of projected changes in the university of Oxford, in which the injustice as well as the impolicy of directing special foundations from their original object was very forcibly demonstrated. We beg again to draw, for a purpose which we shall presently explain, attention to the words of our correspondent:—

"And, as the claim of poverty is to be extinguished within Oxford itself, so are those institutions which were to supply claimants to be robbed in their turn. Here is the sentence of disfranchisement for a multitude of provincial grammar-schools throughout England. . . . Will you withdraw from these places the fruits of the munificence often of some grateful townsman, and deprive them of the only hope of a good classical education for their sons? For, be it remembered that it is not merely the two or three boys here and there, who are the fortunate holders of these helps to study, who are benefited thereby—it is the many that are thus encouraged to exertion, and the still greater number who have the advantage of first-rate masters, whom these very scholarships have attracted to these schools."

We were not at that time aware that the operation of the Oxford Bill, as it now stands, would be to inflict a great wrong upon the University of Glasgow, by depriving it of any share in the distribution of revenues, which were expressly intended and bequeathed by a native of Scotland, in order to enable a certain number of students from that University to prosecute their studies at Oxford. This is an attempt at spoliation so entirely wanton, and so indefensible upon any conceivable ground, that we think it our bounden duty to make a few observations upon the subject. Let us premise that this is not the first attempt that has been made to take away from Glasgow a privilege which has existed for more than a century

and a half; nor is it the first time that Mr. Gladstone has tried to divert it from its proper channels. The facts of the case are very shortly these:—

A Mr. Snell, who was educated at Glasgow College about the middle of the seventeenth century, before the Presbyterian form of government was finally settled in the Church of Scotland, bequeathed certain estates belonging to him in Warwickshire for the benefit of Scottish education, and of Glasgow College especially. His estate was left to trustees, to be appointed from time to time by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford and three other Heads of Houses there, in trust to apply the income to the maintenance at some college in Oxford (to be chosen by the Vice-Chancellor and others), of "Scholars born and educated in Scotland, who shall each of them have spent three years, or two at the least, in the College of Glasgow in that kingdom; or one year there, and two at the least in some other college in that kingdom." These exhibitioners were to be nominated by Glasgow College; but the Oxford college to which they were to be sent was to have the power of disallowing the nominee, if, after six months' probation, he were found not duly qualified.

Nothing, we maintain, can be plainer or more distinct than the terms of this bequest. It was made, not out of consideration to Oxford, but for the benefit of Scottish students, in order that they might have the means of maintaining themselves at the University of Oxford; and, very properly, Mr. Snell gave the preference among the Scottish Colleges to Glasgow, which had been his own *Alma Mater*.

Mr. Snell died in 1679; and in 1690, two years after the Revolution, when the Church of Scotland ceased to be Episcopal, a bill, by means of which the University of Oxford proposed to deprive Glasgow College of these exhibitions, was thrown out after the first reading in the English Parli-

ment. Soon after this the foundation was brought into Chancery; the right of the College of Glasgow to the nomination was sustained; and it was arranged that the exhibitors should be sent to Balliol College. The annual value of the property is upwards of £1,200.

That the right of nomination to these exhibitions has always been wisely and judiciously exercised by the College of Glasgow, and that merit, not interest, had the preference, may be inferred from the unusual number of eminent men who have in this way received the benefit of an Oxford education. Among these we may specify, without offence to others, Adam Smith, author of the *Wealth of Nations*, Dr. Baillie, the late eminent physician, Lord Moncrieff, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. J. G. Lockhart, Dr. Tait, Dean of Carlisle, and the present head of the Scottish bar, Dean of Faculty Inglis. Probably, but for these exhibitions, none of these distinguished men would ever have entered Oxford; and, of course, the prospect of obtaining them must have acted upon them and their competitors as a mighty stimulus while pursuing their preparatory studies at Glasgow. It may indeed be asked, why, having excellent Universities of our own, we should be desirous to send any of our students to Oxford? To that we reply, that interchange and intercommunion between universities of different countries is most useful for national intercourse; and that in several sciences, especially jurisprudence and medicine, Scotland has in former times derived great benefit from access to foreign schools. Moreover, it must be remembered that there will always be among our young men a certain proportion who intend to follow out the learned professions in England or the colonies. To those of them who are being educated for the English church or bar, the Glasgow exhibitions are of inestimable advantage. In strict accordance with the intention of the benevolent founder, they admit our Scottish students, who have already been grounded in the elements of classic learning at Glasgow, to a field from which they otherwise would have been debarred. Can there be the slightest doubt of the intention

of the founder? Is it not obvious that he bequeathed his estate entirely for the benefit and advancement of Scottish scholars connected with the University of Glasgow? And if so, does it not follow that a diversion of that property from its original purpose must necessarily be a grievous wrong?

We have said that, since 1690, when the first attempt was made to deprive Glasgow College of these exhibitions, but defeated by the sense of justice of the English Parliament, the arrangement whereby Glasgow had the nomination, and Balliol College the charge of the exhibitors continued in force. It was not, however, undisturbed. Some over-zealous allies of Scottish Episcopacy, who had interested themselves in the erection of Trinity College, Glenalmond, attempted, a few years ago, to have the foundation closed against all except young men promising to take orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church, on the ground that Episcopacy was the established form of religion in Scotland at the date of the will of the testator. We are bound to say that this movement received no countenance from the great body of the Scottish Episcopalians. It originated with men of extreme views and opinions, as may be gathered from the fact, that the gentleman who appeared most prominently in the cause, has since then joined the communion of the Church of Rome. In 1848, upon appeal to the House of Lords, the case was decided in favour of Glasgow College, with costs against their opponents. Among the gentlemen who contributed to defray the expense of these proceedings, was the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, now Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer.

Thus, by the highest legal tribunal in the land, was the right of Glasgow College to these exhibitions established. Mark what follows. In the present session of Parliament, "A Bill to make further Provision for the good Government and Extension of the University of Oxford and of the Colleges therein," is introduced under the direct auspices and superintendence of Mr. Gladstone. *By certain clauses in this Bill, not only is the right of nomination to these Exhibitions*

to be taken away from the College of Glasgow, but the whole endowment, expressly intended by the Founder for the education of Scottish students, may be diverted from its original purpose!

The manner in which this is attempted to be done is peculiar, and proves that the work of spoliation has been carefully considered and devised. Let us desire attention to the import of the following clauses in the bill, which we give as shortly as possible,

Clause 28 provides that the expression "University or College Emolument" shall include all Fellowships, Exhibitions, &c., payable out of the Revenues of the University or of any College, or to be held and enjoyed by the Members of any College or Hall as such. Now it is one thing to deal with the revenues proper of the University of Oxford or any of its Colleges—and it is another thing to deal with revenues which never belonged to the University of Oxford at all. Yet it is to strike at the latter kind, that the words which we have quoted in italics have been inserted; and if these words are allowed to pass into the statute, *these exhibitions, intended solely for the benefit of Scottish students, will be merged in the property of Oxford*, and be treated as belonging to Balliol. Now, in the bequest of the founder, Balliol College was not mentioned at all. It was only after the property was brought into Chancery, that Balliol received the preference over the other Oxford Colleges of receiving the exhibitioners from Glasgow. Consequently, to hand over the fund to Balliol, or to regard it as belonging to that College, because the exhibitioners are members of it, is about the most nefarious juggle that ever yet was attempted.

If this clause, with the obnoxious words which we have quoted, should be carried, then the Snell bequest will fall under the operation of the Bill, and particularly of the following clauses:—

Clause 29 provides that, for the future, no preference in respect of illegibility to any University or College Emolument shall be accorded to any candidate by reason of BIRTH-PLACE, education at any school, or in ANY COLLEGE. In other words, the exhibitions are to be thrown open

without regard to the candidates being Scotsmen, or their having attended the College of Glasgow.

Clause 31 allows the University Commissioners nominated in this bill, the power, if they shall think fit, to carry out the intentions of the founder: thereby substituting a most precarious chance of permission for a positive legal right.

Clause 42 has the effect of enabling Balliol College, (1.) To reduce the value of these exhibitions; (2.) To convert them into Oxford scholarships; and, (3.) To abolish all connection between them and Scotland or Glasgow College. Power to the above effect is given by paragraphs 12, 13, and 16 of this clause.

Clause 43 is even worse; and, we doubt not, was specially intended to meet this case. As we have already stated, Mr Gladstone and his friends were baffled in their attempt, before the legal tribunals, to have it found that the Snell bequest was *exclusively* to be appropriated to Scottish Episcopalians. We say *exclusively*, because no religious test ever was or could be exacted by the College of Glasgow from candidates for exhibitions: and many of these have been held by Episcopalians as well as by Presbyterians. But by this clause power is given to Balliol College, if it shall think "that the interests of religion and learning, and the main design of the Donor, may be better advanced by an alteration of the trusts, &c., to alter or modify such trusts or directions, and to frame a new statute for the application of such gift or endowment in such manner as may better advance the purposes aforesaid."

And, by clause 46, the Commissioners are authorised to do, of their own authority, what clause 43 gives Balliol College power to do with their consent.

Thus, if Balliol College does not choose to repudiate Glasgow altogether, and to declare the Scottish exhibitions open to every candidate without regard to country or previous place of study, the Commissioners may assume that power. Nay, they may take, under the provisions of this bill, the right of nomination from Glasgow altogether, and confer it

upon Trinity College, Glenalmond, under the pretext: that the promotion of Episcopacy was the main design of the donor.

We know that any scheme of this kind, which borders closely upon a fraud, will be repudiated with disgust by the great majority of the members of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. They have never assumed a hostile attitude to the Established Church, nor is this a point on which they are at all aggrieved. No tests were ever imposed upon students in the Scottish Universities; and, as we have said before, the exhibitions were open to every one. Let us instance one eminent case—that of Dr. Tait, a most distinguished alumnus of Glasgow, formerly head-master of Rugby school, and now Dean of Carlisle. As to the point of legal right, that has been finally settled in the House of Lords. The plea that Episcopalians alone should be preferred to these exhibitions, because Episcopacy was, at the time of the bequest, the established form of church government in Scotland, were repelled, and, as we think, most properly. The exhibitions were left open to all Scottish students who were nominated from Glasgow, and who chose to conform to the Oxford regulations—among which was, and is, the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. To all intents and purposes that was an Episcopal test, obligatory upon every exhibitor. But now Mr. Gladstone proposes to give power—*first*, to Balliol College, which was not even named by Snell in his bequest, to alter the constitution of the trust according to the view which the authorities may take of “the main design of the donor;” and, *secondly*, to the Commissioners, if the College does not choose to depart from the existing arrangement.

Now, mark this. The question of legal right was formally tried, so late as the year 1848, in the Court of last resort; and the decision was emphatically in favour of the power of nomination being lodged exclusively with the College of Glasgow. That decision showed, *first*, that the exhibitions were limited to natives of Scotland, scholars at one or other of the Universities, but finally at Glas-

gow; and, *secondly*, that there was no restriction to the nomination on account of peculiar religious tenets. That was the solemn judgment given against Mr. Gladstone and his friends. What do they do now, or rather what does *he* do? He introduces a bill, most insidiously framed, to defeat that judgment—in other words, to take from Scotland, and one of our Universities, privileges which the House of Lords has declared to be unalienably theirs. And this is not done even with the open front of a despoiler. It is a trick veiled cautiously under cover of the confused phraseology of some half-dozen of clauses. It is by a trick that the property of Mr. Snell, bequeathed in trust for Scottish purposes of education, is brought under the control of Balliol College, Oxford. It is by a trick that power is to be given, first to Balliol College, and, failing that body, to the Commissioners, to divert the exhibitions from their present purpose, and to interpret what was “the main design of the donor.” That has already been interpreted by the House of Lords; but the judgment is of no avail—the question has to be reconsidered by another, and an irresponsible tribunal.

True, the exhibitions may be spared, and continued on their present footing, but only at the pleasure of the authorities of Balliol College and the Commissioners. That is not what we want. We want absolute security. We demand that these exhibitions, which do not belong to Oxford, but to Glasgow, shall not be meddled with in a bill which has reference to Oxford alone. We demand that they shall not be, in defiance of fact and of law, massed up with the other property of Balliol, under regulations which give distinct power for their alteration and reduction, and for interpreting the meaning of the donor. We are very much afraid that, if this bill is allowed to pass without amendment, the whole character and destination of these exhibitions will be changed. Will Balliol College abstain from exercising the power of altering the trust, and framing a new statute for the application of the endowment? Will she be content to receive, as formerly, exhibitors from Glasgow University, where theology is taught by Presby-

terian Professors? Will she be courageous enough to refuse the demands of the little sectarian seminary at Glenalmond, which is entirely Episcopal—demands which assuredly will be pressed upon her most vehemently by Mr. Gladstone and his friends? We greatly doubt it. Turning to Oxford University Calendar for last year (1853), we find the following account given of the Balliol Exhibitions:—

“This College has also a considerable number of Exhibitions. Among these are two founded in 1558 by John Bell, Bishop of Worcester; four founded in 1667 by John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, for natives of Scotland, and *with a particular view to support the cause of Episcopacy in that country.* WITH THE SAME OBJECTS *other Exhibitions were subsequently added in 1677 by John Snell, Esq., the nomination to which is vested in the Principal and Professors of Glasgow University, and the election in the Master and Fellows of this College.*”

So, then, the idea entertained of these exhibitions at Oxford is, that they were founded with a particular view to support the cause of Episcopacy in Scotland. If the authorities of Balliol are fully impressed with that view, they will no doubt be very glad indeed to take the surest means for bringing up none but Episcopal exhibitioners, and that could be done at once, by passing a statute transferring the right of nomination from Glasgow University to Trinity College, Glenalmond. We have seen that in 1690, only eleven years after the foundation was instituted, the University of Oxford made an attempt, by bringing a bill before Parliament, to deprive Glasgow of these exhibitions. Now, why was that? Simply because in 1689 Episcopacy ceased to be the form of the established church of Scotland, and because, by an Act of the same year, all Professors in Scottish universities were compelled to subscribe and acknowledge the Confession of Faith as ratified by the Scottish Parliament. Oxford had no doubt taken the alarm, and was unwilling to admit within her walls the alumni of a Presbyterian university. That there is still a good deal of intolerance in Oxford on points of polemical controversy, is notorious; and if it is to be left to the authorities

of a College there to decide whether in future these exhibitions are to remain open to the competition of all Scottish students who shall have qualified themselves at Glasgow, irrespective of the Church to which they may belong, or be given exclusively to young men who are studying for orders in the Episcopal Church, the result may be easily anticipated.

Do not let it be supposed that this is a vain alarm, or that these provisions have been inserted *per incuriam* in the bill. It is a deliberate attempt to take away, by statute, from the University of Glasgow, a privilege which the House of Lords, by solemn decision, has declared to be peculiarly her own. It is an attempt to transfer a property exclusively designed for the benefit of her students, from Glasgow, to a particular college in Oxford, which was not even mentioned in the bequest of the founder; and it is a very suspicious circumstance that Mr. Gladstone, whose name is on the back of this bill, was at least a consenting party to the challenge of the right of Glasgow in the Courts of Law.

This is no mean matter. The privilege conferred upon Glasgow through the love and munificence of the founder of these exhibitions is a very valuable one, for no other Scottish university can offer the prospect of similar advantages to its scholars. It has had admirable effects, both as regards that university and the credit of Scottish scholarship. The right of nomination has been discharged so well, that in the list of the exhibitioners we find the names of many who have conferred lustre upon their country. And now all this is to be done away with. The nature of the exhibitions is to be changed; they may be reduced until they are comparatively valueless—they may be altered into scholarships—they may be thrown open to universal competition, in defiance of the will of the founder; nay, if continued to Scotland alone, they may be so restricted as to be withdrawn from the reach of the Presbyterians.

What say Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Argyll to this shameful attempt to spoliolate a Scottish university? They seem very slow to acknowledge

that Scotland has any ground of complaint—and yet here is an injury of the most glaring description which their own government is attempting to inflict. Lord Aberdeen is Chancellor of the University College of Aberdeen; the Duke of Argyll, if we mistake not, was nominated for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow—now is the time for them to show us what real regard they have for the interests of the Scottish universities.

We have had occasion to complain before of the scandalous neglect of these institutions, which the state is bound by solemn treaty to uphold. We have shown that the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners in their favour, made twenty-three years ago, have been entirely overlooked, and that by Governments who have shown no parsimony in the endowment and support of Popish colleges in Ireland. Lord Aberdeen, the present head of the Government,

was one of these Commissioners; but now, when he has it in his power, he will not stir a finger to assist the universities of Scotland. Even Lord Panmure has admitted that something should be done for them; but nothing will be done for them so long as Mr. Gladstone has the control of the expenditure. Our complaint now is of a different nature. The case we bring forward is not one of neglect—it is one of attempted spoliation. It is an attempt, under the pretext of regulating the affairs of Oxford, to take away from Glasgow College the sole foundation by means of which Scottish students of limited means can be sent to an English university. We have exposed the nature of these attempts, its objects, and inevitable consequences, as we hope, clearly and distinctly; and we entreat the members of the British Parliament not to incur the disgrace of countenancing so cruel a wrong.

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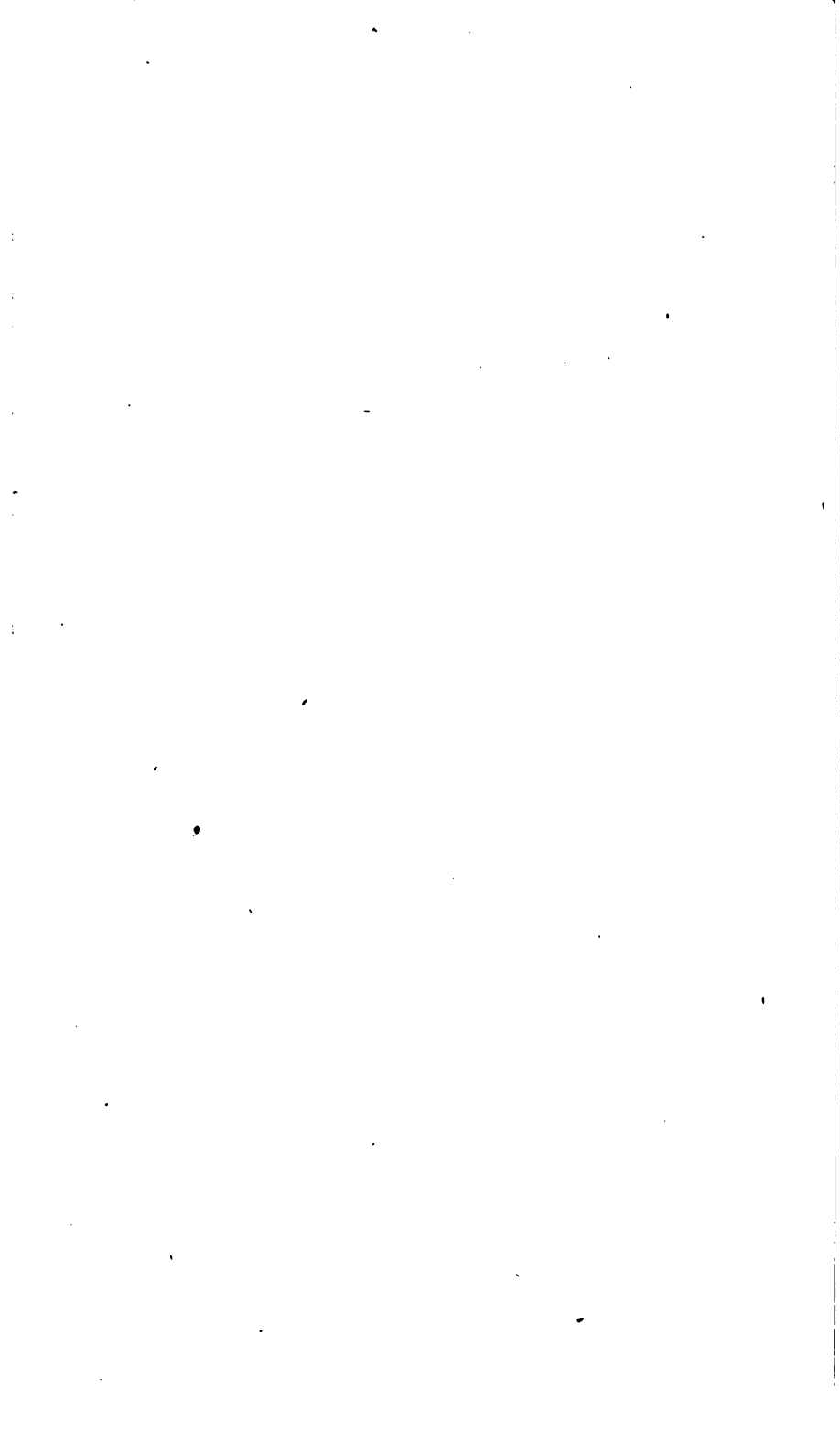
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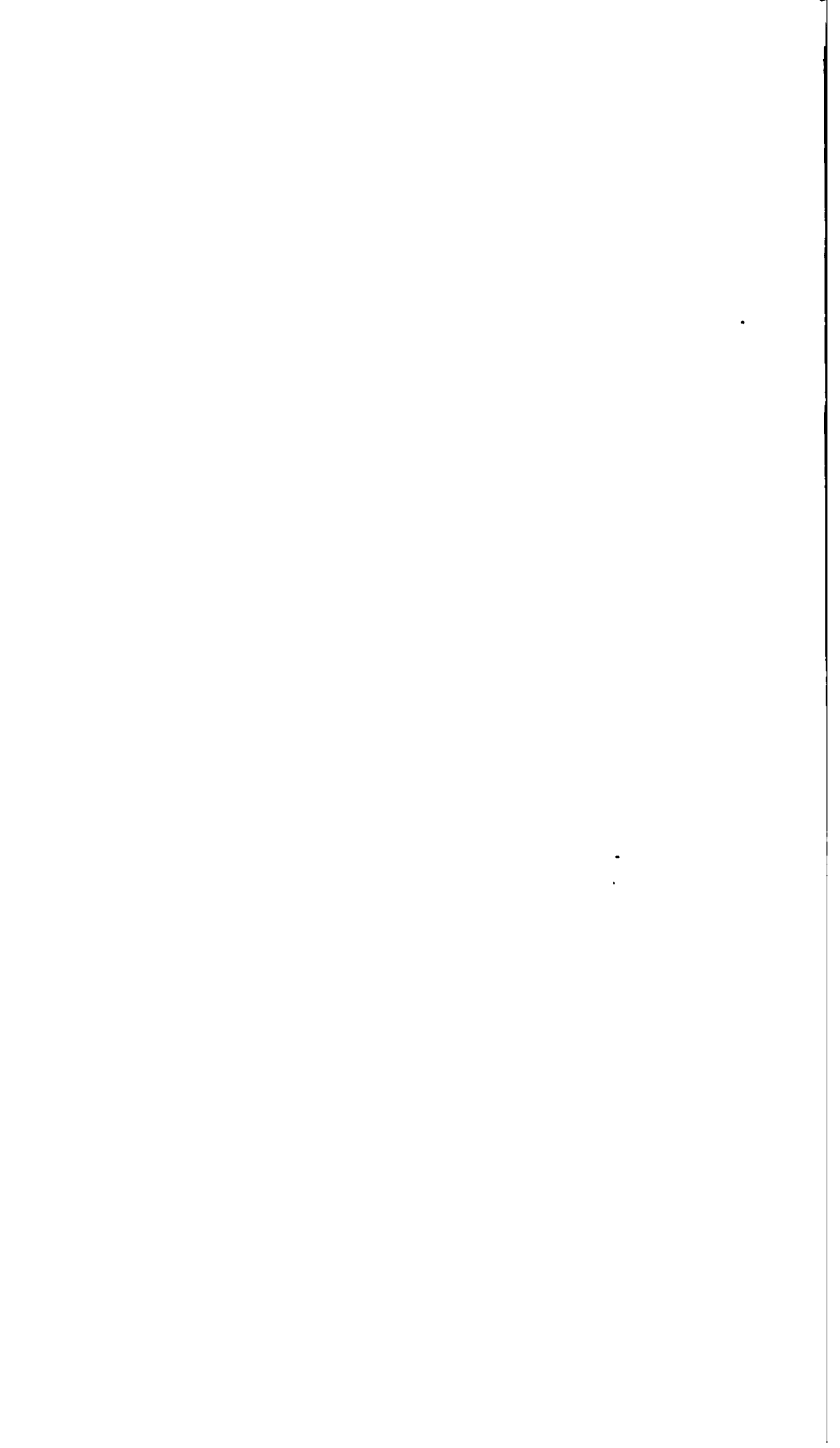
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